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McMINNVILLE, OREGON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1890.

VOL. I. NO. 48.

**H. BALLINGER,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
Office in Fletcher building, Third Street,  
McMinville, Oregon.

**DR. F. S. LOCKE,**  
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon,  
LAFAYETTE, OREGON.  
Professional calls promptly attended day  
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Practicing Physician and Surgeon.  
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DEALERS IN  
**BOOKS, STATIONERY**  
AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES.  
Musical Goods and Instruments  
of all kinds.  
In building formerly occupied by Mc  
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Improved Farm Property  
On Short or Long Time in Sums to suit.  
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At J. I. Knight & Co.'s McMinville, Or.

**Ladies.**  
Attention!  
A new invention for Dress-Cutting that  
can be used by a lady and gentleman,  
and gives perfect fit. Price of scale, including  
a key of all instructions, can be had by call-  
ing on or addressing

**F. ZIRKEL,**  
LEADING TAILOR OF McMINNVILLE.  
Second door south of Postoffice.

**E. WRIGHT**  
Has the most complete stock of harness  
in the county. At present 12 sets of single  
harness, hand made, in prices  
ranging from \$12 to \$30, and 8  
sets of team harness as cheap.

**AS ANY PLACE IN THE COUNTY**  
Can be seen on the hooks in my shop.  
I have competent workmen employed to  
do all kinds of repairing and to make  
any harness ordered. I also keep a  
stock of oil and rubber rollers, lap robes,  
horse covers, saddles, etc. A full line of  
extras for repairs constantly on hand.

**J. B. ROHR,**  
House, Sign, and Ornamental Painter  
The Only Sign Writer in the County.  
Homes fitted up in the Neatest and Most  
Artistic Style.  
Designs furnished for Decorations  
Remember Paper Hanging and Inside Fur-  
nishing a Specialty  
Work taken by Contract or by the Day. Ex-  
perienced men employed.  
Third Street, McMinville, Oregon.

**McMINNVILLE NATIONAL BANK.**  
Corner Third and C streets, in Braly block.  
McMINNVILLE, OREGON.  
Transacts a General Banking Business.  
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Vice President.....LEE LAUGHLIN  
Cashier.....J. L. STRATTON  
Sells sight exchange and telegraphic  
transfers on Portland, San Francisco and New  
York.  
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Interest allowed on time deposits.  
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**McMINNVILLE**  
**TRUCK AND DRAY CO.,**  
CARLIN & HIGH, Proprietors  
Goods of all descriptions moved and care-  
ful handling guaranteed. Collections will  
be made monthly. Hauling of all kinds  
done cheap.

**THE NADJY BAR!**  
IN THE COOK HOUSE.  
Stocked with the Choicest Wines, Liq-  
ors and Cigars—Domestic and Imported.  
The Best Bar in the City  
WM. MARTIN, Proprietor.

**Eurisko Market,**  
BOND & WEBB, Proprietors  
Fresh Meats of all kinds constantly on  
hand. Highest price paid for Butcher's  
stock.  
THIRD STREET, McMINNVILLE, OR.

**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 sold in competition with adul-  
terated low test, cheap weight adulterated  
phosphate powder. Sold in all places. ROYAL  
BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

**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.

**ARE YOU GOING EAST?**  
If so be sure and call for your tickets  
via the  
**Chicago & Northwestern Railway,**  
—THE—  
"FAMOUS ROYAL ROUTE."

It is positively the shortest and finest  
line to Chicago and the east and south and  
all points along and dining car through  
line to Chicago.

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

Omaha, Kansas City, and all Missouri  
River Points.

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.  
W. H. MEAD, G. A.  
No. 4 Washington street, Portland, Or.

**Notice of Final Settlement.**  
Notice is hereby given that the under-  
signed, administrator of the estate of Eliza  
Stater deceased, has filed his final account  
of his administration of said estate in the  
county court of Yamhill county, Oregon,  
and said court has fixed the 7th day of Janu-  
ary, 1890, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m.,  
at the county court room at McMinville,  
Oregon, as the time and place for hearing  
the same.

Therefore, all persons interested in said  
estate are hereby notified and required to  
appear at said time and place and show  
cause, if any, why there should be a final  
settlement of said estate and administrator  
discharged.  
Dated this 28th day of November, 1889.  
F. W. FENTON,  
Administrator of said Estate.

**ONE AND ONE HALF POUNDS.**  
**I. N. HENDERSON,**  
MC. MINNVILLE, ORE.

**CONDELL'S**  
**BIG CAN**  
**BAKING POWDER**  
FULL WEIGHT AND PERFECTLY PURE.  
ONLY 50 CENTS

Any dealer who offers a prize to sell this  
goods, for the BEST BAKED Goods, can be  
seen on the hooks in my shop.

Should we start you in this business,  
reader? Write to me and I will send you  
a copy of my book, "The Art of Baking,"  
which will tell you all you need to know  
about baking. It is a book of 125 pages,  
and is a most valuable work. It is the only  
book of the kind ever published. It is the  
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When asked how she came to live in  
such a place the woman answered that  
her husband worked on the farms about  
there and that as the place was handy to  
his work and they had no money to pay  
rent it suited them.

On being pressed for further informa-  
tion, she finally told the following story:  
"My husband and I were both born  
on the banks of the Yamhill river, in  
Oregon, where from childhood we  
grew up on adjoining farms. Differences  
—I don't know exactly what they were—  
always existed between the two families,  
but John and myself went to the same  
county school, and didn't pay any at-  
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pay any attention to our intimacy. After

we quit school we met a good deal, but  
my father considered me only a child  
and did not object.

"John's father got mixed up in some  
speculation—a water ditch that was to  
reclaim a lot of desert, I think—and got  
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ly in want. Still we didn't do very well,  
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mother gave me we got to San Francisco.  
My husband had friends there who ad-  
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"John got work on one of the farms  
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hollow of the giant tree, and the rain  
but made their nest the warmer and  
drier for the contrast.

## A HOME IN A TREE.

A Yamhill County Romance with  
California Details.

The following article appeared in the  
*Sunday Examiner* of December 22. The  
parties are from this vicinity, but does  
anyone know who they are?

A party of hunters on their way up  
Russian river camped one day last week  
in the wild canyon toward Alexander  
valley, on the left side of the river. Some  
of the party crossed the river to a thick  
clump of great redwood trees, hoping to  
jump a deer in the timber and provide  
meat for their supper. They separated—  
one going around the timber to head off  
any game that the other, who followed a  
small trail into the woods, might scare  
away. The man in the timber crept slowly  
along, watching closely for game. Sudden-  
ly he heard a rustling of the dead leaves,  
as if a deer had risen to look out for  
the intruder. The spot from which the  
rustling came was hidden by a giant red-  
wood, or, rather, several of the giant  
trees growing together. Dropping on his  
hands and knees the hunter crawled to  
the tree, and pushing his rifle ahead of  
him, peered round for the quarry.

There arose from among the leaves no  
deer, but instead a pretty, golden-haired,  
blue-eyed, doll-like little girl, apparently  
about six years old. He only saw her for  
a moment. Then she ran, with a start-  
led cry, directly toward him and the tree  
and vanished. Not more than a dozen  
feet separated them when the fairy-like  
apparition disappeared. Half thinking  
that his eyes had played a trick on him,  
the puzzled hunter sprang over the  
spreading roots to find the sprite.

There was nothing in sight. He knew  
that there was no ranch within several  
miles and the appearance and disappear-  
ance of the yellow-haired child were so  
sudden that he could not understand it.  
His wonderings were interrupted by a  
soft voice behind him:

"Good evening, sir."

He turned and saw in the dark hollow  
of the big tree a woman, holding up a  
deer skin curtain. The grav skin was so  
near the color of the mossy trunk that  
he had not noticed it. Now he saw that  
the woman had come, while from behind  
her dress showed the faces of several  
children, among them that of the pretty  
child that had so startled him.

He answered the greeting, and, to  
cover his surprise, asked for a drink of  
water. He entered the hollow, and a white  
she was dipping the water from a bucket  
he looked around and saw that the place  
was as nicely fitted up as any rancher's  
cabin. When the hunters returned to  
town they reported their find, and the  
*Examiner* correspondent went out to see  
the family that lived in a hollow tree.  
He had no difficulty at all in locating the  
redwood from the directions they gave  
him.

A thin line of smoke arising from the  
base of the tree helped to guide the  
newspaper man to the spot.

It was all as the hunter had described  
it, and before the certain of deer skin  
stood the mother of the family, trying  
venison chops on a little stove on a  
wheelbarrow. Two little girls, the young-  
est the very picture of a wood fairy, were  
playing among the dead leaves, while a  
fifteen-year old boy was chopping wood  
a short distance off.

The surroundings were curiously at  
variance with the domestic employments.  
No wider spot could be found in all the  
dark redwood forests. The swollen river  
was within a stone's throw of the strange  
residence. The roar of the swirling cur-  
rent as it beat against the bowlders that  
crowded its bed almost drowned the  
voices. Within a hundred yards of the  
place the high, dark hills frowned gloom-  
ily, and the wind rushing through the  
narrow canyon added to the loneliness  
of the spot.

Across the river, at the base of the  
foothills, runs a wagon road, but the  
river is swift and hard to ford at this  
point, and there is little to bring any one  
into the dark clump of redwoods.

The woman greeted the visitor cor-  
dially.

"We see so few people here," said she,  
"that it is like the sun breaking through  
the clouds when one does come."

"Is father there, mother?" called the  
boy, hearing her voice.

She looked so young that it was a sur-  
prise he heard the sturdy woodchopper call  
her "mother." Her beauty had not yet  
faded.

The tree in which their home was  
made was the largest in the clump.  
Thirty or forty feet above the ground it  
forks into three branches, each of which  
is a large tree itself. At the ground  
the main trunk is probably sixty feet in  
circumference. Some time a fire was  
kindled among its roots and this fire ate  
in the redwood and burned out the hol-  
low. It was perhaps fourteen feet wide  
and nine or ten feet deep. An ax had  
cut its corners smooth and cleared the  
walls of charcoal. Shelves of redwood  
shakes held cooking utensils and a look-  
ing glass and a rough bed and crib, also  
of redwood, made up the furniture of the  
room. Outside was a home-made table  
—a big slab of redwood on stakes let into  
auger holes—with benches made in simi-  
lar manner.

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such a place the woman answered that  
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four weeks that the little family had  
been there. No wind could reach the  
hollow of the giant tree, and the rain  
but made their nest the warmer and  
drier for the contrast.

The doll is thousands of years old; it  
has been found inside the graves of little  
Roman children, and will be found again  
by the archeologists of a future date  
among the remains of our own culture.  
The children of Pompeii and Herculaneum  
trundled hoops just as you and I did.  
And who knows whether the rocking  
horse on which we rode in our young  
days is not a lineal descendant of that  
toy of the children of Pompeii? But it is  
not they alone who are searching; every  
member of the company joins in the  
eager quest. The children are considered,  
but it is not especially their festival, as  
it seems to become more and more every  
year in America.

While the carols are ringing out, there  
comes the tramp of the boys with the  
shoppa at the front door. And what is  
the shoppa? Literally the little stable;  
it is a show, with marionettes for actors,  
where is played a version of the story of  
the birth of our Savior. It is one of the  
old survivals of the sacred drama of  
the middle ages. This puppet form  
and the pantomime, the story of the  
birth of the Christ, is said to have been  
originated with the students at the uni-  
versity of Cracow, a very ancient institu-  
tion you see—as far back as the twelfth  
century. And as they collected money  
for the performance of their dolls they  
were called the beggar students, of whom  
in a much perverted manner, you have  
perhaps heard in this present day. In  
our degenerate times the shoppa is man-  
aged by street boys and strollers, and is  
quoted, are all types which still hold  
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very old and curious. Interpolations,  
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among the puppets or in the dialogue, as  
Poland has little acquaintance with  
them, indefatigable travelers though they  
be. Among the wise men who come to  
worship the divine child in the little  
play are apt to figure all the most popu-

## IN FAR AWAY POLAND.

Where They Don't Call it Christ-  
mas, But the Feast of the  
Little Star.

I feel lonely and homesick at Christ-  
mas time, although all the rest of the  
time I think myself the best of Ameri-  
cans. So, perhaps, I am a partial wit-  
ness when I say that to me there seems  
a joyousness and merriment about  
Christmas in Poland peculiar to that  
country. There it is, above all things,  
a family festival. Long journeys are made  
by the members of a scattered household  
that all may be reunited under one roof-  
tree at the season of the Little Star.  
That is the way we speak of Christmas;  
we have the Little Star tree, Little Star  
carols, Little Star presents. It is the  
Star of Bethlehem, of course, that is  
commemorated in this way, and as the  
star seems to be the thing in the beau-  
tiful sacred story of the Nativity that  
has impressed the Polish imagination, it is  
indeed, the same star that guided the  
wise men. And now comes the Little  
Star supper, a gala occasion, indeed,  
where all must meet as friends and be-  
fore the meal begins must "break the  
water" with everybody, servants and  
children included, as a token of good  
will. Old wrongs are here forgiven,  
quarrels are forgotten, for the breaking  
of the water is a token of peace and good  
will, and all must break it with each per-  
son present. Indeed, all must break it  
with each one twice—such is the pre-  
scribed ceremony—now breaking off a  
bit of my piece, and then I taking some  
from your piece to eat with you. The  
children are in great glee; all this mys-  
terious breaking and eating is a deli-  
cious game to them, and then they have  
the precious privilege to be allowed to have  
a supper with grown people, and to eat  
just what they do; that is one of the  
features of the Little Star most esteemed  
by many little folks.

Beneath the tablecloth is spread some-  
hay, in memory of the hay-filled manger  
where the little Jesus lay. On the table  
are a number of time-honored Little  
Star dishes that most always can be  
found there at this time; but, strange as  
you may think it, roast turkey and plum-  
pudding are not among them. How  
would you like in their stead seven dif-  
ferent kinds of fish, and cake with pop-  
pyseed in it? The fish must not also-  
lutely be of different kinds of species,  
but there must be seven different fish-  
dishes. One of these is usually a soup,  
and then with baked fish, fried fish, fish  
cakes, etc., it is not hard to make out  
the number. There are properly two  
soups, the other one being of almonds.

All the day the company has been fast-  
ing, and they bring royal appetites to  
the supper, so that the year through  
it seems as if scarcely another tasted so  
good. By the way, we do not call this  
meal either supper, or dinner, but the  
"meal of the eve," and, as you see, it is  
like only itself. After the meal of the  
eve, where shall I follow to describe all  
the festivities that follow it? The tree,  
the carols, the presents, the shoppa, as  
it is not the last only that is specially  
Polish. The rest of the world has carols  
and presents and trees, but not in Polish  
fashion. The tree, for instance, is not  
standing on the floor, but it is hung from  
the ceiling. Ah, how many a one I have  
helped to decorate! Much as you de-  
corate yours, only with no presents upon  
it, except the sweets and fruits that are  
for everybody. Then the presents—what  
a world of fun results from having to  
look for them! All over the room they  
are hidden, under sofas, behind mirrors,  
inside of vases, beneath the table covers.  
The place is turned upside down with  
the search, and that in itself is enough  
to make the children happy. But it is  
not they alone who are searching; every  
member of the company joins in the  
eager quest. The children are considered,  
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play are apt to figure all the most popu-

lar heroes of sacred and profane history,  
without the least regard to time or se-  
quence. The whole is an odd survival of  
an ancient thing, which, if it were new,  
might be considered to be lacking in re-  
verence, but as every one who sees it has  
known it from earliest childhood it seems  
to them like a thing in the order of  
nature, and without the pale of such criti-  
cism. They simply never think of such a  
thing.

Over the box in which the marionettes  
perform is always a star. That is the  
ever present emblem of the season.  
There are stars in the shops, stars on the  
Christmas trees, stars in one material or  
another wherever they can possibly be  
put.

After this the children, exhausted with  
pleasure, are sent to bed, but one impor-  
tant thing is still to be done by the older  
people. At twelve o'clock they must all  
go to mass. Into the waiting sleighs  
they bundle, and find the ride over the  
gleaming snow quieting and restful after  
the tumultuous amusement of the eve-  
ning. From the beautiful service they  
return, still perhaps singing quaint won-  
derful carols. When they get home a  
cup of tea or bouillon is awaiting them,  
over which they discuss the events of the  
eve, and with hearts more tender and  
warm for their share in the beautiful fes-  
tival they go to bed in the early hours of  
Christmas day. It has been a time of  
many prayers and much merriment—  
*Helen Modjeska.*

**A Railroad on Tree-Tops.**  
It may not be known outside of the  
neighborhood in which it is situated, but  
it is nevertheless a fact, that in Sonoma  
county, Cal., there exists an original and  
successful piece of railroad engineering  
and building that is not to be found in  
the books. In the upper part of the  
county named, near the coast, may be  
seen an actual road-bed in the tree-tops.  
Between the Cliffer Mills and Stuart  
Point, where the road crosses a deep  
ravine, the trees are sawed off on a level  
with the surrounding hills, and the tim-  
bers and ties laid on the stumps. In the  
center of the ravine mentioned two huge  
redwood trees, standing side by side,  
form a substantial support. These giants  
have been lopped off seventy-five feet  
above the level of the creek. This natu-  
ral tree bridge is considered one of the  
wonders of the Golden State, and for  
safety and security far exceeds a bridge  
framed in the most scientific manner.

**How to Help Your Town.**  
Go to some other place to get your  
printing done.  
Boy of peddlars as much as possible  
and neglect the home merchant.

If a stranger comes to town tell him  
everything is overdone and predict a  
general crash of the town pretty soon.

Keep every cent you can get, don't ad-  
vance your home paper, but buy a  
rubber stamp and use it on stationery,  
fences, etc. It may save you a few  
dimes and make the home paper look  
as if it was issued in a one-horse town.

If you are a farmer cure the town  
where you trade as the meanest place  
on earth. Talk this to your neighbors,  
and make them believe the business men  
are all robbers—it will make your prop-  
erty more valuable.—*Ex.*

**Patti's Wonderful Career.**  
It is a long distance from an Italian  
tenement house in Bleeker street to the  
magnificence of a castle in Wales. It is  
a long step from the humble platform of  
a Sunday school lecture room to the  
stage of the Grand Opera house in Paris,  
in St. Petersburg, in Milan, in London,  
in the Auditorium in Chicago. There is a  
most significant difference between pen-  
ury and millionaireism, and an extra-  
ordinary transformation is it from a  
snappy-eyed little girl, playing tag in the  
down-town streets of New York, to the  
prima donna of the age, greeted, fêted,  
applauded by every man, woman and  
child who knows what music means, or  
adores prominent success and appreciates  
the extreme endeavors of lofty genius.

The present sultan of Turkey is a son  
of a Kurd lady who was in the harem of  
his reputed father. His real father, it is  
believed, was an Armenian coachman,  
attached to the court. Far from being  
mad, he has all the sharpness of an Ar-  
menian. He is an abject coward, and is  
probably making a purse for himself, as  
he is as ready as any pasha to take  
bribes.

Sadi Carnot, the French president, has  
a murky, leaden complexion, an exag-  
gerated nose and a closely-fitting black  
beard. His demeanor is haughty, yet he  
is fond of toying with an Egyptian cigar  
ette while dictating his letter, and he  
uses late. He is musical and 52 and  
patronizes the drama. His eyebrows  
are the only really prominent thing about  
him, and his name is Mary.

Neither Queen Victoria nor the Prince  
of Wales ever carries money about  
with them, and they are frequently sub-  
ject to awkward and sometimes amusing  
contortions in consequence. On one  
occasion last summer the Princess of  
Wales, when seeking admission to a  
public entertainment in London, found  
herself in the predicament of not pos-  
sessing the two shillings required for the  
payment of the entrance fee.

The model convicts of the Stillwater  
penitentiary are the Younger brothers.  
They have been inmates of the prison for  
thirteen years, and have never lost a  
day because of bad conduct.

Prince George of Wales is the only  
member of the English royal family who  
speaks the language of his country with a  
foreign accent.

Mrs. Charles Crocker, the widow of  
the railroad millionaire, who died re-  
cently in San Francisco, left nearly \$10,  
000,000.

George Bancroft is the oldest living  
graduate of Harvard.

## HARAKIRI.

How the Japanese People Per-  
form this Delicate Op-  
eration

Harikari, a peculiar mode of suicide, in  
the eyes of the nobility of Japan the  
most dignified and honorable way of all  
violent deaths, the only means of restor-  
ing honor, revenge being impossible, has  
seldom been witnessed by European or  
American eyes. As the word "harikari"  
has crept into American politics, writes  
Albert De Leer, an explanation of its  
meaning in Japan may be interesting,  
and the reader can then judge if the  
adaptation of the word is allowable.

Dealing is now and ever has been con-  
demned by intelligent Japanese, as the  
uncertainty of its results was considered  
too hazardous to the settlement of its  
cause. For ages it has been the custom  
in Japan, when a Samurai considered  
himself insulted by one equal in rank,  
that the injured party should proceed to  
his home, call together his family and  
friends, inform them of the insult offered  
at the hands of his enemy, and set  
apart a day upon which to revenge him-  
self and restore the family honor, in-  
jured by the words or acts of his oppo-  
nent, by