

Let Us Tell You

That the answers received to our request for addresses in the Illustrated Edition exceed those to the advertisements inserted in the NEW YORK WORLD, BOSTON GLOBE and PHILADELPHIA RECORD.

The Telephone-Register.

THE PEOPLE YOU WANT TO REACH WITH YOUR ADVERTISEMENT. All Read The Telephone-Register. SURE RESULTS FOLLOW WISE INVESTMENT.

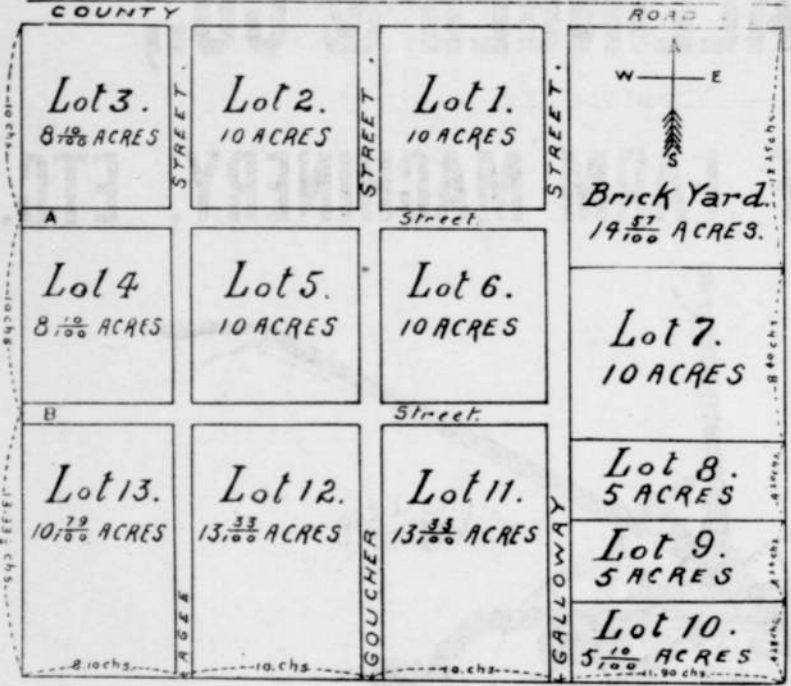
Circulation Guaranteed Greater Than That of Any Other Paper Published in Yamhill County.

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McMINNVILLE, OREGON, THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1890.

VOL. II. NO. 13.

FAIRLAWN! THE MOST SIGHTLY ADDITION TO McMINNVILLE, OREGON!



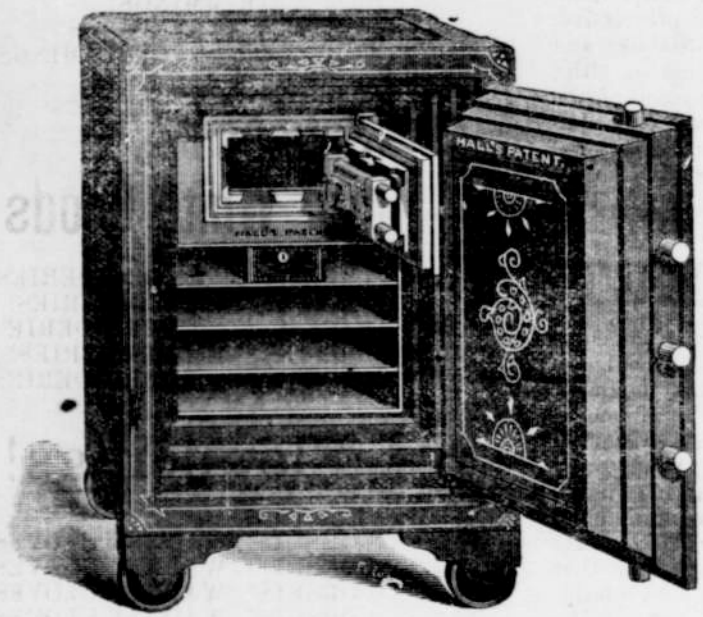
This fine tract of land lies just outside the city limits of this city, and is within ten minutes walk of the business center. It is divided into tracts as given above, and is being sold off fast. It is sightly and well drained—a small creek in the rear taking the surplus water away immediately. It is adapted to small fruits of all kinds, market gardening, etc. A large nursery will be started there soon. Nearly one-half the tract is already sold. It is opposite the Yamhill County Fair Association's grounds. Price of land ranges from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars per acre. Several good pieces have not yet been sold, and persons who want a large and commodious building site should call at once and secure some of this land, as it will in the near future be the residence portion of the progressive city of McMinnville. Call upon or address Galloway, Goucher & Agee, McMinnville, Oregon.

Lots in the Oak Park ADDITION ARE SELLING FAST! And It Is Building Up.

Buy Now Before Too Late. Price Ranges \$50 up. For full particulars apply to J. L. KNIGHT & CO., Real Estate Agents, McMinnville. THE INVESTMENT CO., 85 Stark St., Portland, Or. F. BARNKOFF & CO., McMinnville Flouring Mills.

Rhodes & Rhodes, REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE AGENTS, NOTARIES PUBLIC, MONEY TO LOAN-COLLECTING DONE.

HALL'S SAFES ARE THE BEST



FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFE. SECOND HAND SAFES AT A BARGAIN. Combination Locks Furnished and Repairing a Specialty. SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR AND PRICE LIST.

HALL'S STANDARD SAFES Never Fail to Protect their Contents against Both Fire and Burglars

HALL'S SAFE AND LOCK COMPANY, FACTORY, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

SALESROOMS: New York City; Portland, Me.; Boston; Philadelphia; Cleveland; Chicago; Louisville; St. Louis; Kansas City; Omaha; Minneapolis; St. Paul; New Orleans; San Francisco; Los Angeles; San Diego; Portland, Ore.; Nashville, Tenn.; Richmond, Va.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Evansville, Ind.; Adams, Ga.

McMINNVILLE TRUCK AND DRAY CO., CARLIN & HIGH, Proprietors.

Goods of all descriptions moved and careful handling guaranteed. Collections will be made monthly. Hauling of all kinds done cheap.

The St. Charles Hotel. Sample rooms in connection. Is now fitted up in first class order. Accommodations as good as can be had in the city. S. E. MESSINGER, Manager.

J. D. Baker, M.D., SURGEON AND HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.

Office at B. F. Fuller's drug store. Residence, first house south of Baptist church, McMinnville, Or.

Robt. G. Black, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND ACCOUCHER.

THIRD STREET, McMINNVILLE, OR. All calls promptly answered. Office over the Music Store.

DR. B. F. FULLER, Physician and Surgeon.

McMINNVILLE, OREGON. All calls promptly attended in the city. May be found at drug store.

J. F. CALBREATH, E. E. 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, '88.

H. BALLINGER, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office in Fletcher building, Third Street, McMinnville, Oregon.

WM. HOLL, Watchmaker and Jeweler.

Dealer in All Kinds of Watches, Jewelry, Plated Ware, Clocks and Spectacles, McMINNVILLE, OR.

TRIPLETT & BOND, Proprietors of the PEOPLE'S MARKET.

The neatest place in the city. Animals carefully selected for killing—insuring the finest meat. Poultry, etc., bought and sold. Highest market price paid for everything.

Eurisko Market, J. S. HIBBS, Proprietor.

Fresh Meats of all kinds constantly on hand. Highest price paid for Butcher's stock.

McMINNVILLE NATIONAL BANK, M'INNVILLE, OREGON.

Transacts a General Banking Business. President, J. W. COWLES. Vice President, LEE LAUGHLIN. Cashier, J. L. STRATTON.

Edwards & Derby, Proprietors of The McMinnville TILE FACTORY.

Situated at the Southwest corner of the Fair Grounds. All sizes of First-Class Drain Tile kept constantly on hand at lowest living prices. EDWARDS & DERBY, 41-43 McMinnville, Oregon.

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 Furnishing a Specialty. Work taken by Contract or by the Day. Experienced men employed. Third Street, McMinnville, Oregon.

Portland Lined Oil Company, MANUFACTURERS OF Raw & Boiled Linseed Oil, Oil Cake Meal and Ground Flaxseed.

300 Front Street, Portland, Oregon.

MEMORY

Mind wandering cured. Books learned to read. Testimonials from all parts of the globe. Prospectus free. Send no money. Write to Prof. W. W. Ayer & Son, Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

An Appeal to Caesar.

The dull stains had deepened and grown. "Little Father," that rests by your throne. And, lo! where the tortured one are. Brings a cry out of the sun-fields afar! Will you hear it, O Caesar?

In the huts and the homes of your realm, Hides a power that must needs rear, when— And the horizon a star Trembles, caught on the sunset's red ear! Will you see it, O Caesar?

Chained hands in their agony lift: Thoughts unchanged and desperate drift Across the wide sea to the bar. Where stands our new world avatar? Will you lead them, O Caesar?

When the thunder of footsteps shall break At the gates of your palace and shake To impaisant those your crown, Dare you trust to your Musecave from, That tumult to down?

God reigns! and the wail of your "child," Scourged, knouted, betrayed and exiled, Shall pierce through the universe—far Till the thunder that breaks at your door Shall be stiller forever?

—H. T. CLARK, WYOMING'S JOURNAL.

Dawn and Dusk at Karnak.

Out of the dim, mysterious dawn he came— The sun god—the Osiris—clad in folds Of woven flame; and all the hideous shapes That lurked along the margin of the night— Star-dimmers and the gnomes who blot the moon— And stood the one of sunset—impuls whose scarce pulsate with their currents of thin dew.

Fled at his glance, while he, through tumbling haze, Winged slowly up into the billowy sky. The golden scarabaeus of the day— Down the bright west crawled softly; and the faint red and a small, pale cloud, brushed by the great sun-beetle's wing, flushed red and swam, a lotus petal, in the blue.

And Karnak, that a long December day Had lived again within our reverend hearts, Fled like a dream; and naught remained save deepening shades beneath slow-clustering stars.

And one dark moonlight against the night— C. H. LORAIN, IN SCIENCE'S

AN HOUR IN A MUSEUM.

Criticism of the Public on Paintings and Statuary.

"Look here, Bill, here's three of 'em with the jinnams!" The exclamation was made by a red-nosed, seedy-looking fellow with a faded coat and battered hat. It was the free day at the Metropolitan museum, says the New York Sun, and the speaker stood in front of the well-known group, "The Laocoon."

"They do put the funniest things into marble I ever seed," assented Bill, and the two passed on to find fault with the build and attitude of the "Fighting Gladiator."

Two young men apparently freshmen from some neighboring college, walked arm in arm, commenting in loud tones on what they saw and taking pains to show the extent of their knowledge. They showed it—the extent—very quickly.

"Just look at this placard," laughed one superciliously, "Presented by Frau Brinkman, nee Annie Walton Schaus, as if she could be nee Annie Walton. Did you ever hear of such ignorance and displayed, too, in such a prominent institution as this?"

Further on two young girls stood in front of the group "The Flight from Pompeii," which represents a man holding his cloak above the head of a woman, who holds a child in her arms. Both man and woman are in active flight.

"I have never seen a representation of Paul and Virginia before," confided one girl to her companion, "where Virginia had a baby in her arms."

"Neither have I," whispered the other, but I think it is a very nice idea to have her want Paul to keep the rain off the baby, too."

Leaving the statuary the reporter allowed himself to drift with the crowd until he found himself among the Egyptian mummies. Herein individual the loud pattern of whose coat left no room for doubt as to the wearer's nationality, was entertaining a group of more quietly patterned coats with information that was calculated to startle his hearers. "Yes," he was saying, "I give it to you straight. Instead of saving the mummies for museums and such, they will be in great demand for useful purposes. I know that a syndicate is being formed 'ome to export mummies and chop them up to be used as fertilizers. They have already been tried, and farmers who know say that loam enriched by an Egyptian mummy yields twice as much as ordinary soil."

Hood's "Lost Heir" is a story that finds embodiment in real life, and no where so frequently as at museums or exhibitions, where the crowd and varied attractions separate children from their natural protectors. The reporter as he stepped into the main hall, came face to face with a young woman whose distress of mind was too great to be controlled.

"Oh, what has become of my little Bessie?" she sobbed. "The dear child is lost, and I'll never be able to find her in this crowd. Oh, sir," she appealed to the reporter, "won't you find my little Bessie. She's the dearest sweetest child. And she can say 'Twinkle, twinkle' so cunningly! And I scolded her this morning, too. If I could only find her I'll never say a cross word to her again. Oh, Bessie, Bessie." And here she broke down in such a fit of sobbing that the reporter made up his mind to spend the rest of the day hunting up Bessie, who said "Twinkle, twinkle." Anything to get away from those sobs.

But just then the woman stopped suddenly, started forward and seized by the arm a small child who appeared around the corner. She shook the nite until its teeth chattered.

"You had, had girl," she exclaimed. "Hav'n't I told you never to get lost! Take that, and that! And that," and she emphasized her words with appropriate gestures.

The crowd at the museum generally hurries through the first floor as quickly as possible and devotes as much time as possible to the painting upstairs.

How humanity is seen in all its peculiarities. The precise young woman is here with her catalogue and will not begin to look at the pictures until she knows exactly what gallery she's in and exactly from which corner the pictures begin to be numbered.

The uncertain young man walks in with his hat on his head, and seeing another man hatless, at once removes his covering, until he sees some one with his hat on, and then he resumes his own. And in this way he is kept uncomfortable and ignorant of the works of art he is supposed to study.

The Boston girl is here too, who does not hesitate to announce that this collection of pictures can't hold a candle to the collection in Boston. And then there is the generally approving young man in a long ulster, with a single eye-glass, and his blonde hair parted in the middle, who walks patronizingly up to Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," and with a condemnation for which Rosa should feel deeply grateful, announces: "That is quite a pretty picture, that one is."

you'll see pictures of everything. So the thumb went back into the mouth and the trio passed on and upstairs.

But the mother had laid plans for her own discomfort. The rhinoceros was not forthcoming and the child soon made that fact plain. He was quieted for awhile by some sheep crouching together in a snow storm, and condescended to stop his teasing a moment to look at Meissonier's "1807" the regiment of galloping horses suiting his fancy. But he filled up the gaps with demands for the rhinoceros, and finally giving up all hopes of seeing his favorite beast, lay down on the floor and kicked and screamed to be taken home.

The two young women were in despair. "I'm afraid I'll have to take him home," the mother said sorrowfully, "and leave you here to look at the pictures alone."

"Nothing of the kind," insisted the other. "I've seen them often enough and can see them again whenever I want to, and as this is your only chance,

were facing each other. "Spirit broken," echoed the one who had first spoken. He's a spoiled brat, and should be helped to a good dose of the rawhide."

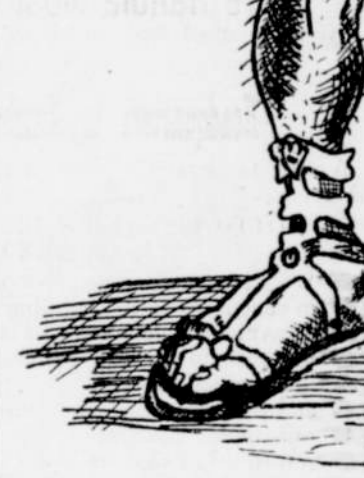
The other fairly shrieked in his anger and amazement: "Rawhide! Why, sir, you ought not to be allowed at large with your cruel suggestions. If you know as little of everything else as you do of the treatment of children you ought to be sent to the primary school to begin your education—the primary school, sir!"

"If I knew as little about children as you apparently do," and his arms were flying nervously in every direction, "I would have myself kept from doing further harm by shutting myself up in a lunatic asylum. That child's a brat sir and needs forcible treatment."

"That child's a poor, misguided angel—" but here the forlorn man was interrupted from behind by a tall, angular woman, to whom he submitted meekly and whom he quietly followed out of the room.

"Is that gentleman an acquaintance

IN BATTLE ARRAY.



In front of the nine muses that hang by themselves above one of flights of stairs that lead to the picture galleries, the reporter found an elderly bearded man in deep meditation. He turned and heaved a sigh.

"Those faces remind me of my youth, he said. "Those are all celebrated beauties of my younger days, and I have known and danced with most of them."

"That one there," and he pointed to one of the handsomest of the nine, "I was specially tender on."

A trio, consisting of two young women and a child, stand out prominently in the reporter's recollections of his free day at the museum.

The two women were radiant and expectant. The child sucked his thumb, meditatively and non-committal as to his future movements. He hung on to his mother's dress, while she whisked through the statuary department, peered in on the mummies, and gave the antiquities a complete go-by.

"The pictures are all I care to see," she explained to her companion, "and I look for a great treat there, as it is seldom I have the chance of seeing a collection of paintings."

But her happy anticipations were short-lived. At the foot of the stairs the boy flatly refused to go up. "I don't want to go to bed," he announced. "I want to stay and see the museum. You promised me I might see the museum."

"And so you shall," coaxed the mother. "You're not going to bed; the museum is upstairs as well as down. Come with mamma, like a good little boy and see the pretty pictures."

"No you don't," cried the child, pulling back. "You'll put me to bed!" And then, as his mother persisted in pulling him gently forward, he set up a roar which brought the procession to a standstill.

"Come up stairs with mamma," coaxed the perplexed woman, "and you'll see pretty pictures of dogs and horses and cows."

This attractive offer seemed to change the child's resolution. He stopped in the middle of a yell and asked: "Can I see the rhinoceros, too?"

"Yes, yes," answered the mother, ready to promise the world's fair in New York should the child want it there, "only come with mamma and

you'll see pictures of everything. So the thumb went back into the mouth and the trio passed on and upstairs.

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of yours?" the reporter ventured to ask his late disputant.

"Never saw him before in my life and never want to see him again—a man who knows no more about children than he does."

"You apparently have brought up a large family of children?"

"Never had a child in my life, nor a wife either, and I hope I never will."

The reporter happens to know the stout, florid man by sight. He, too, is a bachelor, and the tall, angular woman who spirited him away was a maiden sister, who keeps his household and evidently himself, too, in order.

A Terrible Wild Man.

The wild man whom several parties have attempted to capture was encountered in Lee Vining Creek Canyon last week by John Forsee. The man was clad from head to foot in coyote skins and wore round Indian snow shoes.

Though apparently quite aged, his hair and beard being quite white, he was agile as a deer, and climbed the steep side of the canyon with incredible swiftness, giving vent occasionally to cries of fear. It is some years since we heard of this wild creature being seen, but he is doubtless the same who terrorized tourists in the early part of the present decade, when he distinguished himself by snatching a young lady from a mule in the presence of her companions and disappearing in the thick timber at the southwestern base of Mount Dana, evincing herculean strength and wonderful agility. She was found by a search party next day in a half demented condition, unable to give a lucid account of her experience, but no trace of her abductor could be found.—Homer Index.

Dr. Mary Walker has business of one kind or other with congressmen every year. She is a weakened, dried-up little woman of perhaps forty years of age and she always wears the newest of gentlemen's clothes, cut to fit and of the latest style. She has a black silk hat on her head and her straight, black, Indian-like hair, well oiled, hangs down from the brim of this.

I have seen her talking to Judge Holman, leaning on her dainty black cane, while she poured her tale of woe into his grandfatherly ears.—Philadelphia Press, Washington Letter.

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When Horace Greely said, "Young man, go west!" it was but the utterance of an hereditary impulsive yearning, born within the breast of the Caucasian race anterior to the time of written history. The sixty millions of inhabitants of the country east of the Cascades are descended from the races which have through all historic times been migratory. Their ancestors moved from the tablelands of Asia towards the setting sun, and from that time to the present they have constantly kept their faces towards the west.

When New York had but 9,000 inhabitants, one hundred and fifty-eight years ago; when the eastern border of the country was almost as great a wilderness as the "great unknown region" of the occident? This restless influence was felt. An expedition under the command of Dr. La Verendrye, sent by the governor of Canada, penetrated the upper Missouri region. Sixty-two years after their first visit to the wilds of this inland country remained unchanged. In the meantime, through the explorations by sea, the world's map had been changed and different nations were looking with jealous eyes to the land of Oregon. After France had ceded to the United States the territory west of the Mississippi, Thomas Jefferson, in 1803, sent his private secretary, Captain Lewis and Wm. Clark, in charge of an expedition of thirty persons, to explore the new purchase. They successfully penetrated the interior continent and reached the Pacific at the mouth of the Columbia, and the West, dividing itself from the Orient, was found. It was the hunger for the western horizon that peopled and developed Europe and this great continent. Our American people inherited this migratory impulse from their parent race, and they are just as hungry for the western horizon as their ancestors were, and the words of Greely were born of this impulse. At no time in the world's history have there been so many people hunting for new homes. Everywhere in our country—the worn-out soils of the Atlantic slope, in the old divided homesteads of the Mississippi valley and in the crowded cities of the Atlantic, the Gulf and the lakes, there are swarms of people with muscles developed by active competition and capital stored up by frugality and economy, anxious to hear of new countries where new homes may be made.

We have now in this country more than twenty-five million people who have gone out from the shadow of the roof tree of their childhood and found homes in newer countries. What in comparison with these migratory streams were the great armies of Napoleon and Grant? Many of the states of the states of our Union have given about as many of their sons and daughters to this vast developing and civilizing army as they have retained at home.

The result of the labor of the vast developing force has been marvelous. Many of the old men of the Willamette eyes and women too, remember when the whole of the Mississippi valley and the Great Lake basin was the hunting-ground of the Indians, and when the "national" road and the line of canvas covered wagons that moved over it were new things. Now that area has twenty million people. This present generation has seen still greater achievement. It has seen the human tide burst over the "Father of Waters," spread over the trans-Missouri country to the foot of continental divide, and then pour out through the passes into the interior basins, onto the Pacific slope, stopping only when it met the ocean tides. Great states, empires in area, have resulted from this movement. Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri and Texas have passed many of their older and competing sisters in the race for wealth population and trade.

All this great and unequalled prosperity has resulted from letting their lights so shine that the home-seekers could see what advantages they offered. You have only to do the same to reap a like harvest. The land of Oregon with its rich soil, the finest grain fields on earth, with its salubrious climate, its lakes, rivers, creeks, coast line with its bays and harbors; its great forest belts that darken its hills and mountain sides and its vast mineral deposits that underlie its valleys, are facts well known to your people. What is necessary is to publish these facts in the East, thoroughly, carefully and truthfully. Not in the least exaggerated—the simple truth will seem marvelous. The results that would then follow to you would be beyond dispute.

The great wants you feel in common with all the new countries, are more people and more capital. You need more strong arms and stout hearts to level your great forests and prepare their product for the markets of the world; to open the inexhaustible storehouse of wealth contained in your valleys and hill sides; to turn up rich soils and make them productive; to build more mills, factories and forges, for the conversion of your raw material to the uses of civilization; to establish more ship yards, at which ships of wood and steel shall be built; to carry your products to the shores of every sea whitened by the sails of commerce.

You need more of the vast capital of this country, now locked in the vaults of the great cities, to want of investment, to assist labor to do all this, and put in motion a thousand other tireless wheels of production. How can this result be obtained? By taking the initiative step yourselves, cultivate the art of town building and the work of developing industries. When you need more capital for legitimate outlay it will be forthcoming from Eastern capitalists, who are looking for investments at five and six per cent.

ASHLEY BANCROFT.