

Yamhill County Reporter

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McMINNVILLE, ORE., FRIDAY, JULY 21, 1899.

One Dollar if paid in advance. Single numbers five cents.

NO. 31.

Not Our Specialty

To resurrect stale Groceries from dark and musty corners. We believe firmly in the hygienic and business value of pure food products. As a dry goods merchant who understands his business keeps his shelves as free as possible from shop worn and out-of-date goods, so it becomes the model grocer to steer clear of musty, wormy, dirty and impure preparations.

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Glassware, Queensware, Crockery.

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Respectfully,

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The well-known place for the best meal in the city.

NEW DINING ROOM

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Below any possible Competitor.

Chainless, Model 59 and 60.....	\$75
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You will have cause to regret if you purchase without seeing this fine line of wheels.

Send for catalogue.

W. L. HEMBREE.

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TIME CARD.

2 For Yaquina:	
Train leaves Albany.....	12:50 p.m.
Corvallis.....	1:45 p.m.
Train arrives Yaquina.....	5:50 p.m.
1 Returning:	
Leaves Yaquina.....	7:00 a.m.
Leaves Corvallis.....	11:40 a.m.
Arrives Albany.....	12:25 p.m.
3 For Detroit:	
Leaves Albany.....	7:40 a.m.
Arrives Detroit.....	11:55 a.m.
4 Returning:	
Leaves Detroit.....	12:25 p.m.
Arrives Albany.....	5:25 p.m.
* 6 Leaves Albany.....	6:05 p.m.
Arrives Corvallis.....	6:55 p.m.
* 5 Leaves Corvallis.....	6:40 a.m.
Arrives Albany.....	7:25 a.m.

One and two connect at Albany and Corvallis with Southern Pacific trains, giving direct service to and from Newport and adjacent beaches.
* No. 8 runs from Albany to Corvallis on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays only.
* No. 5 runs from Corvallis to Albany on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays only.
Trains for the mountains arrive at Detroit at noon, giving ample time to reach camping grounds on the Breitenbush and Santiam river the same day.

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Next door to P. O., McMinnville.

WAR STORIES COMING IN.

The Sensation of Being Pierced by a Bullet.

Private E. B. Millard, company M, Second Oregon, is a plucky boy, and his Webfoot grit is all that saved him on the night of April 11, when treacherous "amigos" held burning matches under his nose, stabbed him with their bayonets and beat him over the head just to make sure he was dead. Millard was obliging enough to die for the time being, but he declared at the Presidio that he would never again "play possum" as long as he lived.

The young patriot's home is in Sheridan, Or., and every man in his company likes to tell of his heroism. He said today:

"Twelve of us went on guard at midnight 500 yards from our camp across the river at Mariloa. Nothing happened till nearly 3 o'clock. Bennett and I were on the outpost shift when we saw signal lights from the camp. The enemy had crept along the river between us and the camp, and in less than two minutes they let fly at us, it seemed, from all sides.

"We retreated toward the south to company F, running along the railroad track, but had not gone 100 yards before a dozen men jumped up out of the tall grass and fired a volley right in our faces. Privates Berry, Paine and Hoffman fell dead, and I received a bullet perforating my left lung.

"I crawled over the roadbed, across a muddy ditch, and lay still. Pretty soon a Filipino found me and struck me a blow on the side of the head with his gun. I smothered a groan, for I knew it would be all over if I made a noise. Then two or three more came, swore and threw clods at my head. Another lit matches almost under my nose and would have singed my hair off if it had not been for the mud and water. I tried to hold my breath. Then somebody rolled me over, jabbed his bayonet into my abdomen and left. The weapon made only a slight wound, and I was too much exhausted to feel it. The next thing I knew I was in the hospital. No more 'possum,' thanks."

After carrying nine bleeding comrades from the field at Malabon, Private G. W. Spicer, of company G, a Portland boy, formerly in the employ of Wolf & Zwickler, returned for the tenth man just in time to have his teeth shot out by a Mauser bullet. He is proud of two ugly scars that mark either cheek, where the ball crashed through, tearing out a piece of his tongue and part of the jaw-bone.

"It just felt like some one had hit me in the mouth with his fist," said the hero. "I fell to the ground, but soon realized what had happened. I had been detailed to take ammunition to the front, and when I reached the lines, I saw several boys lying on the ground, as I thought, dying. The officer in command told me he had sufficient 'rounds' to last some time, and with that I began trying to get the wounded back to the hospital. I had helped to carry nine men back, and had returned for another poor fellow, when I got it myself. I thought for a time it was all up with me."

Private C. A. Marey, of company G, another Portland hero, is glad he is alive to tell what happened to him on that memorable 25th of March at Malabon. He will carry a chunk of Filipino lead in his body when he comes back to Oregon.

"I was standing near Spicer when a bullet was fired into my abdomen. Just then a ball struck the box of ammunition close by, causing a terrific explosion. A shell and two more bullets tore into the fleshy part of my chest, just in front of and below the right shoulder, one of them coming out under the arm. The other ball is still there. Had it not been for Spicer, who got me to the hospital, I certainly would have bled to death from the wound in my abdomen. I never felt such a frightfully burning pain in all my life."

Private J. A. Bailey, company L, of Ashland, Or., was shot three times—two balls shattering his right arm at Malabon and a third at Pasig wounding him in the left foot.

"If you ever had a man beat your arm with a big club, you may know how two Mauser bullets feel when they come at almost the same instant," said Bailey.

C. E. Sanders, company L, whose home is in The Dalles, just kept on shooting away and didn't know that Filipinos were pumping lead into him at every chance. Finally he tried to step forward quickly and then fell to the ground.

"I thought my leg was 'asleep' at first; somehow or other it wouldn't 'work'; but I thought little of that. Then I tried to run forward a few feet, and fell down. At the hospital two bullets were taken from my right leg, which was fractured."

G. C. L. Snyder of company A, a McMinnville boy, was shot through the right side of the chest, the bullet coursing

out under the arm. He said he experienced a "numb sensation," and had no idea where he was hit, until they stripped him at the hospital.

HIS TRIP NORTH.

Mr. Apperson Writes to His Children From the Land of Gold and Glaciers.

The Reporter is permitted to glean from a private letter by Mr. A. J. Apperson, the new receiver of the Sitka land office, to his children here, some interesting narratives of his trip to his new home. We will start him at Tacoma, where the steamer was taken. He says: "While at Tacoma I met Mr. Perkins, who was Senator Hanna's private secretary in 1895 and during the presidential campaign of 1896. He is now manager of the Tacoma News, which was bought during that campaign by some of the republican managers to help up that memorable campaign. Afterwards Mr. Perkins was sent out as business manager. When I was introduced to him he was getting his boots blacked, ready to leave on the train to attend the banquet to be given at Seattle on that Tuesday night to Senators Fairbanks and Foster. Therefore we had but very little time to talk. He, however, when I was introduced, at once wanted to know if I was not the Apperson that was corresponding with Senator Hanna, and when I told him I was, he seemed more than glad to have met me, and paid me quite a compliment over those letters and the high appreciation Senator Hanna and others had for them, as he said they aided and guided them very much in that campaign.

"We did not leave Tacoma until about 6:30 in the evening of the 14th, when we boarded the steamer Cottage City, which, by the way, is a good boat and officered by good, careful men. We found they had a passenger list of about 200, and but few of them miners. Among them were several we knew. George Shepherd and Murphy Grant, traveling men, came as far as Skagway. Mr. Wirtz, the Congregational minister, Rev. Henderson wrote us about, got on at Tacoma and came to Juneau with us and we found him a very pleasant gentleman. In fact the Cottage City passengers consisted largely of distinguished men and tourists representing probably more capital and wealth than was ever before represented on any one steamer on this coast. We had John D. Rockefeller of the Standard Oil Co., his family and party of about 25, including a Mr. Stillman and family of New York, who is said to be the wealthiest gentleman in the world, and a party of 10 or 12 from Connecticut, including such men as Mr. Fredwell and Congressman Hill, who is a member of the committee on banking and currency, and a very nice gentleman. I had several talks with him on politics and otherwise and as he was solidly in favor of a special session of congress at an early date as possible to permanently establish by legislation the gold standard and such reforms in currency and banking as the conditions and pledges of the republican party seem to demand, you will readily see I had no chance to get into any serious controversy with him over these questions. When we struck the boundary line between British Columbia and Alaska, at or near the foot of Mary's island, and as Congressman Hill and I were on deck together I took occasion to call his attention to the fact that we were again in American territory and to notice the dense forests of timber, the immense abrupt mountains along the sea coast, all of which were thoroughly mineralized and concealed untold wealth belonging to us, and only waiting favorable legislation and vast capital to develop the resources of the northwest territory. I suggested to him that our representatives in the east were so far away they did not seem to appreciate the benefits or vastness of our northwestern possessions, and for this reason many have been disposed to procrastinate and put off as long as possible their development, and others never lost an opportunity to vote against all legislation looking to their development, or the settlement of the boundary lines, which could and ought to have been settled long before the discovery of the mines, for every day it was put off the more wealth was discovered and the more difficult it would be to settle it by fair arbitration. You can imagine my surprise when Congressman Hill replied that this was all too true, as he had himself voted against measures which were calculated to develop this country, but his trip of observation had so thoroughly convinced him of its great vastness and susceptibility that he should never again be found voting against its future development. So you see when I thought I had opened up a controversy to be ended in a first-class row, my adversary whipped around so quickly that it knocked all the wind out of Oregon's opportunity to a friendly contest with even Connecticut. But this was to be a description of our trip, and here I am talking politics, as usual. As we left Tacoma at night, we crossed the straits of Juan de Fuca without hardly knowing it. We did not stop until we got to Victoria, and it being before daylight, none of us went ashore. We took breakfast soon after entering the Gulf of Georgia, while the water was comparatively smooth.

We arrived at Juneau about 9 o'clock Sunday morning, laid there until 12 o'clock, took in the town, then crossed over to Douglas Island, where the great Treadwell mines, operating 950 stamps are located; these are only about a mile across the bay from Juneau. Here we laid until after 4 o'clock, during which time we took in the town of Douglas, but spending most of the time at the Treadwell mills and mines, which are simply immense. They have it's reputed, about one-half million dollars invested in these mines and plant, and when it's considered the original cost of the mines was \$200 you will readily see it's all in the plant. The first stamp mill was

built right on the side of the mountain, containing something over 200 stamps. Then they commenced blasting off the side of the mountain, which stood probably 100 feet above the level of the mill. They now have a hole which I should judge to be about 250 feet back from the arch leading from the mill to the face of the mountain. It is about 300 feet long running parallel with the bay, and I should judge to be from 200 to 250 feet measuring from the extreme top of the mountain to the bottom of this hole. They work over the whole of the rock, which averages less than \$4.00 per ton, and is being worked at an expense of from \$5 to 90 cents per ton; it is readily seen the profits are large. The plant is run by water and so favorably situated the ore practically comes into the mill without cost except for the blasting, and goes out at the other end of the mill with but little cost, into deep water vessels, to be borne away to the markets of the world. All but a very small per cent goes in gold dust. The rest is what they call the concentrated ore, which is shipped in ordinary burlap sacks to the smelter to be treated there. Now when it's considered that the United States has in Alaska over 1000 miles of tide water which is skirted on either side with mountains that are supposed to be equal as rich, or richer, in gold, silver, copper and iron as is the Treadwell mines, you can form some little idea of the vast mineral wealth of the territory awaiting only for capital to develop it; to say nothing of the placer and quartz mines scattered all over the interior of this country. Besides this there are valuable fishing and timber interests to be developed. They have discovered large coal deposits as well as coal oil wells on some of the islands near here. The coal and coal oil is what attracted Mr. Rockefeller here. It is said that \$100,000 was to be invested in developing the coal oil interests this summer, by the Standard oil people alone. * * * When we left Juneau and Douglas we found quite a number of the officials and attorneys had joined us. They were going to attend court at Skagway. Among them was Collector Ivey, whom I formed a very favorable acquaintance with; also a Bishop Rowe, an Episcopalian located at Sitka joined us. Sunday evening after supper the bishop, assisted by Rev. Mr. Wirtz, held services. At the close Mr. Rockefeller proposed a collection be taken up, which was done and \$80 presented to the bishop. It is said that Rockefeller gave a \$50 bill; this I think is true. * * *

At Skagway I met Gilson, who built the house which Mr. Hendricks bought, where Clyde lived. He is running a barber shop at Skagway. He gave me a very cordial invitation to visit his wife and family. I also met Laramie Myers, who used to run a store at the Molalla cross roads in Clackamas, and whose father lived at Sheridan. I met Stephen Bailey who used to run with me on the boats. Irvin Sanders and he each have a boat running on lake Bennett, and Bailey said they had a prospect of doing well, also met there a Mr. Haines, editor of one of the Skagway papers. He is from Oregon City and married one of the Boles girls. Boles used to run the ferry at Oregon City. I met and made the acquaintance of a good many of the Skagway people. I find one thing, these people all stand together and toot their horns for the particular place and people where they reside, and for the state of Alaska.

We arrived at the foot of Muir glacier on Tuesday morning about breakfast time. The glacier, as it now stands, is, I should judge, fully 100 feet above the level of the water, and is probably 600 to 800 deep below this level. The glacier is between two mountains and is fully two miles wide now. From the looks of it, at one time it must have been many miles wide. As you approach this grand scene you hear a constant roaring like the distant booming of cannon which is a noise caused by the constant breaking away of great chunks of ice. We ran up to within about one-half mile of it, then dropped back behind a gravelly point about 1 1/2 miles below it. In fact, vessels run great risks of being smashed in by these chunks of ice in going too close to it, or being swamped by the great waves caused by these chunks. Even where we were, the waves seemed to be 8 or 10 feet high, and no very large chunks broke off while we were there. But the captain of the City of Topeka, ran close up to the glacier on the day she was there, and came near being swamped, as the waves came up over her bulkheads and flooded all her lower decks before the captain could back her out. The top and front of this mountain of ice, where exposed to the atmosphere looks very much the color of ice down there, but when it breaks off in these great chunks it almost invariably goes down out of sight; when it again appears floating down the bay it has turned completely over and the exposed part is a deep sky blue. It is a grand sight and must be seen to be appreciated. * * *

"The town of Sitka is located on Sitka bay or sound, and is a little flat piece of made land about 1 1/2 to 2 miles long by about an average of 3/4 to 3/8 miles wide, before striking mountains too precipitous to build on or to cultivate. About 1 1/2 miles north of the town the Indian river puts in the bay. This is a very beautiful mountain stream about the size of the Yamhill, and is of pure, cold water, even clearer and colder than any of the mountain streams about Jones' mill or in the mountains of Yamhill. Now all the towns in Alaska along tide water are built upon small flats of made land by the sliding off from the mountains, filling in and widening out of the beach. Going back a few hundred feet from the beach, you will very often find wet, swampy land with plenty of skunk cabbage and mosquitoes to entertain you. I have not yet found out the exact population of this place, but think there are 500 whites, the balance are Indians and Russians—probably 1500 in all. I have met quite a good many of the officials here and am very favorably impressed with them. There is more of them from Washington, D. C., than any-

where else. The Oregonians seem to have got control of the custom house business. Judge Johnson, the governor, the agricultural department and educational seem to be controlled largely by the Presbyterian Missionary Society and have been in Alaska for several years. The most of the people, especially from Oregon and Washington, D. C., evidently knew something of and about me long before I got here. Quite a good many of Senator McBride's relatives are occupying various positions in the custom house, marshal, or the U. S. judicial department. A Miss Butler, a relative of Jack Butler of Yamhill, is stenographer in the custom house, while McBride, a nephew, also works there. I am very favorably impressed with nearly all of them. My colleague, Mr. Dudley, is a son of Secretary Dudley, who was in Harrison's cabinet. He is a young man but well educated.

The A. O. U. W. Picnic.

Friday was a big day for Dayton, notwithstanding that some malicious person reported that the town had a case of smallpox, in order to keep people from attending the picnic. Probably 1000 people were present, and though the day was hot, everybody seemed to have a good time. There were eight refreshment stands, two lunch concessions and a merry-go-round. A parade opened the program in the morning, in which the Dayton and McMinnville bands participated. The singing was by glee clubs from McMinnville and Dayton lodges. J. E. Mellinger of Dayton gave the address of welcome, and attorney F. D. Winton of Astoria made the speech of the day. He dealt in figures concerning the work of the Workmen order, and showed the justice of the new assessment plan. He argued strongly against the habit of talking down other lodges in order to uphold their own. Two kinds of lodges he would steer clear of, a dead lodge, and the lodge that builds up by tearing down others. Mr. Winton is one of the bright speakers of Oregon. In the afternoon, besides excellent band music, there were recitations by Miss Ora Mellinger, Miss Nina Baxter and Henry Fletcher, a solo by J. G. Eckman and a scarf drill by several young ladies, under direction of Mrs. Courtney. A number of races followed. Mr. Kerson won the rope walking contest, George Irvine the orange race over seven other contestants, Mrs. B. Gabriel the wheelbarrow race, Floyd Samson the boys orange race, Mr. Nichols the fat man's foot race, Alice Bateman the girl's foot race, and Tie Hutchens the boy's foot race.

The Dayton lodge has twice held this picnic on a self-sustaining basis, and made it a success, for which they deserve high praise.

An Oregon Boy Captured in Rhode Island.

What could be more business-like than securing an education and then taking a helpmeet for life? It is following out the injunction of Carlyle, "Do the duty nearest thee." Other young men would do well to follow the noble example of a McMinnville boy as set forth in the following from the Providence, R. I., daily Journal of July 13th:

Surrounded by living green, Wirt T. Fellows of McMinnville, Ore., and Julia Fisher Belcher, eldest daughter of John A. Belcher, were united in marriage at 3 o'clock yesterday at the home of the bride's parents, Adams street, Lakewood. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Wm. J. Reynolds, former pastor of the Lakewood Baptist church, and was witnessed by members of the family of the bride and a few intimate friends.

The wedding took place in the parlor, which had been changed into a veritable greenery, the walls being hidden in places with a profuse display of ferns and flowers. As the wedding was a simple family ceremony the bride was unattended, and there were no ushers. The bride was gowned in white and carried a bouquet of bride roses, containing 19 buds, one for every year of her life. Her hair was also caught up with buds of this fragrant flower. Following the wedding a reception was held, to which about 30 guests were bidden. The wedding remembrances were particularly beautiful, and attested the regard in which the young couple are held. Mr. and Mrs. Fellows will leave this morning on their wedding journey to Rochester, N. Y., where the groom, a graduate of Brown university, is completing a course in Rochester Theological seminary, and where they will reside.

Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet. For sale by Rogers Bros. 46m

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ELSIE WRIGHT.

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