

DAILY REPORTER.

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D. C. IRELAND. E. L. E. WHITE.

D. C. IRELAND & Co.,
PUBLISHERS.

THE DAILY REPORTER is issued every day in the week except Sundays, and is delivered in the city at 10 cents per week. By mail, 40 cents per month in advance. Rates for advertising same as for THE WEEKLY REPORTER.

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We beg leave to announce to the public that we have just added a large stock of new novelties to our business, and make a speciality of Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Statements, Business Cards, Ladies' Calling Cards, Ball Invitations (new designs) Programmes, Posters, and all descriptions of work. Terms favorable. Call and be convinced. D. C. IRELAND & CO.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

McMINNVILLE OREGON.

Office and residence, corner of Third and D streets, next to the postoffice.

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I have just added to my parlor the largest and finest stock of cigars ever in this city. Try them.

D. C. IRELAND & CO.,

Fine Job Printers,

McMinnville, Oregon.

Our Daughter.

BY CON AMORE.

I know a maiden whose loving soul
The waves of angry passion never roll;
For as they arise she lulls them fast asleep,
While love flows on in currents strong and deep.

Faith, Hope, and Love, her sister graces
These,
When'er she moves do bear her company.
Full had our life is overhung with night—
God sends such stars our heavenward path to light.

When some complained because their way
Grew dark,
Scorn'd with dead hopes' pale corpses cold
and stark,
I heard her whisper to her sisters three,
"Send them new faith and hope and love
through me."

She said no more, but on her brow serene
The print of patient purpose could be seen;
And in her eye the light of love shone bright
As Venus leading in the east of Night.

Her home grew brighter; nor that home
dim—
The whole horizon brightened where she
shone;
Now as the Evening Star in Sorrows' night,
And now as harbinger of morning light.

God bless such daughters! may their number
grow
Till all the homes of earth their influence
know.
And grateful parents everywhere confess
The saving grace of fine tenderness.

Song of a Lily

Her fine array was wrought in looms of air,
And woven by the shuttles of the sun,
In noiseless warp and woof of tissue fair,
And kindly juices from the warm earth won;
And all of wandering odors that were sweet
Were caught within her silken web of light;
And perfumed rains that wept around her
feet
Their fragrance yielded in the summer
night.

The lily toiled not, spun not, yet she grew
In loveliness supreme, from day to day;
A hand Divine imparted every hue,
And clothed her in her beautiful array.
The boon of dew, and rain, and as a kiss;
Her white and suppliant petals, clasped in
prayer,
Gave silent thanks amid created bliss.

O! if such issues, spring from gifts of thine,
If such unfoldings on thy bounty wait,
The ambient airs which nurse the life divine
My soul shall steep, my spirit satiate.
It shall be mine with suppliant hand to claim
The utmost boon thy treasures may hold;
Why should the lily's bloom my spirit shame,
When Earth is rich and Heaven is raining
gold?

—Clara Thwaites.

Ristori's Plea.

I met one day last week an old lady
who told me this story of Ristori, of
whom she spoke in terms of most de-
voted friendship. The story has never,
she told me, been printed before:

Mme. Ristori was playing in the city
of Madrid in the Royal Theater. She
had carried the audience away in the
act by her great power, the curtain had
fallen on the first act, and unusually
long applause occurred. No one could
understand her absence. The time
came and passed when she should have
resumed play. What was the meaning
of her absence? As she was passing
from the stage, in the wings, stood a
poor woman, who caught her gar-
ment.

"Madame," she said, "do you hear
that bell now tolling?"

"Yes."

"That bell tolls for the death of my
husband; he will die at sunrise to-mor-
row. Won't you," she implored the
woman, "plead for me? The Queen
sits in the box yonder."

The great tragedy queen went to the
Royal box and begged for the life of
that man—a man that she had no par-
ticular interest in, but simply because
he was going to die. Mme. Ristori
pleaded so well with the Queen that
with a pencil she wrote his reprieve,
and he was saved. Meantime the truth
had crept out among the audience, and
when the curtain rose again the whole
audience sprang to their feet. Tears
ran like rain. Hate and handkerchiefs
were waved. Shout after shout went
up from the multitude—not for the
tragic queen, but for the woman infi-
nitely greater—the woman that pleaded
for a life, and not in vain."

Ella Wheeler-Wilcox.

Ella Wheeler-Wilcox, the author of
"Poems of Passion," has a fair com-
plexion and hazel eyes. It is said that
the poetess took her first dancing les-
sons at a village near her home, when
she was 8 years old. She became a
terpsichorean devotee, and, when not
composing, often gayly tipped the light
fantastic, like some fabled faun, hum-
ming a tune to suit the motion. Years
afterward she was at a reception given
in her honor, and danced with such
grace that a reporter described her not
only as "the poetry of motion, but poetry
in motion." Her first attempt at compos-
ing was at the age of 8 years. A lot of
old-fashioned flowers grew about her
home. On the blank page of old let-
ters she found she wrote a story describ-
ing the jealousy of Mr. Hollyhook be-
cause Miss Dahlia danced with Mr.
Nasturtium and Miss Four-o'clock hung
her head in a sulky manner because
Mr. Bachelorbutton did not waltz with
her. Ella's mother noticed her absorb-
ing occupation, and when the little story
was read, she foresaw the literary fu-
ture of her child. But poetry, success,
adulation, and even marriage have not
robbed her of the love for dancing, and
her grace in that accomplishment keeps
pace with her literary progress. She
was in New York the other day reading
proof for her forthcoming novel, "Mal
Moulee." She said: "I am not as im-
pervious to criticism now as I was be-
fore I was married. Since I was mar-
ried many cruel and bitter things ap-
peared in print about my husband and
myself. Why, a woman who professed
to be my friend wrote to an Indian-
apolis paper that she saw my husband,
and described him as a man devoid of
any emotion. She wound up the letter
by saying that he had exhausted all
pleasures, and at last concluded to mar-
ry a poetess just for the novelty. These
are mild stories compared to some. If
all couples were as happily married as
we the world would be filled only with
sweetness and light."

Garden of Eden Rocks.

Since the days of the "forty acres
and a mule" dodge, if a month has
passed away without some ridiculous
fraud being practiced upon the colored
people here, your correspondent fails
to remember it. The latest and most
absurd was brought to light to-day,
when a colored man, with his eyes
dancing with delight, came in to show
me a treasure that he had just bought
in the shape of "a rock from the
Garden of Eden."

It looked like a small piece of slate,
was highly perfumed with musk and
packed in a small paste-board box. He
had bought it from a white woman,
who told him that she was from the
Garden of Eden, and was the only liv-
ing agent for the sale of the rocks. She
had thousands of them put up in sim-
ilar paper boxes, and sold them through-
out the country at 25 cents each. She
has sold several hundred in Columbia. The
Times-Star correspondent tried to buy
the colored man's rock, but he resolutely
refused ten times its price. A big re-
vival is in progress among the colored
Methodists of this city, and the afore-
said white woman is reaping a rich
harvest in the sale of her "Garden of
Eden rocks" among the ignorant en-
thusiasts.—Columbia (S. C.) Cor. Cin-
cinnati Times-Star.

A man in New York who had been
the victim of a card swindler, went in-
to court and described from memory
thirty separate marks that had been
put on as many cards by the thumb
nail of the sharper, each of which iden-
tified its particular card.

There are several towns in Montana
without a single unmarried woman, and
the local papers tell piteous tales of the
rich and eligible bachelors who are
traveling about from town to town look-
ing for a wife.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BISHOP & KAY.

(o)

THE CLOTHIERS

YAMHILL CO.,

Third St., Opposite

YAMHILL CO. BANK.

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CLOTHING

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Carrying a full line of all goods made by
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LOGAN BROS. & HENDERSON,

—PROPRIETORS—

Fine Carriages, Hacks and Saddle Horses,

And everything in the Livery hire,
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At Reasonable Rates.

Family Grocery Store.

Third Street, McMinnville, Oregon.

J. Harv. Henderson,

(Successor to L. ROOT.)

Dealer in

All Fresh Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon, and

Glassware and Crockery.

Goods delivered to purchasers in the city.

Notice of Co-Partnership.

Having entered into Co-Partnership with
D. M. Caldwell, in the

FEED AND FLOUR BUSINESS.

In Shobe's building, opposite the Post office,
the firm will be known as COLLARD &
CALDWELL.

Mr. Caldwell will attend to
the wants of the public.

All sales will be for cash at bed rock prices.
Orders delivered to any part of the city free
of extra charge.

J. J. COLLARD,
D. M. CALDWELL,

McMinnville, Or., Dec. 27th, 1886.