

# DAILY REPORTER.

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## The 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.

## Book & Job Printing.

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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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 sorrow's 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 air 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.

DON'T FORGET THE PLACE,

—Where you will—

## ALWAYS FIND

# CLOTHING

—IN THE—

## LATEST STYLES.

Furnishing Goods of all kind, and above  
all the LOWEST PRICES. Also agents  
for the

## Brownsville Woolen Mill,

Carrying a full line of all goods made by  
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—PROPRIETORS—

## Fine Carriages, Hacks and Saddle Horses,

And everything in the Livery hire,  
in good shape

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.