

# DAILY REPORTER.

VOL. II. NO. 4.

McMINNVILLE, OREGON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1887.

PRICE TWO CENTS.

## The Daily Reporter.

Entered in the Postoffice at McMinnville for Transmission Through the Mails as Second Class Matter.

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## MEDALLA, THE MODEL.

One of the comeliest sights of a Parisian morning are the little Italian girls. Always smiling, always chatty—armed against the weather with only a wretched cotton umbrella—they enliven the morning procession of the poor. Who has not often asked himself where they perch of evenings—those showy little beggar-girls—at the hour when the birds go to roost?

Between the Place Monge and the Jardin des Plantes rises a fantastic quarter, built as intricately as a cobweb—a great entanglement of blind alleys and dingy lanes which nearly all converge toward the Place Jussieu.

Through open gateways, as in a frame, bits of garden-green are visible. Sometimes it is a chicken yard, with a green archwork of elder, a pool of water for the ducks, and a shred of sanded walk leading to a vegetable garden, a patch of blue sky over it all. Here cheap boarding houses stand elbow to elbow with day schools, while the most eccentric classes of tradesmen—small stencil cutters and cheap cobblers and magic-lantern makers—live at their ease in big stone houses hard by. This is the Italian quarter of Paris.

On the square, groups of children play, flower sellers, ragamuffins, mendicants, mandoline players. Curly-headed as choir children, they show all their white teeth as they laugh, with heads thrown back, and eyes full of light. The girls, seated motionlessly at the foot of the trees, and very grave, with elbows close to their sides, are busy knitting worsted work of showy colors; and old women with tortoise-necks go to draw water at the fountain, keeping their heads erect under the weight of the vessel.

Is it not true that on certain days all these folk are smitten with homesickness for the sun, that they dream in vain of the golden hazes of the South, and white cities bathed in aureate light besides an azure sea! One must become weary sometimes of dull horizons, of neutral tints, of gray crowds swarming under a slate-colored sky. But to-day, a beam of sunshine pierces the clouds; let us take a peep at the little Italian girls of the Place Jussieu.

Under the glow of the rich light all this theatrical tinsel of costume, all this figurant-undress becomes radiant. It is like the lighting up of an immense stage. The floating sleeves are white as sails seen at sea; robes of velveteen show gleams in their hollow folds; red aprons blaze with a joyous flourish of color; and everything is animated and noisy and brilliant to eyes that appreciate the frank charm of natural colors.

And here are faces of ancient sibyls such as we read of in romance—profiles of virgins worthy to be graven upon amethysts.

Of all the Italian models who frequented the studios during recent years, little Medalla was by far the most charming and the best known.

She had really the aspect of an antique cameo, with her low, broad brow, her hair braided in a rich twist behind her head, her sensuously partizan profile. She used to live in the Rue de la Clef, in a commonplace and sordid dwelling, with barrels of dirty water on every landing-place, brick stairways and sweating walls. But over the roofs could be seen one little patch of green in a vacant lot; and Medalla dreamed of her broad Italian vales, silent and dreamy lands, where the lazy flocks slumber under the mellow light.

They loved her in the studios for her gracefulness and her smile. Her portrait was exhibited several times at the Salon last year. You must certainly have remarked her feverishly-bright eyes, that burned beneath her brows like dry twigs in a furnace. In one painting you see her drawing water from a fountain into a bronze vessel; in another she holds out her hand to you from the recess of a deep gateway; in another you see her lying asleep, with her curly head reposing on her tambourine. But she is most often painted laughing.

You ought to have seen her in the morning when the little band of models used to descend the slope of Sainte-Genevieve—making specks of brilliant color with their ragged costumes against the monotonous horizon—to hail the omnibuses with sonorous cries, and climb up with bursts of laughter. She would come down walking against the bitter wind, her bosom palpitating behind the thin chemise. Her ragged dress illuminated all the street; her beautiful hair, as in revolt of young life, would break through her Neapolitan headdress, and behind her

the Fontanon, bathed in a rising light, made an Italian background for her figure—an Italian horizon.

One cannot hurry with impunity through these streets of ours, especially in winter, with throat and chest unprotected. Medalla is dead. They buried her in an obscure corner of the Montparnasse Cemetery. An original and a dismal funeral procession. There were a dozen old models there, classically draped in rags, and tragically mournful.

There was an old woman who never ceased to weep bitterly, and two children who laughed. There was not much ceremony about lowering her into the grave; there were neither speeches nor prayers. The prayers of the poor are short.

To-day no one remembers her, except, perhaps, some young shepherd of her own land, who still waits for her, and dreams of her as he watches his flocks, and tries, when evening comes, to spell out her name in the stars. —Translated for the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## European Styles in Stationery.

Engraved cards are the rule. The script is very delicate for ladies' cards, which are of generous size, and cut nearly square. Cards for married ladies are longer than those used by single ladies, and etiquette requires that a daughter over 16 shall have her name on her mother's card until she is 20 years of age, at which time she can use a card of her own. Cards bearing the name of husband and wife are necessarily large. This fashion of card is only used in paying bridal calls and during the first year of marriage; at all other times the husband and wife use separate visiting cards. Cards for gentlemen are narrow and rather short. The script is round, and has a much heavier look than the hairline letters on ladies' cards. All kinds of invitations are written on clear white paper, except silver and golden wedding cards. The former has the script in silver and blue tinted cards; the latter has the cards of a pinkish white and golden letters. For other wedding invitations there is but little variety. In the announcement of a private marriage the cards are sent out by the parents of the bride; the note-sheet with lettering is in shaded script. Square cards are used when the couple issue the invitations. If preferred, a separate card with the lady's name on can be used. The future residence is noted on the lower left corner, and on the right lower corner are stated the reception days. Afternoon reception-cards or note-sheets are also handsomely engraved in script. When cards are used they are of the square shape, with the name and address. The reception days are written in the left hand corner, and either above or below this the hour is noted, for example: "Tea at 5 o'clock." Dinner invitation cards are partly in script, neatly engraved. The guest's name is written by the hostess, a pretty idea, one intended to impart a friendly tone to the invitation.

A Brooklyn woman said to her servant girl, a fresh arrival on the latest boat from Cork: "Bridget, go out and see if Mr. Block, the butcher on the corner, has pigs' feet." The dutiful servant went out and returned. "Well, what did he say?" asked the mistress. "Sure, he said nuthin', mum." "Has he got pigs' feet?" "Faith, I couldn't see, mum—he has his boots on."

"Why are you home so early?" asked a wife of her husband. "Is the singing school exhibition out already?" "No; not more than half out," he replied. "Why didn't you stay to the close? Weren't you interested in the singing?" "I was until a sixteen-year-old boy attempted to sing 'Larboard Watch, Ahoy.' Then I thought I would come home, go to bed and try to forget all about it."

Chauncey M. Depew and Franklin B. Gowen both entered the railway world from law offices.

## Young Navigators.

As I approached Manikuagon Point, opposite the red light-ship, warning vessels off that dangerous shoal, I saw a very small boat standing in from the open sea, so far off that it seemed as if it must have come up out of the sea, and did not appreciate the dangers about it. As we both approached the beach, I saw that it contained a man and two children—a bright-eyed boy about eight years old and a girl about ten. The man jumped from the bow into the surf, and pushed the boat off, while directing the little boy at the stern in a gruff, sea-worn voice: "Heave away, lad; get your oar over to starboard, or she'll swing around. Now, Mary, shove her head over—hurry up! don't you see that heavy swell? Hold hard! Now get her head about, quick as you can. That's it. Haul in your sheet." And at last those little mites were standing out to sea again, and settling themselves down in the stern-sheets as composedly as they might sit down on a door-sill.

"Where on earth, sir, are your children going, alone, and on this stormy coast? Will you ever see them again?"

"O yes, sir," he replied, smiling; they are used to a boat; they are taking some seals I have just brought in from the nets down to the next bay; it's only a few miles. We don't think much about such dangers; but we are perhaps a little too venturesome sometimes. One of my friends on Anticosti sent his two boys to take the boat across the mouth of their bay for a load of hay. A squall came up so heavy that the boat could not beat into shelter, and they were carried out to sea. Nothing was ever seen of them afterward." Here he scanned the horizon, and looked after his own boat with a thoughtful expression. "But with this fair wind the children will soon reach home. We have another danger besides the weather; sharks are dangerous here; they sometimes follow a boat for hours, and now and then they capsize her and take a man down. At least we suppose it must be done by the sharks. Last year, right out there, an Indian was after a seal; pretty soon we saw him stand up and fight something in the water with his paddle. In a minute his canoe capsized and he went under. When we got there all we found was his canoe stove in amidsthips."

"But that seems more like the action of the devil-fish."

"Well, yes, but we have never seen any devil-fish here, and there are plenty of sharks."—C. H. Farnham, in *Larper's Magazine for September.*

## Heine's Picture of His Wife.

She had a niece, sixteen years old, like myself, but suddenly grown so tall that she appeared much older than I. It was in consequence of this sudden growth that she was very thin. She had that thin waist which we notice in the West Indies among the quadroons, and, as she wore neither corsets nor a dozen skirts, her clinging robes were like the wet garments of a statue. But no marble statue could ever compete with her for beauty, for she had life itself, and every movement of her body revealed, as it were, even the music of her soul. None of the daughters of Niobe had a face of nobler cut; its color, as the color of her skin generally, was of a changing white. Her large, dark eyes looked as if they had put a riddle and were waiting calmly for the solution; while her mouth, with the thin, curved lips and the white, rather long teeth, seemed to say, "You are too stupid, and you will guess in vain." Her hair was red—quite blood-red—and fell in long curls over her shoulders, so that she could tie it under her chin. But this made her look as if her neck had been cut off and red streams of blood were welling out of it.