

DAILY REPORTER.

VOL. II. NO. 5.

McMINNVILLE, OREGON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 7, 1887.

PRICE TWO CENTS.

The Daily Reporter.

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

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 specialty 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.

E. E. COUCHER, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
McMINNVILLE OREGON.

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

DR. I. C. TAYLOR,

Late of New Orleans, La.,

Piles and Fistula a Speciality. Consultation free. No Cure No Pay.

Office with H. V. V. Johnson, M. D. McMinnville, Oregon.

JAS. M'CAIN.

H. HUBLEY.

McCain & Hurley,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
AND NOTARIES PUBLIC,
Lafayette, Oregon.

Especial attention paid to abstracts of title and settlement of estates in probate.
Office—Jail building, up stairs.

Mrs. M. Shadden.

Fashionable Dressmaker.

The Taylor System of Cutting and Fitting employed.

Third street, Next to Bishop & Kay's store, McMinnville, Or.

McMinnville Baths.

Hair Cutting, Shaving and Shampooing Parlor.

15c SHAVING 15c.

C. H. FLEMING, Proprietor.

(Successor to A. C. Wyndham.)

Ladies and children's work a specialty.

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.

Diplomacy, According to "Monsieur."

The French *Figaro* publishes the following amusing incident, which is said to have taken place during one of the state dinners at Berlin, and at which the late Lord Beaconsfield and the Marquis of Salisbury were present:

Prince Bismarck, who is well known to be a great eater, filled his plate with cherries; the Marquis of Salisbury observed it.

"Prince," said he suddenly, "what you are doing is very unhealthy."

"What?" said Prince Bismarck, in astonishment.

"You have just swallowed two cherry-stones."

"You are mistaken," said the Prince, with marked coldness.

"Never!" replied Salisbury, with that hauteur which characterizes the proud English aristocracy.

"Monsieur le Marquis!" said Bismarck, his eyes shooting fire.

It was at this moment that Lord Beaconsfield came to the rescue.

"Perhaps," he insinuated, in his softest voice, "you are both right; your Highness must be so occupied with serious thoughts that you might inadvertently have swallowed a tiny stone."

"Two!" interrupted Salisbury, in a decided tone.

"Or two," continued Lord Beaconsfield as calmly as possible; "and you, my dear Lord and colleague, enjoy such good sight that nothing escapes you. Now, Prince and Marquis, will you allow me to decide this difficult question?"

"How?" murmured Bismarck.

"Your plate, Highness, if you please."

This last was in English, the correspondent adding that Lord Beaconsfield was the only diplomatist at Berlin who never talked French. The plate was sent to Lord Beaconsfield, who at once emptied the contents on the table. All eyes were now fixed on him. With his long, bony, agile fingers, covered with precious stones, he began to arrange what looked more like a child's game than an occupation worthy of such a distinguished Minister. He put all the stones in a line, and placed a stem on each stone. Then in that clear, piercing voice that has so often moved the House of Commons, the English Prime Minister began to count one, two, three, and so on to forty-seven stones, and likewise with the stems till he had counted forty-nine. The proof was there—two stones were wanting.

Bismarck rose and said in an agitated voice: "Marquis, you are right!" then, turning, said in a loud voice: "Lord Beaconsfield, you are a great man!"

A Ghost Story About "H. H."

Spiritualists are interested in a curious little story, whose truth is vouched for by "leading women" of San Francisco, which is told of Helen Hunt Jackson. It seems that before her death a friend told her of a poor woman whose husband had left her with an infant child to care for, and Mrs. Jackson directed that some articles of her own wardrobe should be given to the object of their sympathy. The woman in her gratitude gave her little daughter Mrs. Jackson's name. After her death, the poor woman took up her child one day, and, calling it by name, said: "Oh, my little girl, the lady who was so good to you never saw your sweet face, and she never knew how I loved her." At that moment, the woman related, a hand was laid on hers, a sweet, motherly face bent over her and said: "I am not dead, I am here." The woman had never seen Mrs. Jackson, but she described her perfectly in feature, voice, and manner.

Under the postal telegraph system in England—that is to say, management by the government of all telegraph lines—the number of messages sent annually has increased from 9,000,000 in 1870 to 84,000,000 in 1885.

Living in Washington.

Washington life in any form is costly. It was not so in the old times, or as late as the 'seventies, but at last the rich and fashionable visitors have done their perfect work in this city, as in Paris and Newport. One way to live in Washington, of course, is to go to a hotel, and this way is not so very much costlier than others, after all. Another way is to buy or rent a house outright. But by far the larger part of the visiting contingent seek a suite of rooms, either furnished or unfurnished, as the case may be, with board. A suite of two or three furnished rooms in any desirable location will cost a man and wife all the way from \$80 to \$150 a month. Very stylish apartments will run still higher. Board ranges from \$20 to \$150 or more a month for each individual. There is one other way of living peculiar to Washington, which is extensively used, but which cannot be conscientiously recommended. This is to take a suite without board and have meals brought to one's room by a caterer. There are many of these caterers here, and they do their work as well as is possible in the nature of the case. They charge only about \$25 a month apiece, and furnish an abundance of good food as expeditiously as they can. But the inconveniences and drawbacks of the plan are obvious. The food has to be cooked at the caterer's headquarters and carried in trams to his patrons' homes. Then the table has to be set and the viands extracted from the vehicle and placed upon the dishes. By this time all the cooked articles have become cold and must be heated again over the fire or an alcohol lamp. All the courses are brought in at once, and while one is being eaten the next is cooling and becoming spoiled. In fact, the whole meal is spoiled before it reaches the house.—*Capital Letter to Boston Traveler.*

Magnesium, which has more than once been abandoned as a source of light, appears likely to be employed again, a process having been discovered for producing pure magnesium by electrolysis, and at a price much less than that at which it was formerly obtainable. At the works in Bremen, where the manufacture of magnesium is carried on, prizes are offered for the construction of the best magnesium lamps having clockwork movement.

Donaldson, the swimmer, recently swam the Mohawk at Schenectady tied hand and foot. A young athlete thought that he could do the same, and after a friend had well tied him he started to cross the river. Half way across he gave out and went down. His frightened friend in a boat tried to get him into the boat, but couldn't. Neither could he untie the ropes. Meanwhile the swimmer was taken with severe cramps. Finally the man in the boat tied a rope around the swimmer's neck and thus towed the half drowned athlete to shore, where it took considerable rubbing and stimulant to reduce the cramps and get the youth in good condition again.

"Speaking of the meanest man in Detroit," said Snaggs last night. "I'll tell you what I know of one man right here, and a millionaire ten times over at that. My friend Mr. Jaggs recently borrowed \$10,000 of him for ninety days at 12 per cent, with good security. Well, when he came to pay the lender a dispute about the sum of two cents arose, and Jaggs swore that he wouldn't pay any old skintint two cents more than was due him. 'Why,' he said, 'you're positively the meanest man in Detroit to quarrel about two cents.' 'That's where you're mistaken,' said the banker. 'Let me introduce you to my son-in-law; he'd fight for a cent.' Jaggs declined the offer with thanks, paid the two cents to the next to the meanest man in Detroit, and left the office, glad to have escaped the meanest man."—*Detroit Tribune.*

Pure Milk for a Summer Drink.

"Anything new in summer drinks?" a reporter asked a bartender.

"Yes—no, but tipping in pure milk is the fashion now. Hundreds and thousands of people in this city drink several glasses of milk per day, and gladly pay a nickle per glass. There is a good profit in the trade, and the restaurants and confectioners are prepared to meet the demand. Dozens of people, gentlemen and ladies, of all ages and conditions, call here every day and buy a glass of ice-cold milk, and drink it with evident relish. Even the drug stores are beginning to see the demand, and many of them are prepared to meet it. You can go into almost any first-class drug store and obtain a large glass of pure milk, right off the ice. It is, I think, the best drink of all for hot weather. It quenches thirst, does not promote excessive perspiration, and affords a healthful and easily assimilated article of food. It is largely taking the part of lager beer as a summer drink. There is as much food in a pound of milk as there is in a pound of beef, and it is digested and assimilated without difficulty and with no overproduction of heat. I know several persons who, during the past ten days of hot weather, have not eaten as much solid food as would make one square meal, yet they are in good flesh, have good appetites, and excellent health, and have not felt any bad effects of the heat. They are simply living on milk and light bread almost entirely."

Journalistic Trials in Philadelphia.

A Philadelphia correspondent of the New York *Herald* writes: Lawyers who do not belong to the coterie of newspaper parasites never get their names in the papers. Possibly they may feel some envy or resentment; but they will never stoop to the ignoble act of eodding or intimidating newspaper editors or publishers. I use this word 'intimidating' with due consideration, for there is hardly a newspaper writer in Philadelphia who has not, at some part of his career, been threatened by shyster lawyers, who insisted that their names must be constantly put into the papers. Why, to choose an apt illustration and one known to nearly everybody, a lawyer recently brought an action in a Philadelphia court for libel upon the flimsiest pretext against a Philadelphia newspaper man for the admitted purpose of getting revenge for the omission of his name from a brief report of a magistrate's court case. And a judge unwittingly lent himself to the outrageous persecution. This sounds incredible, but such things happen here. This same lawyer even went further, a great deal further. He tried to put the newspaper man in jail by having the capias served so late in the afternoon that sureties could not be found, but, defeated in that, he actually had the audacity to go to the bondsman who had tendered his name to the persecuted writer and attempted to browbeat him into withdrawing his friendly assistance. He belongs to the class of lawyers who figure prominently in the newspapers here, and such is the treatment that men on the press in this city who can not be bought or cajoled have to expect.

Feeble urchin: "I say, ma, my head aches. I'm going to stay home from school this afternoon." Sollicitous maternal ancestor: "Well, my dear, I'm sorry. Stay at home and rest. It may do you good." Three hours later feeble urchin rushed into the house with cheeks aglow. "I tell you we had a nifty game. Eighteen to 15. I played short. Gimme suthin' t'eat."

A writer in the New York *sun* wants to know what became of the saddles used by the cavalry during the war.

An English philosopher contends that a thoroughbred fox terrier has the intellectual development of a child two years old.