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WILD DOGS OF ATLANTA.

A Curious Result of the Late Rebellion.

Did you ever hear of the wild dogs of Atlanta? At one time the country around here was at the mercy of these savage animals. Horses, elephants, and camels can be made to take an almost human interest in war, but dogs can not stand the racket. The din of battle and the smell of villainous saltpeter breaks them up entirely.

Our dogs had a hard time during the siege. There were thousands of them in those days, and when the season of short rations set in they were the first to feel it. In many instances they were abandoned by their refuging owners and had to literally forage for a living.

The thunder of the big guns, the unearthly shrieks of the shells, the noise of falling buildings, the rattle of musketry, and the heavy tramp of marching soldiers all struck terror to the canine contingent. Toward the close of the siege nearly every dog in the city was half rabid or in the last stage of nervous prostration. The wretched brutes sought shelter under houses and in bomb-proofs. Majestic mastiffs and surly bull-dogs curled their tails between their legs and yelped mournfully at every unusual sound. Hundreds of the bolder ones made a frantic break over the breastworks and ditches, and made their way through the lines of both armies, never stopping until they reached the woods.

It was even worse after Sherman's army entered the place. The citizens were driven out in such a hurry that they had no time to think of their pets and no means of transportation for them. Later, the destruction of the city by fire, and the general pandemonium that ensued, scattered the few remaining dogs.

These innocent victims of the ravages of war had a terrible experience during the rigorous winter of 1864-5. Their misery drove them to form strange partnerships, and it was a common sight to see them roving in bands of a dozen or more. The old saying, "Banish the dog from his kennel and you have a wolf," was illustrated in this case. In the course of five or six months the country people for fifty miles around were spinning marvelous yarns about "them wild dogs from Atlanta."

The dog belongs to the genus which produces the wolf, the jackal, and the fox. Tame dogs of course lose many of the characteristics of these animals, but when persecution and misery cause them to relapse into a wild state they take the appearance, the habits and the tastes of wolves and jackals. Such was notoriously the fact with the Atlanta dogs. They lost every trace of domesticity. They grew to enormous size, with savage eyes and cruel-looking fangs.

Occasionally a gang of these ferocious beasts would swoop down on a farmyard, devouring chickens and pigs, and attacking men when they stood in their way. It took the liveliest kind of shooting to drive them off. Sometimes they would surround a lonely cabin and wait for the inmates to come out. They even made raids into little villages, forcing the inhabitants to shut themselves up in their houses. The disappearance of many a negro in those perilous times was fully accounted for when his skeleton was found with every particle of flesh gnawed off and with the ground around showing evidences of a desperate struggle.

Early in 1865, when a few refugees began returning to Atlanta, they had to struggle with these wild dogs for the possession of the ruins. Bloody encounters occurred among the ash heaps and piles of debris. Every cellar and hole in the ground held these ravenous brutes, and they leaped upon men, women and children without the slightest provocation. At that time it was

dangerous to ride or drive out in the country. On the main road between here and Decatur, in broad daylight, dogs were known to attack horses attached to buggies, forcing their drivers to open a hot fusillade with their revolvers.

After getting this taste of a wild life the Atlanta dogs went to the bad altogether. They never reformed. A relentless warfare was waged upon them from Stone Mountain to Kenesaw, and one by one they bit the dust until they were all wiped out. The reader at a distance must not jump to the conclusion that this indiscriminate slaughter has caused any unusual scarcity of dogs in this region. Thanks to the universal human weakness for pets, we are abundantly supplied with bench-legged fices, terriers, pugs, Newfoundlanders, mastiffs, and bulls. If some unexpected calamity should cause them all to go wild, after the fashion of their predecessors, they would be an uncommonly tough crowd to deal with.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"What have you under your coat, Paddy Jaselin?" asked Judge Cal. "Nawt a bitt av et, Yezonnor!" "Not a bit of what?" Pat said nothing, but gave a wink that would have stuck a cable-car on a down grade. "What's under that coat?" "Me soard, sorr; shure Oi'll show yeez Oi'm a soard swaw'r!" "Let me see it, quick!" and the court took the sword, pulled the cork out, smelled it, tasted it, and drained it to the very last, and then smacked his lips. When his hair stopped pulling he looked down at Paddy, who was paralyzed with astonishment, and, with a smile that was worthy of a cherubim, he remarked: "There, Paddy, is the scabbard; you may go."—*St. Louis Chronicle.*

Fancies in Perfumes.

Everybody looks at the perfumery bottles in a drug store. There are all kinds—"White Rose," "Golden Lilly of Japan," "Frangipani," "Pond Lily," "New-Mown Hay," "Jockey Club," "Patchouly," "Forrest Flower," and all of the other fancy-named scents with an immense variety of cologne water. The most of these are in one, two, and four ounce bottles, prettily labeled, and with the corks covered with sheepskin and tied with a pink, a red, or a blue ribbon or a fancy cord. You can look at them and pick them up and shake them, but you can't smell of them. And there are always along in close proximity a lot of larger bottles, cut-glass concerns, very nice to look upon and with glass stoppers which are neither covered with sheepskin or tied into place.

Then the visitor has some fun. One by one the stoppers are removed and first the stopper and then the mouth of the bottle is applied to the nostrils. Next the stopper is replaced and the bottle shaken a little so that the stopper is moistened with the liquid and then the stopper is touched to the nose or rubbed along the upper lip. Then the finger is wet a little and rubbed across the vest or the front of the dress, and sometimes, if the druggist is not looking, a little is doused upon the handkerchief.

These perfumes are a very profitable stock of goods. There is always a steady demand for the nice smells, and there is a good-sized profit upon them. At holiday time the sales are still larger. The pretty bottles and the useful contents are nice remembrances, and are always acceptable. Sometimes they are snugly stored in fancy boxes with a cupid, or a flower, or something like that to make them look nicer. The perfumes are usually made from the essential oil of the flower, the name of which the perfume bears, and the oil dissolved in alcohol. There is a kind made also from deodorized kerosene oil, which, when scented, makes a delightful perfume which costs very little, and can be sold for a high figure and at a good profit.

Origin of Familiar Proverbs.

"Truth is stranger than fiction" was invented by an editor as a head-line to a twenty-line lie so monstrously extravagant, that he knew nobody would believe ten words of it. The original use of this proverb is continued unto this day. Whenever you see that line in a newspaper don't believe a word you read under it.

"I'll make a spoon or spoil a horn," was the thought of a man who never made a spoon in all his life, and who knew perfectly well that he couldn't make one, and only took a mean man's malicious delight in spoiling a horn. P. S.—For a man who likes to take his horn straight the introduction of a spoon always spoils it.

"A wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse," was said by a man with a stiff neck, who wanted to nod, but couldn't; although why any sane man should wish either to wink or nod at a blind horse no man can tell.

"A little more sleep and a little more slumber," commonly attributed to the sluggard, was stolen by him from the night watchman, who invented it in his dreams.

"Fast bind, fast find," was remarked by a police justice when he bound the tough over to keep the peace and fined him \$15.85.

"All's well that ends well," was said by a murderer who killed a dude. The name of the murderer is suppressed lest he should be overrun with more orders than he could fill, and thus be compelled to hire a clerk, who would eventually run off with all the money. "All's fare in love and war" was the inspired thought of a railroad conductor.

"One swallow does not make a summer," was the brilliant remark of a man who was trying to see how many swallows do make a summer. Neta Bene—if the thermometer got half so high as the experimenter did, the dog-days came right along on the heels of Christmas that year. The record of the swallows, however, was lost in the dim mists of O'Blivion, the great Irish swallower.

"Dead men tell no tales," was the joyous exclamation of the first editor who slew a man who came in with a continued story of sixty-five chapters. It was this same editor who, upon receiving a demand for 10 cents from a poet for an epic poem upon which he had labored twelve years, said: "White makes smite." And then he smote him, that he died.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Mr. Spurgeon, the preacher who long ago gave over the world and the devil, has now played quits with the flesh also. He has become a vegetarian.

Gold-bearing quartz has been discovered in Hampshire County, West Virginia, and quite a number of people are flocking to the "diggings."

A Boston physician gives the name of tennis elbow to a painful ailment contracted by persons who devote themselves too persistently to the game.

The Sabbath is held in such great respect at Thurso, Scotland, that the cemetery is not allowed to be opened on that day. Even burial is considered a desecration.

A man of average intelligence possessed of great patience will accomplish more in a given direction than one of great ability without it.—*The Educational Weekly.*

"Dad, were you ever a fish?" The individual thus addressed lowered his chin and gazed over his spectacles at the boy in speechless astonishment. "O don't get mad at me, dad, for asking you," continued his inquisitive offspring. "Mrs. Cooly came in after you had gone yesterday and asked me what she would do if you were dead, and ma laughed and said she guessed there was just as good salmon in the sea as you are."—*Irish Proverbs.*