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How Ireland Became the "Isle of Beauty" and "Gem of the Sea."

With all condescension, I call your attention to what I would mention of Erin so green, and without hesitation, tell how that nation, became of creation the gem and the queen.

It happened one morning, without any warning, That sweet Venus was born, in the midst of the say, And by the same token, and sure 'twas provoking, Her pinions were soaking, and wouldn't give play.

Old Neptune, who knew her, began to pursue her, In order to woo her, the wicked old Jew; And very nigh caught her on top of the water, When great Jupiter's daughter cries, "Father, what shall I do?"

A star that was flying, around him spying, Great Jupiter seized, and hurried it below, When it tumbled like winking, on Neptune while sinking, And gave him, I'm thinking, a terrible blow, And that star became dry land, lowland and highland, And formed our sweet island, the land of my birth; This true is the story, as it came down from glory, That Erin so lovely is a heaven on earth.

Then Venus so stately jumped on Erin so neatly, But fainted quite lately, so bothered and pressed, Which did so bewilder, but ere it had killed her, Her father distilled her a wee drop of "the best."

And that glass was victorious, it made her feel glorious, A little uproarious, I vow and can prove, Then how can you blame us, proud of Erin so famous, For beauty and virtue, for whiskey and love.

Curious Money-Making Schemes.

To be in the commission business is considered an honorable calling, but it has come to pass that there are a class of commission men who are not only a nuisance to their employers, but they are an ulcer on the nose of honest dealing, quite offensive.

"It happens almost every week," said a well-known butcher, "that I am approached by stewards either of private families, hotels, or steamboats, who give me to understand that for a quiet 'tip' once in a while they will turn their employer's trade to my market."

"What do you do?"
"If I think the trade is worth having I give the fee. Why not? Others do it, and the only way I can fight 'em is with their own weapons. Why, only the other day I had the meat cook in one of the largest and most fashionable boarding-houses in the city tell me that if I would give her five per cent. commission she'd bring me the trade of the house, which probably amounts to \$20 or \$25 a week."
"And you didn't take the bid?"
"No; because I have reason to know that she couldn't fill the contract."

The reporter's next visit was to one of the leading grocery stores in the city, and when the object of his visit was made known the proprietor remarked: "Yes, I hear of such things once in awhile. In fact, I kicked a great mealy-mouthed man out of my store one day last winter who had informed me that unless I did the square thing with him he would take his employer's trade to another store. I asked him what he thought would be square, and he replied that I ought to furnish him with what groceries and canned goods would be used by his family."

"That was modest enough."
"Yes, that was cheap, but I didn't like the cheek of the fellow. Those cases are rare, but I'll tell you a system not so rare. Cooks and stewards often make bargains with butchers and grocers through the drivers of the delivery carts and wagons. That's common, and I've even heard where the drivers make quite a little commission in this way."

Next a visit was made to a prosperous carriage builder and repairer, who didn't hesitate to say that coachmen and hostlers tapped him for tips. "Only

this afternoon a hostler came in and asked me for fifty cents. I knew that he wanted it to get a drink, but I gave it to him without a question, because I know he has the placing of the horse-shoeing of a man who owns three horses.

"How about coachmen?"
"Well, a little over a year ago I sold a carriage to a gentleman and got \$425 for it. True, I made the sale somewhat through the influence of the coachman, and I would have been willing to pay him a slight commission."

"What did he demand?"
"He called around and said he wanted \$25. I offered him \$10, and he appeared insulted. Then I got mad, words followed, and the meeting ended by my saying I would smash his nose."

"Served him right."
"But that didn't end it. About a month later the man who bought the carriage came around and hinted that I had cheated him; that the wheels wouldn't 'track,' and that it pulled a great deal harder than when he first bought it. I asked him to bring the buggy around to the shop, and when he did so I took the wheels off and found that the axletree had been wrenched, and by main force, so that the wheel did not set squarely on it. In this way friction had ground the axletree just where the box hits the shoulder."

"How do you know that it was done by main force?"

"Because, suspecting that, I told the employer of the demand the coachman had made on me, and he taxed the fellow with it, at the same time charging him with having bent the axle. Then the man confessed. That's how I know."—*Detroit Free Press.*

It costs \$800,000,000 a year to maintain the standing armies of Europe.

We respectfully suggest to the lemon-venders that they purchase a new lemon this year. The cost will be trifling, and the lemon will last them for many generations. The lemon which they have used for so many years is, doubtless, valuable as a historical relic, and is fragrant with the aroma of old associations. But the present generation is thoughtless, unromantic, and fickle, and craves for something new.—*Union Union.*

Mr. Howells says the home of fiction is to be America. Mr. Howells has evidently been reading the newspaper accounts of storms in the West, where mules were lodged on the tops of four-story trees and hailstones fell "as large as pumpkins." And yet we don't suppose the newspapers would exaggerate about a little thing like that.—*Norris-town Herald.*

It is estimated that there are 100,000,000 acres of land on the Pacific coast that are especially adapted to wheat culture. Of this California has 25,000,000, or one-fourth of the whole; Oregon has 18,000,000 acres, Washington Territory has 16,000,000 acres, Colorado and Idaho 10,000,000 each, Montana Utah and Wyoming 7,000,000 each, and the great bulk of all this wheat land yet lies untouched.

When the patent granolithic sidewalk pavement is first put down it is very sticky, but it hardens quickly. This is why a young couple of Bridgeport who stood on a fresh slab of the composition while bidding each other good night had to be dug out with a pickax. Their shoes were ruined, but they were very grateful to the night watchman who released them, and who promised not to call.

Joseph Pulitzer, proprietor of the *New York World*, is credited with the possession of \$400,000 in registered 4-per-cent bonds, and his income for the current year is estimated at \$300,000, indicating the possession of property to the amount of \$7,500,000. Twenty years ago he was a penniless boy in St. Louis.

WIT AND HUMOR.

"Care may kill a cat, but a bootjack sent with proper precision is more speedy in its action.

"Chartered oppressors" is the latest for "blasted monopoly," and it comes from the wild West, too.

Give a tramp the cold shoulder one day, and he will come back the next for potatoes to go with it.

"I can do what I like with my colors now," said the proud young scholar. "So could I at your age," answered the master, "but now I can only do what other people like."

A Washington photographer is getting a portrait of an Indiana man in the act of not getting an office. The negative will be preserved.—*Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal.*

The advance in the price of nails is probably brought about by their scarcity. So many campaign lies were nailed last year that it has sent the market up.—*Brooklyn Times.*

A city photographer went into the suburbs for the purpose of taking a live bull from life. For a two-mile run the chances seemed good for the bull taking the artist from life.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

They had been quarreling. "So you wish there was another war, do you, William?" she observed. "Yes, I do," he replied. "Well, William, I will try to accommodate you." And she did.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

A forlorn-looking man said: "I've tried everything that I could turn my hand to, but couldn't make anything answer; and now I have decided to go up among the hills, where they say there's a wonderful echo, to see if I can make that answer."

It is not true that the whole is always equal to the sum of all its parts. The axiom, for instance, falls to pieces in the case of a head of hair. In that instance, the larger and more numerous are the parts, the less is the whole hair.—*Life.*

Ratiocination: Small Gertrude (5 years old)—Mamma, I quite agree with you, Mamma—Why, my child, what does agree mean? S. G.—When two persons think alike. Mamma—What does disagree mean? S. G.—When one person thinks alike.

The hairdresser at the Jardin des Plantes with his little son: "My boy, here you see how unequally nature distributes her gifts. This creature, for instance, is the tortoise, of whose shell the best hairpins are made, but which, unfortunately, has no hair itself."

Customer—Give me a pound of oleomargarine. Grocer—Yes, ma'am; here's your change. Customer—Why, you've charged me 19 cents; it used to be 18. Grocer—Yes, ma'am; but we are not allowed to sell it now—there's a law agin it—so it's dearer.—*N. Y. Mail.*

Edith, you want to know "whether funny men on newspapers ever laugh at their own jokes," do you, dear? Yes, Edith, often; in fact, in a good many cases you will find that they are the only ones who do laugh at them; but, of course, this is confidential.—*Boston Post.*

On one of the little brown jugs sent out by a Methodist Sunday-school and gravely presented to his friends for their contributions, an old deacon had pasted the motto, "When I am full send me home." Evidently the old deacon didn't know about the boys on New Year's.

I held her tiny hand in mine, and clasped her fairy form, and told my tale of ardent love in language sweet and warm. And when I paused for want of breath, she raised her dimpled chin and whispered low, "I don't catch on, please sing your song again."—