

The Daily Reporter.

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Senator Tom Cooper, of Pennsylvania, Gov. Beaver's prospective secretary of state, was in Washington for a few hours one day last week. The golden-haired angel, as he has been called, is not a handsome man, having qualifiedly red hair, and a face by no means fascinating, but he knows more about politics, practical and theoretical, than any man in the Keystone state, where every one is more or less of a politician. Mr. Cooper would make the most successful diplomatist of his time. He can say a wonderful amount of nothing in a given time. When questioned about the object of his visit by a news reporter and about some tender points in Pennsylvania politics he smiled most blandly, seem to take the reporter to his heart at once, and forthwith began a long and confidential chat. It was all very nice and kind of the great man, but some how or other after the golden haired angel had poured forth a stream of confidences the scribe could not recall a word that would be of any interest to news paper readers. He was enthusiastic over the constitutions, the tariff, Gen. Logan, and the weather, but not a word about his own intentions or about Senator Cameron's presidential boom or Matt Quay's senatorial fight. After interviewing him one feels under an obligation to him for his free talk, yet there is nothing to show for it.

It has lately been discovered that woodpulp, such as is used in making paper, can be used for all kinds of building ornaments made of plaster of Paris. Ornaments made of this material take painting and gilding much better, and are much tougher and stronger than those made of plaster. They can be fastened with nails or screws, and can be made for half price of plaster. Woodpulp bids fair in the near future to prove a useful adjunct to all kinds of building ornamentation and architectural decoration.

A STRANDED GOLD BUG.

One Part of America Where Gold Coin Does Not Pass Current.

New York Commercial-Advertiser.

Writing from Plaquemine, La., a correspondent sends this: I find myself this morning in a novel predicament, amusing, if one is philosophical enough to look at the amusing side of it, but at the same time very annoying. We are brought to a halt here by a railroad wreck, and are likely to be detained here for at least a day. I have my family with me, and naturally there are expenses to pay. I have in my pocket a number of coins made of gold and bearing the stamp of the United States government, in certification of their weight and fineness. The coins are American \$5, \$10 and \$20 gold pieces, and if I were in England, or Germany, or Russia, or India, or elsewhere in the world except right here in Plaquemine, La., I should find my money readily current at its nominal and actual value, because the two are everywhere known to be identical.

But here in Plaquemine, Louisiana, a little town whose people are direct decendants of Longfellow's Acadians, my American gold is uncurrent money! I first encountered this state of things last night when I offered gold for the porter of the Pullman car in payment for my berths. That worthy politely refused it on the ground that "that kind o' money ain't good out here, sah." I remonstrated with him and told him that American gold was worth its face everywhere, because the gold in it, merely as gold, is worth the amount of very nearly the face value of the piece. He was deaf to arguments of that kind, and so I expounded the law to him, and quoted the provision making the gold coin of the United States legal tender in payment of all debts. It was equally useless. The porter knew nothing about legal-tender laws or standards of value or any thing of the kind; he only knew, or thought he knew, that gold coins were bad, uncurrent money on this quarter of the country, and he would have none of them. I managed to scrape together enough silver, eked out with nickels, to pay for the berths, and decided in my own mind that the porter must have got hold of a counterfeit gold coin,

and, finding it bad, must have concluded that all gold was bad money.

This morning I have learned better. Finding ourselves stopped here, I ordered breakfast from the buffet, and after eating set out to get some of my gold changed into bills or silver at the shops of the town. Alas! the shopkeepers of the place, even including the saloon men, were like-minded with the porter. One and all were persuaded that gold was not good money, and with one mind they refused to take it. I offered to "treat all round" at a saloon if the bar-keeper would take a \$5 gold-piece in payment and give me change, but he declined. I asked if the genuineness of my gold was doubted, thinking that might be the trouble, but I was assured that all gold was refused in the town, and one man, a merchant, told me he believed there had been "some government action on the subject which made gold no longer of any account." Finally, one man came to my rescue and gave me silver in return for a \$5 gold piece, saying that the gold might perhaps "go for something in New Orleans." He did it very much as he might have given \$5 to a human being in distress, and I see that he had very little hope of ever getting anything out of the bright new gold piece which I had drawn a few days before at the London and San Francisco bank in full faith that the gold coins of my country were the best and surest possible representatives of value anywhere to be found.

I am still without any explanation of the phenomenon, but it is a fact worth recording that American gold coin is not current money in Plaquemine, Louisiana. I wonder if confederate notes, or continental currency, or the bills of the Indiana wildeat of 1837, would please these people better!

Dr. H. R. Littlefield expects to leave for Murray, Shoshone county, Idaho, about the 20th. We hope that Doc. will strike it rich, and as he has some ground, and Murray is not far from the center of the famous Couer d' Alene, why not.

Ever ready lye is made by filling a barrel half full of hard wood ashes and filling up with water. Handy to use when soft water is not plentiful.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. J. APPERSON,

Headquarters for
STAPLE AND FANCY

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Broadhead * *

* * Dress Goods

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COLORINGS,
JUST RECEIVED.**

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WHAT WE GUARANTEE
FOR THE DRESS GOODS OF OUR
MANUFACTURE.

To be made from the very best material, by skillful workmen, with the latest and most approved machinery, and to be the cheapest goods in the market when service is considered.

Are so thoroughly finished that they can be worn in damp weather, or in a shower, without fear of being ruined by curling or shrinking.

The manufacturing, dyeing and finishing is done in such a manner, that the goods can be washed if desired without the least injury to fabric.

Our goods are wool dyed, and colors as fast as the purest dyes and greatest care and skill can make them.

Goods show just what they are and will be until worn out, as there is no weighting, stiffening, or artificial lustre used to increase the weight or finish; as is the case with a large class of goods in the market, but which disappears after a few days' service.

As manufacturers we have taken great pains to supply an article in every way reliable, and unsurpassed by similar goods, either foreign or domestic, and would respectfully ask an examination of the various styles and shades to be found on sale by merchants who are agents for the goods.

All goods of our manufacture should bear the name and trade mark of

**BROADHEAD WORSTED MILLS,
Jamestown, N. Y.**