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Disciplining Children.

Spare the rod and spoil the child, is a proverb often quoted, and undoubtedly it many times turns the scales in favor of a "whipping" in the mind doubtful if that is just the punishment needed. One may abstractly believe in corporal punishment, but when it is put in practice, our having the real welfare of a child in view cannot be satisfied with the result of such discipline. Do we want a child to obey because at must, or through love and trust? A great step is gained when a child is assured that its own good is always the object of our discipline. Will a child believe this when a blow is struck? A blow is almost always the result of impatience if not anger. Jean Paul says "Parents and teachers would more frequently punish according to the line of exact justice, if, after every fault in a child, they would only count four and twenty, or their buttons, or their fingers." When a child is struck by a mate it strikes back; it is at once angry. The child is afraid to strike a parent, but the feeling with which it could be done is aroused and nothing but the superior strength of the parent subdues the child, and because it gets no relief from striking back the anger aroused is all the more dangerous; it reacts on the child and each time it occurs gives another chance to develop a set of feelings that had much better not be aroused at all. Inharmonious conditions between parent and child will stunt the growth of a child's nature, and there will come a time in the future when the chasm between parent and child will be too broad to bridge over, all because of careless and injudicious treatment, begun when the child was nothing but a bit of soft clay and could have been so easily moulded if we could only have looked ahead and seen what was to be the consequence. A young child is a mass of possibilities. Much depends upon the conditions of development. There is a decided, latent brutal force in every child, and it is to this that we appeal when we resort to corporal punishment. The sense of shame is deadened in a child that is punished with a whip, and then he is an easy prey to the vices that are around him. Felix Adler goes so far as to say in one of his recent sermons to parents, that if whipping was forbidden by law, there would be a large decrease in our criminal classes in the next generation. It is strange, but can be proved by soldiers, hunters, by incidents in the French revolution, and by the treatment of slaves, that wrathful cruelty can be fanned into pleasurable sensation. As it is an assured fact that this cruelty exists in human nature, is it not a positive wrong to do anything to develop it? Is it not better to avoid all chance of its being made a prominent feature in the character?—*Rose Dalton, in Good-Housekeeping.*

"Mamma, what's hereditary?" asked Bobby, laboriously tripping over the syllables of the long word. "Why, it is—it is anything you get from your father or me," replied the mother, a little puzzled for a definition suited to his years. Silence of two minutes. "Then, ma," he asked, "is spankin's hereditary?"—*Tid-Bits.*

An Eastern composer has written a serenade entitled "Wake Not, but Hear Me, Love," which is described as being very sweet and full of pathetic tenderness. It occurs to one, however, that "love" would have a hard time endeavoring to hear her Alonzo if she did not wake up. It would seem that even a composer might have sense enough to know that.

There are several towns in Montana without a single unmarried woman, and the local papers tell piteous tales of the rich and eligible bachelors who are traveling about from town to town looking for a wife.

Five Minutes of Gossip About Diamonds.

"Yes, there is a difference between a gem and a diamond," said a State street jeweler; "a gem is a perfect diamond, or a perfect precious stone of any kind. When a diamond merchant speaks of a gem he means something in which there is no fault or flaw, no imperfection of color, shape or cut. The difference between a gem and a diamond may be as wide as that between a 'plug' horse and a thoroughbred racer. One stone may be worth \$30, and another of exactly the same size may be worth \$100, or even more. Not one person in a thousand can tell a gem from a fairly good stone. The weight, also, is small index to the size of a diamond as it appears in a setting. A karat stone may appear as small as this—o— or it may be nearly twice as great in circumference, like this—O. A gem must be cut so correctly that a hair's-breadth is far too wide to measure the plane of the different facets by. Every facet must be of precisely the same size as every other facet of like position. Its angle, too, must be geometrically correct. The glory of a diamond is its refractive power. Without light the diamond is as useless as a pretty picture, though it is a very common belief among people who have never handled diamonds that the stones have light in themselves, making them brilliant even in complete darkness. Another common error is that the diamond cannot be broken or injured, and I have known of fine stones being ruined by foolish persons who hit them with hammers in an effort to illustrate the hardness of their gems. The diamond is very brittle and is easily injured by a slight blow or fall. Diamonds will burn, too, under a heat sufficient to melt bar iron. They are nothing but pure carbon, and they may be reduced to graphite and finally to carbonic acid gas. The purest stones are highly transparent and colorless, but more generally there is some tint, like white or gray. Brown, blue, green, yellow and red are very rare, while black is met with once in a lifetime. In all my experience I have seen but two black diamonds. John Rice, of the Tremont House, owns one of them. The other is in New York."—*Chicago Herald.*

The Pink and White Terraces, which were ruined by the recent volcanic eruption, were regarded as the greatest natural curiosities in New Zealand. Froude and Sala have described their beauties in recent publications. The terraces were of pink and white crystal, over which the water flowed, forming a series of cascades.

Senator Jones, of Florida, who answered to roll-call in Detroit during the entire session of Congress, drew his salary with notable regularity, collecting it the fourth day of every month through a Detroit bank. He still draws it, although he declares, it is said, that he will never return either to the Senate or to the State from which he was sent to the Senate. He refuses to resign and has opened a law office in Detroit.

The sweet pea is now fashionable. It has not the gaudy, leonine beauty of the sunflower, and it lacks the tawny, titanic toggerly of the tiger lily, while as a dollar-jerker to the jacqueminot rose the sweet pea is nowhere, but for neat, unadulterated reminiscence of the backyard and your first girl, with her hair down her back in two braids, the sweet pea sweeps the deck with a whole royal sequence of the boyish past.

Pedantic old gentleman (to restaurant waiter)—"I believe it is improper to speak disrespectfully of one's elders?" K. W.—"So I've 'eard, sir." P. O. G.—"Then I will be silent concerning the duckling you have just brought me."—*London Judy.*

The Star.

Beside the eternal sea one night I slept;
But soft airs fanned me, I from my dream-land broke,
While angry storm-winds down the black west swept,
And while night's clouds yet lingered I awoke.
Afar, through infinite skies divinely clear,
The star of morning trembled purely bright,
As though thought, feeling warmed her silvery sphere,
And throbb'd within her living heart of light.
With mellow radiance, pale, yet beautiful,
She touch'd the summit of the dipping mast.

The swelling sails above the ship's dark hull,
The scudding mists that o'er the gray sea passed;
And still the changing, yet unchanging sea
Throbb'd with vast pulses toward the star of morn,
And strove to soothe his moan to melody,
Lest she, fair orb, should set in fear and scorn
Young birds began to twitter in the nest;
Their grasses whispered, dreaming of the sun;
From high sea-polished cliff, sea-gulls, at rest,
With grave-eyed wonder watch'd the shining one.

As though they deem'd her some transfigured bird,
A tender flower, awakening at my feet,
Sigh'd in a breath more clear than spoken word,
"Hail, blessed life! Hail, starry sister sweet!"
Ineffable love fill'd all the extent of space,
Hushed grew that deep roar by the rocking bar,
And while the dim veil rose from Nature's face
I heard a voice that issued from the star
And said: "Behold! I am the star that shone

"O'er great Taygetus, o'er Sinai's height,
On Moses' Dante; I the firebrand thrown
By God's own hand at the dark brow of night!
Lo! I am she, whom men believe no more,
And yet I live, and yet my life shall be,
When earth lies shattered, human destiny o'er.
Ye nations, I am ardent Poesy!
Up ye who sleep! Faith, Virtue, Courage, wake!
Mount, thinkers, sentinels, each untrodden height!
Behold he comes, for whom a path I break—
The angel Liberty, the giant Light!"
—Victor Hugo.

He Hadn't any Equilibrium.

In 1881, in the Sagadahoc County court, held in the city of Bath, Me., a case for assault and battery came up for trial: Mrs. O. vs. Mr. O.; Judge G. for plaintiff and Lawyer L. for defendant. Mr. O., by the way, kept a grocery store in a small country town, also the postoffice in his dining-room and sitting-room.

Mrs. O. had testified that Mr. O. had pushed her with such violence that she fell from a platform to the ground and injured her side in consequence of the fall, etc.

When Mr. O. came upon the stand he swore that Mrs. O. first pushed him. As Judge G. rose to begin the cross-examination of the defendant Mr. O. braced up with an evident determination that the lawyer should not "brow-beat" him.

Judge G.—Mr. O., what is your business or profession?

Mr. O.—I am a merchant, sir, and a government officer, sir.

Judge G.—What office do you hold under the government?

Mr. O.—I am the postmaster of my own town, sir.

Judge G.—Did I understand you to say that you pushed Mrs. O. down?

Mr. O.—No, sir. I said that I pushed her, and she fell down. But first she pushed me.

Judge G.—How hard did she push you?

Mr. O.—She pushed me as hard as I pushed her, sir.

Judge G.—Did you lose your equilibrium when she pushed you?

Mr. O.—No, sir, I did not lose my equilibrium. I had no equilibrium to lose, for I never had any, sir [very emphatic]; and I don't think that you as a lawyer have any right to ask me any such questions, sir.

Judge G. simply replied: "Oh, I beg pardon! I was not aware that you hadn't any equilibrium."—*Harper's Magazine.*