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## SERGT. LONG'S LAST SHOT.

A Bear Killed Which Saved the Greely Party From Starving.

Sergt. Francis Long of Brooklyn, a survivor of the Greely Arctic expedition, tells the following bear story, which has hitherto been scarcely more than mentioned in the accounts of Starvation Camp. He says: "Bacon, shrimps, and seal-skin stew, all in small quantities, had been our fare for over two weeks and there was not a full round of rations left. More than half the men in camp were incapable of work, but that was little matter for there was no more to do than three could handle. The steady cold made us all drowsy and there was the worst danger in sleep. If a man was allowed to have his sleep out he would certainly never wake, so we had to make a rule that no one should sleep more than two hours at a time. It began to look, with only one day between us and starvation, as if it might be better for us all to go to sleep together and die unconscious of the terrible cold and the pangs of hunger. We had plenty of hunting, fishing, and cooking utensils, ammunition, and all that, but what good were they? There was no game, no fish. During all our camp we caught only two fish. I was the hunter of the party, and had tramped the region over and over and rarely had the luck to get a shot at anything.

"The day before we came to our last round of rations I had discovered the tracks of a bear. I had followed them about until I was exhausted trying to meet the beast, but had utterly failed. This day a light snow fell in the morning, just enough to obscure the trail, but still I hunted. I gave it up late in the afternoon and returned to the camp. Brainerd had gone to the shrimping-ground, and was still absent when I laid by my gun. Suddenly he appeared, running down Cemetery Ridge as fast as his poor weak legs would bring him. We all started up and waited his coming in the most painful excitement. When he reached the camp he fell to the ground all out of breath. The men crawled to his assistance, and two of them raised his head in their arms. He gasped and looked at us wildly.

"'Brainerd,' exclaimed the Lieutenant, 'what is it?'

"'Bear! bear!' was all he could answer, in a choking whisper.

"'Where, man, where?' I cried, reaching for my gun, all trembling and quivering with hope and fear.

"'There,' he said faintly, pointing towards the ridge; 'he followed after me; he's coming.'

"How can I tell the terrible excitement that prevailed? The men were in a perfect frenzy. Cruel suffering had made them worse than unreasonable. Some of them could think of nothing but cursing poor Brainerd for not killing the bear, and were with difficulty restrained from falling upon him to wreak vengeance. He did not take his gun with him. Nobody ever did who went shrimping, and they cursed and raved at that and burst into tears at the loss of their last chance for life. Others—and they were the weakest men in the party—were for starting out at once for an all-night hunt over the snow-fields and icebergs. Nothing could be more foolhardy. They couldn't have gone beyond the top of the ridge without breaking down, to say nothing of carrying a gun and firing accurately. The Lieutenant used his authority and I my influence to quiet the men, and at last the plan of the hunt was arranged. It was really only a few minutes, but it seemed an hour. Jan, the Esquimau, and I started up the ridge to meet the bear if he should continue towards us.

"Hardly had we got a rod from the camp when a long white nose appeared over an ice-covered rock at the top of the hills. The men set up a shout and

I think it underved me, but it was a long-range shot, nearly 300 yards, and the target was small. I raised my gun, and, taking quick aim, fired. The ball missed, but it did not go wide of its mark. The bear was startled. He paused just too short a time to give the Esquimau a chance at him and turned tail and ran. I heard the howls and groans of disappointment and rage behind me. I believe that some of those poor half-starved, half-frozen men would have shot at me in their anger if they had had their guns at hand.

"'Jan,' I said hastily, 'take the course to the left and go round the ridge and keep well to the west so as to get between the bear and the water. I will go in the same way on the east.'

"The faithful Esquimau understood the plan at once, and set out without a word. I crawled to the top of the ridge as fast as I could, and saw the bear a long way out of range still on the run. He turned round for a second and looked back, and then, as if satisfied that he was pursued, continued his flight. I didn't go straight after him, but keeping out of his sight as much as possible, crawled, and ran, and slid up and down the icy slopes, making all the time for the water. I was feverish with fear. It seemed as if every possible obstruction got in my way, and many a time I fell to the ground. It was a terrible chase. May I never have another like it!

"It seems incredible now, but I actually went ten miles out of my way to get in front of that bear. I knew that he would stop running when he got over his scare and saw nobody in pursuit, and I had to take this round-about course to keep out of sight. Mighty little of that distance was passed on the run. Most of it was crawled. But I had no idea of giving up. I plugged on, and at last, two hours and a half after leaving camp, I gained the position I wanted. I climbed a low hill, and there was Bruin 1,000 yards away, sitting down after his hard run, within thirty yards of open water. I had not succeeded ruin in my plan. He could still escape, but his back was towards me and I did not despair. Almost at the same moment that I saw the bear I discovered Jan, the Esquimau, at some distance, and we both made for the bear. With the utmost care not to alarm him, we crawled over the ground approaching nearer and nearer to our prey. We had got perhaps half the distance when Jan raised his gun and fired. I think it was bad judgment, for we might have got much closer. But there was no time for regret. Excitement gave me more strength, and I ran with all my might straight towards the bear. He got up and looked at me, and seemed not to know whether to run again or stand and make a fight of it. I resisted the temptation to fire at him until I was within 150 yards. Then I stopped running, threw my cap down, and the bear was brought into camp. We did not sleep that night until the get help in bringing the carcass home. The 400 pounds of food lying on the ice returned to the anxious party. We left in a straight line from camp. We left place where Bruin fell was three miles. It was half past 8 o'clock, and the dead bear was brought into camp. The head and he tumbled over instantly. The bullet struck the bear in the another long aim. I should fall again, I took make for the water. Ready to die with hope of hitting. The bear began to not now where he could fire with any been able to get another shot and was My heart sunk low. Jan had not quickly. Another miss. I fired again. The bear turned slightly, but it was all I took a long, careful aim and fired. I leave me, or, rather, to make me steady. a target. My excitement seemed to liberately as if I were out practicing at pulled on my mittens, and acted as de-

Lieutenant gave out extra rations to the men who assisted in the work and made up a stew of all the scraps that were left of the regular rations. It wasn't much, but it seemed quite a feast to us. The bear saved us, for just before it in its turn gave out the rescuing expedition found us."

"Anybody that knows a thing before it happens is called a reporter," was the definition written on the slate of an eight-year-old boy in a Boston school the other day.

Col. Battersby, in his new book on "Bridle Bits," says that the bit should not be the chief means of conveying to the horse the knowledge of the master's will. That task should, in the main, be done by the voice, or, in the ridden animal, by the movement of the rider's body. The bit is an instrument of torture to be reserved for critical moments.

Strictly literary ventures do not seem to flourish in the atmosphere of Chicago. That go-ahead town has no time for esthetic relaxation. Between the ups and downs of the pork and grain market, the tumults of propagandists who use the boycott and propagandists who throw bombs, and the vicissitudes of the base ball business, the Chicagoans manage to get on without any literature to speak of except the literature of their vivacious newspapers. — Philadelphia Record.

"When a man drowns himself in the river at Minneapolis," said a Minneapolis man the other day, "he floats off down to St. Paul, and when he gets within the limits of that city they fish him out and put his name in the directory to swell the population." "No," replied the St. Paul man to whom the Minneapolis man was talking, "you are entirely mistaken. The idea is the authorities in Minneapolis want to get rid of paying the burial expenses, and so let the cadaver float over to St. Paul, where they know it will be taken care of." — St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The base ball audiences at Oshkosh, Wis., are largely composed of ladies, who are struck on the game, and the audience makes the point never to cheer a good play of the opposition. This silence was broken, however, on a recent trip of the St. Paul club to that place, by a traveling man from Chicago, who seemed to think that St. Paul was not getting a fair show, and showed his sympathy for the under dog by giving vent to the funniest cackling laugh ever heard whenever the visitors caught a swift grounder or made a good hit. Finally St. Paul made a fine double play. The usual silence followed, broken into by the shrill clarion crow of the Chicago man. His neighbor, a fair Oshkosh virgin, turned upon him with "I hate you, there!" In relating the incident he concluded with the remark: "I died right there."

Liszt and Paganini compared: Both indulged in tricky effects calculated to lessen their dignity as artists by their yielding to the promptings of an egotistical nature. In spite of this, paradoxical as it may seem, beneath the artificiality of mere technical acquirements of each, lay a deep poetic power of expression, which ever and anon asserted itself to an extent sufficient to move their auditors to tears. The strong personal magnetism of both, although of widely different types, also served to enhance the impression produced by their interpretation, during inspired moments, of phrases pregnant with emotional charms and sensuous beauty. On the other hand, Liszt, although exhibiting a predilection for his own compositions, was perfectly acquainted with the works of all schools, and in his earlier days won abundant renown by his masterly treatment of a most varied repertoire. Paganini, however, restricted himself absolutely to his own productions. — The Keynote.