West Side News March 1, 1889

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Sherman and Lincoln.

General Sherman makes no secret of the fact that his first impressions of President Lincoln were decidedly unfavorable. He came to know him better before very long, however, and describes with evident satisfaction a visit which the President made to the Army of the Potomac soon after the battle of Bull Run.

General Sherman, or Colonel Sherman, as his title then was, asked Mr. Lincoln if he intended to speak to the men, and volunteered to add that he hoped he would discourage all cheering and confusion.

Mr. Lincoln stood up in his carriage, and as General Sherman says, "made one of the neatest, best and most feeling speeches ever listened to." Once or twice the boys began to cheer, but the President promptly checked them, remarking, in his peculiar manner:

"Don't cheer boys; I confess I rather like it myself, but Colonel Sherman here says it isn't military; and I guess we had better defer to his opinion."

After the speech-making was over, an officer approached the carriage, evidently in a state of great excitement, and said, "Mr. President, I have a cause of grievance. This morning I went to speak to Colonel Sherman, and he threatened to shoot me."

Mr. Lincoln, still standing, replied: "Threatened to shoot you?"
"Yes, sir, he threatened to shoot me."

The President looked at the soldier and then at the colonel, and then, stooping toward the soldier, said, in a loud stage-whisper, audible for quite a distance:
"Well, if I were you, and Colonel Sherman threatened to shoot me, I wouldn't trust him, for I believe he would do it."

The complainant disappeared amid the laughter of the men, and the President remarked to the colonel:
"Of course I didn't know anything about the case, but I thought you knew your business best."

—Youth's Companion.

LAWYER.
I slept in the editor's bed last night,
When no other chance to be nigh,
And thought, as I tumbled the editor's bed,
How easily editors lie!

EDITOR.
If the lawyer slept in the editor's bed,
When no other chance to be nigh,
And though he has written and naively said
How easily editors lie—
He must now admit, as he lay on that bed
And slept to his heart's desire,
What'er he may say of the editor's bed,
Then the lawyer himself was the liar.

It was woman who first prompted man to eat, but he took to drink of his own account afterward.

A man, upon the verge of bankruptcy, having purchased an elegant coat upon credit, and being told by one of his acquaintances, that the cloth was very beautiful, though the coat was too short, with a sigh, replied: "It will be long enough before I get another."

During the debate in the Federal Congress, on the establishment of an army, a member offered a resolution that it should never exceed three thousand men, whereupon Washington moved as an amendment, that no enemy should ever invade the country with over two thousand men.
Before our next issue comes out, it is probable that General Harrison will have announced whom he has chosen for his cabinet. Undoubtedly it will relieve many a newspaper editor of much hard labor in trying to present a new list of names for the cabinet. It will be also a relief to Mr. Harrison when the "fight against friends," as he terms it, is over.

LOCAL NEWS.

Married

On Thursday evening, February 21st, 1889, at the residence of the bride's parents, on Brainbridge St., Mr. Wilbur E. Landis and Miss Mabel A. Rockfield, Rev. J. P. Landis officiating. The groom is a well known and popular young man of the West Side, and is receiving congratulations from his many friends. The bride is a favorite in the circle in which she moves, and the West Side may congratulate itself on having gained, while the East Side has lost, a beautiful and pleasant young lady.

On Saturday evening, February 23d, the members of the "Ten Dayton Boys" (a private club, of which Mr. Landis is a member) called on him and treated him to a lively, not to say melancholy serenade, in which such instruments as bells, tin pails, fox horns, etc., played a prominent part.

Mr. Landis, with his usual presence of mind and hospitality, called the boys in and set-com-up, and it was nearing midnight when the party dispersed with best wishes to both bride and groom.

E.

Calvin T. Silver is out for street commissioner.

Charlie Needham, residing at 1012 West Third St., was badly burned in the right eye by hot sap splashing into it, February 19th, at the Ohio Race Factory.

George A. Feight, now residing at the corner of Fourth and Hawthorne Sts., will leave on Monday, March 4th, for Mitchell, Dakota, where he will take charge of the books of a grain elevator.

On Thursday, February 21st, at about 12:20 P.M., a small fire occurred at the residence of Sylvester Thompson, 137, Baxter St. The fire was caused by burning a pot, the heat of which set fire to the lath and plaster around the chimney. Loss very slight.

Very interesting revival services are being held at the Church of Christ, corner of Sixth and Brown Sts. The services are conducted by Rev. Updyke, the state evangelist. Song services are conducted by Prof. Haines. Every one is invited to attend the evening services, which begin at 7:30.

Thursday night, February 21st, at about 10:30 P.M. a car in a Dayton and Union freight train broke down as the train was crossing Wolf Creek bridge. The accident was caused by the breaking of a wheel, which is supposed to have been fractured near Miller's Ford, but did not give way until it had reached the bridge. One freight and two passenger trains were delayed by the accident. The wreck was cleared away by 3:00 A.M.
Friday evening, February 22nd, the city ambulance conveyed a lady, by the name of Mrs. Hartle, from the Dayton & Union train at Third St. crossing, West Side, to the residence of her son, 1740 West Third St. She has been paralyzed about two years, and her husband having died of paralysis two weeks ago at Greenville, she came to this city to live with her son.

Saturday, February 23d., at about 11:30 A. M., an alarm was sent from box 75, which called the men of the Western and Baxter St. engine houses, to the residence of Mrs. Earnshaw on Summit St. An iron pipe which runs from the heater in the cellar to the floor had rusted through and fallen apart. And on going down into the cellar it was found to be full of smoke, and an alarm was sent in. As there was no fire, the resistance of the fire department was not needed.

GENERAL NEWS.

John Bright has suffered another relapse.
Governor Foraker is to be one of the marshals of the inauguration procession.
Nothing has been heard of Stanley since August 27th., but the probabilities are that he is safe.
William O'Brien has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment without hard labor.
Mrs. Harrison's last reception was held on Wednesday, February 20th., and was largely attended.
Hon. H. F. Cheatham, of the Second North Carolina district, will be the only colored representative in the next House.
Reports from China state that millions of people are suffering from famine, caused by drought two years in succession.
King Otto of Bavaria is hopelessly insane. He has recently shown signs of improvement, and some hopes of his recovery were entertained.
Mrs. Harrison received about twenty-five letters a day begging her to intercede with her husband to secure offices for the writers. All such letters speedily found their way into the waste basket.
Mrs. Harrison's inauguration dress is of pearl white brocade, lined with a long train, the front of which is of almost solid gold embroidery. The corsage opens a little at the throat and shows a full ruche of real old point lace. The sleeves reach the elbow.
The official jewel of the Kappa Sigma society is at work on a costly badge that is to be presented to Miss Winnie Davis, the daughter of Jefferson Davis, in pursuance of resolutions adopted at the last convention of the fraternity, held at Atlanta. The badge will be in the form of a star and crescent, fully jeweled with diamonds and rubies.

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GOLDEN RIO.

Turning the Grindstone.

"When I was a little boy, I remember one cold winter's morning," says Dr. Franklin, "I was accosted by a smiling man with an axe on his shoulder.

"My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"Your are a fine little fellow," said he, "will you let me grind my axe on it?"

Pleased with his compliment of a 'fine little fellow,' I answered, 'it is down in the shop.'

"And you my little man," said he, "putting me on the head, 'get a little water.'

How could I refuse? I ran and brought a kettle full.

"How old are you, and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply: 'I am sure you are one of the finest fellows that ever I have seen; will you just turn a few minutes for me?'

Tickled with the flattery, like a fool I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tagged till I was almost tired to death. The school-bell rang, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, and it was not half ground. At length, however, the axe was sharpened, and the man turned to me with

"Now, you little rascal, you've played the truant; send to school, or you'll rue it!"

Alas! thought I, it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day, but now to be called a little rascal was too much. It sank deep into my mind, and I have often thought of it since. When I see a merchant over-polite to his customers—begging them to take a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter—thinks I, that man has an axe to grind.

When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant, methinks, look out, good people, that fellow would set you turning grindstones. When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit, without a single qualification to render him either respectable or useful, alas! methinks, declared people, you are doomed to turn a grindstone for a booby."

Pat, having blistered his fingers in trying on a new pair of boots, exclaimed, "I shall never get them on at all, until I wear them a day or two."