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West Side News March 1, 1889

Orville Wright

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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 I 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 savagely 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 lie.

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.
Salutatory.

This week we issue the first number of the West Side News, a paper to be published in the interests of the people and business institutions of the West Side. Whatever tends to their advancement, moral, mental and financial, will receive our closest attention. We shall aim to keep our readers well posted on all matters of interest, both local and general, and we will be glad to record such items as may be of interest to the people of the West Side. To do this, a certain amount of help from our friends will be required in furnishing its columns such items as they may be able to obtain. Hoping that our paper will meet with the hearty approval of all, that it will fill the long-felt want of a West Side news paper, and wishing the business men a full return for the cordiality they accord us, we place this, our first issue, before the public.

This will be the first and also the last number of the News within President Cleveland’s term.

The Nevada Assembly has passed a bill prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors to women. The men of that state must be very temperate that no law is needed to prevent their using intoxicants.

It is rumored that General Harrison will come out strongly in favor of the one-term idea. He had better take care, if he should desire another term, and profit by the example of his predecessor.

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.

Rev. C. E. Pilgrim.

We here present a very good likeness of Rev. C. E. Pilgrim, who has spent the last few weeks in the revival services at Summit Street United Brethren church. He is now eighteen years of age and has been engaged in evangelistic work over four years. The meetings are largely attended, and up to date about two hundred have professed religion.

We have on our table a copy of the Midget, a small two-column monthly, filled with very interesting matter. Its last issue contained a very good likeness of the “Boy Evangelist,” Rev. C. E. Pilgrim, accompanied with a short biographical sketch. It is published by Mathews & Coles; price, 10cts. per annum. The picture of Mr. Pilgrim, printed on heavy bristol, may be obtained from the publishers.

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 melodious serenade, in which such instruments as bells, tin pans, fox horns, etc., played a conspicuous 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.

LOCAL NEWS.

Calvin T. Slater is out for street commissioner.

Charles 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 Rake 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 12:30 P. M. a small fire occurred at the residence of Sylvester Thompson, 337 Baxter St. The fire was caused by burning wood, 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. Updike, the state evangelist. Song services are conducted by Prof. Hawes. 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 2:00 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, 1710 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 flue 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 assistance 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. P. 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. The king had recently shown some 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, made 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 jeweler 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 concave of the fraternity, held at Atlanta. The badge will be in the form of a star and crescent, fully jeweled with diamonds and rubies.

WINDER'S GROCERY,
COR. THIRD AND WILLIAMS STS.
We handle only the best goods at lowest possible prices. Our
Fine Table Peaches at 10cts. per Can,
(E. B. Malloy's Famous Arrow Brand)
Are selling very rapidly. We make a specialty of Fine Teas,
Coffees, Fruits, and Produce. Send
In Your Order.

J. A. GILBERT.
Coal, Wood, Coke, etc.
The Lowest Prices for Cash.
1226 West Third St. Telephone 665.

CALL AT
J. H. HOHLER'S
For Groceries, Flour and Feed &c.,
22 South Williams St.

ASK FOR
Brown's Tar Soap.
IT IS THE
BEST.

WACHES!! CLOCKS!!
A FORTY DOLLAR WATCH AT 25 DOLLARS,
A Ten Dollar Watch for Five Dollars.
WACHES IN GOOD RUNNING ORDER, $1.50 TO $2.00
We sell on weekly payments at Rock Bottom Cash Prices.
WATCHES AND CLOCKS REPAIRED.
ROLLA D. COTTERILL,
12 East Fifth St.

GO TO
Cleveland Laundry,
1208 West Third St.,
For Fine Work.
Bundles called for and delivered in any part of the city.

FEED STORE
For the people on the West Side.
If you will give me a call
I will treat you well. Have feed of all kinds at the lowest prices.
H. RUSE,
1040 West Third St.

WEST SIDE NEWS.

H. RUSE,
1040 West Third St.

10 Weeks, 10 cts.
W. A. LINCOLN,
1142 West Third St., West Side.

JUST RECEIVED
a beautiful new line of
Handkerchiefs, new A-
prons, new Muslins, new
Ginghams, new Ruchings,
new Prints, new Hosiery
and new Embroideries,
which we are selling at

BOTTOM PRICES.

Will sell for the next
week, Dress Goods, Flan-
nels, Table Linens, Com-
forts, Blankets, Wool Ho-
siery, and Underwear for
less than

Wholesale Prices.

We must make room
for new goods and will
give you

BIG BARGAINS
for the next ten days.
Come see. Will save you
money.

W. A. LINCOLN,
W. Third St., Bet. Williams and
Broadway Sts., West Side.

Cappel & Tumer
Are making the best
Home made Bread,
Cakes and Pies,
In the city.
1036 WEST THIRD ST.

SMOKE
F. P. THOMPSON'S
"FIGARO,"
Hand Made Cigars.
There is no better in the market.
Ask your Dealer for It.

Sidwell & Salisbury
DEALERS IN
DRUGS, MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS,
FANCY AND TOILET ARTICLE,
SPONGES,
BRUSHES, PERFUMERY,
Choice Tobacco and Cigars.
1140 West Third St.

GO TO
J.W. BOOTH & CO.
FOR
New Dried and Canned Goods
of all kinds.

Fine Teas, Roasted Coffees.

TRY OUR GENUINE
GOLDEN RIO.

Turning the Grindstone.

"When I was a little boy, I re-
member one cold winter's morn-
ing," 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
"fine little fellow," "O yes, sir," I
answered, "it is down in the shop."

"And you my little man," said he,
patting me on the head, "get a lit-
tle 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 of-
ten 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 qual-
ification to render him either re-
spectable or useful, alas! methinks,
deceived 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."