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J. S. McCAIN.
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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

W. J. McDaniel, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Dallas, Oregon.
DR. W. H. RUBELL, Dentist, Dallas, Oregon.

Attorneys at Law, Dallas, Oregon.
Special Attention Given to Collecting...

Attorney at Law, Dallas, Oregon.
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Attorney and Counselor at Law, Dallas, Oregon.
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W. P. Wright, Auctioneer, Dallas, Oregon.
And County Surveyor.

H. M. Lines & Lawrence, Manufacturers and Dealers in Furniture, Spring Beds, Upholstered Work, Album Picture Frames, Wall Brackets, and Window Shades.

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The Preacher's Boy, recollect the little lad, back years ago...

My fancy even brings that marauder back...

Oh, no, your picture is too good for such a...

For good a man, folks put it, "as that boy...

And again, from their old log-cabin, I hear...

If my neighbor ever found his gate without a...

His pastor bars left open, or his pump-handle...

He'd swear 'twas "that infernal preacher's boy..."

When stretched across the street at night and some one...

And it was "The Preacher's Boy" - no could ever...

And did nobody like the boy? Well, all the...

Would eat of his fingers, and canaries would come down...

And leave their swart' peaches and their fashions...

No little wren, "snappin' flat" but what would leave his...

To follow in the wake of that "infernal preacher's boy..."

He couldn't tell, "twixt dog and boy, which one was the...

"'Twas such a little cut, as this once, when the crowd was...

Along the street, a drunken corner-logger tried to kick...

When a sudden foot behind him tripped him up, and falling...

He "snatched his man, and jerked his gun-drawed up and...

And the dog snarled against his breast. The little dog, unharmed, still as a statue...

Grew rigid in their last embraces, as with a smile of joy...

He recognized the dog was saved. So died "The Preacher's Boy..."

When it appeared before the "squire, that fatal pistol-blast...

Was fired at a "dangerous beast," and not the boy at all...

And the dog established, it was like heaven to him to order...

To order out a posse of the "city council-men." To kill the dog, but, strange to tell, they searched the...

he order them all to be hanged, or pack them off to prison...

For a moment you might have seen a pig-dropper...

But the servant had no time to obey when the people...

After this all went smoothly for a good while; but presently...

Apparently the message did not take much time to deliver...

"Well, what did old Fritz say to it?" asked the comrades...

"Nothing at all! Why, you gave him our message, didn't you?"

"Not we; we never got the chance. Father Fritz must have guessed...

He was waiting for us on the steps in full uniform...

Before we could say a word, he roared out, "Right about face..."

When we saw his grim old face, and heard his grating voice...

He was waiting for us on the steps in full uniform...

When it appeared before the "squire, that fatal pistol-blast...

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RARE GENIUS. A Boy's Wide View - Eleven Years Old - of the Great Events and Times Since the Ocean.

A youth who rejoiced in having attained his 11th birthday...

The fact that he was coming to New York entirely alone...

He was waiting for us on the steps in full uniform...

Apparently the message did not take much time to deliver...

"Well, what did old Fritz say to it?" asked the comrades...

"Nothing at all! Why, you gave him our message, didn't you?"

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BORROWED WIT. A Nihilist - A Free-lance fiend. The rock of Ages - The cradle. A safe-guard - A pair of bellows.

The upright tack is the cause of many a fall. Sarah Bernhardt no longer sleeps in codins.

There's always room for one mower in the hayfield.

Children are comfortable troubles, and troublesome comforts.

Don't do anything to-day that you can put off until some other day.

The smallest thing in the world is immense, compared to a dunder's brain.

People who are talking of damming Niagara should try its effect on the hackman first.

"Aid your sea cow," is the way a stenographer wrote out the words, "A Jersey cow."

Dr. Mary Walker doesn't need a vacation, yet she may be compelled to take a permanent one.

A Cincinnati man was recently tarred and feathered for marrying a light match in the shade.

"My son, hear the instruction of thy father," if thou dost not want to get walloped within an inch of your life.

John L. Sullivan is booked to pitch in a game of baseball at St. Louis. This will have no effect on the political situation.

The country editor had evidently been putting on a clean pair of stockings when he wrote: "We have just a lighted match in the shade."

"What is the nation's festivity?" pompously exclaimed an orator, and a squeaking voice in the audience said: "It is, have you got a bile?"

Wanted by a bachelor jeweler: A wife with a neck of pearl, ruby lips, "brilliant" eyes, golden hair, a silvery tongue and a perfect jewel of a temper.

Of course it's a natural consequence of the scarcity of water in New York that they should now have a milk famine. The chalk supply is not as yet exhausted.

Country maidens are now holding guessing matches. They sit out in a field, and guess whether it's a potato bug or an army worm that's crawling down their backs.

A Salt Lake inventor has invented a combined knife, fork and toothpick. If a Western man cannot make a circus of himself at table with that instrument, we don't know what can be done for him further.

"How to Spend Sunday Afternoon" is the title of an article in a New York paper. Lots of men believe that the way to spend it is to walk around the back way if the saloon front door isn't open.

"Hey, Johnny! Is your daddy home?" "You're right he is," "Well, tell him I want to see him." "Oh, he knows that good enough, an' that's why he's run out an' hid in the woods."

A young politician explained the tattered condition of his trousers, to his father, by stating that he was sitting under an apple tree enjoying himself, when the farmer's dog came along and contested his seat.

A dude passed down Merrimack street the other afternoon, and a small boy who saw him at once called out to a friend on the other side: "Hi, Jimmie; dyer see that? Where's the hand organ he belongs to?"

Newton man was recently relieved of a bullet he had carried ever since the first battle of Bull Run. The bullet was as flat as a tick, and it stole his pocketbook, in which he carried the memento.

"Henry" writes us, asking how he can break his mother from calling him "You Hen ner-y?" He says that he has noticed that whenever she calls him that way she always gives him a kicking and sends him to bed without his supper.

There is one good thing about this two-cent postage. The swarm of franc poets won't be compelled to face the dreadful fact, that the stamp on the envelope is worth three times as much as the poem inside. It will only be worth twice as much.

A Chicgo liquor dealer says he doesn't care how young his customers are. "I will sell liquor to a baby," he says, "if it has the money to buy." This is the first intimation we have had that Herod is running a whisky shop in Chicgo. We thought the old infant-killer was dead.

ROMANTIC. A Bachelor Farming Himself in the House of His Farmer Neighbour - The Romance of a King.

Some time ago the wife of a merchant was suddenly awakened in the night by the sound of footsteps in her bedroom, and the next moment the light of a dark lantern flooded her face so near that she could almost feel the heat and hear the suppressed breathing of the intruder.

Her husband was from home and the only person in the house, except herself, was a servant girl, who slept in the story beneath. Her presence of mind did not, however, forsake her. It doubtless requires a great amount of resignation and fortitude in a woman to listen to, without screaming, the ransacking of her store of valuables and the appropriation of her jewelry by her lady, very rationally deeming her life worth all the lace and diamonds in the world, quietly closed her eyes and in this room the real drama began.

The light was withdrawn from her face and she heard the rustling of silks, the picking of locks and occasionally a low whisper of surprise or disappointment. Then there was silence for a minute - it seemed an hour to her - and a soft footstep approached the bed and the glare of the lantern again fell upon her face.

A lighted match in the shade, then she saw the light, but remained calm and motionless in its scrutinizing rays, fearful that the least sound might imperil her life. What a moment of suspense! The light was removed from her face and she felt that some one was leaning against the bed. Still she remained motionless, and when the air when the warm breath of the burglar fanned her cheek. Not until his lids pressed her forehead did she spring up and half shriek, "Who is this?"

"Hush!" responded a voice in a strong whisper, while a rough hand was laid on her shoulder. "Speak nothing and fear nothing." The man who spoke moderately well to do, and who yet wanted to keep up appearances. The very poor and the extremely rich are never troubled by such considerations, but the poor and the rich are alike troubled by the cost of the wedding, the young couple were forgiven, and all went on as merrily as if there had been any amount of marriage bells ringing.

"In what classes of society do such marriages often occur?" "Generally in the middle classes - those who are moderately well to do, and who yet want to keep up appearances. The very poor and the extremely rich are never troubled by such considerations, but the poor and the rich are alike troubled by the cost of the wedding, the young couple were forgiven, and all went on as merrily as if there had been any amount of marriage bells ringing."

"Are the young people ever into this secret?" "Generally in the middle classes - those who are moderately well to do, and who yet want to keep up appearances. The very poor and the extremely rich are never troubled by such considerations, but the poor and the rich are alike troubled by the cost of the wedding, the young couple were forgiven, and all went on as merrily as if there had been any amount of marriage bells ringing."

"Sometimes, but not often. Generally they are innocent parties to the deception. This is a new way to look at an elopement, and it knows all the romance, but it's the real explanation of a good many. I know from personal observation." - [Louisville Courier-Journal.]

POST-OFFICE BLUNDERS. The community think that the post office clerk is always to blame for lost letters. In a way, he is. The post-master of Indianapolis threw light upon the fact that letters occasionally fail to reach their destination. "I don't know," said the Major, "but I don't care to deny it; but, fallen as I am, I cannot rob you, Maria. Forgive me, and God bless you and Henry."

This explained all. Falling on her knees she prayed for him who had written the scroll. And who was "Henry"? Ten years ago he loved that same Maria, and he would have made her his wife - for she had promised to be his - had he not taken to drink and gambling, and finally forgot the name of his employer, for which he was given a home in a convict prison. When he was worthy of her love he gave her that ring, and she had kept it in remembrance of what he had been. This is the story of the ring.

On the return of the husband the wife related to him the adventure and showed him the note, but he has never attempted to arrest the burglar. - [Chicago Tribune.]

SPARKS. "Sober second thoughts" come with the morning headache. Though insolence seldom winks, it often gets its eye shut up. There is no salvation for that party which ignores the just claims of the American laborer.

"Procrastination is the thief of time," but our uncle, the pawnbroker, scoops in the most watches. "The coming American humorist" will probably get here in a loosely paraphrased condition.

I've faithfully searched the French chronicles but cannot find that Talleyrand ever traveled in a Tally-Ho. No true philosopher goes gadding after friendship. It comes to him more rapidly than he can enjoy or utilize it.

Adam was the first man who knew a good thing when he saw it. Masculine posterity can afford to forgive him. Fools are long lived. There's a man in Washington who has housed a house and a lot for one of Lincoln's autographs.

One of the saddest sights in these hard times is to see a woman with a five-foot husband trying to alter his pants to fit her six-foot son. Dried apricots are likely to be a prominent article of export from California. They are not so well as the dried apple, but they will be come fashionable.

A plain marble slab will adorn the grave of Wm. Writ Sykes. On it will be cut a hand, pointing upward, and the simple inscription: "He was the husband of Olive Logan."

A high resolve: That of the balloonist who has declined to ascend it. "What's his object?" asked the reporter, on the lookout for a possible item.

"Why, this runaway match you have just published. That girl's father is a sharp man, but this one of the sharpest tricks he has ever played since I knew him. That elopement was all a sham. It's as simple as can be. The girl's father is one of the best known men in this section of the town and is a politician besides. He has, necessarily, a large acquaintance with the element who are always expecting him to stand treat upon the slightest pretext, and what with this and the wedding festivities, supper and other ecstasies, his daughter's marriage, if solemnized in the ordinary way, would have cost him a great deal of money. An elopement saved all this, so he just opposed his daughter's wish, so he strongly enough to give a pretext for simply two to run over to Jefferson, where the expenses of the wedding, all told, didn't amount to more than \$5 or \$10. There were no fine dresses, flowers, gifts or anything like that sort, and they returned home they had a chance to go to housekeeping quietly and unostentatiously. It was a shrewd plan and a sensible one for all parties concerned."

"I have known a number of runaway matches which had no other reason than economy. Parents, relatives and all are willing for the young people to commit matrimony, but the expense was a serious consideration, and a little timely opposition which caused an elopement smoothed out the crooked channel in which the course of true love was running, so that the cost of the wedding was saved for housekeeping, the young couple were forgiven, and all went on as merrily as if there had been any amount of marriage bells ringing."

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