

TOWN TALK BY THE TOWN CAT

About one o'clock yesterday morning as we were trying to solve some means whereby we could put the linotype into service there was a great crash and the rattling of glass in the front office that brought us up standing and on investigating the cause we found Tom sitting on the office stool quietly wiping the blood from his face with his front paw.

"What is the matter? You look as if you had been run through a threshing machine."

"Gee Dad, that was a narrow escape; I judged that brick in time and you can bet that I jumped through the window to get out of the way of the bricks that those Base Bawlers were shying at me."

"What base ballers are you talking about?"

"Well, you see, the chance to see two possible—nay, probable—world's champion amateur teams in action for \$1000 is not often accorded to the baseball fans of Independence, this is the tidbit offered by an advertisement sent out from McMinnville and as some of the boys had got an inside tip on the results of the game, it did not take long to round up a bunch that was just aching for an opportunity to gather in some of the shekels of those McMinnville sports."

"Well, I suppose they had their fondest hopes gratified."

"I should snicker. When they got down to McMinnville they found that it was about three miles out in the rural district to the grounds where the game was to take place. There being no conveyance in sight they took Street & Walker's stage line and you know that is always a very dusty way to travel and awful tiresome because there is no place to let your feet hang over and not even a foot rest. Finally we reached the ball grounds where we found about 1500 disgusted people who had been attracted by the flaring advertisement. The game had not started and it looked for awhile that it wasn't going to start as the Yamhill sports had run in eight ringers' out of a possible nine players, and they had all kinds of the coin of the realm to bet that the Portland ringers would wipe up the earth with the St. Paul boys. As a result of this 'stuffed club' the umpire called all bets off and turned over the \$1000 forfeit put up by Yamhill to St. Paul and the chance for the 'gang' to pick up even a sou went glimmering and the word, 'soaked again' went quickly around."

"Wasn't there no game?"

"Certainly, they couldn't let that 1500 admissions get away, so they played a game and divided the gate receipts."

"Like all Independence sports in spite of being 'stung' they had a jam-up-good time. Sida Walker at once proceeded to organize what he chose to term the 'Independence Base Ball Singers and Fun-provokers,' introducing the celebrated quartette, under the special direction of that eminent soloist, Perle Hedges, tenor, George Kutch, baritone, Ed Owen, bass and Tom Sullivan, second bass, producing the latest musical creation, 'That Empty Satchel That Hangs on the Wall,' in which the entire company joined in the chorus, 'Come Take a Ride with us on our Merry Motor Car.' Then there was the three 'World's Greatest Known, Buck and Wing Dancers,' Messrs Mattison, Walker, and Owen. Talk about your side-splitting button-busting sketches, but that impromptu production, 'A Sunday in Kreb's hop yard during picking time,' in which every member of the company were in the cast introducing songs, stories, wing and buck dancing for prizes, and as long as the prizes lasted there was something doing all the time."

Hank Mattison won first prize as the best Buck and Wing artist and responded to several encores."

"By the way, on behalf of the entire company, I desire to return thanks to Manager Hirschberg for the use of his private car on the trip from Dallas to Independence."

"Did you get next to how slick that burglar got away from my friend of the Star last Sunday about 11 p. m.?"

"Never heard of anyone being robbed."

"Nobody said anything about anyone getting robbed, but one of the clerks in a Main street store came within an ace of getting caught as a robber, but by a mere chance he made a getaway and if you haven't heard anything about it we will pass it up for this time."

"How about those fellows from Independence getting lost on the wilds of Harney county on their way out in a chew-chew car?"

"News to me."

"They were traveling after the sun went down and by some crook in the road they got turned clean around and of the entire party of six, there was only one who could locate the north star. Of course the scarcity of water in that locality may have had something to do with it, but one of them lost the breakfast for the party in backing his judgment on the location of the star. After going about 35 miles out of their way they built a sage brush fire and camped until daylight."

"Well old man do you know that things are commencing to look up in this neck of the woods and you will find that there will be great doings from now until after hop picking time which will start tomorrow, by the arrival of Kreb's special from Portland."

"Who is that calling?"

"Uright, Tabby, I will call tomorrow night and we will go to the grand opening at Kreb's."

Diplomacy.

Sunday passed. Tuesday rolled around, and still his tail form did not loom in the vestibule when the cuckoo clock was sounding 8. Thursday he came, and the beautiful girl was burning with wrath.

"So this is the way you neglect me!" she hissed. "What have you to say for yourself? Why didn't you come?"

"I couldn't," faltered the young man. "I had the dyspepsia, and the doctor advised me not to come."

"What—the doctor told you not to come to see me because you had the dyspepsia?"

"Well, he told me to keep away from all sweets."

The next moment she had him seated on the parlor sofa, telling him he was the nicest young man in the world. —London Express.

Little Willie Knew.

Little Willie, the son of a German-town woman, was playing one day with the girl next door when the latter exclaimed:

"Don't you hear your mother calling you? That's three times she's done so. Aren't you going in?"

"Not yet," responded Willie imperturbably.

"Won't she whip you?" demanded the little girl, averted.

"Naw," exclaimed Willie in disgust. "She ain't goin' to whip nobody! She's got company. So, when I go in, she'll just say, 'The poor little man has been so deaf since he's had the measles!'" —Lippincott's.

Fully Appreciated.

Raymond, aged five, returned from Sunday school in a state of evident excitement. He strutted around the room as if about to burst with importance. The sympathetic eye of his mother was not slow to observe this.

"What's the matter, Raymond?" she asked.

"Oh, mother," exclaimed the small boy, his eyes sparkling, "the superintendent said something awful nice about me in his prayer this morning."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'O Lord, we thank thee for food and Raymond.'"—Woman's Home Companion.

The Laziest Man in the World.

would not be contented to be kept in the house and doing nothing by rheumatism. Neither are you who are always busy and active. Then don't neglect the first twinge of an ache or pain that you might think is just a "crick." Rub well with Ballard's Snow Liniment, and no matter what the trouble is, it will disappear at once. Sold by Williams Drug Co.

Will Enlarge Prison.

Seattle, Aug. 17.—R. V. LaDow, superintendent of United States prisons, in an interview here practically stated that one of the three big government prisons provided for by a recent act of congress will be situated on McNeil's Island in Puget Sound, near Tacoma, and where there is now a federal prison far too small for the needs of the government.

Think Child Kidnaped.

Portland, Or., Aug. 18.—Police of three cities are searching for little 5-year-old Mildred Waldorf, of Astoria, Or., who left her home more than a month ago for Idaho. The mother of the child entrusted her to the care of H. E. Hallock, who had been instructed to take her to the home of her grandmother in Boise, Idaho. Nothing has been heard of the pair since they left Astoria.

Granulated Sore Eyes Cured

"For twenty years I suffered from a bad case of granulated sore eyes," says Martin Boyd of Henrietta, Ky. "In February, 1903, a gentleman asked me to try Chamberlain's salve. I bought one box and used about two-thirds of it and my eyes have not given me any trouble since." This salve is for sale by P. M. Kirkland.

Wanted Mill and Yard hands—\$2 per day—Willamette Lumber Company, Dulles, Oregon.

OTHER SIDE OF STATENENT NO. 1

Monmouth, Oregon, Aug. 26. [Editor Enterprise] Will you kindly give space for the following and oblige a large number of the citizens of Monmouth who feel they are not being fairly treated by our home papers.

In order that your readers may fully understand the status of affairs we will give a brief synopsis of the other side No. 1.

The council of Monmouth saw proper to invest \$750 in a small five engine against the protest of many of the tax payers and citizens, and because they criticized the failure of the machine at the late fire they were called many very ugly names by the organ (Herald) of Monmouth, such as "they would condemn Christ with as great or greater alacrity as the Jews of 1900 years ago, and because of this criticism, in another editorial he called the citizens who opposed certain schemes Shylocks, pessimists, and that they were a source of worryment to their friends and a detriment to the community," etc.

THE OTHER SIDE NO. 2.

I had another dream in broad daylight and saw those same old kickers still in flight; what was the occasion of this awful scare, the dads had said "Criticism is if you dare." They hastily organized a masterly retreat and suffer the pangs of sore defeat. Some of the push have cityphobia they say that makes them think in a peculiar way; give us the city purse and we will show that we are "it," this you ought to know; with notions false their heads are set, it's passing strange how bold they get right on the street and in the crowd they talk such nonsense right out loud; some use their place for selfish ends and smooth the path for special friends. They said, bond the town; WE think it's right, but the people rallied in their might, and in their zeal and maddened rage regarded neither saint nor sage, moral worth nor breadth of thought and noble birthright counted naught; the fight went on, a fearful sight, from dewy eve to morning light, the force of spiteful passion stirred the verdict of the "common herd;" in this question lost, the only men were voted down who had the brains to run the town:

none of this work did we assail, but now we're camping on their trail; they are mad when we criticize their acts, and retort, give us anything but "Fas" brethren, the organ says, you with alacrity would Christ betray just as the Jews of a former day; he surely knows you're a very bad set and he'll tell more of your meanness yet; many bitter words they already have said which slander the living as well as the dead, they thought they put the answer out of reach and they were the only pebbles on the beach but they may yet sing us another song and whether the time be short or long it will not be the music of the bird, but just the same as Balaam heard. Is it by divine right this favored few always look upon important questions from an opposing view, but soon excitement among the dads will be intense and on election day we'll hang their skins upon the fence. An old hay seed farmer mortgaged his land, city folks told them that they had it planned to buy everything they want and pay cash down, and have good credit all over the town, but Mr. Shylock's interest quickly became overdue and unless it was paid he threatened to sue, then the sheriff came along and looking about picked up all he could find and sold the man out, then after twenty years have you paid that city debt, an old pessimist slyly winked and said, "No not yet." This story is similar to that of Darius Green, the first inventor of a flying machine, he was positively sure he could fly very high, in fact not stop much short of the sky; but his machine came down a miserable wreck and he almost succeeded in breaking his neck.

FAX.

Cholera Infantum Cured

"Something like two years ago my baby, which was then about a year old, was taken seriously ill with cholera infantum, vomiting and purging profusely," writes J. F. Dempsey of Dempsey, Ala. "I did what I could to relieve her but did her no good, and being very much alarmed about her went for a physician but failed to find one, so came back to Elder Bros. & Carter's store and Mr. Elder recommended Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea remedy. I procured a bottle of it, went home as quickly as possible and gave her one dose and she was cured. It relieved her in fifteen minutes and soon cured her entirely." For sale by P. M. Kirkland.

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