

East Oregon Herald.

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NO 5

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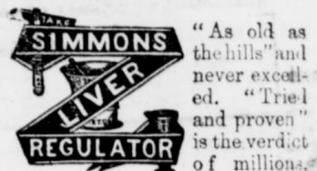
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NEWS IN GENERAL
FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

She Meant Business.

A slim-built young man in clothes of a belligerent cut walked timidly into the marriage license office yesterday. He was followed closely by a resolute-looking young woman in holiday attire.

The young man glanced around suspiciously for an instant and then reached for the clerk's ear. His companion assumed an air of unostentatious preoccupation, turned her back and gazed far away at a corner of the ceiling, but she was careful to keep between her companion and the door.

"Ssh," hissed the young fellow, bending far over the counter in his effort to prevent his companion overheard anything. "Ssh, say, can't we duck out of sight some where? Ssh, don't shout!"

The clerk shook his head.

The stranger continued his cautious whisper: "Say," he said, "ssh. I'm in a hole, see? It's again me to hitch to that she-devil, see? How can I jump the game, eh?"

The clerk shook his head. "There are courts all about here," he suggested; "try 'em."

The stranger bent closer.

"Say," he continued, with an apprehensive glance at the back of his companion, "she'll land me dead to rights if you don't give me a lift. She's swore to give me a divorce after we're hitched, but what good'll that do, eh?" he continued, mournfully.

The clerk remained silent.

"Say," went on the visitor in a pleading tone, "trow her out, and I'll fix it with you. Run her in; do anything; anything goes."

The clerk shook his head.

"Say," suddenly exclaimed the woman, wheeling about resolutely, "what game er you puttin' up on me now? Scratch out that hearse lively."

"This here man's been keeping company with me for two years, and he's got to do some lively marryin' now, an' don't you forget it. Scratch along lively! His name's Westmure—Monroe L. Westmure—an' he lives at 260 Jesse street, an' he's twenty six years old, an' my name's Cora—C-o-r-a, Cora—Gale."

Monroe started. "Bust me if I ever knew that before."

"You'll learn lots when you've married me," was the answer given with calm superiority.

"N' sometimes they call him West; 'n' sometimes they call him Tommy White. Put 'em all in, if you want to, and charge the bill to his nibs here."

The clerk made out his bill, and "his nibs" paid it with a sigh.

"N' now start us for the nearest justice, an' we'll get nearer marriage 'n this fellow's been since he was born."

They were started, and ten minutes later they emerged a happy, beaming bride and a woeful, disconsolate groom.—Chicago Ledger.

NOT A BIT FUNNY.

When E McCrosky, of Washou Washington, working at his trade of plastering in this city, was brought before Justice McDevitt this week, accused of threatening to plaster E. W. Schmiel's nose "all over his face," the prisoner seemed wonderfully amused, and with difficulty restrained his laughter. He thought it a funny proceeding, and jokingly remarked, "You might as well lock me up. I have never had a key turned on me yet."

A reporter suggested that "it is mighty seldom these things are really hilariously entertaining," and again the country man smiled a "more mort" smile and appeared tickled half to death.

Next day, however, Schmiel "schmiled." It had come his turn. He proved his allegations, and the court placed McCrosky under \$100 bonds to keep the peace. This announcement bankrupted the Washoungal man's jocularity. It corked his veins of humor, and for once McCrosky realized that there was a wide difference between life in a metropolis and that of the rural vales of Washington.

Next time the plasterer concludes to plaster the "frontispiece" of a fellow being he will hide himself back into the fastnesses of his familiar forests. He'll not tackle the chap in Portland.

CHICAGO, Dec. 18.—The jury in the case of Prendergast for the assassination of Mayor Harrison having been secured, the trial began this morning with the opening address to the jury on behalf of the state by the assistant state's attorney today.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A LONG WAYS ROUND.

Searching Many Hundred Miles For a Chew.

The Chicago Tribune tells the following story: Upon the top floor of the Phenix Building 200 men and woman are employed, day and night, as telegraph operators by one of the great telegraph companies.

To hear the constant din of the clicking instruments one would hardly suppose that the operators have much time for recreation. Nevertheless when the chief operator is not near, many an amusing incident occurs almost daily.

One of the strictest rules of the office, which has been recently enforced, is one which prohibits operators to converse during working hours. To leave their desk while on duty is also forbidden.

Only a few days ago two young men were sitting at one desk opposite each other. One of them was sending "press" to New Orleans while the other was receiving message from the same point. The sender was addicted to the use of tobacco. His supply run out. Looking across at the other's side of the desk he spied a plug at the side of his vis a vis.

The young man was in a quandary. To ask for the coveted weed would have been a breach of the rules. It was too far for him to reach so he resolved on another plan.

Stopping his message, he asked the receiver in New Orleans to tell his partner on the other side to hand him a "chew." "Click,click,click," came the response over the instrument on the other side of the glass partition. The tobacco was thrown over and one young man made happy.

The message had gone to New Orleans and returned to Chicago in less than a minute and the chief clerk was no wiser.

Mitchell Does Some Braggling.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 7.—Mitchell says in regard to his coming fight with Corbett: "Corbett talks about sprinting, but I'll bet \$5000 he will do the first sprinting, and another \$5000 that I'll score the first clean knockdown. What the final result will be I can not say, but I'll bet I'll get the first knockdown."

Ed Bush's Deed.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 6.—Edward N. Bush, an old pioneer who came here in 1853, from Clyde, Ohio was found in Golden Gate Park this morning shot through the chest. The wound had been self-inflicted, with a revolver.

Bush is a plumber by occupation, and has been engaged in that business in this city and Sacramento for about thirty years. He was taken to the receiving Hospital, where he now lies, and there are small hope of his recovery.

He has a mother at San Jose, aged 83 years, and it is greatly feared that she will die from the shock of hearing of her son's mishap.

Bush is very well known in Sacramento, where he lived for a number of years, and was engaged in the plumbing business with his brother. He was subsequently a partner with Isidor Cohn in the cigar business. Among his brothers is Norton Bush, the well known artist.—The Bee.

Pounded to a Jelly.

OMAHA, December 6.—Martain Anderson, a cellar clerk in a grocery house here, murdered an unknown woman in the cellar of the store last evening, and then cut his throat fatally. Nothing is known of the cause of the tragedy. About 8 o'clock passers by heard a woman scream, "Help! My God, he is killing me!" The sounds came from the cellar. Anderson had used a paving stone and literally pounded the head of his victim to a jelly. There were signs of awful struggles. After he had finished the murder Anderson took a dull pocket knife and severed his windpipe and the carotid artery. He died from loss of blood.—The Bee.

A Spanish woman, Senora Eva Canel, declares in an interview with a Chicago reporter: "I earnestly believe in equal rights, and I have used voice and pen to advocate the cause. But if I could speak your language I would stand before this country and plead for some right for men—the women seem to have them all."

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
World's Fair Highest Award.