fic notion that tory of the disinceasingly in action. The action. The Laennec and

s disproved by linical observa-re, allow them-

y such a con-a historical ence of tuber-ized, it should

ioment that be

Should it be

soften and a t be believed, lost. It has

the case, and a tubercie has that is, to re-atten. Before

sician should

te conditions
to occur. If
tery must be
re should be
no be made to
onditions that
of the lessons

g the lesions in a word, the o strive and ishaken conf-

wn from the ossible. The

This is the

and sustain

that this con-

u of success, the possibilation

s to the list of

fessor Dujar-re of pulmon-this end is which aim by invigorating in as to enable transforma a cure be er

ng nature to aithy tissues, nts of nerve as the whole

nce offers to teeble patient to health,-

I druggists.

have refused

ut nnot queach'

ou of time, ou can make

) a of life the

ar health is

your sleep

n it you as

Discov ry'

id save you

quakes and

REMEDI in ali hter

s shortn gion of the

ASTORIA.

CASTORIA

CASTORIA

nce with

nediate n e 25 centa

any other

n Portland

Piso's Cur

ere. 2'c.

HALL

THAYE

ORTLAN

nbu

disease.

tuem.

VOL. I.

M'MINNVILLE, OREGON, AUGUST 27, 1886.

NO. 22.

WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY Garrison's Building, McMinnville, Oregon.

-BY-Talmage & Turner, Fublishers and Proprietors.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: year.....months..... Intered in the Postoffice at McMinnville, Or., as second-class matter.

V. V. JOHNSON, M. D. Northwest corner of Second and B streets, MINNVILLE

May be found at his office when not absent on pro-

LITTLEFIELD & CALBREATH. Physicians and Surgeons, McMINNVILLE AND LAFAYETTE, OR. F. Calbreath, M. D., office over Yambill County J. F. Calbreath, M. D., Orlice on Main strest, M. M. Littlefield, M. D., office on Main strest, fayette, Oregon.

S. A. YOUNG, M. D. Physician and Surgeon, OREGON. MINNVILLE - -Office and residence on D street. All calls promptly swered day or night.

DR. G. F. TUCKER, DENTIST,

MINNVILLE - - fice-Two doors east of Bingham's furniture aughing gas administered for painless extraction.

CHAS. W. TALMAGE, eal Estate and Insurance Agent Conveyancing and Abstracts a Specialty.

LLECTING ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY! Office-Manning Building, Third street

ST. CHARLES HOTEL Leading Hotel of McMinnville. \$1 and \$2 House. Single meals 25 cents. Sample Rooms for Commercial Men

F. MULTNER, Prop. W. V. PRICE,

HOTOGRAPHER Up Stairs in Adams' Building,

UNNVILLE - - OREGON M'MINNVILLE BATHS! do all work in first-class style

ies' and Childrens' Work a Specialty! Hot and Cold Raths always ready for 25 cents.

VERY MAN AN ARTIST. C. H. Fleming,

L. ROOT.

DEALER INoceries, Provisions.

Crockery and Glassware. goods delivered in the city.

USTER POST BAND.

The Best in the State, red to furnish music for all occasions at reason able rates. Address

J. ROWLAND, Business Manager, McMinnville.

M'MINNVILLE

ery, Feed and Sale Stables,

Corner Third and D streets, McMinnville GAN BROS. & HENDERSON.

Proprietors. he Best Rigs in the City. Orders

mptly Attended to Day or Night,

DRPHANS' HOME"

BILLIARD HALL.

Strictly Temperance Resort,

good(f) Church members to the contrary not withstanding.

Orphans' Home" TONSORIAL PARLORS,

ly first class, and the only parlor-like shop in the

t - class Workmen Employed. or south of Yambill County Bank Building.

MCMINNVILLE, OREGON. H. H. WELCH.

MISS CRŒSUS.

My Lady Disdain, my Lady Disdain,

Of contumelious m en,

As proud and as cold as in days of old,

The proudest and coldest queen;

With your chiseled face and your stately
grace,
You tyrannize over men;

And your beauty rare makes us all de-But your beauty will fade-What then?

My Lady Disdain, my Lady Disdain,
You re lovely, and gay and young.
I agree in sooth there is naught like
youth,
As poets have often sung:
But the years go by as the swallows fly
With swiftness beyond our ken.
You are radiant now with your white,
smooth brow:
But the wrinkles will come—
What then?

My Ledy Disdain, my Lady Disdain, You've servants at call and beck, And jewels most rare gleam amid your

hair
Or sparkle upon your neck.
You have weath at hand that you may command
By dipping a golden pen.
And an income one, that I wish was mine;
But your father may fail—
What then?

—Rambler.

THE DIAMOND DOLLAR.

Which Illustrated the Ups and Downs of Journalism.

"Worst thing in the world for weak

eyes, young woman." The young woman looked up from the magazine in her lap and smiled at her gray-bearded mentor on the opposite side of the street car. She smiled with her whole face-dimpled chin, red cheeks, full lips; even the eyes behind the convex glasses of her princenez twinkled.

"Thank you," she said, shutting the book softly, "I know it. I was merely glancing at the pictures."

Then she turned her amused glance toward the front part of the car, and met the eyes of the driver staring straight at her. His face lighted up when her glance met his, and with his rough glove he patted the left side of his coat, as though it shielded something which concerned her.

The car was one of those little-wheeled boxes locally known as the "Pound Gap Bobtails," which ply between Cincinnati and its Kentucky suburb, Newport. The driver, sole autocrat, dividing his time among the mules, the passengers and the small boys who everywhere mark bobtail cars for their own, was muffled to the mouth in an old oil-skin coat, belted at the waist with a leather strap. His cap was pulled down to shield his face from the rain, into the teeth of which he was forced to drive, and when he entered the car to collect the fares his heavy cowhide boots completed a grotesque picture, which would have attracted attention even in Castle Garden. Evidently he cared less for style than for comfort. "What is the fare to Newport?"

"Ten cents, please." I started at the musical voice, and looked at the man closely. "Wh-a-a-t?" I said, "not Ferguson,

"Same party, dear boy, same party,"
He laughed in the honest, wholesouled way that I knew so well, rang the bell of his punch twice, smiled at the pretty girl, who seemed to enjoy my suprise, and then clattered out to his place at the brake, where I presently joined him.
"This is rough, Ferguson, deuced

rough—twelve dollars a week and seventeen hours a day! Can't you do better than this?"

"Classical occupation, dear boy. One of the children of Greek mythology. you will remember, aspired to drive a car-his father's car, but while his route was a trifle dryer than mine".

"It was not necessary to make a guy of himself in cow-hide boots. That girl inside is laughing at you."

"I know it. She always does when she rides with me." He looked through the glass door of the car, and again patted the side of his coat when he met the young woman's eyes. The gesture seemed to

"Another case of the maiden and the coachman," remarked Ferguson, as he slowed up to take on a passenger. Evidently he had lost none of his high spirits since he had drifted out of jour-

nalism into the street-carservice. "But seriously now, don't you know "No. I can not say that I do," I said,

severely. "That's Virginia." I looked again at the girl. She was

as charming a specimen of young womanhood as is often met with even in the cultured parts of Kentucky. The infantile cheeks and dimpled chin toned down the severity of her eyeglasses, and from the brown plume in her hat to the narrow toe of her shoe she was what is popularly known as "stylish." Du Maurier might have copied her pose for that of one of his

high-bred women. 'Yes, sir. that's Virginia. You have laughed at my verses to her three years, and if we drop all the passengers before the end of the route is reached I will take you inside and present you. She knows you by name already. I have talked with her about you a hundred times. She likes that little story of 'The Cruise of the Mermaid, immensely, and always looks up your column the first thing in the Clarion."

Then he seemed to drift into another line of thought. "Yes, sir, it is rough," he said,

nere"-ne tapped the left side of his oil-skin coat, again-"which has put me on my feet. Virginia and I had several blocks, alone, together, this morning, and she knows. That's what we are so gay about. You remember that 'Diamond Dollar?' "

"Diamond Dollar" that cost Ferguson his desk on the Gazette. Not more than two months ago he was as dapper, well-dressed and apparently successful a man as there was in the Cincinnati reportorial fraternity. His duty was the covering of the news along the river fronts of the Kentucky towns facing and above Cincinnati, and, being a

graceful writer, he managed to get in a column or two of breezy special matter on miscellaneous subjects each week-every column of such matter being a clean addition of five dollars to his not princely salary.

It was nine o'clock one Thursday night when word came over the telephone wires from the fire chieftain's office that the tow-boat Ohio Greyhound was burning at her landing, three miles above Newport. In fifteen minutes came the supplementary report that her entire tow of seven barges was doomed, and that John Stacy and "Stumpy," the cook, were missingpresumably burned with the wreck.

"Ferguson can have two columns for chat," complacently remarked the city editor. 'Here, Newport, get a rig; jump out there; find Ferguson and help Get in as much as possible before twelve, and, if it promises good matter after that, wire the facts. We will dress them up."

At half-past twelve o'clock I was again at the office with the skeleton article. The fire had taken place early in the afternoon. Three lives and \$65 .-000 worth of property were lost. I had seen nothing of Ferguson. But while I was making a hasty oral report to this effect Ferguson strolled into the office. He was at peace with himself and the world, and his stiff, white collar lifted itself immaculately above his black tie and unruffled shirt front.

"Nothing moving," he said, airily, as he placed the day's report on the editor's desk. "Everything dead along the river to-day."

"No fights nor fires?" asked the city editor in his blandest tones. "Nothing: but here is a little special that will look well in the Sunday sup-

plement. I have been up to the library looking up points for it all afternoon. With a scare head--first line. 'The Diamond Dollar! -it will prove as good matter as actual news, and-"There is no actual news, then?"

"Nothing of importance." By this time the telegraph men, the managing editor, half of the local force, and even one or two of the brevier writers, had drifted into the city room, where they floated about aimlessly, waiting for the explosion that was to lift the unfortunate Ferguson. But,

suspecting nothing, he continued his panegyric on the Diamond Dollar. "Unless you call this piece of special matter news, there is none. But it will be news to most of the readers. It deals with the subject of rare coins, giving the dates and the values of all their face value. There are hundreds of pieces in daily circulation for which collectors would give twenty times their value as bullion. This article will serve to tell the people what dates of coin are in demand, so that they may watch the money that passes through their hands and sell the rare coins at a premium. There is one dolmintage of 1804. which is lar, of the worth \$500.

For the past few seconds the city editor had been rapidly writing upon a slip of paper, and here he interrupted enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on the Gazette, and, breezy writer that he was, in three months he had found it necessary to take up the lines of a street-car

driver's life or starve. "You remember that Diamond Dollar?" he said again, after answering the sharp clang of the bell above his head by bringing the car to a stop long enough for the gray-bearded talker to alight: "well, curiously enough, I have found one of them. I should never have known its value had I not collected the data for that unfortunate article of mine; and-"

"Do you mean me to understand that you have found a dollar of 1804, actnally worth \$500?"

"Precisely so, dear boy. Drivers handle a great deal of silver, and among the money in my pocket last night I found this."

He had unbuckled his belt, unbuttoned his coat, and with some difficulty brought out in his gloved fingers a worn silver dollar, without the milled edges which characterize the late issues of the coin. He was singularly excited. He looked at the piece of silver as a a doomed man might look at an unexpected reprieve. It meant another start in life, a chance to build up wealth and reputation on a journal of his own; it meant a wife; it gave him Virginia. His hand trembled slightly with the tumult of his thoughts. One of the

He leaped over the dash-board surrounding the platform, groped in the mud under the car wheels, and then, with his lips set tightly together, handed me a battered and bent piece of silver. I was the diamond dollar. Did I remember it? It was that It had slipped from his uncertain grasp, and the sharp flanges of the car-wheels its face and bent it almost out of resem-

blance of a coin. Then Ferguson took up the lines again, and from his present prospects the people who ride behind him will conciate him in their minds with the mules faced old man whom no one would he drives for months, or perhaps years, to come. He knows that there are half a dozen morals to be extracted from his little story, and has given me permission to publish it. - Cincinnati Enquirer.

MAKING A BUSINESS.

his hat, and then uncovered the confor months. His wife, a New England balls, if he would take them round, they cost about four; if he sold the two

The fish-balls were delicious, and immediately after breakfast each woman cooked the balance of her purchase, deposited the fish-balls in baskets, and went about among her friends to get orders for the man. The result was that the third weekly delivery in the neighborhood was from a handcart pushed by a stout German boy, while the proprietor attended to his customers. In two months he had to deliver certain days in certain districts, deliver certain days in certain districts. together, and I caught the words as United States coins worth more than | he had so many orders; besides, he kept a stock on hand at his house at all house was given up to the business, and restaurants, as well as private

families, were his customers. A friend of the first man, in the same financial condition, whose wife made good bread, came one morning with the seller of the codfish balls having small, lovely loaves of bread which he sold at five cents per loaf. He, too, made so many customers by the superiority of his bread that six months later found him delivering bread and rolls from a wagon. The bread remained the same delicious home-made bread, made by his wife and women whom she trained; twice a week he delivers tea biscuit. Both men have in five years' time bought the houses in which they live .- Christian Union.

Saved by a Proof-Reader's Error.

The Texas Court of Appeals, the went down the Missouri Pacific road from Alvarado to Waco, and deliberately disabled an engine. They were convicted under the section of the penal code, which provides a punishment "if any person shall wilfully and mischievously injure or destroy any growing fruit, corn, grain, or other agricultural product or property, real or personal," etc. The court holds that, owing to the lack of a comma after "product," the offense of the Knights is not covered by the law.—N. Y. Post.

-A member of a Georgia grand jury "We can hardly be expected indict men for carrying concealed weapons when the major part of the jury themselves are ballasted to their soats during the deliberation by the weight of a pistol in their hip-pocket."

-ine area or Chainam, on Cape Cod, which is quite popular as a summer re-sort, grows smaller every year, the onslaught of the ocean, when storms prevail, breaking away the bluff and washing the sandy cliff into the ocean. Where the main street of the village was twenty years ago, the surf of the Atlantic rolls. Several cottages of ishermen and villagers, situated near the bluff, have been undermined in years past, and several buildings have "eighteen hours a day, seven days in the week, is too many hours for a man to work; but, thank God, I am done! This is my last trip. I have something to be the vehicle jointed violently over the cobble-stones. Ferguson's face sud-

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Pack-Peddler's Adventure in the House of Bender, the Western Marderer.

"On two different occasions I ate dinner at the cabin of old Bender, the Kansas fiend," said a pack-peddler to a reporter. "On the first occasion the had ground the date and figures from old man was away and I saw only two women about the place. Six months later, when I called again, it was about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. Then I saw old Bender for the first time. I tinue to laugh at his old dress and asso- have heard him described as a pleasant suspect, but, I tell you, the very first look at him put me on my guard. For the first time in a year 1 felt that my life was in danger. The same two slatternly women were about the house, and there was a young man whom I took to be old Bender's son. This young man disappeared soon after I arrived, but whether he hid in the How a Shrewd Young Wife Found Employ- house or rode off across the prairie I During the business depression of chased about two dollars' worth of nofive years ago, a man called one morn- tions, and the old man dickered with ing at the basement door of a house in me for an hour over a gold watch. It the upper part of the city, with a basket on his arm. The servant who answered his knock supposed he was a beggar, but something in the man's aptemption. pearance when he asked for "the lady of the house" forced her to ask her mistress, who was in the kitchen, to

step to the door. The man removed his hat, and then uncovered the con-"Dinner was announced soon after tents of his basket-delicious white, twelve o'clock. I took my pack with round, codfish balls, ready for frying. me into the dining-room, where I found He told his story. He was a book- the table set for one. There were three keeper, but the firm had failed, and he rooms in the house. The front room was without a position and had been was a general sitting-room and office was without a position, and had been combined. Bender kept a sort of tavern, girl, was an excellent cook, and had decided to make two dozen codfish balls, if he would take them round.

you know, and travelers had this front room. The next room back was the dining-room and family room combined. and try to sell them. Here he was, the walls of this family room were a There was a bedroom leading off. On The price was five cents apiece, and few old-fashioned prints in old-fash ioned frames; a shelf on which stood a dozen he would make twenty-five clock and a few scant evidences of cents, and that was more than he had women's presence. The back room

earned in months. Half of the quantity were bought at once, and a note "I had my eyes wide open when I written to a neighbor urging her to be- entered that dining-room, and the very come a customer for the balance, and first thing I noticed was that the table partner in drumming up other custom- was set lengthwise of the room, and ers if the fish cakes proved to be as that my chair and plate had been so good as they looked. The man went away, with the promise of help if his goods deserved it. He was to call the five or six feet away. Had it been at next day for the decision. The two the other end my back would have been women reserved a part of their pur-toward the office door. The first move chase to cook and distribute to their I made was to turn the chair around to friends and neighbors, on the ground the side and sit down. I now faced the that "the proof of the pudding is the bedroom door, and had the other doors eating." The fish-balls were delicious, and no window behind me. The younger spoken by her:

" 'I tell you he did it himself.' times. In one year the lower part of a "I could not catch a word from him, and directly he went out and she came in with the rest of the eatables. Her face was flushed and her manner very nervous. She put on a plate of bread and a platter of meat and then went out for the coffee. As she set the cup and saucer on the board she partly upset the cup and spilled half the contents on the table.

'Excuse me-I'm sorry,' she said, as I shoved back to keep the hot liquid from dripping on my legs.
"'Never mind-no harm done,' I

replied. "It was so careless of me. You had

better change your seat to the end while I sop it up.' "'O, don't mind. I'm not hungry and shall eat but a few mouthfuls any way. I forgot to tell you that I pre-

ferred water to coffee.' "She gave me one of the queerest looks I ever got, first flushing up and criminal branch of the Supreme Court, then turning pale. Spilling that coffee has rendered an important decision in was a put-up job to get my back to the a case against Knights of Labor. Two kitchen door. I suspected it then; a Knights during the Southwestern strike few months later I had plenty of horri ble proofs. Before the meal was finished old Bender looked in from the kitchen door and drew back, and when I shoved away and entered the office he was not there and did not show up for five minutes. When I went to dinner a double-barrelled shotgun stood in a corner of the office. came out it was gone. The old man came in after awhile, and it was easy to see that he had to force himself to converse. I paid him for the meal and was ready to go. It was a lonely road I had to travel, with no other house for miles, and it suddenly struck me that the younger man had gone on to lie in ambush and shoot me in case I escaped assassination at the house. For a minute or two I quite lost my sand, and you can judge what a relief it was to me to see a team drive up with three men in the vehicle and room for one more. They stopped to water the horses and chat a few moments, and readily gave me a lift on my way."—
N. Y. Star.

- ine Riverside (Cal.) Press makes the statement that four hundred colonists in Southern California occupy less than twelve acres each, and yet they clear up from \$300 to \$1 500 net their small tracts, and meantime live in real elegance.

-A settlement near Tacoma, W. T., has the euphonious name of Succotash Valley.

VERY DETERMINED.

An Old Fellow Who Boycotts Various Patrons of the United States Mail.

A traveling post-office inspector went ap into Scott County a few days ago fur the purpose of investigating certain reported crookedness. One afternoon he reached a small cabin situated near a lonely road. He stopped, intending to get a drink of water, and as he drew near the house, was astonished at seeing a sign-board bearing the following inscription: "Poost ofis." An old follow with grizzly beard and a bairy chest-displayed, as his shirt was unbuttoned-came out, and merely nodding to the inspector, sat down on

"How are you?" said the inspector. "Tol'ble."

"Have you some fresh water handy?" "Plenty uv it down thar in the branch. One uv ther boys shot my bucket all ter pieces, an' sence then I hafter go ter ther branch when I wanter drink." Just then a man, mounted on a mule, rode up and asked: "Mr. Plummer,

got any letters for me?" "Yas, thar's one here, Bill Patterson, but you kain't git it. Go on away frum here, or I'll make yer wush yer hadn't come."

"Wush yer would give it ter me." "Yas, and the nigger wushed that ther 'coon would come down outen ther tree, but he didn't come.

"Say, Mr. Plummer-"Shut yer mouth an' say nothin, an' mor'n that you'd better mosey away frum here."

The man rode away, and the inspector, addressing the postmaster asked:
"Why didn't you give that man his letter?

"Case he worked ag'in me when I run fur jestice uv ther peace. "Yes, but the Government doesn't

care any thing for that.' "Reekon not, but I do." "But you were appointed to serve the

people. "Yes, an' I sarve 'em, too—sarve ome uv them like old Nick." "My friend, I am a traveling post-office inspector, an'-" "All right, then, travel."

"If I report you to the Post-office Department, which I shall be very apt to do, you'll travel.' "Reckon not. This establishment b'longs ter me, an' nobody's got a right ter teil me ter git out."

"How long have you had this office?" "Ever sense I built it." "I mean how long have you been

postmaster." "Bout a year, I reckon." At this juncture, an old fellow, cau-tiously picking his way among the bushes, approached the postmaster. who, upon seeing him, sprang to his feet and exclaimed:

"Whut in thunder do you want here, Abe Smith?" "Come arter that paper."

"Didn't I tell yer that yer kain't git "Yas, but I 'lowed that yer mout change yer mind."

"Wall, I hain't. When yer refused ter lend me ver slide an' hoss tuther week I told yer that yer couldn't git nothin' else outen this office.'

"I'm er goin' ter git that paper." "Not lessen yer air a better man than I am.

"An' that's erbout whut I think." "Wall, help yerse'f."
With agility surprising for such old men, they grappled each other and began a desperate struggle. Abe Smith succeeded in throwing the postmaster. "Now," said Smith, as he began to choke old Plummer, "goin' ter let me

have that paper?"

A gurgled "yes" came from the postmaster's throat. Smith released his
hold and suffered Plummer to get up.

"Wall," said the postmaster as he

stood brushing fragments of leaves and bark from his beard: "I reckon I wuz sorter mistaken in yer. I didn't know that yer wuz sich er nice man. Come in, Abe, an' git yer paper fur yer have earned it like a white man."
"Ain't thar a letter fur me, too?"

"Wall, I want it." "Kain't git it, Abie. Yer fit fur ther paper an' not fur ther letter." 'Got ter have it, Plummer."

"Not lessen yer whup me ergin."
"B'l'eve I ken do it." "All right, Abie." They went at it again; pranced sround, striking at each other. Finally Plummer struck Abe a heavy blow

and felled him, then, seating himself on the prostrate man, he said: "Don't want ther letter, do yer. "Reckon not, Plummer."

"All right, come erhead an' git yer 'paper.''
When Abe had gone, the postmaster turned to the inspector and said

"Want any thing outen me?" "No. I believe not." "Had er letter here an' I didn't want

yer ter have it yer wouldn't argy ther p'int, would yer?" "I don't think that I should." "Don't want no truck with me ?"

"None. "Wall, then, good-bye. Got ter go in now an' make up ther mail."—Arkansaw Traveler.

-it is a sad comment upon the hard luck which pursues some men that Henry Nolle, a poor cobbler, who lost his life while trying to save a woman and her child from death, has been buried in the Potter's Field. Here is a noble fellow who deserved a monument, and he got a pauper's grave as the reward of his heroism.—N. Y. Christian Union.