

WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

Garrison's Building, McMinnville, Oregon.

Talmage & Turner, Publishers and Proprietors.

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ORPHANS' HOME, BILLIARD HALL.

TONSORIAL PARLORS, H. H. WELCH.

MISS CRESUS.

My Lady Dida'n, my Lady Dida'n, Of countenous in en.

My Lady Dida'n, my Lady Dida'n, You're servants at call and beck.

THE DIAMOND DOLLAR.

Which Illustrated the Ups and Downs of Journalism.

"Worst thing in the world for weak eyes, young woman."

"Thank you," she said, shutting the book softly.

"No fights nor fires?" asked the city editor in his blandest tones.

"Unless you call this piece of special matter news, there is none."

"This is rough, Ferguson, deuced rough—twelve dollars a week and seventeen hours a day!"

"That's Virginia."

He leaped over the dash-board surrounding the platform, groped in the mud under the car wheels.

It was nine o'clock one Thursday night when word came over the telephone wires from the fire chief's office.

At half-past twelve o'clock I was again at the office with the skeleton article.

The fish-balls were delicious, and immediately after breakfast each woman cooked the balance of her purchase.

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.

The Texas Court of Appeals, the criminal branch of the Supreme Court, has rendered an important decision.

A member of a Georgia grand jury said: "We can hardly be expected to indict men for carrying concealed weapons."

—The area of Chatham on Cape Cod, which is quite popular as a summer resort, grows smaller every year.

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A NARROW ESCAPE.

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

"On two different occasions I ate dinner at the cabin of old Bender, the Kansas fiend."

Then Ferguson took up the lines again, and from his present prospects the people who ride behind him will continue to laugh at his old dress and associate him in their minds with the mules he drives for months, or perhaps years, to come.

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VERY DETERMINED.

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

A traveling post-office inspector went up into Scott County a few days ago for the purpose of investigating certain reported crookedness.

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

"How long have you had this office?" "Ever since I built it."

"I mean how long have you been postmaster?" "About a year, I reckon."

"At this juncture, an old fellow, cautiously picking his way among the bushes, approached the postmaster, who, upon seeing him, sprang to his feet and exclaimed:

"Come arter that paper."

"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.