

WEST SIDE



TELEPHONE.

VOL. I.

WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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—IN—
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—BY—
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Some good! Church members to the contrary not
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city. None but

First-class Workmen Employed.

First door south of Yamhill County Bank Building.

McMinnville, OREGON.

H. H. WELCH.

There was a surprised Italian in
Baltimore recently when he stopped
with his monkey and organ in front of a
saloon where a cat was sunning itself
and began to churr out "Il Trovatore."

As the monkey went after the pennies
there was a brief conversation between it
and the cat and then the latter went
teeth and claws for the former's tail,
hanging on while the Italian pulled the
monkey to the top of the organ by the
tail. It took him about three minutes to
dislodge the cat and get over his
surprise. As he went up the street
nursing his poor pet, he kept saying:

"Da catta licks da monk; licks da
monk." —*Baltimore Sun.*

Mrs. Mary Benjamin, of Lafayette,
Ind., claims to be the oldest human
being in the land. According to her
account and that of her relatives, she was
born at Lewiston, Del., on the 14th of
March, 1778. In 1801 she and her first
husband, William Colter, moved to
Circleville, O., making the journey in a
wagon. Her youngest son resides at
Rensselaer, in Jasper County, Ind., and
is eighty-one years of age.

THE AESTHETES.

The wild young kitten aroused the cat,
As dozing at ease in the path she sat.
"Oh, mother!" he cried, "I have just now
seen that suggested an Orient queen!

"The border by the mastickum-vine—
Barbaric and tropic and lovelorn—
(I am not quite clear what these terms may
mean.)

But they've something to do with the flower
(I've seen!)

And the aim in life of a high-souled cat
Is to gaze forever on flowers like that!"

The wild young kitten replied the cat,
As she drowsed in peace on the Persian rug.
"Oh, mother!" he cried, "I have just now
seen—

A plume that suggested a rainbow's sheen!
With a gorgeous eye of a dove divine—
Blue-green, hideous and berylline—
(I am not quite clear what these terms may
mean.)

But they've something to do with the thing
(I've seen!)

And the aim in life of a cultured cat
Is to gaze on such in a graceful jug!"

To the wild young puppy disturbed the pug,
Composing herself on the Persian rug;
"I would blush with shame through to toto!"

I raved at a piece of a peacock fan!

Twold never have raised in my sober mind
Ideas of a doubtful, delirious kind!

And your time henceforth—it's your Ma's
advice—

Will be spent in maturing your views on
Mice!"

"Ho!" cried Will.

"Fact. Got to get rich first. Domestic happiness indefinitely postponed. Just bought the ring," fumbling in his vest pocket. "You may look at it and get an idea for your wife's solitaire."

"Ho! Will?"

"You forgive me now, dear?"

She was shaking from head to feet. She began to cry softly.

"Not that, Will. You forgive me. I didn't know—I didn't think—"

He kissed her tenderly.

"Of course not, sweetheart. But we can do without diamonds better than without honor or each other, can't we?"

"Yes, yes!" she cried, and clung to him. But the tears had washed away the old selfishness and envy, and with her smile of love began a grander, fairer womanhood.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Pshaw! how did you manage that on
seventy-five a month? It's a beauty."

Andrews chuckled.

"You like it?"

"I should say so. How would stones
like that do for ear-rings?"

"Oh, let up, Dan. Where's the use
of talking about it? That's a carat, isn't it?"

"Right you are. But you can get the
same if you wish."

"O, some installment scheme, I suppose."

Andrews restored the ring to its case
and the case to his pocket.

"Not exactly."

And he forthwith proceeded to explain.

That night Mayrell said to his wife:

"I'll try and manage it, Dot."

"What? Not the ear-rings?"

"Yes."

"O, you darling!"

And the very next day he brought them up.

Didn't they sparkle on their bed of
new velvet, though? And weren't
they beauties? Actually larger than
Mrs. Kinsley's, too.

"I'm glad you like them, Dora."

"Like them!"

And her eyes were brighter than the
gems.

And for one whole month home was
paradise of serenity for Will Mayrell.

But one day, going out in a hurry, Dora
hastily put in her earrings. She could
not have fastened them securely, for on
her return she found herself minus one.

Of her grief, distraction, who could
write? Straightway down-town went she
and advertised in all the dailies.

But she did not give her real name and
address. She must not let Will know
till she could tell him of her reposi-
tion in the same breath. She offered
fifteen dollars reward, and came home
fagged and heartsick. But day passed and never a word came
there of the missing jewel. She staid at
the house altogether now. She had no
heart for shopping or calls.

"Escort keys!"

At these words the Sergeant of the
Guard, with five or six men, turns out,
and follows him to the "Spur," an outer
gate, each sentry challenging, as they
pass the post:

"Who goes there?"

"Keys."

The gates being carefully locked and
barred—the warden wearing as solemn
an aspect and making as much noise as
possible—the procession returns, the
sentries exacting the same explanation
and receiving the same answer as before.

"Come, now, Dora. Be sensible,
like a good little girl. You don't mean
to say you'd cry for a pair of ear-rings?"

And Will, having read the oft-repeated
advertisements and noticing the unadorned
pink ears, had come to his own conclusion.

But he only smiled and was silent—except for this one reference
to divert suspicion—like the wise fellow he was.

And when two weeks had passed and doubt had begun
to settle into despair little Mrs. Mayrell
began to wonder if she could by any
economical strain replace the lost
trinket unknown to Will. She might
have managed if they had not been
such very brilliant stones, and so large,
too. They must be worth an enormous sum!

How Will had managed to get them in
the first place rather puzzled and frightened
her when she let herself think of it, but then Will always did
things on a grand scale when he made
gifts.

Her hope of ever recovering her
precious ear-ring grew fainter daily.

She could not bear to look at the poor
lonely one laid so carefully away.

Going out to the theater with Will
one evening he said suddenly.

"Why, Dora, you haven't got your
ear-rings in. Are you tired of them already?"

"O, no!" she exclaimed, with a
feverish laugh, "but I can't wait for them. Come, I do hate to be late."

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