

WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY... McMINNVILLE, OREGON.

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

LITTLEFIELD & CALBREATH, Physicians and Surgeons, McMINNVILLE, OREGON.

S. A. YOUNG, M. D. Physician and Surgeon, McMINNVILLE, OREGON.

DR. G. F. TUCKER, DENTIST, McMINNVILLE, OREGON.

W. V. PRICE, PHOTOGRAPHER, McMINNVILLE, OREGON.

MUSTER POST BAND, The Best in the State, McMINNVILLE, OREGON.

N. J. ROWLAND, Business Manager, McMINNVILLE, OREGON.

M' MINNVILLE, Livery Feed and Sale Stables, McMINNVILLE, OREGON.

LOGAN BROS. & HENDERSON, Proprietors, McMINNVILLE, OREGON.

The Best Rigs in the City. Orders Promptly Attended to Day or Night.

"ORPHANS' HOME" BILLIARD HALL, A Strictly Temperance Resort, McMINNVILLE, OREGON.

"Orphans' Home" TONSORIAL PARLORS, The only first class, and the only parlor-like shop in the city. None but First-class Workmen Employed!

H. H. WELCH, The best pattern for dresses, especially in large sizes, is a popular one with French ladies.

The Chevalier van Flewyck, of Louvain, has just perfected, after thirty-eight years of labor, a machine for recording all music extemporized upon the piano.

Mamma, what are you looking for? asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

Mamma, what are you looking for? asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

Mamma, what are you looking for? asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

Mamma, what are you looking for? asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

Mamma, what are you looking for? asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

Mamma, what are you looking for? asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

Mamma, what are you looking for? asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

Mamma, what are you looking for? asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

Mamma, what are you looking for? asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

Mamma, what are you looking for? asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

Mamma, what are you looking for? asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

Mamma, what are you looking for? asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

Mamma, what are you looking for? asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

Mamma, what are you looking for? asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

Mamma, what are you looking for? asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

Mamma, what are you looking for? asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

Mamma, what are you looking for? asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

Mamma, what are you looking for? asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

Mamma, what are you looking for? asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

Mamma, what are you looking for? asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

Mamma, what are you looking for? asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

Mamma, what are you looking for? asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

Mamma, what are you looking for? asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

Mamma, what are you looking for? asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

Mamma, what are you looking for? asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

Mamma, what are you looking for? asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

Mamma, what are you looking for? asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

Mamma, what are you looking for? asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

Mamma, what are you looking for? asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

Mamma, what are you looking for? asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

Mamma, what are you looking for? asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

Mamma, what are you looking for? asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

LITTLE SEAMSTRESS.

Jenny Wilson was sitting sewing by the window of the little shabby parlor that looked out on the High street.

Jenny was not pretty, but she had a fresh, sweet little face, a large, smiling mouth, pleasant gray eyes, and neat, smooth hair.

The market place looked very empty when Jenny looked out on it every now and again to rest her eyes.

Jenny's little workroom had never held such grand visitors before. It was a dingy little parlor, with horsehair chairs and sofa.

Jenny sat down shyly to the little old piano, and began, with a certain tremor in her voice, "Angels ever bright and fair."

That evening at Royhill, when the ladies came into the drawing after dinner, they found Jenny already awaiting them.

"I could wait no longer," he said; "they were discussing hounds and horses, and I thought it would never end. Now, Violet, when is our music to begin?"

"Miss Wilson is going to sing to us, Richard," she said. "Will you and Eleanor take her into the hall and settle with her what the music is to be?"

"Mamma, what are you looking for?" asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

"Mamma, what are you looking for?" asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

"Mamma, what are you looking for?" asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

"Mamma, what are you looking for?" asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

"Mamma, what are you looking for?" asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

"Mamma, what are you looking for?" asked Little Manie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

corner beside the piano, where he could watch the singer almost unseen himself.

Jenny followed Lady Eleanor into the hall. Mr. Feyne opened the piano for her and arranged the music.

So Jenny sat at the piano and sang one song after another to him. Her repertoire contained chiefly old ballads—such as "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair"—and solos from the oratorios.

"I cannot thank you enough," he said, gently; "you have so much reverence and religion in the tones of your voice, that one feels better for listening to you."

"It is a pity," said Mr. Reyhill, "that she doesn't learn something besides those old songs and sacred music. It's all very well of a Sunday evening to have sacred music, but one likes a little change of a week day."

Mr. Feyne answered a little hotly that to sing any other kind of music would spoil Miss Wilson's voice.

The next day at breakfast Richard begged his sister to ask Miss Wilson to come up again and sing. Lady Violet was only too glad to be able to provide some pleasure for him.

"I am so glad Richard liked her singing," Lady Violet was saying, "for it will help me to persuade him to stay or here."

"Yes," answered Lady Eleanor, a little drily, "Miss Wilson's singing may have that desired effect."

"No, no," cried Lady Eleanor, quickly, "nothing! I feel sure she is a very good girl, it is only my folly. I thought—let's talk any more about it. Let's see this new frock of yours. I can't be sure whether I should like the silver with the salmon color." And her cheeks still remained crimson, though she was apparently occupied with the consideration of Lady Violet's wardrobe.

So Jenny came up again and again to Royhill place, and sang of an evening to Mr. Feyne. He was always courteous and kind. There were moments, so Jenny fancied, when he entirely lost sight of her personality, and only identified her with her music, as one might think of a bird. He said many things to her in praise of her voice, but never made her any mere compliments. There was, Jenny felt, a curious relation established between them. Unconsciously, and without analyzing the feeling, she looked forward eagerly to these evenings. The dim hall, with its vague scent of violets, the warmth and the luxurious beauty of the house, after the chilly dinginess of her home, the sense of easy leisure after the toiling and moping all day brought to the little seamstress an indefinable sense of pleasure. Had Lady Violet been older she would have foreseen the danger, but such an idea never occurred to her. She was much too busy with her own round of enjoyment. And Mr. Feyne himself, absorbed in the pleasure of the music, and too chivalrous and modest to think he was inspiring any other feeling than

that of the merest friendship, where it was his intention to inspire nothing warmer, never dreamed of any drawback to his intimacy with Miss Wilson.

There was a little woman staying at Royhill who always liked to have her share in what was going on. She was a little old spinster of good family and very small means, who spent her life in visiting—going from one great house to another, playing when others danced, writing letters for the lady of the house, going in to dinner with the bore of the evening, and performing a thousand little duties of the kind in return for the hospitality offered her.

So, after luncheon one day, she sidled up to Richard, and asked him to come into the hall to see some art needlework she was doing for his sister. When they were alone she began to her unsuspecting companion:

"I dare say you think me very meddling, Mr. Feyne?"

"I have known you so long, she continued, "that I must give you a warning. I know you don't see the thing as others do, but you really mustn't spend every evening listening to that musical little dressmaker. People are beginning to talk," she went on, inventing on the spur of the moment, "and you don't know what you have put into her silly little head—she will expect you to marry her; and she is head and ears in love. I assure you, if she comes up like this, night after night, to sing to you, there will be all kinds of stories. No one respectable would employ her as dressmaker if she sets her cap at gentlemen!"

The color rose in Richard's face to the roots of his hair. For one moment he was too angry to speak, and the foolish woman, taking his silence for a sign of consent, went on archly: "You are throwing away all your chances with Lady Eleanor. Yes, yes; I know she's been in love with you ever since she was a child in the schoolroom; but you can't expect this kind of thing to last forever, and one day she will get tired of using all the great people who propose to her."

By this time Richard had recovered his voice. "All that you have said to me is utterly false and untrue!" he cried, his voice trembling with anger. "Neither Miss Wilson nor myself have ever entertained for a moment the ideas you have been good enough to impute to us. And if people have talked, they have simply done so because they are malicious and coarse minded."

The little woman was now frightened at what she had done. "I'm sure I only spoke because I wished to spare Lady Eleanor pain; anybody could see that she cares for you."

Richard was beginning to deny this story too, when suddenly he stopped. Something within him told him that this at least was true, though he had never before known it.

The silly woman rambled on incoherently, trying to excuse herself for meddling. "Of course, it was ruining the girl and I felt sorry for her—Miss Wilson, I mean. A girl's character is so quickly questioned, and then what remains? I couldn't bear to think of it!"

"Do you mean to say," Richard demanded, furious, "that Miss Wilson's reputation has suffered in the slightest degree, or that she has been lowered in the eyes of the world, by my fault?"

His opponent prevaricated, hesitated, and then finally agreed that it was so. She was so terrified that she scarcely knew what she was saying, and her one idea was to escape from Richard, who, erect before her, his handsome face still handsome with passion, and his angry eyes fixed upon her, was ready, so she declared, "to kill her!"

"There is only one remedy," Mr. Feyne said, slowly; "I must ask Miss Wilson to be my wife. That is, it appears to me, the only way to put everything straight; and he strode out of the room, leaving the wretched creature to recover her senses. Without asking anybody's advice, without pausing to consider, he proceeded to act on his blind impulse. It was a pouring wet day; the rain had been steadily falling all day and the ground was sodden and the trees dripping with moisture. The landscape looked blurred and blotched, and the only sound in the air was the regular, rhythmic sob of the rain. Richard passed before the hall windows, wrapped in the black Spanish cloak that Lady Violet used to call his "conspirator's cloak." He heard a tap on the glass, and turned round to see Lady Eleanor, who smiled and waved her hand to him. "I wish you joy of your wet walk!" she cried laughingly. Richard moved hastily away; a sudden consciousness seized him that this really was the woman he loved. He had never realized it before; now it was too late. He hurried down to the little town and rang the bell at Jenny's house. The little apprentice showed him up into the parlor, where presently Jenny, with a flushed and startled face, made her appearance. He went up to her, regardless of his dripping

cloak that was making puddles on the threadbare carpet, and began earnestly: "I am afraid, Miss Wilson, that you have been annoyed by these abominable reports and scandalous stories."

"I am deeply grieved," he went on, "that any one should have dared to make my name the source of any discomfort to you, but if you wish these stories can be silenced at once. I have come to ask you to be my wife."

It seemed to Jenny as if the room reeled with her. For one moment, and for one moment only, she hesitated. He continued in a faltering voice: "I am poor, as you know, but I would endeavor to make you happy if you could be content with the little that I can offer."

The tears unbidden rose to her eyes, but, courageous to the end, she made him a little curtsy that had, he felt, a world of grace and dignity in it, and left the room. So the matter ended. But three months after, when Mr. Feyne and his bride were spending their honeymoon in Hampshire, they went for a long ride over the downs, and Richard told Eleanor the whole story. She gave a cry of surprise, and then, putting her hand softly on his arm, "Ah, Richard," she said, "don't you see, she loved you too well to do you any harm, and it was because she loved you that she refused you?"—Annie Fellowes, in Leisure Hour.

Beautiful Bermuda. Everything is bright, every outline is sharp, every house like a house made of snow, roof and all, scarlet and yellow flowers in masses, trees so full of birds that it seems as if every leaf were a bird, yet not a bird to be seen—they are only heard; the whole beautiful island resonant like a bell. Such is Bermuda.—Bermuda Letter.

Another Word Needed. The government ought to offer a reward for anybody who will invent a word that will pleasantly, picturesquely, agreeably define a happy evening among friends. "Social" is one of the most horrible words in the language, used as a noun. "Party" means anything or nothing. It is absolutely unexpressive. "A good time" comes in for a big drunk, or a picnic, or a funeral, even for there are people who enjoy, really enjoy, funerals. "A dinner party" seems to stop with the eating. Now if there is a time when people are unsober, it is at a big dinner party. If you are fond of eating, conversation is a nuisance, and you can't get up any reasonable discussion that will not be broken by the courses.

You've either to devote yourself to the menu or to your neighbor. If she's pretty, you don't eat your dinner; if the dinner's good it requires a perfect self abnegation to pay any attention to her. A dinner party is neither one thing nor the other. But after dinner! Well, that's different. "Soiree" is an abominable word. The man that coined it should have been killed. Now, what can you call a happy, merry evening? You can't call it anything short and nice and pleasant. People talk about "spending the evening" just as if they had to put in the time somehow, and that was all they wanted to do. "Calling" suggests a straight-backed chair, your hat in your hand and the hostess in discomfort, wishing you'd go. And there's only one word in the English language that means comfort, and peace, and happiness, and enjoyment, and that word is "Home."—San Francisco Chronicle "Undertones."

Woman's Work in Early Times. Prior to the American revolution every colonial farm house and every blacksmith's shop was a manufactory. For everything was literally manufactured; that is, made by hand. The blacksmith hammered out axes, hoes, spades, plowshares, scythes and nails. A tailor went from house to house to make up the winter clothing, and was followed by the shoemaker. The farmer prepared the leather from skins which had laid in the vat for a year, and his wife made ready the cloth. Spinning wheels buzzed from morning till night. Skeins of woolen and linen yarn hung on the walls of every house. Seated on the loom seat, the best woman of the family plied shuttles and treadles, weaving blankets, sheets, table cloths, towels, bed curtains, window curtains, flannels and cloth for garments. Every woman in the household manufactured something. The aged grandmother spun flax with the little wheel; the youngest daughter carded wool, and the oldest, if the men were busy, hatched flax. It was hand work that did it, and every hand did what it could best do. The women, whose "work was never done," not only carded, spun and wove, but they milked the cows, made butter, bread and cheese, soap and candles, cooked the food, did the washing, and in harvest raked hay, pulled flax and dug potatoes. The neighbor who happened in for an afternoon's gossip brought her work. The mother patched or knitted as she rested by the fireside, or quartered apples for the children to "string" and hang in the morning in festoons on the sunny outside walls. All were busy, always busy. —Youth's Companion.

Golden Age of the Baseballist.



IDYL OF THE PRESENT DAY.



SOCIAL SUCCESS.

A reception given in honor of Mickey, the short stop, who was lately purchased for \$5,000 by the Boston Greens.—Judge.

AMERICAN FABLES.

THE BURGLAR AND THE JUDGE.

A Burglar who was on Trial for having broken into a house pleaded in extenuation that he spent at least three hours of his valuable time and did not secure anything in return.

"That is an injustice which shall be remedied," replied his Honor. "I'll reward you with five years' free board and lodgings."

MORAL:

Even a Burglar will get his dues before an Honest Court.

THE WOLF AND THE GOAT.

A Wolf one day Discovered a Goat in the loft of his master's barn, where he could not be got at, and he, therefore, smilingly announced:

"I beg pardon for having disturbed you, but I came to say that I have lately reformed. Come down and let's talk it over."

"Not this eve!" replied the Goat, as he chewed away at an old pair of overalls.

"Then you distrust me?"

"Oh, no, no! I'm simply waiting for a Lamb to come along and test the stability of your reformation."

MORAL:

Few rascals reform except to their own profit.—Detroit Free Press.

An Outlaw Indeed.

A woman who keeps a boarding house on Larned street called at police headquarters yesterday to complain that a gentleman boarder had skipped her house, leaving a bill unpaid.

"He owes me about \$40 and I want him caught," she added.

"What kind of a person was he?" asked the sergeant.

"Well, the day before he went away he offered to marry me to settle the bill. You can judge what cheek he has."

"And you refused?"

"Yes—no—no, I didn't," she exclaimed as she blushed clear back to her ears. "It was all settled that we should be married, and that's one reason why I'll pursue him to the ends of the earth. A man who'll jump a board bill and a marriage engagement, too, is an outlaw who should be locked up."—Detroit Free Press.

Plantation Philosophy.

De bigger dat you see de smoko De less de fire will be, And de leastest kind o' possum Climbs de biggest kind o' tree.

De darky at de ole camp ground Will kin loudst sing, and shout Is agwine to rob some hen roost Afore de week is out.

—Quoted by Senator Vance.

A Chiny Man.

"Isn't it your opinion that we shall have an early spring?" he asked of a Grand River avenue grocer.

"I shouldn't like to predict," was the reply. "I'm afraid of making a mistake, eh?"

"Yes. I've got a lot of old debtors on my books, and have predicted a dozen times over that this one or that one would call around Saturday night and settle, but I've been left every time."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the other in a forced way, and as he walked off he muttered to himself:

"If he thinks he can bulldoze that four dollars out of me in any such way as that he's mistaken. I'll pay when I get ready, spring or no spring."—Detroit Free Press.

He Hadn't Any.

A huckster from the market yesterday hailed a farmer on Grand River avenue with:

"Hey, are you loaded with produce?" "Humph!" sneered the farmer as he pulled up. "We don't grow any of that stuff out our way."

"What do you grow?" "Well, we dabble more or less in pro-juice, and I've got a load of it here."

"That's given me a hint," said a potato peddler, who had stopped his vehicle to make a dicker. "I've been calling it 'pro-juice' for the last dozen years, and what must the critics have thought of me?"—Detroit Free Press.

The French President's Salary.

M. Grevy receives as president of the French republic a yearly salary of \$240,000, besides the following allowances: \$20,000 for heating and lighting, servants and washing, \$60,000 for his entertainments and journeys and \$25,000 for the maintenance of his game preserves.