

WEST SIDE TELEPHONE. Issued EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY. Garrison's Building, McMinnville, Oregon.

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A Sonorous Voice. Two men wearing sombreros and long hair sit opposite each other at a table in a Calhoun place restaurant.

Upsetting a Preacher's Gravity. Dr. Patterson was preaching a very earnest discourse and was carrying his congregation with him when an English pug dog crossed the line of his vision.

She Made a Mistake. They had come over from New York to Philadelphia on a short trip, and had arrived at the hotel in the night.

Cost of Tombstone Designs. Weeping angel, age 10, fine finish, \$45 to \$75. Weeping angel, with wings, \$30 to \$50.

Tribute to an American Singer. The French people think that Miss Thurbly should cast aside her prejudices and sing in opera.

Where He Bought Him. Fogg—What did you pay for that horse? Dumley—Two hundred dollars!

An Annual Wall. Now boils the sap, and far Vermont rejoices at the ceaseless font in maple's trunk.

Kvite Fonetie. A farmer once called his cow "Zephyr." She seemed such an amiable heifer.

Minor Casualties. Jay Gould says his money has enslaved him. We've got an emancipation proclamation here to give for a consideration.

The Mighty Musical Truth. Flotow's "Marta" is an opera which many people having a reputation for connoisseurship to keep up affect to despise.

Diners in Large Cities. Dinners in New York, London, in Washington, in Philadelphia, in perhaps all large cities, are conducted on debt paying principles.

THE CARICATURISTS.

THE PERSONAL PECULIARITIES OF SOME SAD FUNNY MEN. Thumbnailed Sketches of Nast and Keppler, Taylor, Oppen, Kemble and Others—The Work They Have Done, Caricaturing in America.

At the Salmagundi dinner the other night, amid sixty of the jolliest souls imaginable, one was far more sprightly and vivacious than all the rest.

Keppler is an oddity; he likes to startle the town with unconventional attire. He is apt to stride through the streets with high boots, worn outside of trousers so patched as to suggest jersey cloth.

Look at some of the junior cartoonists. Charles Jay Taylor, whose fun is always original, piquant and elevating, looks as sober as a person when he is producing the funniest faces and situations on paper.

SON OF A FORTY-NINER. E. W. Kemble, by the way, is the son of a California Forty-niner, and after a hard struggle attracted the interest of Mark Twain.

A Verbatim Reporter. "Did you tell your mother I was going to have a new bonnet at Easter?" inquired a lady of a neighbor's child who was visiting her own children.

Very Common Here. "There is a church at Bergen, Norway, constituted of paper." This is not so remarkable, considering that in this country many "valuable gold and silver mines" can be found only on paper.

Worse and Worse. Doctor—You have had a bad case of dyspepsia. Have you ever worked in a railway eating house? Patient—No, sir; I am janitor in a cooking school.

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AN INTERCEPTED VALENTINE.

With Acknowledgments to Dr. Talmage. Dear cousin Canada, you know we like you. June and December brighten with your charms. Not for the world would I have a hand to strike you.

Who talks of bait? By all that's trim and tidy, You are the sweetest bait our eyes have found. Come live with us, dear coz, and every Friday You shall have fish until your head swims round.

The New Time Table in Canada. A woman of decidedly national characteristics got off the train last evening, and after wandering about the city a short time accosted a gentleman with, "Will ye be affertellin' me the time av day it is at the present time, mister?"

Bombast. A conceited politician, who had a high opinion of his powers as an orator, and who by his self assertion often forced himself into prominence before the public, was advertised to make an address at the memorial services of a man somewhat noted in his district as a politician and leader of "the boys."

Quite a "Dog." A few years ago there was an old lake captain who was an inveterate reader of the serial papers. He would become interested in a story, and the day when each fresh installment reached him was one of joy.

The French Giving Up Smoking. The growing virtue of the French in the matter of tobacco smoking bids fair to create yet another difficulty in the arduous task of balancing the budget of the republic.

A Lucrative Practice. No very lucrative industry was pursued by a number of alleged miners, which for a year or two yielded them a handsome income.

The Power of Concentration. I believe the men who rule the world are those who have got the power of concentration. That is not to decry the power of word painting.

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RIFLE AND REVOLVER.

CLAIM JUMPING IN THE PALMY DAYS OF NEVADA MINING. How Matters Were Carried on During the Lawless Period—A Gang of Robbers Brought to Terms—A Lucrative Industry.

"You people in St. Louis," said an old '49er, "know nothing of what a mining boom really is. Here the people are greatly excited if a mine advances 100 per cent. in value during a month or two, but during the palmy days of Nevada mining such changes were matters of daily occurrence, and occasioned no excitement at all.

ONE OF THE ARGONAUTS. "Jack Kendrick, a man universally respected and feared on account of his upright-ness and determination, stepped up to them, and said that if they would give him a one-third interest in the mine he would drive off the robbers.

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TO THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

If I were you, in moments of reflection, Though criticism may be fair and true, I'd not go in too much for vivisection, If I were you.

I would not take the flowers of life and tear them apart, Their inner secrets all to view, I'd pluck them gently, reverently wear them, If I were you.

I'd leave some gossamer of tender fancies In Life's wide meadow, gemmed along with dew, Not sweep them all before stern Fact's advances, If I were you.

I would not let the oil of toleration— The sameness of one general "width of view" Subdue the free wave's motion to stagnation, If I were you.

I'd not laugh down enthusiasm's fire As antique and high-toned—I'd leave some few Sparks of a noble rage, a generous ire, If I were you.

And oh! amid the rush for wealth or pleasure, And all the hurry hurly and to do, I'd leave some breathing space, some nooks of leisure, Some time for laying up th' enduring treasure, If I were you.

NOT ENCOURAGING TO PEN DRIVERS. Joe Howard Writes of the Inevitable Poverty of Journalism. The rich men in journalism are not the best writers. There are men who would have shown quite as brilliant behind the calico counter, in the battery factory or in the whisky still.

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THE COLDEST COUNTRY.

WHAT LIEUT. SCHEUTZE SAYS OF THE LENA DELTA COUNTRY. How the Yakuts Manage to Keep Warm in Northwestern Siberia.—Hats and Their Fitfulness—Food and Clothing.—Eating Butter.

Lieut. W. H. Scheutze, of the navy, who was sent to the Lena delta in northwestern Siberia to deliver to the natives gifts from the government of the United States to repay them for the aid they rendered him in his search for the missing members of the Jeannot party, says in his report that the town of Verovsk, Siberia, is the coldest inhabited spot in the world.

HOW TO KEEP WARM. "But how do they manage to keep warm?" "Well, in the first place the Yakuts are an enduring race and are born in that climate. Then they dress in furs, and have learned from their ancestors, or from their own experience, how to keep warm.

GETTING RID OF VERMIN. "What is that fur?" "To freeze the lice. They couldn't live if they didn't do it, and it has become a national custom. The lice get into the fur and that is the only way to get them out.

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