THE TELEPHONE.

PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

PUBLICATION OFFICE:
One Door North of cor er Third and E Sts.,
McMINNVILLE, OR.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
(IN ADVANCE.)
One year.....$2 00
Six months.....1 00
Three months.....50

DEMOCRATIC.

WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

VOL. II. McMINNVILLE, OREGON, OCTOBER 21, 1887. NO. 26.

THE TELEPHONE.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square or less, one insertion.....$1 00
One square, each subsequent insertion.... 50
Notices of appointment and final settlement 5 00

Other legal advertisements, 75 cents for first insertion and 40 cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

Special business notices in business columns, 10 cents per line. Regular business notices, 5 cents per line.

Professional cards, $12 per year.

Special rates for large display "ads."

STOVES!

S. A. MANNING

CARRIES THE FINEST LINE OF

STOVES In the county, the new ACORN. These stoves, without doubt, are the best stove manufactured. One of these stoves will be given to the new cash subscriber to the TELEPHONE who guesses nearest its weight.

$35.00 Stove given away.

COME AND SUBSCRIBE $1,50 A YEAR.

Schofield & Morgan,

87 Washington St., - - - - Portland, Oregon.

Wall and Ceiling Papers

—Of all Grades and the Latest Eastern Styles—

SAMPLES MAILED ON APPLICATION:

M'MINNVILLE
TONSORIAL PARLOR,

Shaving, Hair Cutting and——
——Shampoing Parlors.

C. H. FLEMING, Prop.

All kinds of fancy hair cutting done in the latest and neatest style.

All kinds of fancy hair dressing and hair dying, a specialty. Special attention given to

Ladies' and Childrens' Work

I also have for sale a very fine assortment of hair oils, hair tonics, cosmetics, etc.

O! I have in connection with my parlor, the largest and finest stock of

CIGARS

Ever in the city.

☞ THIRD STREET McMINNVILLE, OREGON

A. J. SMITH,

—AGENT FOR—

FRANK BRO'S. Implement Co.

—AT—

SMITH'S Machine Works

Will be found a complete stock of BUFORD plows, including the Carbonate Steel plow, and SMITH'S Patent Walking Gang. These plows are something new and useful and it costs nothing to try them. Also the new HAVANA Press Drill, call and look before buying elsewhere. I am also prepared to furnish castings and steam fixtures on short notice. sep23tf

THE OLD RELIABLE

MARTIN & STOUT WAREHOUSE!

GALLOWAY & GOUCHER, Props.

This warehouse has been thoroughly renovated and overhauled, and new accommodations added.

Highest Cash Prices Paid for Grain.

Direct Shipments to San Francisco.

None but standard Calcutta Sacks kept and let on the most reasonable terms.

Honest Weight. Fair Dealing.

STORAGE 3 CENTS.

WM. HOLL,

Proprietor of the

McMinnville Jewelry Store,

The leading

JEWELRY ESTABLISHMENT,
—OF—
YAMHILL COUNTY,

Third Street, McMinnville Or.

"WHEN"

You want any thing in the line of

Job Printing

Call at the office of the WEST SIDE TELEPHONE. We will guarantee you

BEST WORK, LOWEST PRICES.

We make a specialty of Fine

Book and Card Printing.

S. A. YOUNG, M. D.

Physician & Surgeon,

McMINNVILLE, - - - OREGON.

Office and residence on D street. All calls promptly answered day or night.

W. V. PRICE,

PHOTOGRAPHER.

Up Stairs in Adams' Building,

McMinnville, Oregon

Tall Oaks From Little Acorns Grow.

With brains and skill and patient will,
Which shows them great painstakers!
The Wagon that has pleased the world,
Was made by STUDEBAKERS.

The Country grew with rapid strides;
The West with teeming acres,
Was in a quandry what to do!
Till relieved by STUDEBAKERS.

So, with Iron and Wood and labor good,
Though they have many Imitators;
If you want the Wagon that's best on earth!
Just buy of STUDEBAKERS.

The moral is plain, which you may know
And if you look, you may see also,
That the largest Oaks from Acorns grow;
The same as the STUDEBAKERS.

New Blacksmith Shop!

AMITY, OREGON.

SAM LIKENS, Proprietor.

Blacksmithing and carriage ironing of every description.

Horse Shoeing

And plow work a specialty.

—o—

Also manufacture the

☞ Celebrated Oregon Iron Harrow,

GIVE ME A CALL. 50tf

McMINNVILLE

Livery Feed and Sale Stables,

Cor Third and D streets, McMinnville

LOGAN BROS., & HENDERSON,

Proprietors.

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

CITY STABLES,

Third Street, between E and F

McMinnville, Oregon.

Henderson Bros. Props.

First-class accommodations for Commercial men and general travel.

Transient stock well cared for.

Everything new and in First-Class Order

Patronage respectfully solicited 1tf

Mrs. H. P. Stuart,

—THE LEADER IN—

MILLINERY,

Hair weaving and Stamping.

Opposite Grange Store McMinnville, Or.

D. M. Caldwell!

—Dealer in all kinds of—

Flour and Feed.

—Goods sold at—

The Lowest Cash Price

—And—

Delivered Free!

To all persons residing within city limits.

Lyle Wright

Dealer in

Harness, Saddles, Etc, Etc,

Repairing neatly done at reasonable rates

Wright's new building. Corner Third and F streets, McMinnville, Or.

SERIOUS HUMORISTS.

THE MISFORTUNES THAT BEFELL SAXE, BURDETTE AND BAILY.

Many of Our Most Popular Humorists Write from a Heart Full of Sorrow—Saxe's Sad Lot—Burdette's Wife—Bailey's Heroic Devotion.

I have been impressed with the curious fact that many of our most popular humorists write from a heart full of sorrow. They are often men who have so common domestic afflictions to bear, such trials and troubles as sometimes drive other men to drink, and not a few to suicide. But the genuine humorist, like Goldsmith, or Tom Hood, or the late John G. Saxe, or the unfortunate Artemus Ward, is usually a man of many sorrows, who smiles in spite of himself while looking upon the dark side of life. I once lived in New York in the same house in which Artemus Ward boarded. It was very near what was then known as St. John's park, but which is now the great Hudson River freight depot. Poor Ward, after giving a brilliant lecture up town, would return to his temporary home, his pockets stuffed with money. He would usually come home intoxicated and throw himself upon the bed, after emptying his pockets and scattering their contents over the room. "I don't care for money," he would say. "I don't care for fame! I am the most miserable and unhappy of men!"

A POET'S SAD LOT.

The world knows of the misfortunes which overwhelmed John G. Saxe, and how he lived for years a prey to melancholy, the wreck of a railway accident, and almost the only survivor of his once large and interesting family. I remember him well in his prime, when he resided in a pretty brick cottage on Union street, in the lovely little city of Burlington, Vt. Then he had a charming wife and a large family of children. He was in the best of health, of perfect physical build, as tall and handsome a fellow as one could wish to see. He was at the height of his fame as a poet and a lecturer, and had nothing to do but travel over the country and "scoop in the dollars," as Eli Perkins does nowadays. It seemed as if fortune smiled upon Saxe, and as if his days of joy and sunshine would never end. I was a student in college then, and I remember how I used to envy him his happy lot. The years flew swiftly by, and time wrought sad havoc with the Saxe family, as well as with the genial poet himself. His wife died, and all of the children, save one, followed her to the grave, victims of consumption. I was at the wedding of one of Mr Saxe's sons, in New York city, when he married a daughter of the late Judge Sutherland. In a few years both bride and groom had passed away, and the parents on both sides are now dead. Of the poet's recent death and its sad circumstances it is unnecessary to speak.

POOR BURDETTE'S WIFE.

The saddest case I have heard of recently is that of Bob Burdette. His young and handsome wife became a dreadful sufferer from rheumatism. Nothing gave her relief and she daily grew worse. Finally the disease reached such a stage that she became terribly deformed, and was really a frightful object to behold. The skin was drawn tightly over the bones of her face, and the flesh so fell away, she looked as if she had been burned, and a dreadful scar was the result. Her face showed the bones as prominently as does Cardinal Manning's today. Her hands grew like bird's claws, and she was unable to walk. In time she became almost helpless, and could only feed herself with the greatest difficulty. This state of things continued for years. All this time poor Burdette was the most patient, loving and devoted of husbands. His affections seemed to increase with his wife's distress. He always spoke of her as "her serene highness," and called their little boy "the prince." He used to dress his wife, comb and arrange her hair, put a bit of lace about her neck, put on her lace mits, etc., and then take her up in his arms and carry her wherever she wished to go. At the table he cut her food, helped her feed herself, and held the cup or glass while she drank. He never seemed to notice her deformities, and was always loving, kind and attentive. If they passed the summer at the sea shore, he would take her to the beach, find a shady and retired place, put her in a chair, arrange her comfortably, and then, throwing himself upon the sand, read to her for hours. And so he continued to love and cherish his wife, until they were parted by death. Many of the brightest and most laughable of his contributions to the press were written at the bedside of his wife.

THE DANBURY NEWS MAN.

J. M. Bailey, known as The Danbury (Conn.) News man, is another example of a humorist who has more than his share of trials. He is a large, handsome man, with black eyes and dark hair, now plentifully sprinkled with gray. He lives very quietly in Danbury, Conn., and is either always at his little office on Main street, or at his modern residence, with its pretty green lawns and bed of flowers. He never spends an evening away from home, and has not been outside of Danbury for years. His poor wife has lost her reason and demands all of his attention. She thinks nobody in the world can do anything for her except her husband. He must dress her and arrange her hair, and attend to all her wants. She is like a child, and he gives her all of his affection, time and attention. His devotion is something heroic and beautiful. Upon one occasion, so the people of Danbury say, she went to his office and asked him to do up her hair. It had fallen down. He arranged it for her in the pleasantest manner possible, did all she asked without the least annoyance, and then took her home. Such are the facts concerning some of our well known humorists. Many more about others might be given, but we have enough to show that there is a dark as well as a bright side to the life of those who afford the public so much amusement.—Fuller Walker in Kansas City Journal.

Sunday in London.

If London is the dullest city in Europe Sunday the country surrounding it and the river cannot be called quiet on that day. The greater part of the middle class people of London make it a point to get out of the city on some kind of a frolic every pleasant Sunday during the summer. Every place of amusement in London is closed Sunday, and extra price is charged at the Zoological gardens, and everything made as dismal as it is possible. To the very great number of London drunkards, however, a concession is made. After church is over in the morning every liquor saloon, or public, as they call them, is open until midnight. So by the time evening comes about the only persons to be seen on the streets are either drunk or well on the way to being so. This kind of a crowd naturally drives respectable people to the suburbs, and the favorite picnic places are Maidenhead and Richmond, both of which have good facilities for boating.—London Cor. Chicago Tribune.

A woman down in Maine has a collection of more than eight hundred kinds of candy.

My idea of heaven is eating foie gras to the sound of trumpets.—Sydney Smith.

LINCOLN AS AN ORATOR.

His Unusual Power of "Putting Things." How He Acquired It.

More interesting, however, than the experiences of those who listened to him are the comments of Lincoln himself on the methods by which he acquired his powers as an orator. A clergyman who was among his auditors on one of these occasions has recorded the following as among his statements in a conversation he held with him in a railroad car:

"'Ah! that reminds me,' he said, 'of a most extraordinary circumstance which occurred in New Haven the other day. They told me that the professor of rhetoric in Yale college—a very learned man, isn't he?' 'Yes, sir, and a very fine critic too.' 'Well, I suppose so; he ought to be at any rate—they told me that he came to hear me, and took notes of my speech, and gave a lecture on it to his class the next day; and, not satisfied with that, he followed me up to Meriden the next evening, and heard me again for the same purpose. Now, if this is so, it is to my mind very extraordinary. I have been sufficiently astonished at my success in the west. It has been most unexpected. But I had no thought of any marked success at the east and, least of all, that I should draw out such commendations from literary and learned men!'

"'That suggests, Mr. Lincoln, an inquiry which has several times been upon my lips during this conversation. I want very much to know how you got this unusual power of "putting things." It must have been a matter of education. No man has it by nature alone. What has your education been?'

"'Well, as to education, the newspapers are correct—I never went to school more than six months in my life. But, as you say, this must be a product of culture in some form. I have been putting the question you ask me to myself while you have been talking. I say this, that among my earliest recollections, I remember how, when a mere child, I used to get irritated when anybody talked to me in a way I could not understand. I don't think I ever got angry at anything else in my life. But that always disturbed my temper, and has ever since. I can remember going to my little bedroom, after hearing the neighbors talk of an evening with my father, and spending no small part of the night walking up and down, and trying to make out what was the exact meaning of some of their, to me, dark sayings. I could not sleep, though I often tried to, when I got on such a hunt after an idea, until I had caught it; and when I thought I had got it, I was not satisfied until I had repeated it over and over, until I had put it in language plain enough, as I thought, for any boy I knew to comprehend. This was a kind of passion with me, and it has stuck by me, for I am never easy now, when I am handling a thought, till I have bounded it north and bounded it south and bounded it east and bounded it west. Perhaps that accounts for the characteristic you observe in my speeches, though I never put the two things together before.'—The Rev. J. P. Gulliver in N. Y. Independent, Sept. 1, 1864."

It must be borne in mind that the report of the foregoing conversation was not written until more than four years after it took place. While the main facts and ideas are doubtless given with reasonable fidelity, anything like verbal accuracy in recording Mr. Lincoln's phraseology is not to be presumed.—The Century.

The Ways of Thieves.

"Negroes have a certain way of stealing dogs that I never heard explained. They can steal the most vicious kind of brutes. I never believed that until a negro thief here named Tom Goabout stole a ferocious mastiff on a bet with the owner, who was boasting that nobody could get into his yard while the dog was there. A nigger thief will steal clothes all the time. If he fell into a room full of silverware, he might take something, but he'd hunt around and get clothes before he left. He wants women's clothes especially, and in one instance I remember a colored man was arrested at night with a stolen bustle under his coat tails. Another fellow, years ago, broke into a house and stole a pair of hoops, and when he was going down stairs they fell from under his arm, and he tripped on them and went headforemost to the bottom and was arrested. The safe burglar who was busy at his work and forgot himself and began whistling a jig and brought the cops on him was another sample of 'chump.'

"There was a story of a New York burglar who broke into a house one Christmas Eve and put his jimmy in a little girl's stocking, and left his candle on the mantel and left the house. I don't know how true it is, but I heard it. The musical burglar who broke into a musician's house and picked up a cornet, and couldn't resist the temptation to blow it once, and then had to jump through a window, was another funny fellow."—Globe-Democrat.

Physician for a Millionaire.

Since Phil Armour got his first twinge of rheumatic pain his physician has had a very rich thing of it. Every day for months, as regular as everybody else in the Armour employ, Dr. Horsey has called around at the La Salle street office to see his rich patient. He takes a seat and watches Armour at his work. It isn't his invariable custom to interrupt him at his work. He often leaves without having any interview at all. If he wants to have a talk they go into the "box" together, as the little private office in that establishment is called. This one patient is said to be worth $10,000 a year to the handsome doctor, not an extravagant figure, either, when it is remembered that he has dropped his general practice for a month or more at a time, and given his whole attention to this one big patient. When Armour is ailing he wants to get well in a great hurry. He does not want his doctor scattering. If a good round fee will get all his time, the fee is ready. He wants to get a doctor just as he'd get a superintendent for a packing house. He wants the doctor to charge a good fee, and, the fee being paid, there's the mischief to pay if the doctor doesn't do what he's set at work to do—just as there'd be if the packing house superintendent didn't do what he was hired for.—Chicago Herald.

New Form of Building Association.

Quite recently there has come into existence in this country a society which proposes to unite the life insurance feature with the co-operative practice of the building association. In brief, its objects are that members can purchase homes by making monthly or quarterly payments for a term of from five to twenty years, payments being graded according to the age of the person when becoming a member and the length of time the payments are to run. Should a member die before the full number of installments are paid the mortgage is canceled and the house becomes the property of the heirs, free and clear of all claims, in lieu of a fixed amount of insurance money. In the plan of this society there are no assessments upon surviving members, the fund for the cancellation of mortgages at members' death being created by the regular amount of money each member is paying for this insurance feature.

This society is thought by its originators to be an improvement upon the building association. Its plans are somewhat novel and quite different in many respects from the latter. But the objects to be gained are similar in both, and a consideration of one makes a comparison with the other necessary.—Brooklyn Eagle.

TO KEEP COOL AND WELL.

VIEWS OF DR. CYRUS EDSON, CHIEF INSPECTOR OF FOOD.

What an Official of the New York Sanitary Bureau Writes About Keeping One's Self in First Class Physical Condition.

The causes of sunstroke, which attacks so many persons during the summer, are prolonged exposure to dry heat, nervous exhaustion, breathing contaminated air and a sudden rise in temperature after a long spell of dry heat. The Pagan notion that the stroke came through the eye is not true.

As these are the causes, the preventatives would be to keep one's self in the most healthy condition possible; to avoid all kinds of excess, to be loosely and lightly clad, to keep the system up to its highest and best pitch. Anything that would tend to debilitate or run down a man would put him in a condition to be sunstruck. Sunstroke, like almost any other disease, selects the weak and debilitated. It is one of the factors that operate to produce the survival of the fittest. The history of people who have been sunstruck shows them to have been debilitated from disease, or to have been improperly nourished; persons whose systems were not supplied with sufficient fuel to properly maintain them, or whose digestive organs were deranged by the use of impure and unwholesome food.

The person who adulterates food or sells contaminated food aims a deadly blow this time of the year at the innocent consumer of his wares.

Breathing impure air is also a factor that may contribute to produce sunstroke. People who overtax their systems by too close attention to work or who use alcoholic beverages too freely are "tempting Providence." I have seen cases where the effect of prolonged exposure to heat has first manifested itself in the middle of the night. Where people have lived in a malarial atmosphere I have seen cases of mild sunstroke followed by intermittent fever.

It is best to wear dark clothing in the summer. The black absorbs heat when it is in the sun's rays. On the other hand, the heat will pass out through the black textures rapidly, so that the radiation of the heat, from the body would be much freer in a person clothed in black than white. This statement is forcibly illustrated by the white coats of animals who live in the Arctic regions. They are clothed that way for the reason that the color holds the bodily heat and does not allow it to radiate as rapidly as black.

Thin flannel shirts are good for summer wear, and it is best to wear them next to the skin.

As a preventive of sunstroke there is nothing like recreation. The meaning of this word is very suggestive; it means to recreate, the creating anew of the system, so to speak. We know that there are certain germs in the air that produce disease. Experiments of the most interesting nature have recently been conducted in Paris. It has been noticed that when the air, taken at a certain point at the edge of the city, was from the country, it was practically free from these little germs known as bacteria, but when the air was taken from the city, there were millions of germs found in it. When persons are taken with summer complaint they are benefited by a change to a purer atmosphere. They are taken from where the bacteria thrive to the back country where there are practically no bacteria.

The proper thing is to take recreation where the air is pure. People should make frequent trips from the city and disinfect their systems by breathing pure air. Yachting is an excellent form of recreation. Nothing is so good for a man whose brain is overworked as to go to the theatre. That is a good mode of recreation that will relieve brain congestion and recreate him better than any other thing, but it should be avoided during summer on account of the heat. In hot weather we should bathe in the open air.

Too much perspiration is bad; nightsweats debilitate. The accumulation of heat in the system is like the accumulation of heat in a steam boiler. We know that water will store up heat under steam pressure until the critical point is reached, when it suddenly vaporizes and there is an explosion. It is the same with the system; the heat accumulates until the critical point is reached and there is an explosion in the shape of sunstroke.

People eat too much meat in summer. If Americans ate more vegetables and fruit during summer it would be better for them.

Lemonade is a good drink for hot weather, but, taken in excess, it has a scorbutic effect. The first effect of alcoholic drinks is to cause a rise in temperature. The blood vessels of the brain are congested, the heart is stimulated. The secondary effect is to lower the temperature slightly. But you never find alcohol used in moderation. People who use it invariably use it to excess. When taken to excess, nothing could be used that would produce sunstroke or heat exhaustion quicker. Lager beer and ale open the pores and cause perspiration. These drinks are not as bad as whisky, because alcohol is the deleterious ingredient; and of course substances that contain more of it are more deleterious.

The best and the most wholesome drink is cold water. It should be freely used, and should be cooled by keeping it on the ice, and not by putting ice in it. A few bottles placed in the refrigerator every morning would be sufficient to supply the family during the day.

An excellent practice for those in cities where soda water fountains are numerous is to occasionally make use of that beverage. Soda taken when thirst calls for it is healthful and refreshing. The flavored syrups sold at these fountains should never be taken in hot weather, as they are very heating.—Dr. Cyrus Edson in The Epoch.

Boston Baked Beans.

In the Boston bakeries the method of cooking beans is as follows: After being washed clean they are placed in barrels or tubs and soaked for several hours, after which they are put in large iron kettles and parboiled for half an hour or so. Then they are flooded with cold water to reduce the temperature and put into earthen pots holding ten quarts each, with about five pounds of salt pork sunk to the general level in each pot. At night they are placed in ovens, from under which the fires are drawn, and are thus baked slowly ten or twelve hours. The slower the baking the better taste do the beans get. The ordinary price at the best places is fifteen cents a quart baked, but they are also sold for twelve cents. Quite a number of people prepare their own beans and send the pots to the baker, who charges five cents for baking them. Most of the smaller bakeshops get their beans from large bakers, who also supply many of the restaurants.—Philadelphia Call.

Dogs Killed by Electricity.

In Buffalo, the other day, twenty-seven friendless dogs were killed by electricity. One by one they were placed in a box about two by three, lined with tin, with about an inch of water in the bottom. One by one they were muzzled with a wire running through the mouth. A simple touch of the wire—a corpse.—Buffalo Express.

WANTED NO "MEJUM" IN HIS.

The Sage Conclusion of a Minnesota Parent Who Objected.

"I don't want no spiritoolism in mine," said a red headed man with long hair, as he sat down in a saloon on Washington avenue. "There may be something in it, but I know all about it that I want to know," and he leaned back in his chair and looked solemnly at a companion.

"Wot's the matter with it?" asked the other.

"Gimme a little rye," said the red nosed man; "them's the only sperrits I want anything to do with," he continued, as the glass was set before him. "They're good enough for me."

"Wot's the matter with spiritualism?" repeated the companion.

"I ain't a sayin' nothin' 'gainst spiritoolism," he announced, guardedly, "but I don't want any of it; I have had a little experience, and that settled me. My wife 'Mandy went to some of their meetin's and they kinder affected her. One of their hungry lookin' cusses come 'round to the house one day, and told 'Mandy she'd make a mejum like him if she'd take some lessons for $25. He gave a test, and called on 'Mandy's dead brother to show up. He come and they had a talk. He told 'Mandy that when she was a mejum she could call up any sperret she wanted to. That's what settled me. I didn't wait for nothin' more. I didn't argy with 'Mandy, 'cause I knew it was no use. I watched my chance and got that cuss out in the medder and told him to git. He said he wouldn't. I just took and pounded him till he was black an' blue. He didn't wait another minit, but set out for the station like a 4-year-old runnin' away."

"Kinder pulverized him, did you?" remarked the listener.

"You bet, an' I did him up in brown with red dressin'."

"But wot made you kick on spiritualism?" asked the companion for the third time.

"I ain't sayin' anything against spiritoolism," reiterated the red nose man, "but I don't wan't 'Mandy to be no mejum. Now I don't want to run down 'Mandy. She's the best housekeeper in our county. There ain't no dirt 'round our house, and her butter an' bread is famous. But 'Mandy has her peculiarities, and they're kinder unpleasant at times. I ain't no fault finder, but still I can't make up my mind that I want them peculiarities 'round me all the time. Now 'Mandy's strong and the chances are she'll live longer'n I will. Now, if she was a mejum she could call my sperrit to her every time. I wouldn't have no peace in the other world at all. She'd keep me right by her an' I wouldn't have a chance to go visitin' in the next world," and he sighed gently.

Just then a harsh sound was wafted into the saloon. It evidently emanated from a female, and it sounded like a man filing a saw. The red nosed man rose with a wild look in his eye. He glanced at the back door and then looked toward the street. It was only a big colored woman disputing with the small boy. A mighty sigh or spasm of relief shook his frame.

"I—I thought it was Mandy," he said. "I left her at the hotel."—Minneapolis Tribune.

Identified Him.

A Bismarck woman was inquiring about the wreck. She had expected her husband on the train that was thrown from the bridge. The conductor did not know of a man of her name on the train, but said a man who was talking about the "Missouri slope" just before the accident occurred was killed.

"How did he talk, enthusiastically or indifferent?"

"Enthusiastically—very."

"Oh, indeed. What were his last words?"

"Well, as I remember, the car was lying on top of him, and he was in an argument with another passenger, who was also about squeezed out. The last words he said were: 'I tell you, my friend, if you say that Bismarck won't have another railroad—this—year—you—are—a—liar.' Then turning his eyes on the man who escaped, he said: 'If you want that lot you'd better close the deal quick. There will be three more roads in Bismarck this year; electric lights have been secured, water works will be'——but he died before the sentence was finished."

"Ah, yes, 'twas he," the woman murmured in a heart broken tone; "but did he make the sale? and do you really think we will have another railroad this year?"—Bismarck Tribune.

Telegraphy in Dakota.

A man from the East was visiting a friend in a Dakota town. One day he came into his friend's office and said:

"I got a telegram about a half hour ago and have been studying on it ever since, but can't make anything out of it. I'm afraid some of my family are sick."

"Is it the first one they brought to you?" asked his friend.

"Yes."

"Oh, well, it isn't intended for you then—they never strike it right the first time. Let me see it."

He took it and read as follows:

MPSUS, June 8.—J. Z. Grom: Del clsd by 12 hurrd bro quuuaurst conne tunnorrwb.

CODDOW & C.

"That's it," continued his friend, "this is intended for Graham the lawyer. It means for him to go ahead and buy some land for $1,200, and that the man who wants it will be here to-morrow. That's easy to read compared with most of them. Let's go over and give it to Graham and then hunt up your message—it has probably been delivered around town somewhere."—Dakota Bell.

A Straight Bribe.

"Boy, are you acquainted around here?" he asked of a lad on Michigan avenue.

"Yes, sir."

"I want to find the Civilized Cornice works."

"Never heard of 'em."

"But it's an old concern, and I was told to come to this corner. There's a big sign on the roof."

"Oh, you mean Galvanized Cornice works. It's right around that corner."

"Bub, did I say civilized?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the proper word is galvanized?"

"That's it."

"Here—come here. Here's a dime for you, and you just keep mum about what has passed. I'm going to run for supervisor this fall on the strength of being a self-made man, who got his education by the light of a corncob candle, and I don't want the infernal opposition to get hold of the fact that the candle went out on me too soon."—Detroit Free Press.

An Appropriate Name.

"John, did you ever observe the fondness of Dr. Blank and his wife for each other?"

"I hadn't noticed it specially. What makes you think so?"

"Why, Mrs. Blank always called the doctor her duck."

"Ah, yes! That's because he is a quack."—Newman Independent.

A Source of Sin.

"Don't you know," she said to Bobby, who was impaling a fly on the point of a pin, "that it is wicked to catch flies?"

"It is wickeder to miss 'em, as the Giants do," responded Bobby, who is something of a baseball expert.—New York Sun.

MIRAGE.

As shipwrecked mariner by waves o'erborne,
Chilled and benumbed by blast and lashing spray,
Slow sinking from the blessed light of day
Gives up the struggle, strength and life outworn;
Yet as he yields him helpless and forlorn,
Stern fate, remorseful, gives one parting ray
Of hope; the long sought headlands far and gray
Rise on his dying sight with light of morn;

So life, relenting, gives one moment grand
To him who walks bereavement's lonely beach;
The tender pressure of a gentle hand,
The ecstasy of voice and look and speech;
One rapturous glimpse of love's celestial land
Whose fading shores his feet may never reach.

—Sarah D. Hobart in Pioneer Press.

PUNISHMENT FOR BRIBERY.

An Assemblyman of the Empire State Thinks Confiscation the Right Thing.

Assemblyman McCarthy, of Syracuse, who is a manufacturer, has given law a practical study, and has ideas on that subject which are frequently expressed forcibly in groups where public affairs are discussed.

In talking about the Sharp trial Mr. McCarthy said: "There is a growing conviction in my mind that the punishment for bribery is inadequate in that it does not seize the plunder. Now, take Jacob Sharp as an example. His accumulation of wealth at his age could have only one object—to leave a big property for his family. He was willing to run the risk of a year or two in prison and a small fine to insure them a great fortune. Even if he serves his time in prison the money will be theirs and his. There will be no special public condemnation of them. The public will hardly regard them as disgraced by the old man's imprisonment. But, suppose the law provided that for such a crime all his plunder and all his property should be confiscated. Do you think he would then make any attempt to bribe anybody? Not much. There would be a risk he would not care to incur. While I was abroad a few years ago I was told of a family of Americans living in Belgium in affluence. The father held an important financial trust. He deliberately stole $250,000 under circumstances that made the maximum punishment for his crime a year's imprisonment in the penitentiary. He was willing to serve that length of time to make such a provision for his family for life. Of course, in such cases if the money can be identified it can be recovered. But a shrewd rascal will take care of that. So I think confiscation would be about the right thing."

Another man told of a case that had come to his knowledge. A firm had a bookkeeper embezzle $5,000. He had been working for $750 a year. He was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. The firm offered to petition for his pardon if he would restore the money. The man told them he thought $1,500 a year was better than $750, even if he was obliged to spend the time in prison, and refused their offer.—New York Tribune.

Showed His Ignorance.

It is very difficult for the man who is not a tailor to estimate the number of stitches that go to the making of a coat. "How easily you earn your bread and butter!" said a business man to a journalist. "I am in my office nine hours a day, while you sit down at your desk, dash off a few anecdotes or fancies, and get well paid for them."

"Did it ever occur to you that my work is of the sort that is never done?" asked the newspaper man; "or that I never take one step or glance which I don't attempt to utilize?"

"Well, no; there seems to be something spontaneous about your work. You do it when you happen to feel like it; there's no grind about it."

"Oh, indeed! isn't there? My friend, I never see a stranger without wondering if his face or form will work into a story; I never hear a conversation without separating the wheat from the chaff, to use as material; I never see anything lovely in nature without longing to put it in words for other eyes to enjoy, through the medium of a printed page."

"Dear me, you do make a grind of it! but I don't believe that first class geniuses do, you know. They just sit down and write what comes to 'em; they don't grub like that."

"There's a curious resemblance on certain points between geniuses and newspaper men," said the other, musingly. "For instance, I'm perfectly certain that if a literary genius were present at this conversation he would mentally take down your remarks as a valuable illustration of the obtuseness of the human animal. And then he would print it—just as I shall!"—Youth's Companion.

Bangs Wanted to Stand.

It isn't every girl who will tell on herself, but one did. She came to the store and returned a fine pair of bangs she had bought the day previously. "Can you not sell me some that will not come off?"

"Come off! Why, these will stay with very little care."

"Oh, they are horrid. They catch on collar buttons and pull off."

The proprietress fainted, the assistant fell on a chair and screamed "What?" while the young lady departed bangless and without change.—Kansas City Times.

Policemen in Constantinople receive only $6 per month for their services.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

BILIOUSNESS

Is an affection of the Liver, and can be thoroughly cured by that Grand Regulator of the Liver and Biliary Organs,

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

MANUFACTURED BY

J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

I was afflicted for several years with disordered liver, which resulted in a severe attack of jaundice. I had as good medical attendance as our section affords, who failed utterly to restore me to the enjoyment of my former good health. I then tried the favorite prescription of one of the most renowned physicians of Louisville, Ky., but to no purpose; whereupon I was induced to try Simmons Liver Regulator. I found immediate benefit from its use, and it ultimately restored me to the full enjoyment of health.

A. H. SHIRLEY,
Richmond, Ky.

HEADACHE

Proceeds from a Torpid Liver and Impurities of the Stomach. It can be invariably cured by taking

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

Let all who suffer remember that

SICK AND NERVOUS HEADACHES

Can be prevented by taking a dose as soon as their symptoms indicate the coming of an attack.