THE TELEPHONE.

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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.

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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

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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.

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Proprietor of the

McMinnville Jewelry Store,

The leading

JEWELRY ESTABLISHMENT,
—OF—
YAMHILL COUNTY,

Third Street, McMinnville Or.

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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

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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

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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.

THROUGH THE STORM.

I heard a voice, a tender voice, soft falling
Through the storm;
The waves were high; the bitter winds were calling,
Yet breathing warm.

Of skies serene, of sunny uplands lying
In peace beyond;
This tender voice, unto my voice replying,
Made answer fond.

Sometimes, indeed, like crash of armies meeting,
Arose the gale;
But over all that sweet voice kept repeating,
"I shall not fail."

—Nora Perry.

A MATCH GAME.

"Grandpop," said little Peleg, the other day as he appeared before the Old Settler in the full glory of a red flannel skirt, green knickerbockers and a yellow and blue striped cap, "the Hollow Backs is coming from Sleeper's Corners this afternoon to play a match with our nine, and if you want to see us get away with 'em, come over to the Sheep Sorrel meadow and watch the game."

"Oh, they be, be they?" said the Old Settler, putting his spectacles down on his nose and looking Peleg all over. "The Holler Backs is comin', hey? An' they'm gointer play a match with our nine, be they? I'm right glad to hear it, Peleg, but I hain't exactly got the heft o' w'at the cellybration's to be. Who is the Holler Backs? Then, agin, I don't 'member jist w'at we've got nine of th't they'd be likely to play with. But more 'specially, an' to the p'int, sonny, ye hain't gointer pitter a hand organ off, be ye? That hain't the reason yer rigged up so gorjus an' permiscus, is it? You toil not, Peleg, an' I hain't never heerd o' yer spinnin' nothin' but tops, but I'll bet a big red herrin' th't Solomon in all his glory never slung on sech style as them. Gosh'l-mighty! I must go git a piece o' smoked glass so's I kin bear to look at ye, for yer like a stump in July, an' ye hurt my eyes."

"Why, I'm one of our nine, grandpop," replied Peleg, "and this is my suit to play in. You see our nine is the Daisy Cutters, and we channeled the Hollow Backs to come up and play us a match game. They've had the nerve to 'cept the channels, and there hain't anything left for us to do but go out and sweep the earth with 'em."

"Ye don't tell me!" exclaimed the Old Settler. "Wall, now, I wouldn't a thought it. I reckon I'll go over an' see the fun. How many p'ints do ye play, Peleg? Is it anything like whistle jack or seven up? If it is I can put ye up to some tricks that'll be wuth a heap to ye, sonny."

"Tain't cards, grandpop!" said Peleg. "It's ball; baseball. It's the Daisy Cutters against the Hollow Backs, and I'm beginning to feel sorry for the Hollow Backs already. Snagsy Jones is the catcher for our nine, and he can stop a cannon ball. I'm the short stop, and Bill Simmons says that of all the jim dandy backers up he ever seen I am the jim dandiest. Bill's the pitcher of the Daisy Cutters, and them chumps from Sleeper's Corners never can hit Bill Simmons, and I know it. But you just wait and notice the way we'll pound the pitcher for the Hollow Backs. We'll paralyze him and knock him all over the field."

"Can't hit Bill Simmons!" exclaimed the Settler. "I'm sorry fer that, fer if thuz any young scoundrel th't wants to be hit, an' hit well, it's Bill Simmons. If they can't hit him, and want some one th't kin, I'll be thar, an' I'll be glad to do it. Ez fer you fellers pounin' the Holler Back chap all over the field, ye wanter be keerful, Peleg. Fair play's a jewel, an' if your crowd goes to takin' any 'vantage o' him, 'thout givin' him a fair show, I give ye warnin' right now th't I'll take a hand in. A fair field an' no favor, sonny, or thull be a circus over to Sheep Sorrel medder, b'gosh, th't ye hain't got on the bills."

Peleg made up his mind that he had no time to make any further explanations to his grandfather, and telling him to be sure to come over and see the fun he ran off to hunt up Bill Simmons and Snagsy Jones. When the Old Settler reached the ball ground in the afternoon both nines had arrived and the game was almost ready to commence. Two or three of the boys from the tavern had come over to see the match. A dozen or two of the youthful friends of the Daisy Cutters and a delegation that had come up from the Corners with the Hollow Backs were grouped together on the grass in good and safe positions. The Old Settler cast his eye over the field, asked one of the boys a few questions about the chalk lines of the diamond, the base bags and other things, and then said:

"Whar's the gool?"

"The what?" asked the interrogated spectator.

"The gool," replied the Old Settler. "I 'member th't we usety play ball w'en I were a young un, an' we alluz had a gool, an' we had to git thar, too, an' git thar lively, if we didn't want to hev the ball fired into us kerplunk, right under the hind gallus buttons. If ye got to the gool ye war all safe, an' hed another whack at the ball. The gool wo usety hev were the side of a barn, or a stun pile, an' we had to run an' tetch it w'en we whacked the ball; but I don't see none here. They can't play ball without a gool, can they?"

"I guess what you're talkin' 'bout, major, must be what we call home nowadays. That's it, yonder, with the square chalked around it."

The Old Settler made up his mind that he couldn't have a better place to see the game than a seat near the home plate, and he started for it. The game had been called in the meantime. The Hollow Backs went to the bat. The Old Settler made his way to the spot he had selected and sat down on the grass a few feet back of and to the left of the home plate.

"Go 'way from there, grandpop!" yelled Peleg from his place behind Bill Simmons. "You'll get your head knocked off!"

"Don't you get skeert, sonny!" the Old Settler shouted back. "Yer ol' gran'pap wan't born in the woods fer nuthin'. Keep that red shirt o' your'n on, Peleg, an' perceed ahead with sweepin' up the earth with these Holler Backs!"

"See here, old man," said one of the juvenile ball players from Streeter's Corners, tapping the Old Settler on the shoulder, "you can't stay here. Yer in the way, and we'll run over ye. Come, git up and dig!"

"Jeewhizz!" exclaimed the Old Settler, as he looked up and saw who was giving him his orders. "I he nex' thing I know some o' these little whipper snappers in monkey jacket 'll be sendin' me to town to fetch 'em in a paper o' shawin' t'backer! Go 'way f'm me, boy, or I'll"——

Just then the umpire called "Foul!" and the ball carrouned on the Old Settler's broad brimmed hat and sent it flying a dozen feet away.

"Foul!" he yelled. "I sh'd say it were foul. An' it's that consarned imp of a Bill Simmons as done it! If thuz any o' you Holler Backers th't thinks ye can't hit him, jist let me lay my feelers on him. I'll show ye how it's done, b'gosh! Jist you fire another ball inter me, ye young varmint, an' I'll skin ye like I would an eel!"

Peleg quieted the old man down and led him to a safe place among the spectators. But he sat down growling:

"Foul! I sh'd say it were foul, consarn it!"

By and by he got interested in the game. As it went on he began to notice that the friends of the Daisy Cutters did not manifest any evidences of joy, while the delegation that came up with the Hollow Backs seemed particularly elated.

"Say," said the Old Settler at last to a young friend of the Daisies, "be we paralyzin' the Holler Backs an' sweepin' the earth with 'em much? My eyesight hain't scarcely long enough to foller all the p'ints."

"Do we?" replied the young friend, and there was highly concentrated disgust in his tone. "Wall, major, we'm a-paralyzin' the Holler Backs a little, an' as she bends now the Daisy Cutters is bein' torn up wus'n a ton o' feathers in a hurricane! T is is the beginnin' o' the sixth innin's, an' the Daisy Cutters has rolled up three p'ints to the Holler Backs' forty-two. Oh, we'm a-sweepin' the earth with 'em!"

"But I hain't seen nobody hit Bill Simmons yit, 'dod rot him!" said the Old Settler.

"Ye hain't seen nobody hit Bill Simmons!" exclaimed the Daisy Cutters' critic. "Wy, Solomon's ghost! They hain't ben doin' nothin' else! They've pounded him, an' hammered him, an' slugged him from the word go. They've had him all over the field, an' I don't know but half a mile beyant it. Hit Bill Simmons! They've batted him silly!"

"An' he stan's thar yit an' keeps on a playin'!" said the Old Settler, in amazement. "I didn't think Bill had so much game in him. Mebbe 'twere jist ez well th't I didn't hef to git up an' show the Holler Backs how to hit him. But, say, things can't be agoin' the way Peleg an' Snagsy Jones an' Bill Simmons had it fixed fer to go. Peleg's the jim dandy short stop o' the Daisy Cutters, an' Snagsy is the ketcher that kin stop a cannon ball. They had it all made up to pound the Holler Back pitcher ev'ry w'ich way, an' I come over here a'most a purpose to see that he had fair play. So they c'luded to let up on him, did they?"

"Oh, yes," said the friend of the Daisy Cutters, ironically. "They was too tender hearted to carry out the programme, they was. Hullo! here's the Holler Backs got three men on bases an' another at the bat. Now, we'll see w'at the pitcher th't the Holler Backs couldn't hit, an' the ketcher th't could stop a cannon ball, an' the jim dandiest of all backups kin do for their country. But see that feller whack the ball! It's a sky scraper, though, an' it's gointer to drop right outer our center fielder!"

"Jeewhizz!" exclaimed the Old Settler. "Holler to him to git outen the way of it!"

"But, great smoke!" said the excited friend of the Daisy Cutters. "What's Snagsy Jones an' Bill Simmons an' Peleg doin'? I'm a coon skin nailed to a barn door if the ketcher, the pitcher, an' the shortstop hain't all three of 'em a leggin' it to center field to get a chance at that ball, an' it's a comin' straight down inter center field's hands!"

"Bully for them!" shouted the Old Settler. "Thar's game for ye! Riskin' theirself to save that little chap over that, that don't know no mo'n to jist hol' his han's up to'ard that ball, w'en he c'd git clean away f'm it. Them boys has got pluck, sir, an' 'll paralyze these Holler Backs yet, 'fore they'm done with 'em!"

"Bang! goes Peleg plumb inter center field, an' they both muff it!" yelled the home club's friend, and he shook his fist and gnashed his teeth.

"Hooray for Peleg!" exclaimed the Old Settler. "Hooray fer the jim-dandy shortstop o' the Daisy Cutters! He's got the grit! Jist leave it to him an' he'll sweep the earth with the Holler Backs yit!"

"Three runs an' a home run!" shouted the frantic friend of the Daisies, as the Hollow Backs' four men scored, with no one to interfere. "Three men on bases and one at the bat, and ketcher, pitcher an' shortstop p'layin' in center field! Let's finish these Daisy Cutters!"

The Old Settler was borne along in the crowd of excited backers of the home club, as they rushed toward the players. The next thing he saw was one howling youth and Bill Simmons rolling over and over on the ground and Bill getting the worst of it; another youth holding Snagsy Jones to the earth and pegging it into him with both fists, while other members of the Daisy Cutters were tearing away in all directions, with yelling pursuers as their heels. The Old Settler looked around in surprise for Peleg, and saw his red shirt disappear over a fence a quarter of a mile away, on the nearest cut for home. The Old Settler, somewhat dazed and muddled over the sudden termination of the match, stood aloof from the melee and mused:

"I can't e'zac'ly understan' it," he said, "but f'm appearances I sh'd judge th't some o' our nine must ha' made a wrong move, somehow."

By and by peace was restored, and Bill Simmons and Snagsy Jones, with bloody noses and gorgeous baseball suits torn and dirty, were the only ones of the Daisy Cutters who were present when the umpire declared the winners by a score of 47 to 3. Peleg had a poor appetite for supper that evening. After supper, when the Old Settler had taken his place on the back stoop, he called Peleg and said:

"Git the pitcher, sonny, an' go down an' git me a quart o' cider to the tavern."

"I can't, grandpop," said Peleg, peevishly. "I'm tired."

"Was it a heplin' to sweep the earth with the Holler Backs th't tired ye?" asked the Old Settler, "or was it the run I see ye makin' toards"——

"Where's the pitcher, grandpop?" said Peleg quickly, jumping from his chair.

"In the pantry, sonny."

The next minute Peleg was on his way after the cider. The Old Settler chuckled as he said:

"The jim dandy short stop o' the Daisy Cutters is a little sensitive, I'm afeerd, over his day's sport in Sheep Sorrel medder. T'-morrow night I'll want some new smokin' t'backer, an' I'll ast Peleg if the Holler Backs made out to hit Bill Simmons. Ha! ha! ha!"

The Old Settler was laughing yet when Peleg got back with the cider.—Ed Mott in New York Sun.

Taming Common House Flies.

"Did I ever see a tame fly? What are you trying to give me—a new joke? No; I never saw a tame fly. Did you?"

"Of course I did!"

"Was he dead?"

"Now, don't be funny. This is no joke. Come with me, and if I don't show you a tame fly I'll put up the drinks."

The reporter followed the two men who participated in the foregoing dialogue into a saloon on Park row. At the request of one of the men the bartender produced from under a glass a fly which he poised on the end of his finger and otherwise caressed in a playful manner. The fly made no attempt to get away and seemed to appreciate the attention bestowed on it.

"I never saw anything like this before," said the bartender. "This fly has been around here for about two weeks. I feed it with sugar, and it seems quite happy."—New York Evening Sun.

A Submarine Tramway.

A submarine tramway is to be constructed in Normandy. It will run along the sands between the watering places of Deauville, Villers, Cabourg and Houlgate during the bathing season, from July to October. The rails will be pulled up for the winter. These sands are dry at low water, so there will be little difficulty in making the tramway, which is to be driven by steam.—Chicago News.

GERMAN UNIVERSITY DUELS.

Little Effort to Stop Them Made by the Authorities—The Schlaeger's Five Cuts.

The police authorities of the university towns make no earnest efforts to stop the duels if they are not brought under their notice directly, and the fights sometimes take place in beer halls in the towns even. Generally, however, the students go several miles away from the university, and the citizens discover that a mensur has been going on only by seeing the next day a number of students with gashed and bandaged faces walking the streets. Serious injuries are very rare in duels with the schlaeger, and a student who is really bloodthirsty when he thinks he has been mortally offended resorts to the pistol or curved sword, like a Turkish cimetar. Only a few instances of fatal duels, even with these, have occurred at the universities. The schlaeger would be a weak weapon against a broadsword, or even a cavalry saber or a navy cutlass. Fighting with it, the duelists must not move from their positions, and there is, consequently, little display of activity of the body. The blow with the schlaeger is not a cut or a thrust. It is a cut with only about one foot of the end of the blade, which is all of the sword that is sharpened, and then a twist of the wrist. The wrist does all the fighting.

There are only five cuts with these schlaeger for the student to learn. All the others are variations. The first cut is directly for the top of the head. If it hits, a piece of the flesh, and sometimes a part of the skull, comes out. A cut for the forehead and nose is another. If it reaches the flesh a serious wound and permanent disfigurement may follow. Duels have been known in which a a nose was sliced off completely, and had to be sewed on again. Two more cuts are directed at the right and left sides of the face. These blows may lay open the cheek, cut out the teeth, cut the lips off or touch the nose, as the schlaeger is made of such thin steel that it bends around like a whip when a hit is made. Another, and the most difficult hit to make, is an under cut, aimed at the chin and mouth. It may do great mischief to all the lower part of the face, but it cannot touch the jugular vein, as that is protected. Altogether the schlaeger is a mere brutal weapon of offense, without any great power to kill, and dueling with it will continue as long as students at German universities regard the possession of strength and endurance as the only certificates of honor.—Globe-Democrat.

A Young Man of Nerve.

"Speaking of nerve," chimed in another club man, "I will tell you a story of a young man, the son of one of our largest manufacturers, who displayed the greatest nerve of any man I ever heard of. He was an officer in the navy, on one of the old hulks of our boasted squadron, which had the honor to escort Gen. Grant on some of his excursions along the coast of China. The aforesaid hulk or vessel was off the coast of Japan, in that most treacherous of all seas, caught in a terrific gale. Everything was done to make her weather the sea, but the violence of the storm continued unabating, and it was found that the boat would go to pieces. The officers and seamen were called on deck, and it was the unanimous opinion that it was only a question of time, and a mighty short one, when she would succumb to the elements. The small boats were all put in order, a stock of provisions was placed in each, and the officers and crew were parceled off for the different boats. Everything was ready to put off at a moment's notice, and every one was expecting a terrible struggle for life, if not death by drowning.

"The suspense was something impossible to conceive unless one has had a similar experience. A man can look forward to being hung or shot with comparative intrepidity, but to face drowning is a torture of the soul most harrowing. This young man knew no fear, never knew any, and probably never will. He was born fearless and he cannot help it. While all the other officers and men were on deck ready and waiting to jump in their boats, he quietly remarked "that as there seems to be nothing else to do, I'll go down and take a nap." And he went down to his cabin and went to sleep. Fortunately the vessel rode out of the storm in a few hours and was safe. This young man of nerve was the hero of those terribly anxious hours, and his brother officers delight to repeat how he said "as there seems nothing else to do, I'll go down and take a nap."—Chicago Journal.

Head Waiter to His Staff.

"Now, if a person orders a pot of coffee, don't bring up cold milk unless it is called for. Bring up hot milk with coffee and cold milk with tea. Always serve pulverized sugar with tomatoes, lettuce, and cracked ice with cucumbers and tomatoes. Watermelon, cantaloupe, muskmelon and berries, of course, need milk or cream and pulverized sugar. A dessert knife and fork and powdered sugar should go with all pastries, while a small piece of American cheese is in order with all kinds of pie. Many men never think of such a thing as putting mustard on the table. Some people like it. There are very few who have yet learned that a boiled potato is proper with baked beans. Don't cover the bread plate with a napkin; it looks as if there were dirt or dust around. This matter of laughing and fooling don't make a waiter. I should stop it.

"All cold meats ought to be garnished with parsley, lettuce or celery. Be careful about leaving your dirty towels around. Another man comes along with something to wipe, and he don't know whether it has been lying there for twenty seconds or twenty years. It is a good plan not to wipe your face with an apron or towel, nor to be too familiar with the proprietor. I never allow myself even to drink a glass of lemonade with him.

"If you see that a guest of the house wishes to be waited on by a particular man with whom he is acquainted always give way politely and without confusion. A waiter should always keep his eye cast toward the door instead of out of the window. Be careful, in serving any kind of 'fizz' wines, to pour them out carefully. In serving old wines never wipe off the dust from the bottle. Never wipe off the label, and be sure to show the label to the gentlemen in order that there may be no mistake.'—Cleveland Plaindealer.

How Gold Engravers Save Some Money.

"Would you believe," said an engraver of gold watch cases, "that the water in which I wash my face and hands every evening just before leaving the shop is kept by my employers, and afterward strained through a sieve! It seems incredible; still it's a fact. Otherwise the firm would lose a valuable amount of gold. You see the specks of gold that we clip off fasten themselves to our hands and faces, and sometimes fly into our hair or fall to our aprons. In a shop containing a big corps of engravers the amount which thus sprinkles the workmen reaches a high value in a few days.

"The water in which our aprons are washed is strained in the same way. Our aprons are furnished us by the firm. We are never permitted to take them out of the shop. My employers thus save fully $2,000 a year."—New York Evening Sun.

Six ex-governors of Arkansas reside at Little Rock.

STILLWATER'S SENATOR.

Some of E. W. Durant's Jokes Told at Long Branch.

E. W. Durant, Stillwater's senator and joker, has been on a summer trip to the seashore with his wife, and if the stories that come floating in from Long Branch are all true he had a good time. One day at table a big musquito of the Jersey breed lighted on the senator's hand. With an expression of horror and amazement on his countenance the senator beckoned to a waiter and inquired:

"What is this animal?"

"What is it? Why, it's a skeeter. Didn't you ever see a skeeter?" replied the waiter.

"Kill it!" commanded Durant.

The waiter obeyed.

"Remove the corpse."

The waiter gave the senator's hand a brush with a napkin.

"Well, I never saw anything like that before!" solemnly remarked the gentleman, who had been fighting musquitoes at Stillwater all his life.

On another occasion at table Mr. Durant observed sitting near him quite an old gentleman accompanied by a pretty young lady, who he correctly surmised was the old gentleman's bride. They were on their wedding trip. The senator gave his wife the wink and began to guy the ill assorted pair.

"Are you enjoying your wedding trip with me," he remarked to Mrs. Durant, "as well as you did the one you took with your first husband?"

He heard the old gentleman mutter between his teeth: "That's a devil of a question to ask a woman in this place."

The Stillwater senator gained fresh inspiration from this, and the way he played the game of a second husband on a wedding trip was a surprise to the whole table. The old man and his darling, however, failed to relish it, and blushed with an intensity that caused the ice cream to melt.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

LITTLE LAUGHS.

A little girl, who wanted to describe the absent mindedness of her uncle, said: "His remember is so tired that he has to use his forget all the time."—Boston Journal.

"Mamma," said little Flossie, who was more or less busy at her morning toilet, "can I kiss Fido on the nose?" "Yes," replied the indulgent mother, who was feeding Fido a French chop, "but not until you are dressed, dear, and have your face washed."—New York Sun.

"What a splendid parrot that is of Brown's! So intelligent, you know?" "Intelligent? Why, one would almost think him human. He repeats everything he hears."—Boston Traveler.

In the island of Sumatra a flower grows which is nine feet in circumference and weighs fifteen pounds. When a Sumatra lude goes to the theatre he has his boutonniere brought in by an able bodied valet.—New York Tribune.

In the west "razzooper" has taken the place of the word boom.

The manager of a Los Angeles newspaper sent out the following notice on a postal card: 'The real estate boom has robbed us of our editor, printer and office boy, and the manager having opened a real estate office, it has become necessary to suspend the publication of this journal until all hands have become millionaires, which, of course, will be in the near future. Until then fraternally yours."—Exchange.

Long John Wentworth, of Chicago, says "the summers nowadays are nothing. On June 28, 1842,' he continues, "I was living on the Cooley farm, near where Kinsley's restaurant now stands. It was so hot that we had to hang the thermometer in the well and keep fanning it to prevent it from bursting."—Exchange.

Mr. Carter Harrison was one day talking about the boys of Chicago whom he knew. After naming scores of them and dwelling on the characteristics of each he said: "And then there's my boy Cato." For a moment he paused and then added: "Well, Cato Harrison's the only boy in Chicago whom I don't know!"—New York Tribune.

A President's Precaution.

Cashier—Mr. Draft, I wish a vacation. A brother of mine is to be married at Montreal the last of next week, and I hope to be present at the wedding.

Bank President—Very well, I'll see if we can arrange it.

C.—Thank you.

B. P. (returning to his private office and accosting his secretary)—William, I wish you to call in Mr.——, the expert accountant who examined the bank's books last year, and tell him I will require his services for a few days; and also step into Pinkerton's and have them send to me one of their most capable and trustworthy detectives.—Boston Budget.

A Tiresome Evening.

Omaha Girl—Isn't Mr. De Blank funny?

Omaha Youth—I noticed you seemed to think so.

"Why, he has kept us laughing half the evening. Didn't you enjoy his wit?"

"I found it very tiresome."

"Tiresome? Oh, you don't mean it. I know you have a keen appreciation of humor. Why didn't you enjoy Mr. De Blank's jokes?"

"Well, the fact is, he takes the same funny paper that I do."—Omaha World.

Sufficiently Descriptive.

A wee maiden, as many other small children have done, had the misfortune to fall down stairs the other day, and in landing at the foot that part of the anatomy commonly denominated the "funny bone" came in contact with the wall with more force than was calculated to make a comfortable impression. On being picked up and asked if she was hurt, she rubbed her arm for a moment and said: "No, but my elbow is awful dizzy."—Buffalo Courier.

Down at Long Branch.

Highwayman—Hold up your hands! Bill, cover him with that ere gun. Now, sir, shell out.

Gamboge (with a hollow laugh)—My dear fellow, I've been here four weeks.

Bill (in the bushes)—Let him pass, Jim. He ain't got nothin' valuable about him.—Philadelphia Call.

A Poor Excuse Is Better Than None.

Jack—Ethel, I'm ashamed of you. I saw that Frenchman in the conservatory kissing you repeatedly. Why didn't you tell him to stop?

Ethel—I couldn't, Jack.

Jack—You couldn't? Why not?

Ethel—I can't speak French.—Judge.

By Moonlight.

Mr. B.—I think I fancy guitar music best by moonlight; don't you think it lovely?

Miss L. (of Chicago)—Ay, yes; his waltzes are certainly divine, are they not?—Judge.

Loves Her for Her Worth.

Joggs thinks his girl the pride of earth—
He pictures her in glowing colors,
And loves her for her modest worth
(Said to be thirty thousand dollars).

—Tid Bits.

PERFUME MANUFACTURE.

Methods Employed to Extract the Delicate Odor of Flowers.

Pomades are the commercial vehicle for absorbing and transporting the perfumes of the jonquil, tuberose, jasmine and a few other species of flowers.

A square frame, or chassis of white wood, and about twenty by thirty inches in size, is set with a pane of strong plate glass. On each side of the glass is spread a thin, even layer of grease, which has been purified and refined. Thus prepared, the frames are piled up in ranks six or seven feet high to await the season of each special flower.

When the blossoms arrive, the petals are picked from the stem—the pistils and stamens being discarded—and laid so as to cover the grease in each frame. These being again piled so as to rest upon their wooden edges, which fit closely together, there is formed a series of tight chambers, the floors and ceilings of which are of grease exposed to the perfume of the flower-leaves within.

The grease absorbs the perfume, the spent flowers are removed daily and fresh ones supplied, and this process goes on from two to four or five months, according to the desired strength of the pomade, which, when sufficiently charged with perfume, is taken from the glass with a wide, thin spatula, and packed in tin cans for export.

By these methods, the delicate odors of flowers are extracted and retained for transport to distant markets, where, being treated with alcohol, they yield their perfume to that stronger vehicle, and produce the floral waters and extracts of commerce.

Coarser pomades are made by boiling the flowers in the grease, and subjecting the residue to pressure. The spent pomades are used for toilet-purposes and in the manufacture of fine soaps.

The process of preparing perfumed oils involves the same principle except that, instead of solid grease, superfine olive oil is used. With this oil, pieces of coarse cotton fabric are saturated, which are then spread upon wire netting stretched in wooden frames about three by four feet in size. The flowers are spread upon the saturated cloths, and the frames are piled one above the other, so that the perfume of the flowers is absorbed as in the previous process.

Essences and "flower waters" are produced by ordinary distillation, in which the flowers are boiled in water in large alembics. The vapor carries off the perfume, and is condensed in adjoining copper tanks, like ordinary spirits. Some of the retorts used for this purpose are of sufficient size to receive at once half a ton of fresh flowers, with the requisite water for their distillation.

When "flower waters" are to be produced, alcohol is used in the distilling tank to receive the perfumes.—

—Is there a grace more desirable than that which is the essence and the spirit of the Golden Rule—a spirit which shelters ignorance from comment, while it strives to remove it; a spirit which seeks to make every one in the circle of its influence feel that he has a friend whose heart and mind are conservatories sheltering the flowers of kindliness and sympathy?—*Youth's Golden Hours.*

—Some experienced educators think that a good many teachers in the public schools make a mistake in not urging the scholars to talk more—the laconic reply of "yes" or "no" on the part of a scholar not being conducive to the process of thinking. Questions should be put in such a manner by the teacher that the pupil will be bound to use one or more sentences, thus exercising the mind more and acquiring a better knowledge of the construction of the English language.

—A citizen stopped one of our pastors a few days ago and offered him a five-dollar bill, saying: "I was at your church last Sunday, the first time I have been in church for several years, and I liked your sermon so well that I want to pay for what I enjoyed." Inquiry brought out the fact that he had been of another denomination, and the pastor declined the money, but put him on the track of having a seat assigned him to occupy regularly in the Evangelical Church of his order.—*Hartford Religious Herald.*

To Regulate

THE FAVORITE HOME REMEDY is warranted not to contain a single particle of Mercury or any injurious substance, but is purely vegetable.

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At any time you feel your system needs cleansing, toning, regulating without violent purging, or stimulating without intoxicating, take

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