

One square of less, one insertion, \$1.00. One square, each subsequent insertion, 50c. Notices of appointment and final settlement, 50c. Other legal advertisements, 75c. for first insertion, and 50c. for each subsequent insertion. Special business notices in business columns, 10c. per line. Regular business notices, 5c. 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.

McMinnville TONSORIAL PARLOR, Shaving, Hair Cutting and Shampooing 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 dyeing, a specialty. Special attention given to Ladies' and Children's Work.

O! I have in connection with my parlor, the largest and finest stock of CIGARS Ever in the city. THIRD STREET McMinnville, Oregon.

New Blacksmith Shop! AMITY, OREGON.

SAM LIKENS, Proprietor. Blacksmithing and carriage ironing of every description. Horse Shoeing. And plow work a specialty.

Also manufacture the Celebrated Oregon Iron Harrow. GIVE ME A CALL. 50ft 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.

"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.

Mrs. H. P. Stuart, THE LEADER IN-

MILLINERY, Hair weaving and Stamping.

Opposite Grange Store McMinnville, Or. S. A. YOUNG, M. D. Physician & Surgeon.

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

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.

WOMAN AND HOME.

LIFE OF THE TENEMENT HOUSE BABY DURING THE HOT SEASON.

Rules for the Young Housewife—Women in Literature—The Voice of Children—Marriage—Crime's Beginnings—A Drink for Baby—Olds and Ends.

But how fares it with the baby of the tenement? The tenement baby, like its aristocratic counterpart, awakes early in the morning, too. It is awake at dawn and then dozes off into a fitful sleep again. It awakens at short intervals during all the rest of the night and roused its tired, impatient mother with its peevish wailing. Its lips are parched and its thin hands hot; its eyelids half closed. It rolls its head now and then in a feeble way. It seems consumed with heat, but when its mother puts a spoonful of water between its lips the weakened stomach refuses to take the liquid.

The father, worn with his day's toil, is angered at the suffering innocent disturbing his sleep. Hardly, perhaps, he chides his wife for not lushing the child. She gives to it an empty breast from which it turns with renewed wailing. Then she tries another expedient. She hastily prepares some milk and water and feeds the baby a few spoonfuls. She knows it is good for nothing, but she knows it is better than nothing. But when a week-end, from one month to another, in the same stalls almost knee high in offal. But she is certain it is good milk, real cow's milk, for did she not see Jacob milk the cows?

So she gives it to her baby, trotting it up and down on her knees the while. It is teething, and the summer heat makes it ill. She is so worn that scarcely can she keep her weary eyes open till she has finished feeding her offspring. Then she takes it back into the bed occupied by herself and the father. He turns over as she lies down, and testily "kisses the young 'un will keep still, now it's gone its stomach full."

Scarcely has the mother fallen asleep before another cry awakes her. Her milk and fat are put down the little one's throat has been rejected by its stomach. Again she rises and turns up the wick of the smoking kerosene lamp. She dandles the child up and down, for she knows not what to do to quiet it. It is wailing dismally, and she knows the moment. Out of a window a neighbor woman puts her head and calls to her: "Reach out your hand," she says; "I've got a bit of medicine that will quiet the baby."

She gives her a bottle and bids her administer a half teaspoonful. It is a brown liquid, and has a strange smell. She gives it to her infant unhesitatingly. Then it falls into a heavy sleep that lasts till dawn. When it awakes it frets, but it does not always fret. Its eyes are heavy and have a glazed look. "The children's eyes always do look bad when they're teething," says an old dame who comes in to borrow a half cup of sugar.

The tenement baby's trunk and face are no longer when it awakes. Its mother is very busy getting breakfast. Instead of fresh bread the odor of sizzling salt pork comes to the nostrils of the sick infant. The father, or an older child, feeds it crackers and water. "To keep it quiet" until the morning meal is on the table. The mother sits down with it in her lap. It gets now and then a "bite of potato" or a "sip of coffee," for it is a hand fed baby.

The flies buzz around it, covering its soiled robe and lighting on its feverish mouth. Some time during the day its mother will wash the hand fed, tenement baby and change its clothing if she has the garments. She will tell her neighbors that she cannot keep it clean, for "its victuals will not stay down."

Thus the tenement baby frets and frets through the summer days. If by chance an unusual allowance of constitution carries it through, it is with diminished digestive organs which may affect its life.

The tenement house, hand fed baby may be a worthless drunkard or a criminal, because during the first three years it lived it was half starved for food and fresh air. The tenement house, hand fed baby may be a corpse before half the summer is run, because it was kept starved for proper food and the blessing of heaven, which should be free and easy to go—fresh air.—Chicago News.

WOMAN AND HOME.

LIFE OF THE TENEMENT HOUSE BABY DURING THE HOT SEASON.

Rules for the Young Housewife—Women in Literature—The Voice of Children—Marriage—Crime's Beginnings—A Drink for Baby—Olds and Ends.

But how fares it with the baby of the tenement? The tenement baby, like its aristocratic counterpart, awakes early in the morning, too. It is awake at dawn and then dozes off into a fitful sleep again. It awakens at short intervals during all the rest of the night and roused its tired, impatient mother with its peevish wailing. Its lips are parched and its thin hands hot; its eyelids half closed. It rolls its head now and then in a feeble way. It seems consumed with heat, but when its mother puts a spoonful of water between its lips the weakened stomach refuses to take the liquid.

The father, worn with his day's toil, is angered at the suffering innocent disturbing his sleep. Hardly, perhaps, he chides his wife for not lushing the child. She gives to it an empty breast from which it turns with renewed wailing. Then she tries another expedient. She hastily prepares some milk and water and feeds the baby a few spoonfuls. She knows it is good for nothing, but she knows it is better than nothing. But when a week-end, from one month to another, in the same stalls almost knee high in offal. But she is certain it is good milk, real cow's milk, for did she not see Jacob milk the cows?

So she gives it to her baby, trotting it up and down on her knees the while. It is teething, and the summer heat makes it ill. She is so worn that scarcely can she keep her weary eyes open till she has finished feeding her offspring. Then she takes it back into the bed occupied by herself and the father. He turns over as she lies down, and testily "kisses the young 'un will keep still, now it's gone its stomach full."

Scarcely has the mother fallen asleep before another cry awakes her. Her milk and fat are put down the little one's throat has been rejected by its stomach. Again she rises and turns up the wick of the smoking kerosene lamp. She dandles the child up and down, for she knows not what to do to quiet it. It is wailing dismally, and she knows the moment. Out of a window a neighbor woman puts her head and calls to her: "Reach out your hand," she says; "I've got a bit of medicine that will quiet the baby."

She gives her a bottle and bids her administer a half teaspoonful. It is a brown liquid, and has a strange smell. She gives it to her infant unhesitatingly. Then it falls into a heavy sleep that lasts till dawn. When it awakes it frets, but it does not always fret. Its eyes are heavy and have a glazed look. "The children's eyes always do look bad when they're teething," says an old dame who comes in to borrow a half cup of sugar.

The tenement baby's trunk and face are no longer when it awakes. Its mother is very busy getting breakfast. Instead of fresh bread the odor of sizzling salt pork comes to the nostrils of the sick infant. The father, or an older child, feeds it crackers and water. "To keep it quiet" until the morning meal is on the table. The mother sits down with it in her lap. It gets now and then a "bite of potato" or a "sip of coffee," for it is a hand fed baby.

The flies buzz around it, covering its soiled robe and lighting on its feverish mouth. Some time during the day its mother will wash the hand fed, tenement baby and change its clothing if she has the garments. She will tell her neighbors that she cannot keep it clean, for "its victuals will not stay down."

Thus the tenement baby frets and frets through the summer days. If by chance an unusual allowance of constitution carries it through, it is with diminished digestive organs which may affect its life.

The tenement house, hand fed baby may be a worthless drunkard or a criminal, because during the first three years it lived it was half starved for food and fresh air. The tenement house, hand fed baby may be a corpse before half the summer is run, because it was kept starved for proper food and the blessing of heaven, which should be free and easy to go—fresh air.—Chicago News.

WOMAN AND HOME.

LIFE OF THE TENEMENT HOUSE BABY DURING THE HOT SEASON.

Rules for the Young Housewife—Women in Literature—The Voice of Children—Marriage—Crime's Beginnings—A Drink for Baby—Olds and Ends.

But how fares it with the baby of the tenement? The tenement baby, like its aristocratic counterpart, awakes early in the morning, too. It is awake at dawn and then dozes off into a fitful sleep again. It awakens at short intervals during all the rest of the night and roused its tired, impatient mother with its peevish wailing. Its lips are parched and its thin hands hot; its eyelids half closed. It rolls its head now and then in a feeble way. It seems consumed with heat, but when its mother puts a spoonful of water between its lips the weakened stomach refuses to take the liquid.

The father, worn with his day's toil, is angered at the suffering innocent disturbing his sleep. Hardly, perhaps, he chides his wife for not lushing the child. She gives to it an empty breast from which it turns with renewed wailing. Then she tries another expedient. She hastily prepares some milk and water and feeds the baby a few spoonfuls. She knows it is good for nothing, but she knows it is better than nothing. But when a week-end, from one month to another, in the same stalls almost knee high in offal. But she is certain it is good milk, real cow's milk, for did she not see Jacob milk the cows?

So she gives it to her baby, trotting it up and down on her knees the while. It is teething, and the summer heat makes it ill. She is so worn that scarcely can she keep her weary eyes open till she has finished feeding her offspring. Then she takes it back into the bed occupied by herself and the father. He turns over as she lies down, and testily "kisses the young 'un will keep still, now it's gone its stomach full."

Scarcely has the mother fallen asleep before another cry awakes her. Her milk and fat are put down the little one's throat has been rejected by its stomach. Again she rises and turns up the wick of the smoking kerosene lamp. She dandles the child up and down, for she knows not what to do to quiet it. It is wailing dismally, and she knows the moment. Out of a window a neighbor woman puts her head and calls to her: "Reach out your hand," she says; "I've got a bit of medicine that will quiet the baby."

She gives her a bottle and bids her administer a half teaspoonful. It is a brown liquid, and has a strange smell. She gives it to her infant unhesitatingly. Then it falls into a heavy sleep that lasts till dawn. When it awakes it frets, but it does not always fret. Its eyes are heavy and have a glazed look. "The children's eyes always do look bad when they're teething," says an old dame who comes in to borrow a half cup of sugar.

The tenement baby's trunk and face are no longer when it awakes. Its mother is very busy getting breakfast. Instead of fresh bread the odor of sizzling salt pork comes to the nostrils of the sick infant. The father, or an older child, feeds it crackers and water. "To keep it quiet" until the morning meal is on the table. The mother sits down with it in her lap. It gets now and then a "bite of potato" or a "sip of coffee," for it is a hand fed baby.

The flies buzz around it, covering its soiled robe and lighting on its feverish mouth. Some time during the day its mother will wash the hand fed, tenement baby and change its clothing if she has the garments. She will tell her neighbors that she cannot keep it clean, for "its victuals will not stay down."

Thus the tenement baby frets and frets through the summer days. If by chance an unusual allowance of constitution carries it through, it is with diminished digestive organs which may affect its life.

The tenement house, hand fed baby may be a worthless drunkard or a criminal, because during the first three years it lived it was half starved for food and fresh air. The tenement house, hand fed baby may be a corpse before half the summer is run, because it was kept starved for proper food and the blessing of heaven, which should be free and easy to go—fresh air.—Chicago News.

IN THE ASTOR LIBRARY.

QUEER PEOPLE WHO PASS THEIR DAYS AMONG THE BOOKS.

Habitués as Peculiar as the Quaint Volumes Upon the Shelves—A Couple of Cranks—Gobbling the Magazines. Various Frequenters.

The habitués of the Astor library are, some of them, as peculiar as the quaint volumes upon the shelves. I do not mean the men who rush in and look into a book for an hour and then rush out again to the bustle of city life. But they, too, have their counterparts in books, in fact, all of us have. It is pleasant enough to sit at one of the tables with a not too interesting book before you, now looking at its printed pages and now at the varied crowd around. Do you not see resemblances? For instance, the rusty old gentleman over there with the pallid face, the convex spectacles and the shiny black suit of old fashioned cut might be compared to one of the dusty, rusty tomes in the top shelves that are more carefully preserved than he. Then again that flashy red covered novel which might be thought of in connection with the red talking, dawdling looking woman who sits at the next table, while the dainty, low voiced girl who sits near her reminds one instinctively of one of Thomas Bailey Aldrich's idols. Thus you might go on until you found a shadow of every one of us curiously assorted yet withal congenial company.

A COUPLE OF CRANKS. Opposite me at the table where I usually read, and where I now write, sits a quaint and cranky couple. At least one of them is quaint and the other cranky. The first is a shabby gentleman, who reads dingy, dog eared books that are themselves shabby. When I enter the library at 10 o'clock every morning he is there, and when I leave late in the afternoon he still sits in his chair, hardly having moved his position all day. Sometimes I see him in the library in the evening, and then he leaves the big room like a man who knows not where to go for a resting place. There he sits all day as close to the table as possible, in order, no doubt, to avoid any thing that might enter his head. Under the table his old ink is carefully deposited with a penny morning paper and a parcel peeping over the tattered rim. If I happen to be there about 2 o'clock I will see him munching something which I have recently discovered to be bread. He does not take it out of his pocket, where he has stealthily conveyed it from the lat, like a man who knows he is eating a midday luncheon, but breaks off little bits in his pocket and carries them to his mouth as if fearing discovery. He knows only too well, perhaps, that he is dining.

My other opposite is not unlike the shabby gentleman in general characteristics, though he seems better fed. His apparel, however, does not show the scrupulous care of the other. He generally comes in after I have arrived, and so I have ample opportunity to watch his preparations for the day's reading. First, he supplies himself with a dozen volumes of sermons. These he will carefully arrange about him, and seating himself he will clasp his hands across his breast and engage in a half audible prayer. Then he will select his subject, settle down in a comfortable position, close his eyes and begin the day's reading. Then he sits at the long with closed eyes, his face bent intently over the book with every evidence of intense interest on his countenance. Whether or not he is reading I will not undertake to say, but this I know, he turns over his pages and never tarries intervals and now and then will open his eyes and take notes with the dullest of pencils.

GOLDBLING THE MAGAZINES. Besides the antique already described, there is in direct contrast the man of the post date, but not have current literature or none at all. His great ambition is to read all the new magazines. He will get them all at once, and taking them under his arm seeks some retired alcove where he will proceed to read them one after another until he is through with them all. And as he is generally a slow reader he usually has them in his possession all day. In the meantime other readers may come in and want a look at one of the magazines he has, but nothing short of a peremptory demand from an official will induce him to surrender them, and even then he does it with very bad grace.

Then there is a man who wants to read something, but is not quite sure of what he wants. He looks over the shelves, goes on a forbidden ground, is driven out, and then gathers a lot of books together, which he brings into the reading room and places before him. He now proceeds to look through the whole lot, and very likely nothing will suit him. Doubtless he will end in picking up the book his neighbor has just finished, and in a moment is deeply immersed in its pages.

Another frequenter is the man who always wants the book you are reading. He passes behind and sees the title, and then a wild desire to have that volume arises in him. He takes a seat opposite you, if possible, picks up an index, flips through the pages, and never takes his eyes off you until, in self defense, you drop the book or carry it to the librarian's table.

Then there is the young man who gets hold of a funny book, and grows purple in his efforts to keep from giggling out loud over the jokes. Beside him sits the cross grained person, who never smiles or anything, and reads a book in the same manner that most people take a disagreeable medicine. Nothing gets up an index, flips through the pages, and never takes his eyes off you until, in self defense, you drop the book or carry it to the librarian's table.

Dangerous Drinks. A bartender plaintively bewailed the necessity of having to rub congealed drops of sticky beer off the bar. "But if I let them remain," said he, in the tone of one seeking compassion, "they rot the wood."

The people of Switzerland, by a vote of 223,791 to 127,474, have approved a law which gives the government the sole right to manufacture and sell spirituous liquors.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Kentucky has a banana fiend who recently ate thirty-four bananas in one hour. Unless he is careful where he throws the skins he will have much to answer for.

Alice M. Longfellow, daughter of the poet, has been chosen a member of the school committee of Cambridge. She is also one of the trustees of the Harvard Annex.

A Princeton, a fine Jersey bull belonging to a joint stock company, created a sensation one day last week at Tallahassee by deliberately killing a cow. It is said that he lifted her on his horns, threw her into the air, and killed her almost instantly.

Even to people who have made their fortunes, or have attained so much property that they are quite easy as to the future, the dead town has no attractions. The evidence of decadence can never be attractive.

A natural curiosity exists in Fayette County, Ind., known as Shaky Hill. It comprises about twelve acres, and is occasionally subject to tremulous movements affecting several acres of land. This phenomena is said to have been noticed for fifty-seven years.

A man has been selling patent churns to the Maine farmers, taking in payment notes payable on demand and made "not transferable," and pledging himself not to demand payment within a certain long period. Then he changed the note to note, and sold the notes, and the farmers were called upon to pay up.

George D. Ash, living near Hagerston, Md., is engaged in quarrying stone on his farm, using dynamite for the purpose. A steer belonging to Mr. Ash strayed into the quarry, and, finding the dynamite cartridge, ate it. The dynamite proved unwholesome diet, exploding and bursting the animal.

The Savannah News perpetrates the following: A lady at Indian spring has a hen that is quite a curiosity. It has a coat of hair in place of feathers. Although it is only a chicken, still it is a wonderful freak of nature. It came from a flock of ordinary chickens, and the cause of its singular coat is a mystery. It lays, sits and hatches like other chickens, and some of its offspring is like the parent, but she has not yet succeeded in bringing them to maturity.

From France comes the announcement of a newly-invented rotary printing machine, which is said to print, superpose and fold publications from two rolls of paper, if so desired. Suitable devices are provided—there are four cutting and folding cylinders, two of which cut and fold the sheets from one roll, while the other two operate upon the remaining one. Each of the two pairs of cylinders are, however, capable independently of cutting and folding the sheets.—Public Opinion.

The Roman Catholic authorities of Boston are planning to establish one great common cemetery for all the cities in adjacent parts of the State, to which the railroads are expected to run special funeral trains daily, the cars going directly into the grounds and all expense of carriages being done away with, the undertaker carrying the body to the station, the city and the railroad running funeral trains at reduced rates if such a cemetery is established. In Mexico they have special funeral cars over the horse-car routes to the cemeteries.

The history of the toothpick in this country has a few curious and interesting features. Not many years ago a man in South America, whose wife was in the United States, whittled out a few wooden toothpicks and sent them to her. In some way not now known the proprietor of a hotel obtained some of them, and learning who made them, he applied for a supply. This led to a large sale of the whittled picks and finally to the establishment of an agency for their sale in this country. The toothpick man emigrated North and invented machinery by which he turned out the first year sixteen million two hundred and fifty thousand picks, which has since increased to above that number per month.



FAULTLESS FAMILY MEDICINE

"I have used Simmons' Liver Regulator for many years, having made it my only Family Medicine. My mother before me was very partial to it. It is a safe, good and reliable medicine for any disorder of the system, and if used in time is a great preventive of sickness. I often recommend it to my friends, and shall continue to do so."

Rev. James M. Rollins, Pastor M. E. Church, So. Fairfield, Va. "TIME AND DOCTORS' BILLS SAVED BY ALWAYS KEEPING SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR IN THE HOUSE."