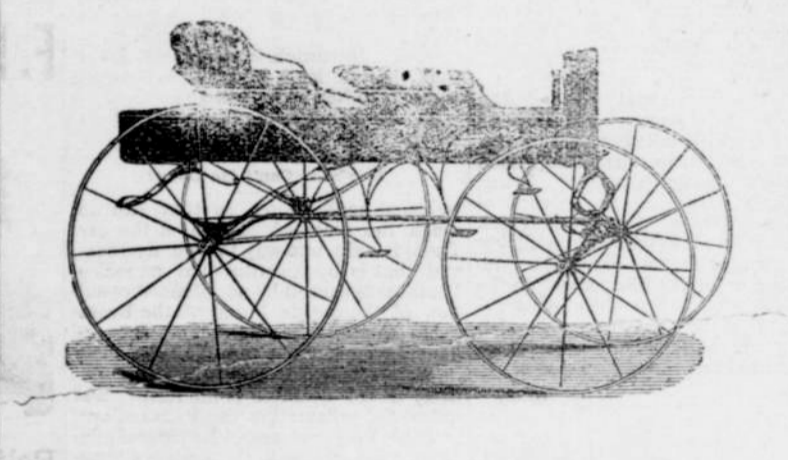
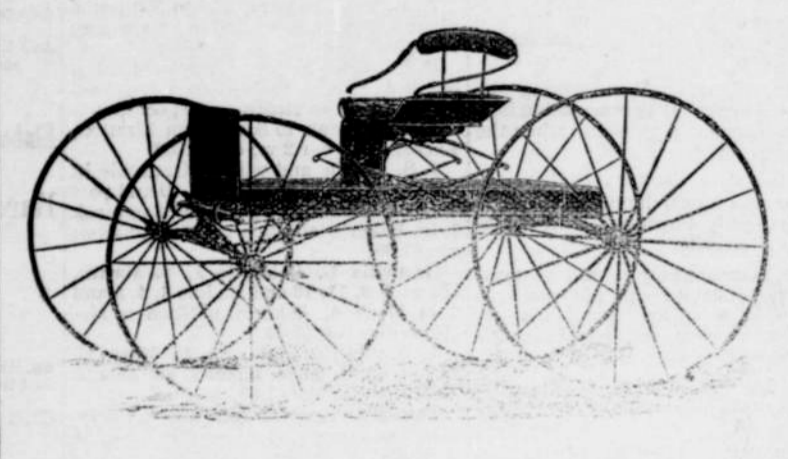
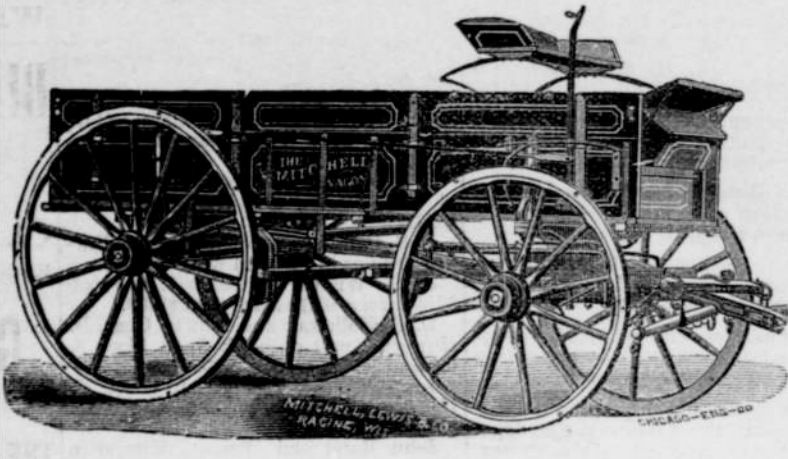


WIT AND HUMOR.

"What a wonderful painter Rubens was!" remarked Merritt at the art gallery.
"Yes," assented Cora. "It is said of him that he could change a laughing face into a sad one by a single stroke."
"Why," spoke up little Johnnie in disgust, "my schoolteacher could do that."—*Detroit Free Press.*
Citizen—"Well, Uncle Rastus, how are you getting along with your job on the *Morning Clarion*?"
Uncle Rastus—"I done le' de place, sah, larst week."
"What was the trouble?"
"Well, sah, yo' see I was editin' de coal department an' de whole business came about by journalistic amenities. De young man what calls hisself de religious editor shobed me downsta'r w' a scuttful of coal, an' when I picked myself up I didn't know whether I was de scuttle or de scuttle was me. Dey said dat it wah one ob dese yere journalistic amenities, an' I jumped de job."—*Texas Siftings.*
Foreman of composing room (speaking through tube to managing editor)—"You say you want dat article about de woman who killed a bear and three cubs illustrated with a cut of de woman?"
Managing editor—"Yes, I do."
"What cut shall I use?"
"Where is dat cut of Lydia Pinkham that we run in de weekly?"
"It is being used in de first form to illustrate dat article on Queen Victoria."
"Well, then, run dat picture of Harriet Hubbard Ayer for de woman who killed de bears."
"All right, but what are we going to do for cuts for dat article about Joseph Chamberlain and his bride?"
"Well, supposing dat you run dat cut of W. L. Douglas that goes with his \$3 shoe ad for St. Joseph and dat old hand-bill cut of Emma Abbott for his bride."
"All right; and I suppose dat de old cut of de new Colorado capitol will do for Sir Joseph's castle, won't it?"
"Yes, yes; run anything you can find for de castle. There's lots of old cuts in de job room. See if you can find something there for an article I'm going to send down about de Emperor William and his wife. I guess dat old cut we run a few weeks ago of Coquelin and Jane Hading will do."
"All right, sah, Hading and Coquelin goes."—*Detroit Free Press.*
A woman yesterday stood at the writing desk in the corridor of the postoffice with a pen in her hand and a postal card before her. She was thinking deeply when a man approached with a postal card in his hand, looked in vain for a pen and finally said:
"Madam, are you going to use that pen for the next five minutes?"
"Yes sir," she replied. "I am just going to write to my husband."
"And I am just going to write to my wife. Curious coincidence, eh?"
"Oh, I don't know about that. My husband ran away, and I have just got his address and was wondering whether I should tell him to stay or come home."
"By George, madam, but how singular! My wife also skipped out, and I was wondering what to say to her. We are in the same boat. Shall we write: 'Come home, darling, or, I never want to see your face again?' What a curious coincidence!"
"Yes, I think it is," remarked a woman who came up behind him. "Trying to make a hash, are you? This is the way you hunt for work, is it! Come home with me or I'll pull all the hair out of your head and scratch that woman's eyes out!"
He went humbly along in tow, and a news-boy who sat on the window-sill looked after the pair and soliloquized:
"That's what I call busting a coincidence and catching a liar at the same time. Better write for your darling to return by telegraph, ma'am."—*Detroit Free Press.*
Jenkinson Wipeclunks would not have exchanged situations with the president of the United States, the Prince of Wales or the drum-major of a brass band.
Felisty McGinnis had answered "yes" in a voice as soft and gentle as the sigh of music in a dreamless sleep or the murmuring wail of a caressing breeze from lethan waters soothingly fanning the whiskers of Father Time.
"Felisty," he exclaimed rapturously, as his left hand disappeared from sight with a rapid yet sneaking motion toward the back of the sofa on which they sat, and the fingers of his right hand appeared to be feeling for something in his vest pocket, "you have made me the happiest man in the world."
"And you will forgive my presumption, darling," he continued, "if in anticipation of your answer I have ventured to provide myself with—with—a—ring!"
Jenkinson paused in some apparent excitement, and his finger and thumb nervously explored his vest pocket without seeming to find anything.
"I—I must have lost it!" he gasped. "Felisty, it was a ring! Ha! Perhaps it is in some other pocket!"
Kissing to his feet he thrust a trembling hand into his trousers pocket.
"There was a hole in that pocket," Jenkinson said, Felisty, as she noted with concern his ghastly face, which the light of desperate resolve was breaking, "don't grieve over it. It will turn up. You are excited. Is there anything I can do to—"
"Yes," exclaimed Jenkinson in a hollow voice, "Felisty, I think I know where that ring is. If you would do me a favor I shall never forget it until the last hour of my life; for the love of heaven go and get me a bootjack and leave me to myself for a few moments."—*Chicago Tribune.*



Not a Hard Bird to Catch.

Last week Herrmann, the magician, was standing with half a dozen gentlemen near one of the trees in front of Williard's hotel. The branches were full of chattering English sparrows. Said Mr. Herrmann: "I cut zis from a newspaper about how to eat de sparrow, and he read as follows:
"Take a fat little bird by the beak, sprinkle a little salt over it, take out the gullet, put the bird cleverly in your mouth, bite off close to your fingers and chew him manfully; the result will be an abundance of juice to envelop the whole organ and you will enjoy a pleasure unknown to the vulgar. Frogs' legs, blue points, little neck clams, terrapin, plover, everything would give way before the sparrow, according to this description, if once placed on the bills of fare of fashionable cafes."
"That is very well," said one of the gentlemen, "but how are you going to get the little rascals? They are too small to shoot and too shy and lively to be caught."
"Oh, you are mistaken. It is very easy to catch ze sparrow. See, how I catch one," and he made a grab into the atmosphere, and, sure enough, got a cock sparrow in his hand that chattered and pecked viciously. Herrmann showed up the plumpness of the little bird to his staring friends, saying: "Now my little friend, do not hurt me. Ah, you get away," and the sparrow escaped and flew up to a limb, where he smoothed his feathers and looked very mad.
"I will catch another," said Herrmann, and making another grab, secured another sparrow, this time a hen.
Presently he let her go and said: "Now I will try to catch two sparrows at one time," and making a clutch, took in his hand with two sparrows in it.
As he allowed them to escape he remarked, with an honest smile that would take in a horse-dealer. "You see, gentlemen, ze sparrow is not a hard bird to catch, eef you only know how to catch him."—*Washington Post.*

Those of us not yet fifty years of age have probably lived in the most important and intellectually progressive period of human history. Within this half-century the following inventions and discoveries have been among the number: Ocean steamship, street railways, elevated railways, telegraph lines, ocean cables, telephones, phonograph, photography, and a score of new methods of picture-making, aniline colors, kerosene oil, electric lights, steam fire-engines, chemical fire-extinguishers, anesthetics and painless surgery, gun-cotton, nitro-glycerine, dynamite, giant powder, aluminum, magnesium, and other metals; electro-plating, spectrum analysis and spectroscopy; audiophone, pneumatic tubes, electric motor, electric railway, electric bells, typewriter, cheap postal system, steam heating, steam and hydraulic elevators, vestibule cars, cantilever bridges. These are only a part. All positive knowledge of the physical constitution of planetary and stellar worlds has been attained within this period.—*Homiletic Review.*

Girls who use powder don't go off any quicker than those who don't.—*Boston Courier.*

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

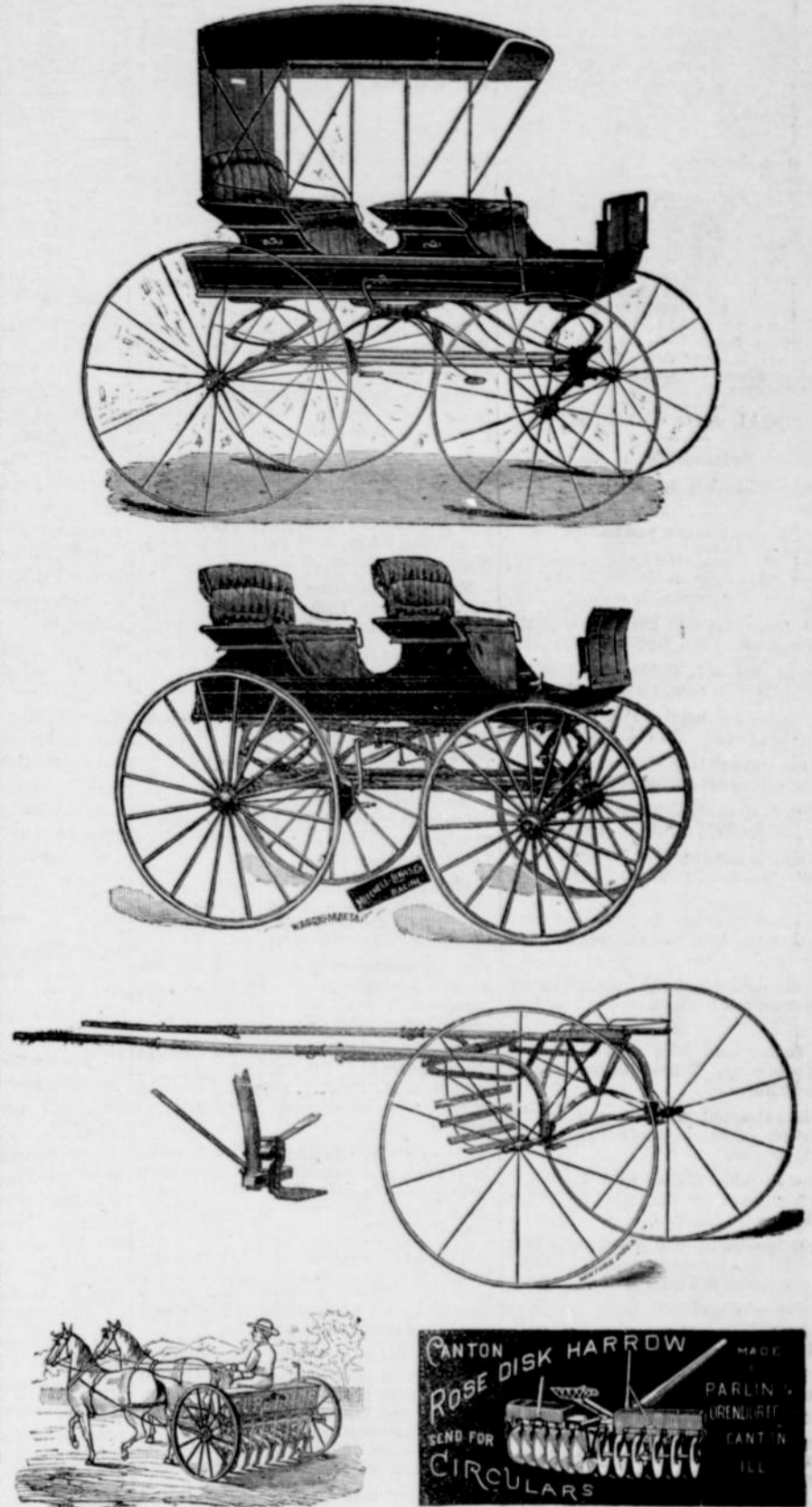
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They have received direct from the factory a Carload of the Finest Buggies and Carriages ever bro't into Yamhill County.

THE NOBBIEST LOT of Barouches, Carriages, Phaetons, Jump seat rigs, Buggies, Spring Wagons, Etc., you ever laid your eyes upon. Their brand of buggies have been well tested in this climate and are guaranteed in every particular. Having purchased these buggies direct from the factory they are prepared to

QUOTE YOU BETTER PRICES than have ever before been offered in the Valley.



THE STANDARD TROTTING STALLION, DICK FLAHERTY, Record 2:30. Will Make the Season of 1889, Commencing April 1, Ending July 1, at McMinnville Fair Grounds, Yamhill County, Oregon.

ARE YOU GOING EAST? Chicago & Northwestern Railway, "FAMOUS ROYAL ROUTE."

The Royal Route. Others may imitate, but none can surpass it. Our motto is "always on time."

ADVERTISERS can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of advertising in American papers by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., New York.

Notice to Stockmen! The high bred Holstein bull, ARICA, will be kept for service at the farm of A. J. Baker, on Sherman road, seven miles southwest of McMinnville.

Notice of Final Settlement. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned executor of the estate of Nancy Moore, deceased, has filed his final account as administrator of said estate in the county court of Yamhill county, Oregon, and said court has fixed the 22nd day of March, 1889, as the time and place for hearing the same.

Notice of Final Settlement. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned executor of the estate of James Green, deceased, has filed his final account as administrator of said estate in the county court of Yamhill county, Oregon, and said court has fixed the 22nd day of March, 1889, as the time and place for hearing the same.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878. Notice for Publication. LAND OFFICE AT OREGON CITY, Oregon, Mar. 28, 1889.

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