

**BUNCO STEERER'S XMAS.**  
How Little Willie Brought the  
Joy to His Sick Father.

In a neat but humble room on the east side of the city Mary Sawdust sat with her sewing on her lap and her children playing on the floor beside her. There were traces of tears on her young face and a quiver on her lip as she diligently plied her needle, for it lacked but two days of Christmas, and she had no money with which to buy presents for her little ones.

"Mamma," said the little girl, suddenly placing her hand on her mother's knee, "do you think kind papa has caught a sucker on the bridge to-day?"

"I do not know, darling," replied Mary Sawdust; "we must hope for the best; but if he has, he will work him for all he is worth."

She turned to her work again with a deep sigh, and little Ethel ran off to join her brother Willie in a merry game of "Catch the Jay."

It was late when Henry Sawdust returned to his home, wearied with his hard day's work on the Brooklyn bridge. As he hung his dinner-pail on its accustomed hook and threw himself into a chair his faithful wife noticed that his cheek wore a hectic flush, while there was a strange glitter in his eyes.

"It is nothing," he said; "it will pass off." But the next morning he awoke in a raging fever, and poor Mary Sawdust realized that her Christmas was likely to be even a sadder one than she had looked forward to.

"You must be very quiet to-day, little ones," said she to her children, "for poor papa is very sick, and I can not leave his bedside."

Little Willie was still and thoughtful for some time after his mother left the room. Then he said softly to his sister: "I wish I were a big man, so that I might help papa while he is sick. I have often asked him to let me go with him to carry the gold brick and the directory of bank cashiers, but he says I am too little. I know what I will do. I will go out on the bridge and try to win a roll. Oh, how pleased mamma will be if I succeed; and what nice Christmas presents we would get!"

Putting on his little ulster and hat, he set forth on his mission. As he was walking down the Bowery, he encountered a man who wore a broad hat and a coat of quaint pattern, and carried in his left hand an old-fashioned carpet-bag.

"Please, sir," said the child, clasping the stranger's right hand in his slender little fingers, "how are all the folks in Chenango?"

"Hey! what!" gasped the astonished provincial, turning his gaze from the tops of the houses to the childish gaze before him.

"Oh, sir," continued little Willie, "poor papa is sick and I'm trying to earn money enough to buy him a new ulster and some dye for his moustache. Won't you please let me steer you into the joint? I am such a little boy that I can not work you myself; but Thirsty Bill, dear papa's friend, is there, and he can win a sucker's roll every time in great shape."

"Well, I swan!" exclaimed the stranger; "I've had 'em try this on me every time I've come to town for the last ten years; but this is the youngest one I ever seen in the business."

"Oh, sir," pleaded the child, "Christmas is coming and we have no presents. Papa is ill, and so poor that he had no benzine to put on his silker yesterday when he went out on the bridge. Won't you please come and be buncoed, and then mamma will be so happy."

The stranger seemed deeply moved by Willie's simple tale.

"Take me home with you, child," he said, "and I will try to help you along."

In a few minutes he was standing in Henry Sawdust's cheerful parlor, and learning from her lips the story of their poverty and suffering.

"Would you like to see my husband?" she asked, leading the way to the little bedroom.

The sick man stirred uneasily on his cot as they entered, and feebly murmured:

"Ah, do my eyes deceive me? Can this be my old friend Mr. Johnson of Elmira?"

The stranger turned aside and wiped his eyes.

"Madam," he said, "I have been the president of a Hartford insurance company for twenty years, but this sight has completely unmanned me. And to think of your two innocent babes not having any Christmas presents. Well, it shall never be said of Hiram Duzenbury that he didn't do one generous act in his life."

He turned to the sick man and said gently: "Yes, I am Mr. Johnson, of Elmira, and I met you at your uncle's bank. Hush! Do not try to speak, for you are not strong

enough yet. I want a gold brick—I deal in 'em when I'm home; and I want to see the prize you've drawn in the lottery, and the picture you painted in Paris. And when you're better we'll see the town together. Meantime take this seat and credit me with the usual cash discount."

He laid five crisp hundred dollar bills on the coverlet, and then grasped his carpet-bag and departed before Mary Sawdust could collect her scattered senses.

**Fast Life in Paris.**

A correspondent writing from London says: "The fast set in Paris is the one which is by far the most prominent. A few respectable Americans are admitted to French society, but their number is small. It is true the young men who have been driven out of America, out the heaviest dash here. Take Howell Osborne, for instance—he who has been the subject of so much newspaper comment of late years. A few days ago he left abruptly for London, and according to the gossip of the American colony, he has wired over for his theatrical concert—Fay Templeton—to join him in England. It happens to be one of Osborne's periods of reverses, and he has fled the town. His magnificent establishment will be sublet until his return, but he is sure to come back in time. Paris is his home, since he is afraid to return to New York, and it is not likely that he will allow such trivial things as debts to drive him away from the only city in the world where he can pursue his little vagaries unpunished. Osborne's life since he came here reads like a romance. He had run away from New York after owing everybody, refusing to pay his friends who had helped him out in distress, and he came here to live on his income of \$25,000 or \$30,000 a year. He began by losing nearly \$50,000 the first month of his arrival. Then he scraped together some cash, gave his notes for what he owed, went down to Monte Carlo, and two months later came back \$60,000 ahead. He had meanwhile made a coalition or partnership with a calm and easy-going personage named O'Keefe, who was a California gambler who had been driven from the Pacific slope to London, whence he had been driven in turn to Paris. I saw him at the opera one night and studied him for half an hour through my glass. He had the same fascination for me in life that John Oakhurst, Bret Hart's famous gambler, had for me in fiction. O'Keefe looks not unlike the ideal Oakhurst, either. He is placid, calm and suave to an extraordinary degree. His regular features were shaded by a silky moustache. His air of serenity, his imperturbability, and his clean, sleek, well-groomed figure showed to wonderful advantage beside the fat and puffy physique of the bloated Osborne. Mr. O'Keefe, I am told, drinks milk and seltzer, and leaves the champagne and gin, the favorite drink of the frequenters of Monte Carlo, to those who want it."

**Remarkable Powers.**

The World's special from Columbia, S. C., says:

Daisy Robinson, an ordinary-looking colored girl twelve years of age, is exciting wonder in the town of Bumper, S. C., by inexplicable manifestations of some hidden force, which seems to follow her every act. The first demonstration was the falling over of a sideboard upon the floor, and a short time after a water-bucket was thrown from the shelf, striking the girl upon the shoulder. The mother, thinking that the room was haunted, moved into another, when the same agency moved tables over the floor, and dishes, pitchers, smoothing irons and other household articles could not be kept in their place.

**Sagacity of the Coyote.**

Residents in the vicinity of the Philadelphia brewery have been robbed of about 500 chickens in the past few weeks, and until recently were unable to ascertain the identity of the thieves. A watch was set, and it was discovered that they were coyotes. The full-grown animals could not get into the chicken houses, but detailed their cubs to crawl in through the holes left for chickens to enter. Once inside the cubs killed the chickens and pushed them through the holes to the full-grown coyotes waiting on the outside, who bore them away to their rendezvous in the adjacent hills and ravines in that vicinity, which are swarming with these animals, and at night the air is vocal with their howls, the treble cries of the cubs forming a strange accompaniment to the deep baw of the elder contingent.—Virginia City Chronicle.

**Ancient Holy Wine.**

In the wonderful wine cellar under the Hotel de Ville, in Bremen, there are twelve cases of holy wine, each case inscribed with the name of one of the apostles. This ancient wine was deposited in its present resting place 265 years ago. One case of this wine, consisting of oxbloods of 204 bottles, cost 500 rix-dollars in 1624. Including the expense of keeping up the cellar, interest on the original outlay and interest upon interests, one of those oxbloods would to-day cost 555,657,-640 rix-dollars; three single bottles, 2,273,812 rix-dollars; a glass, or the eighth part of a glass, is worth 340,-476 rix-dollars, or \$272,380, or at the rate of 540 rix-dollars or \$272 per drop!

**Her Ring is Her Mascot.**

Miss Amelia B. Edwards, the English author and Egyptologist, dresses in quiet, conventional taste, but possesses one noticeable ornament, which, however, seldom leaves its resting place in her jewel box. This is a ring mounted with a scarabaeus in gold. The Egyptian beetle, for such it is, is said to have been taken from the wrappings of a mummy, and is as old, perhaps, as the days of the Pharaohs. It is green with age and green with the glitter of small emeralds. Although she seldom puts it on her finger, Miss Edwards is said to regard the symbol of ancient Egypt as a sort of mascot, and to carry the scarabaeus ring with her constantly on her travels.

**The Cost Her Weight in Gold.**

Mrs. Jesus Castro, an aged Mexican lady who recently died at American Flag in the Santa Catalina mountains, Arizona, was, perhaps, the only woman in the world who ever cost her husband her weight in gold. In the early gold-digging days of California she was a resident of Sonora, Mexico, in which state she was born and grew to womanhood. When seventeen years old a paternal uncle, but few years her senior, returned gold-laden from the newly discovered mines and soon fell desperately in love with his own niece. He sought her hand in marriage and was accepted, but the church refused, on account of the near relationship of the pair, to solemnize the marriage. Persuasion being in vain, he tried the power of gold to win the church his way, and succeeded only by payment of her weight in gold. She at that time weighed 117 pounds, and against her in the scales the glittering dust was shoveled. The husband still had sufficient of this world's goods to provide a good home.

A well-known London journalist, a man of culture and ambition, is having his eldest son educated to be a cook. The boy has been trained by a famous chef at Brussels. He afterwards studied under the chef of the Grand hotel, Paris, and has just been apprenticed for three years to M. Charpentier, chef of the Savoy hotel, London.

Inventor Edison's 6-year old girl is said to be almost marvelously bright. She is described as a fair musician, a good draughtsman and she speaks in four languages.

**The Latest New York Fashion in Dogs.**

Dogs will be worn this season cut latitudinally instead of longitudinally, as was the style last year. A beast promenaded Fifth avenue with his mistress recently, which was presumably trimmed according to the very latest fashion. It was an ugly creature at best, but the clipping machine had left it a perfect monstrosity. Its color was a muddy brown where the matty curly hair had been allowed to remain. The head and shoulders had been left shaggy and leonine. The body had been shaved to the skin, except that three parallel narrow bands of hair remained encircling it a few inches apart. The legs were trimmed clear down to the lower joint of each, where a bunch of fur was left, giving the animal the appearance of walking on four sticks, with the ends thrust into balls of dirty cotton batting. The tail was bare, with a cheerfully waving tuft of hair at its tip. The woman who owned him was evidently proud of her grotesque pet. He was rigged out to attract attention, and he did. The reflected interest that was turned toward the mistress didn't seem to displease her.

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**In Male Attire.**

The subject of woman donning male attire in order to follow their lovers incognito to wars or other dangerous perils has been a favorite one with poets from the early ballad singers to Mrs. Browning in the "Rosaunt of the Page" and the Swedish tegner, in the beautiful story of "Axel." But in modern times women have less romantic reasons for the change of costume. Like George Sand, they may do it in a spirit of adventure; like Rosa Bonheur and our own Dr. Mary Walker, because they find it more comfortable, or like the hundreds of cases which are constantly being noted by the newspapers because they find that an apparent change of sex enables them to make a better living. Rosa Bonheur wears trousers when at work, but resumes her female attire in the evening. She wears not only trousers, but a full male outfit, including the French laborers' blue smock and cap, when she goes to fairs to make studies for her cattle or wanders about the fields unaccompanied. The garb relieves her of the trouble of bundling up skirts when she carries painting implements, and also conceals her sex from rough men whom she is liable to meet. Louisa Lawton, the sculptress, also finds it convenient to wear trousers and coat when at work. Sarah Bernhardt in her studio assumes a black velvet in which she is conscious that she looks very charming. Mme. Dieulafoy, the French explorer and scientist, who has done so much to increase our knowledge of Persian archaeology, also looks much more coquettish and winsome in the costume she adopted while journeying in strange lands than she does in the skirts which she wears in Paris. Indeed, even in Paris, her only return to feminine costume is in the substitution of skirts for trousers. The coat and vest, the shirt, collars and cuffs are still retained.

# THE PRESENT RAPID GROWTH

## Both in Public and Private Improvements and Population of the Beautiful and well situated CITY OF McMINNVILLE

Demonstrates that the Nucleus for a Great City has been formed. During the last two years in the neighborhood of \$200,000 Have been Spent for Public Improvements.

It is the Only City in Oregon that Owns and Operates COMPLETE ELECTRIC LIGHT and WATER PLANTS.

And soon the Rattle and Ring of a Street Car Line will be heard. No city in the Willamette Valley presents a better field for the operation of Capital.

### The Manufactories of the Town

Are comparatively few in number, but still they employ a large number of people. Among them are the McMinnville Flouring mills, with a capacity of One Hundred Barrels of Flour per day; two lumber yards, with sash and door factories in connection; a creamery and cheese factory, with a capacity of one thousand pounds of butter per day; a furniture factory, yet in its infancy, but with the surety of increased operation in the near future.

### The Population of the City is 2,500

And is constantly increasing; faster in proportion than other cities of the same size in Oregon. The surrounding country is exceedingly productive, a larger yield per acre, being raised within a radius of ten miles than in any other section of the State. YAMHILL County is known as

### "The Banner County of Oregon,"

And McMinnville is the county seat and metropolis of the Banner county.

This city is receiving deserved comment from the press of the State, and it is the intention of the proprietors of

## The Telephone-Register

To issue on February 1st a Mammoth edition devoted entirely to McMinnville. Her business interests and business men will each receive attention in their respective columns in the issue, together with a history of the town from its first settlement to date. The educational facilities will receive their portion, together with interesting statistics, Banking, Commercial, Express, Freight, Municipal, Building, Religious and Fraternal will given. Articles by prominent people; sketches of the Lawyers, Doctors, County and City officials are being prepared, making it, as a whole, a paper which should be read and distributed throughout the State and Union in order to give the outside population a correct picture of McMinnville, the banner town of the banner county of the banner state.

The price of this paper will be 10 cents, a sum which you can easily afford to spend in order to let your friends know the true merits of our city. This is the first edition of a newspaper devoted entirely to McMinnville, and it will be complete with superb portraits of her business and professional men, with views of the principal buildings and points of interest.

Send in Your Orders Immediately for Copies. HARDING & HEATH, PUBLISHERS.