

Many a firm that never gave such an expenditure a serious thought a few years ago, now counts its Newspaper Advertising appropriation as one of its most necessary and most profitable outlays.

The Telephone-Register.

Many a firm that now says "there is nothing in Newspaper Advertising for us," will find within the next few years that there has been much in it for others in the same line.

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McMINNVILLE, OREGON, THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1891. VOL. III. NO. 9.

FRANK WRIGHT, Successor to H. Adams. HARNESS SHOP. Complete and Reliable Stock of Harness and Horse Furnishings.

COTTAGE SANITARIUM! At Mt. Tabor. Portland's Most Beautiful Suburb.

OSMON ROYAL, M. D. 107 Third St., Portland, Oregon.

The St. Charles Hotel. Sample rooms in connection. S. E. MESSINGER, Manager.

McMINNVILLE TRUCK AND DRAY CO. CARLIN & HIGH, Proprietors.

WM. HOLL, Watchmaker and Jeweler. Dealer in All Kinds of Watches, Jewelry, Plated Ware.

Edwards & Derby, Proprietors of the McMinnville TILE FACTORY.

DR. J. C. MICHAUX, Practicing Physician and Surgeon.

S. A. YOUNG, M. D. Physician and Surgeon.

Calbreath & Goucher, PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

J. D. Baker M.D., SURGEON AND HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.

The Imported Percheron Stallion, PAROLI, 6859. 8919. 2,000 lbs. WEIGHT.

YOUNG HAMBLETONIAN! At the McMinnville Fair Grounds. Single Service, Season, Insurance.

McMINNVILLE NATIONAL BANK. Paid up Capital, \$50,000. BOARD OF DIRECTORS: J. W. COVENS, LEE LAUGHLIN, J. L. STRATTON, C. H. STUBBS.

Harness and Saddles. ELSIA WRIGHT. Carries the Largest Assortment of Harness and Saddles.

The People's Market. Carries the Best Line of Choice Meats in the City.

Eurisko Market. J. S. HIBBS, Proprietor. Fresh Meats of all kinds constantly on hand.

THE COMMERCIAL STABLE! Gates & Henry, Props.

Livery, Feed and Sale! Everything New and Firstclass.

J. B. ROHR, House, Sign, and Ornamental Painter.

C. R. COOK & SON, Groceries and Crockery.

YOUR PATRONAGE IS SOLICITED.

EXILES IN HEAVY CHAINS

LETTING OUT FROM ROSTOFF FOR SIBERIA. Miseries of the Prisoners on their March Through Russia—Famine, Frost, and other hardships.

By the insubstantial workings of the Russian administration. It seemed to me that I could easily have gone among them and by merely glancing at their faces sorted out those who deserved Siberia and those who didn't.

There was a pale-faced, miserable-looking young fellow whom I took to be a student in a spectator and a man who looked so unprosperous and innocent that one felt sure their crime, whatever it was, was the outcome of ignorance, rather than guilt.

Among the unshackled few was a poor old man, who, probably from a long term of solitary confinement, neglected for years in some provincial prison, had become an idiot.

I stepped upon the balcony. Filling slowly past the hotel was a conveyance of about two hundred prisoners, marching between two rows of armed policemen with drawn swords.

It was the first regularly organized convoy of exiles bound for Siberia that I had happened upon during my journey in Russia; hence, as may be imagined, every face in the marching company was scanned with the keenest interest.

I had followed the convicts to the station. Three-fourths of them were clad in the regulation suit issued to exiles on their departure for Siberia; the rest wore the rags and tags of the lower stratum of Russian life.

Most of them had leg chains, which were riveted to heavy iron fetters around the ankles. The weight of the ankle rings was relieved by means of supporting straps or garters above the calves.

Some few men were without leg-fetters, but were handcuffed together. A few feeble-looking old men slouched along without either chains or fetters.

The company seemed to have been collected from the four quarters of European Russia, and presented a strange study of types and faces.

to him; but the guards would neither permit it or would any of them accept it and pass it to the convict.

So he pulled on and came to the river and drove his beasts and creaking wagon into it. He had made the ford innumerable times.

"Hi yah! Go on there—see!" The thirsty oxen never lifted their muzzles from the water.

By daylight a casual gathering of Russian ladies will average about one-third as much beauty as would be found among the same number of American ladies.

WHAT BEFELL A BULL-DRIVER WHO PLAYED IN HARD LUCK. Robbed of His Oxen, His Wagons and His Swootheart, the Time Comes When He Can Give His Life and Save That of the Faithless One and That of the Man Who Took Her From Him.

He was ugly—uglier even in mind than in feature. He jabbed the poor lean oxen with his goad so fiercely that the blood came with every prod.

There was nothing to be done but to unfasten the yokes and ox-chains and save the remaining cattle. He did this and got them to the opposite bank, and the wagon and the dead ox lay there in the river.

He sat upon a rock on the river bank and watched the wreck of his fortune in the river. It was nearly dark when he got his exhausted beasts to the shore.

There were footprints on the road—smooth, broad footprints, without sign of a heel or of nails.

It was getting on toward evening when he heard the rattle of wheels behind him. He looked back, but the great red, dusty sun was level with him.

just on the edge of the horizon, and whatever was coming was lost in the hot glare of the sunset.

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er of a mile start their chance for escape was very good.

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he must consider that his "one wife" possesses in the ownership of so "modest" and popular a creature.

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WOMAN THE MORE MODEST. SARA SOMERS REPLIES TO ARTHUR McEWEN.

As a local writer gives her thoughts concerning the Modesty of Men—Nature Intended that Both Should be Modest Alike—Independent and High-Minded Girls Not Compelled to Marry for Support.

As a local writer who is all unknown to fame may be permitted to answer Arthur McEwen's argument relative to man's superior modesty, I will thank the editor for the space allotted me, and at once proceed to take issue against the opinion of the writer just quoted, as well as the ideas of a similar nature that have been advanced by Mrs. Gertrude Franklin Atherton.

As a fair specimen of the "manly modesty" of which these writers boast is shown in the assumption that man is entitled to "wear the violet"—in other words he has been so hunted, persecuted and flattered by members of the fair sex, who are in search of husbands, that he has become timid in their presence, in fact, is really afraid of the creature, for, with their bold persistence, he cannot tell but that he may be overcome and forced to marry in spite of himself.

However, it has not yet become perceptible that matters have reached this crisis, hence, I agree with Mrs. Edith Sessions Tupper in denying man's right to the violet.

In my opinion nature intended that the becoming attribute of modesty should be equally assumed by man and woman. Custom and the usage of society, however, which makes man the wooer and gives woman the privilege of accepting or refusing his suit, has gradually caused a revolution which has resulted in the greater boldness or assurance (not to say impudence) of man, showing by contrast what seems to have become the more retiring and modest nature of woman. Both were endowed by nature with becoming modesty, but while woman has retained her portion man has lost a large share of his.

I deny that it is of more importance to woman to marry than it is to men. In this progressive age the great majority of women and girls acquire by thrift study and industry the means for self-maintenance independent of masculine support. No sensible young woman will exchange a certain salary of \$40 to \$100 per month for the doubtful position of a wife who may have to beg for every cent she is allowed to spend besides giving a strict account of each and every expenditure.

Man is not required to give everything, "financially speaking," on entering into the marriage partnership. As a rule, one does the inside of the other the outside work, which is a perfectly fair division of labor. The receipts and profits of such partnership should be equally divided. The husband is troubling false notions in imagining that he is "supporting" his wife simply because custom has decreed that he shall carry the purse and dole out the money for necessary household expenses when she is obliged to ask for it.

Instead of "the lady sitting in the cart and the gentleman dragging it," as is expressed by Mr. McEwen in a style more forcible than elegant, the gentleman usually rides in a carriage—having the required funds in his pocket to pay for his hire—while the lady is compelled to walk for lack of necessary car fare.

[N. B. The above paragraph is but a figure of speech, as it were, in answer to Mr. McEwen's "cart" proposition.] It is in keeping with the "modesty" of such a writer to quote "Ouida" as authority. If he takes the author mentioned to be a fair sample of the average woman, no wonder he has become imbued with the idea that men are the more modest.

What a pity that the "noble fellow" has to, as a rule, content himself with but one wife! How he must sympathize with the bold fair ones who want him and can't get him! What a treasure