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ESTABLISHED August, 1881. TELEPHONE—Established June, 1888. Consolidated Feb. 1, 1899.

McMINNVILLE NATIONAL BANK. McMinville, Oregon. Paid up Capital, \$50,000.

ELSA WRIGHT. Manufactures and Deals in HARNESS. BRIDLES, WHIPS, SPURS, BRUSHES, ROBES, Etc.

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Circulation Guaranteed Greater Than That of Any Other Paper Published in Yamhill County.

McMinville, Yamhill County. Here is the County seat. Here is published THE TELEPHONE REGISTER, Monarch of home newspapers, accorded first place in all the Directories.

VOL. V. NO. 15

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The men were visited at their home, where they live together. Their cottage is situated on the slope of the mountain east of Conn valley. It is reached only by a private road, leading over the mountain from the westerly end of the town as it is rocky, washed by the mountain torrents in the rainy season, until what was a road is almost nothing but a rough bed of dry stream, while the grade is so steep that a team of horses hitched to a light buggy attending it must stop to breathe every twenty yards.

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"And, strange as it may seem, we talked about the fact that raw pork is known to contain trichine in some cases. But we laughed at the thought that we would become victims of the disease, and continued to taste and swallow the raw meat."

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The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder—No Ammonia, No Alum.
Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

le examples. France, that laboratory of political experiments, is peculiarly rich in them. The French Protestants received various opprobrious names. They were called Christianists, because they would talk about nothing but Christ; Pappalotts, after a small base coin and lastly Huguenots, after Hugon, the great hobgoblin of French superstition, because they were supposed to hide themselves in secret places, and only wander out in the dark. La Jaquerie, again, is the name given to some rebellious peasants, and it due to the fact that the tyrannical nobles spoke of Jacques Bon Homme in terms of insensate cruelty. In England during the present century there has been only one term of ridicule, namely that of the Adullamites; applied by Mr. Bright in 1866 to a section of the whigs who stood aloof on a reform bill introduced by the government of Lord John Russell. But it was a transient term which vanished with the incident that occasioned it, though the phrase, "A Cave," is sometimes used to designate the dissentient section of a party. Perhaps the latest instance of all is the singular one of the muggymaps in America. It is an Indian word denoting chief or aged man, and is used in a version of the bible made for the Algonquin Indians to translate the word duke of the English version.—C. B. Roylance, in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

A SAGEBRUSH GHOST.

Of a practical turn of mind and not naturally of a credulous disposition, I have never taken much stock in tales which smack of the ghostly and supernatural.

Indeed, I had always been taught by my mother, who enjoys an excellent reputation for common sense, never to be afraid of ghosts, and to regard all narrations of spiritual manifestations as tales for the edification of marines. Therefore the somewhat extraordinary narration I am about to make, is committed to the press with the hope that many whose ideas on the subject of the supernatural I have held in trifling regard, may consider this history of my own experience an apology for my past incredulity.

I shall therefore endeavor to make my simple statement of fact and let the reader draw his own conclusions. Even should my story not be credited by the majority of people, I shall make no protest that my veracity is questioned. I am free to admit that had I not seen it with my own eyes I would not have believed a word of it. How, then, am I expect others to?

It was during the month of January, of the present year, when I was driving home one morning about 3.40 from the city of Carson to my ranch, which is about two and one-half miles from town.

After passing beyond the city limits there is a desolate waste of sagebrush for at least a mile and a half, and as this road is seldom used at night, except by my own family, it is an exceedingly lonely way, especially at such an hour.

After turning off the main road, which leads to Shaw's springs, I struck across the moor, allowing my horse, (a very sagacious animal) to pick along the road, to which he was well accustomed.

Suddenly I became aware that the horse was excited and fretful. He held his head high in the air, passed and sniffed, and he trembled in every limb. I could not attribute his alarm to the wail of the coyote borne across the waste, as he was familiar with that and not in the habit of noticing it. I called his name, tapping him lightly at the same time, and he resumed