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New To-Day. E. E. GOUCHER, M. D.

A CARD

McMINNVILLE, OREG.

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IN SIGHT OF HOME.

BY KATHERINE E. CONWAY. The shore's in sight, the shore's in sight I longed-for lights of home I see! I sing for very heart's delight— And you, my friend, through dark and bright I know that you are glad for me.

O, friend, I'm drifting from your sight— The home-lights brighten momentarily— Yet lift once more your signal-light, In answer to my last good-night, And tell me you are glad for me!

A POLICEMAN'S MISTAKE.

It was a dull, rainy day, toward the end of August—one of those days when earth and sky alike are gray and dreary, and the raindrops pattering against the window sound like human sobs. The clock that hung against the wall pointed to the hour of 3 in the afternoon, and I was sitting by myself in our little inner office, looking out at the expanse of dull, gray wall that formed my only prospect from the not-over-clean window, and thinking. I had read every square inch of type in the newspapers; I had made out all the necessary papers and documents, and now, with literally "nothing to do," I was musing about Kitty Elton, and wondering how long it would be before I should be able to marry her.

Dear little Kitty! She was as sweet and as patient as it was in the nature of a woman to be, but I knew it was a hard life for her in that overcrowded milliner's work-room, day after day and month after month, and I longed to set her free from the monotonous captivity. She was a pretty, blue-eyed girl of 20, with a dimple in her chin, and the sweetest roses on her cheek that ever inspired the pen of a poet. I was no poet, yet I think I understood and appreciated all her womanly grace and delicate beauty as fully as if my heart's thoughts could shape themselves into verse. And it was of them I was thinking when the door opened and Mr. Clenner came in.

Mr. Clenner was our "chief"—a dark, silent little man, with square, stern mouth and clouded gray eyes, which appeared almost expressionless when they were turned full upon you, and yet which seemed to see everything at a glance. He sat down beside me. "Meredith," he said in a quiet, subdued tone that was natural to him, "didn't you say you were getting tired of doing nothing?" "Yes, sir." "Well, I have something for you to do."

"What is it, sir?" "Something that will bring you both credit and friends, if you manage it skillfully. I had intended to go myself, but circumstances happen untowardly, and I shall send you instead."

Bending his head toward me and speaking scarcely above a whisper, he told me the special business on which I was to be sent. There had been, it seems, a series of very heavy forgeries lately committed, with a boldness and audacity that fairly seemed to set the authorities at defiance. For some time he had been in doubt as to the exact perpetrator of the crime, but, after much quiet investigation and casting his net about here and there, he had detected the hidden spring—one Perley Matteson—who had skillfully eluded all pursuit, and was now somewhere hiding in the northeastern portion of the State. His whereabouts had been ascertained as nearly as possible, and it was for me to go quietly up and apprehend him, before he should become aware of our knowledge of all his movements.

I sat listening to all the various details of our plan as they were sketched out by Mr. Clenner. The reward that had been privately offered was high—my heart leaped as I reflected how much nearer it would bring me to Kitty Elton, nor did the enterprise seem particularly difficult to accomplish.

"Do you think you can do it?" Mr. Clenner asked, after the whole thing had been laid before me. "Yes, sir. When shall I start?" "Now—within half an hour."

"Yes; why not?" I could think of no sufficient reason except one, which I did not care to communicate to my superior—the longing wish to see Kitty once more before I started.

"Just as you decide, Mr. Clenner, of course," I said, rising. "If I take the 4 o'clock express I shall be there by daylight to-morrow morning."

"Yes; and that is altogether the best plan. He will not remain long in any one place just at present, depend upon it, and what you have to do must be done at once."

All through that long night journey I mused to myself upon the task that lay before me. The house to which I was directed was in the midst of woods, about a half a mile beyond the village of Drownville—the residence of Mrs. Matteson, the mother of the audacious forger. If help was needed I was fully authorized to call for it upon the constabulary authorities of Drownville, but I expected to need none.

The rainy dawn was just flushing the eastern sky when I awoke, stiff, weary and jaded, from the train, at the little way station of Drownville.

"Can you direct me to Mrs. Matteson's place?" I asked of the sleepy station-master, who was yawning behind the little aperture of the ticket office.

"Matteson—Mrs. Matteson; I don't know her, but I guess likely I can tell you where she lives. Just you follow the main street of the village out about half a mile, and you'll come to a patch of woods with bars at the fence. Go through them bars a little further on, and you'll see a little yellow house, just the last place in the world where you'd expect to see a house. That's where Mrs. Matteson lives."

I thanked my informant, and set out on a brisk walk, carrying my traveling bag. It was quite a distance ere I emerged from the suburbs of the "main street" into a quiet and secluded road, or, rather, lane. The "patch of woods," with the bars, and the "little yellow house"—a cream-colored cottage, literally overgrown with honey-suckles—rewarded my search, and as I knocked at the door a clock somewhere inside struck 7.

A decent-looking, elderly woman in widow's weeds came to the door.

"Is Mr. Matteson in? Mr. Perley!" "No," she answered quickly, with as I imagined, rather a confused look. I did not believe her, and asked quietly "When do you expect him home?" "Not at present."

Apparently she expected me to go away, but, instead, I stepped in.

"Mother," asked a soft voice at the head of the stairs, "who is it?" And then for the first time I became aware that some one had been watching our colloquy from the head of the stairs—a young girl, dressed, like the mother, in deep black, with very brilliant eyes, and a profusion of jet-black ringlets.

"Some one to see your brother."

She came half way down the stairs pushing back her curls with one hand and looking at me with wondrous eyes. Even then her beauty struck me as stood gazing at her.

"Terry is not at home," she said, hurriedly. "He has gone away. We do not know when he will return."

Evidently this mother and daughter were in the secret of Matteson's villain. I did not wonder their best to screen him from its consequences. My heart bled for both of them, but it was no time to indulge in sentimentality. Speaking as briefly as I could I told them it was my duty to compel them to remain where they were while I searched the house.

Mrs. Matteson sat down pale and trembling; her daughter colored high.

"Mother," she said, "why do you stand by and listen to such slanders? It is false! Let this man search the house if he will; my brother is as innocent as I am!"

No opposition was offered to my search. It was entirely fruitless, however—there was nowhere any trace of the flown bird. Nevertheless I concluded to remain there quietly for a day or two, to see what a little waiting might bring forth.

The same afternoon Clara Matteson came in, as I sat by the piazza window, keeping a quiet watch on all the surroundings.

"Mr. Meredith," she said, softly, "mother thinks I have been rude to you. She says it is not your fault, personally, that you were sent here—on such a mistake, and perhaps she is right. I am very sorry if I have hurt your feelings."

The pretty, penitent way in which she spoke quite won my heart, and a few questions on my part seemed to unlock the hidden recesses of her confidence. She talked at first shyly, but afterward with more assurance, of herself, her absent brother and her mother, giving me a thousand artless little family details which I almost dreaded to hear. The twilight talk was one of the pleasantest of my by-no-means universally pleasant life, and I was considera-

bly annoyed when it was broken in upon by the arrival of the Drownville constables who were to watch through the night. At the sound of their footsteps on the piazza floor, Clara rose up and sat down again, confused and frightened.

"O, Mr. Meredith—those men—" "Be easy, Miss Matteson," I said; "you shall in no way be annoyed by them. Your privacy shall not be broken in upon, believe me."

"I know I am silly," faltered Clara, "but oh! it seems so dreadful!"

My orders to the men were brief and succinct. I stationed them as seemed best to me, and then returned to spend the evening with Miss Matteson. And when I was at length left alone I could not help thinking—God forgive me—how much more winning and graceful she was than poor Kitty Elton.

At length an answer came to my report to Mr. Clenner—it was short and to the purpose:

"Come back—you are only losing time. If the bird has flown we must look elsewhere for him."

I read the missive with a pang. Clara Matteson's cheek deepened in color as I announced my departure to her.

"You have been far kinder than we dared to hope, Mr. Meredith," she said as I held her hand in mine.

"You will think of me sometimes, Clara?"

The reader will easily see how our intimacy had progressed. She smiled, lunged her head, and, taking a pair of scissors from the table, severed one bright black curl from the abundant tresses that hung over her forehead.

"Keep this, Mr. Meredith, in memory of me."

Was I foolish to press the jetty ringlet to my lips ere I laid it closely against my heart? Clara evidently thought I was—for she had laughed, but did not seem displeased.

Mr. Clenner seemed annoyed when I got back to the bureau—rather an unreasonable proceeding on his part, for I certainly did all that man could do under the circumstances.

"We have been mistaken all the way through, it seems," he said, biting his lip. "Strange—very strange—I was never mistaken before in my calculations. Well, we must try again."

I went to Kitty Elton's that night. She received me with a sweet, shy gladness of welcome that should have made me the happiest man in the world; but it did not. Clara Matteson's dark beauty seemed to stand between me and her like a visible barrier. When I took my leave there were tears in her eyes.

"Kitty, you are crying!" "Because you are changed. Edward, you do not love me as well as you did!" "Kitty, what nonsense!"

I was vexed with her, simply because I knew her accusation was true. But I kissed her once more, and took my leave, moody, and dissatisfied.

When I reached the office next morning, Mr. Clenner was not there.

"He has gone to Drownville," said my fellow detective; "he went last night, 'To Drownville?'"

I was seriously annoyed. Mr. Clenner distrust the accuracy of my reports? Or did he imagine that I was unable to institute a thorough and complete investigation of the premises?

"It's very strange," I mused aloud. "Jones laughed."

"Well," he said "you know Clenner has a way of doing strange things. Depend upon it, he has good reason for his conduct."

I was sitting at my desk two days subsequently, when the door glided noiselessly open and Clenner himself entered.

"You are back again, sir? and what luck?" "The best."

"Edward Meredith, I knew I could not be entirely mistaken. Perley Matteson is in the next room—half an hour from now he will be in prison."

"Where did you apprehend him?" "At home in his mother's house."

"But—" "He was there all the time you remained there. Ned, my boy, you've made a blunder for once; but don't let it happen again."

"What do you mean, sir?" For reply he opened the door of the private inner apartment, his own special sanctum. A slight, boyish figure leaned against the window smoking a cigarette, with black curls tossed back from a marble-white brow, and brilliant eyes. He mockingly inclined his head as I stared at him, with a motion not unfamiliar to me.

"Clara Matteson!" "Yes," he said, in a soft, sarcastic voice; "Clara Matteson, or Perley Mat-

teson, or whatever you choose to call me! Many thanks for your politeness, Detective Meredith, and, if you would like another look of hair—"

I turned away, burning scarlet, while Mr. Clenner closed the door.

"Never mind, my boy, it will be a lesson to you," he said, laughing. "He makes a very pretty girl, but I am not at all susceptible."

What a double-dyed fool I had been! I had lost the reward—failed in the estimation of my fellow-officers, and behaved like a brute to poor Kitty—and all for what?

I went to Kitty and told her the whole story, and, to my surprise, the dear, faithful little creature loved me just as well as ever.

"I won't be jealous of Perley Matteson, Edward," she said, smiling, "whatever I might be of his sister. And, dearest, don't be discouraged. I'll wait as long as you please, and you will be a second Mr. Clenner yet."

She was determined to look on the bright side of things, this little Kitty of mine! But I felt the mortification none the less keenly, although, as Mr. Clenner said, it would undoubtedly prove a good lesson to me.

Perley Matteson's girlish beauty is eclipsed in the State's prison—nor do I pity him. The stake for which he played was high—and he lost.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

"The lurid flames shot their red tongues of fire high up toward the glowing heavens, as it they were, in their rageful fury, endeavoring to scorch the bright faces of the twinkling stars."

"It was only a \$50 stable, containing 20,000 worth of hay, but the reporter felt very sorry and really couldn't help it."

A DECORATED HEN. Did you ever wrestle with a hen that had a wild, uncontrollable desire to incubate? Did you ever struggle on, day after day, trying to convince her that her mission was to furnish eggs for your table instead of hovering all day on a door-knob, trying to hatch out a litter of front doors?

William H. Root, of this place, who has made the hen a study, both in her home life and while lying in the embraces of death, has struck up an argument which the average hen will pay more attention to than any other he has discovered in his researches.

He says the modern hen ignores almost everything when she once gets the notion that she is called upon to incubate. You can deluge her with the garden-hose, or throw old umbrellas at her, or change her nest, but that doesn't count with the firm and stubborn hen. You can take the eggs out of the nest and put a blooded bull-dog or a nest of new-laid bumble bees in place of them, and she will hover over them as assiduously as she did before.

William H. Root's hen had shown some signs of this mania, so he took out the eggs and let her try her incubator on a horse-rake awhile, just so she could kind of taper off gradually and not have her mind shattered. Then he tried her at hatching out four-tined forks, and at last her taste got so vitiated that she took the contract to furnish the country with bustles by hatching out an old hoop-skirt that had gone to seed.

Mr. Root then made an experiment. He got a strip of red flannel and tied it around her tail. The hen seemed annoyed as soon as she discovered it. No hen cares to have a sash hung on her system that doesn't match her complexion. A seal brown hen with a red flannel polonaise don't seem to harmonize, and she is aware of it just as much as anybody is.

That hen seemed to have thought of something all at once that had escaped her mind before. She stepped about nine feet at a lick on the start, and gained time as she proceeded. Her eye began to look wild. She got so pretty soon that she didn't recognize the face of friends. She passed Mr. Root without being able to distinguish him from a total stranger.

These peculiar movements were kept up during the entire afternoon, and the hen got so fatigued that she crawled into a length of a stove-pipe. It is a triumph of genius in the line of hen culture. It is not severe, though firm in treatment, and while it is of course unnecessary and unmanly the hen temporarily, it is salutary in its results, and at the same time it furnishes pleasant little matinee for the spectators.—Nye's Boomerang.

Plows, Plows!

I have the agency for the J. L. CASE & CO. Plow—the best that is made. I can sell you a Walking Plow, any size, or a Sulky Plow, or any other machinery you want, and sell it to you as cheap as you can get the same at Portland.

W. T. BOOTH, McMinnville, Oregon—31m.

Stop! Stop! Stop!!



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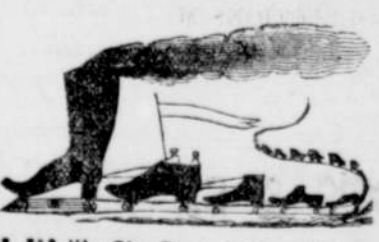
GEN. GRANT was imported in dam from Philadelphia, Pa., by Maj. James Bruce in 1876. Sired by Duke of Wellington, Imp. and owned by Dr. Schneck of Philadelphia. His dam the fine butter cow September, owned by Maj. Bruce, of Cornelius, Oregon—made a record of 24 pounds in 10 days at 2 years old.

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