

YAMHILL REPORTER,
A. V. R. SNEYDER, PROPRIETOR.
McMINNVILLE, OREGON.
THE MOSQUITO HUNT.
Not a drum was heard, but a terrible hum,
As around the chamber we hurried
In search of mosquito, whose trumpet and drum
Our delectable slumber had worried.
We sought it darkly at dead of night,
Our coverlet carefully turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the candle dimly burning.
No useless garments confined our breast,
But in simple night dress and slippers
We wandered about like spirits distressed,
O'er the sails of piratical skippers.
Short and few were the words he let fall,
Lest the sound should disturb the mosquito;
But we steadfastly gazed on the whitewashed wall,
And thought how we had been bit, oh!
But half an hour seemed to elapse
Ere we met with the wretch that had bit us,
And gave the mosquito quietus.
Quickly and sadly we turned from the dead,
And left him all silent and gory;
We blew out the candle and popped into bed,
Determined to tell you the story.
—[Albany Argus.]

THE STORY OF A NOSE.
"Will you permit me to sit beside you, little mountain girl?"
"With great pleasure, and I am grateful to you for preferring my side to that of so many belles that shine in the salon. Do you know who I am?"
"No; and it is quite possible I would not, even though you would take off your mask. But no matter. We may begin an acquaintance this evening, if you will. Acquaintances made at masquerade balls are not apt to be the worst."
"They are apt to furnish disappointment, though."
"I will not deny it, for I have experienced some, but—"
"And you have given some also?"
"No; he who is accustomed to presenting himself everywhere, not excepting at carnival balls, with his face uncovered, can deceive few."
"Truly you have no reason to hide it, and not every man can say the same."
"Thanks, pretty mountain girl; according to that, you know me?"
"Yes, by sight; they told me you were a poet. Don't you want to compose some verses for me?"
"I will do so if you wish. I have always taken a pride in pleasing the ladies, but I should first know your name."
"Ascribe any to me; 'Phyllis,' 'Laura,' 'Philena,' one that seems practical to you. I do not have to tell you my real name, but the first-mentioned occurs to me. Arrange it as seems worth while and according to your own taste."
"But how, without seeing the face whose perfections I must extol; without knowing the sweet object of my inspiration? how can I—"
"A poet says that: 'You who all ways live in the unbounded regions of the ideal, why should you need the presence of the object of your worship? For my part, I have not so much confidence in my face, nor does your imagination seem so sterile, as to risk revealing myself.'"
"It is true that poets, in whose number you seem willing to count me, are accustomed to exercise their genius throughout imaginary space, but we do not feed ourselves with illusions only; and, as for me, I can only say that, in the matter of pleasure, I am, and always shall be, for the positive."
"And what pleasure can you promise yourself by seeing my face?"
"That of admiring it, if it is pretty, as I presume it is; that of adoring you."
"You have 'adoration' ever on your tongue. You poets ought to be banished from every republic. Either you talk of 'adoration,' through idolatrous impiety, or just for the sake of pleasing prattle. You do well in coming without a mask. Poets have no reason to lie; you would be masquerading always."
"If that is certain, for my part, I accept with much pleasure a quality that likens me to the fair sex."
"Are women such dissemblers?"
"Yes, my little masquerader. With respect to that, you cannot say that the moon accuse you groundlessly; but at the same time, I must confess that men's suspicion and tyranny occasions your lack of sincerity, and that, in general, your fictions are well worthy of indulgence, because the same desire of gratifying us obliges you to tell them. But is it possible that I am not to see your face?"
"It cannot be. The desire of gratifying you counsels me to keep the mask on."
"Your conversation charms me, and every word makes my impatience more lively."
"Do you need to see my face in order to suppose it full of attraction? Did you not call me the sweet object of your inspiration? Believe me, yours and my interest oppose each other in the matter of concealing to what you ask. While I remain concealed, I am sure of hearing flattering expressions from your mouth, to which I am not accustomed, perhaps. If I remove this protecting crape from my face, then farewell to illusion! Rigid courtesy, gloomy seriousness will follow the eulogies, the endearing expressions, which, if they have not made me proud, have at least diverted and pleased me."
"This modesty is, to me, the best proof of your merit."
"Yes, I have the merit of being modest—no, I am wrong; I mean of being sincere."

"If I might confound you with the mass of women, it would not cost me much trouble to believe you now. Ladies protected by the silken mask feign less than with their own faces; they have few such opportunities for telling the truth with impunity. But you are not ugly, I can swear it. I have, by dint of errors and deceptions, acquired a sort of tact, a certain skill in seeing through masks. I do not mistake so easily. Like the grayhound I have a keen scent and a good nose."
On saying this, I noticed in my companion a movement either of surprise or disgust. I fancied that such a vulgar phrase sounded ill to her ears, and I hastened to exculpate myself for not having made use of more elegant language, as she merited. But my mountain girl laughingly clasped my hand, and declared that she pardoned me fully and with good grace for so trivial a "lapsus lingue."
"But one thing would grieve me," I continued, if you should unmask."
"What?"
"That it would not be lawful to speak to you as the mountain girl—as to a masquerader. Would it not be a pity to renounce the delightful familiarity which the carnival balls permit? Now I speak to you as an intimate friend or lover would do."
"Well, then, when I commit the indiscretion of taking off my mask, you would hardly be able to articulate an indifferent and irritable 'Farewell, lady.'"
"What enjoyment you have in mortifying me! Do you think me capable of such a lack of politeness? I will suppose for a moment that you are ugly, hideous, should you remove with that mask the spell that allures me? If the attractions of your conversation, of this voice that bewitches me, of this grace that charms me, can be removed with the mask; how can a woman appear ill with such gifts? If your face is ugly I pardon you for it."
"But you are more indulgent than other men? Are you governed less by self-conceit than they? In your eyes, ugliness is a woman's greatest crime."
"Oh, I am of another species, or else you underestimate the man, little mountain girl; if not, undo this mask that torments me, and you will see how far from being cooled, my affection will augment. And you do not believe my proposition is so venturesome; where can this ugliness reside with which you pretend to frighten me? Do I not behold the elegance of your shape? Do I not clasp your beautiful hand? Am I not fascinated with your beautiful foot? Do not the beams of light from those charming brown eyes pierce us? Those ebony tresses that form such a lovely contrast with the dazzling whiteness of your throat, whose are they but yours? If there were anything so ill, I should know it. Does it lie in the movement of your head—which I have not yet seen—or in the delightful smile of your divine mouth?"
"Then, with all this exquisiteness, which you so greatly exaggerate, I assure you that I am frightful! I should horrify you if I uncovered my face."
"Oh, no; it is impossible; your form, your features—"
"Have you seen them all?"
"I may say yes. The nose is the only—"
Here she interrupted me with a burst of laughter.
"You laugh; does it chance to be—Roman?"
"Or Carthaginian? I don't know, I will not engage to say."
"No, it is not possible that an anomalous nose tarnishes the luster of so many attractions, and moreover, I accept the consequences of the favor I entreat. With that mouth, with these eyes, that incomparable form, I permit you to be flat-nosed or long-nosed."
"You are imprudent."
"No, I am not. Reveal yourself."
"Rash man!"
"Will you oblige me to go upon my knees? Will you expose me as the laughing stock of the company?"
"Enough. As you wish. You are about to see me with the mask off. Why must we women be so weak. But let it not be my hand that shall open Pandora's box. Receive through your own the punishment for your foolish impatience."
"I can unmask you with this hand! Envy me, mortals! Give me the lyre, O muses! I am thrice blessed."
"No—you are rash and ill-advised."
"Perdition take the knot! I can't untie it. Ah, my knife, that is it. Beauti—"
I could not finish the word, such was my surprise, amazement, terror. What a nose! What a nose! Oh, what a nose! I would not have believed that nature was capable of arriving at such a degree of plenitude, hyperbole, amplification. The sonnet of Walter Quevedo,
There was a man attached to a nose,
would be poor and colorless to paint it. This was no human nose, it was a beet root, a corner stone, an Egyptian pyramid.
Fortunately for me the mountain girl—who doubtless had learned to resign herself to her deformity, likewise to all its effects—laughed quite good-humoredly, whether at my conflict or at herself I did not know. This gave me courage to rise, under the pretext of going to greet a friend. And, without daring to look at her again, I took my leave with a formal "Farewell, Senorita."
I flew, then, to the refreshment room, took possession of a table, snatched up a bill of fare, asked what they could give me the quickest. I ate now—not with appetite, but furiously—from four different plates, and they were about to bring me the fifth, when I beheld seated in front of me—divine justice!—the

same mountain girl, or rather, I should say, the same nose which had horrified me shortly before. My first impulse was to rise and run, but the merry girl petrified me by saying with infernal sweetness:
"What! Are you not going to invite me to supper?"
I felt troubled and looked sheepish.
"Senorita—"
"I shall not cost you much—a glass of Roman punch: nothing more."
Such impudence stung me keenly.
"I shall have the greatest pleasure in complying with your demand, Senorita, though I fear that your nose will prevent you from putting a glass to your lips."
"You are rude, sir, but I shall remove it."
"How? What do you say? Then—"
At this instant her hand darted up to her nose, and—she tore it off! Alas! it was false. It was pasted on, and it left her real nose revealed, no less graceful and perfect than the other features of her face.
How shall I depict my shame on beholding such an exquisite creature. I was going to beg a thousand pardons, to lament my error, kiss the dust at her feet; but the cruel one took the arm of her escort, disconcerted me with a severe look, and imitating my cold manner of a short time before, said: "Farewell, Senorita," and she burst into a peal of merrily laughter.
I never saw her more.

PREHISTORIC MAN.
Hon. J. H. Hainly, a well known and reliable citizen of Barnard, Mo., writes to the *Gazette* the particulars of the discovery of a giant skeleton four miles southwest of that place. A farmer named John W. Hannon found the bones protruding from the bank of a ravine that has been cut by the action of the rains during the past years. Mr. Hannon worked several days in unearthing the skeleton, which proved to be that of a human being whose height was twelve feet. The head through the temples was twelve inches; from the lower part of the skull at the back to the top was fifteen inches, and the circumference forty inches. The ribs were nearly four feet long, one and three-fourth inches wide. The thigh-bones were thirty-six inches long, and large in proportion. When the earth was removed the ribs stood high enough to enable a man to crawl in and explore the interior of the skeleton, turn around, and come out with ease. The first joint of the greater toe, above the nail, was three inches long, and the entire foot eighteen inches in length. The skeleton lay on its face, twenty feet below the surface of the ground, and the toes were imbedded in the earth, indicating that the body either fell or was placed there when the ground was soft. The left arm was passed around backward, the hand resting on the spinal column, while the right arm was stretched out to the front and right. Some of the bones crumbled on exposure to the air, but many good specimens were preserved, and are now on exhibition at Barnard. Medical men are much interested. The skeleton is generally pronounced a valuable relic of the prehistoric race.

HE BASED IT ON HONESTY.
An honest old farmer walked slowly into our velvet-carpeted sanctum this morning, and we of course invited him to take a seat. He looked about the room for a few moments and then said:
"I was jes' lookin' for a common cbeer. I don't like to put on quite so much style as to set in one of these soft, high-toned chers. I'm afeared it might spile me. But I reckon I'll have to set in one, as you ain't got any common chers here."
So the old gentleman sat himself slowly down into a roller-footed Queen Elizabeth, and then said:
"As I was in town to-day—brought in a load of hay, I thought I'd drop in and ask you a few questions."
"All right, sir; and if I am able to answer them I'll do so with pleasure."
"I see the president and some more of them big-bug Washin'ton fellers have gone on a pleasure trip away out West."
"Yes."
"Now what I want to know is, does all their pay go on while they're frolickin' about the country?"
"It does, sir."
"It do! Well, str, then if it do, I've lost good a cow as ever chawed a load, fur I bet her agin a Saxony ram that they didn't draw no pay when they weren't doin' no work."
"Well, sir, I'm sorry to say you lost your bet."
"Yes, I feel kinder that way myself. You see, I based my bet on justice—no work no pay. But I find I've been mistaken. I see there's a big difference made between big-bugs and common people. Beekon I'll have to drive Lil over this evening. But I think I can study up something before I git home to 'hedge' on and win the cow back agin. Good mornin', sir."
"Good morning."

The following popular errors we commend to the attention of our readers: That editors keep public reading rooms; that they have plenty of time to talk to everybody; that they are delighted to get anything to fill up the paper with; that they are always pleased to have assistance in selecting "copy"; that every man's own private act is a "matter of public interest"; that it doesn't make much difference whether copy be written on both sides or not; and that editors return rejected manuscripts.

Boulder (Colorado) is having warm times with her burglars. It seems that they grow bolder every year.

MAKING COIN.
Unlike any Other Vocation. The Money Made in Buying a Business Low and Selling it High.
In a city like New York there are always a great many business changes. In the smaller stores along the avenues and in most of the cross business streets above Canal, you can find parties every day who are ready to jump into any little business which seems to promise them a modest competence. All I do is to step in and relieve the sellers at the lowest figures I can persuade him to take, and accommodate the buyer at the highest price I can get him to give. The difference is my profit.
For instance, I bought out this little cigar store two weeks ago. I had my eye on it for some time, and noticed the premonitory symptoms of early dissolution. I inquired in the neighborhood when the man's rent would be due. Two days before that time I made my appearance, and got into easy conversation with him, in the course of which he proposed selling out to me. Then I obtained the very lowest price for fixtures, stock and the business separately. The upshot of it was that I would pay nothing for the business, because there was none, and cut down the prices of stock very materially. I appeared to him to be about to make the offer, when I mentioned the rent. Then I told him I could not assume so heavy an expense at the start, and went away. The next day, being the day before the rent was due, I stopped in again for a cigar and the man resumed the previous subject. We settled at last, I agreeing to pay half the rent. I demanded immediate possession and obtained it. I gave myself twenty-four hours to put on the fancy touches. Scrubbers started in first, and were instantly followed by cheap paperhangers and whitewashers. Then the whole stock was brushed up, the fresh sides of the boxes were turned outward, unsightly objects were flung into the yard or under the counter, and a cheap but extremely lively oilcloth was put down where it would make the best show. Then came the stocking up. This is an art by itself, and a great deal of your success in this business depends upon it. You see, you must so arrange that in selling out you will not only get paid for your business, which has cost you nothing, but make a profit on your stock, which has cost next door to it. Of course, I choose the cheapest but showiest articles for a business like this, as the man I propose to sell out to must be a green one. A good many of that sort buy small cigar stores, for there is a current opinion, largely held among certain buyers of city plants, though it is an erroneous one, that anybody can run a cigar store. Of course, I make the window bloom, and almost always put in a new and brilliant chandelier of many burners. I always insist that the incoming shall settle the gas bill. Then I hire an assistant and advertise for a purchaser. I can soon tell if I have found the right kind of a chap. I talk to him very quietly and say little. Selling a business is a delicate matter. Almost the whole point is in striking the man's fancy. You have fixed up your place with special reference to this idea, and you can soon tell if he likes the style. If not you can say nothing useful. In either case you can tell him you are a little busy and get him to come in at night—things always look more lively then—and close the transaction as soon as you can.—[N. Y. Sun.]

A NOVEL BET.
A novel bet was made on Sunday between a conductor on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, and Mr. Gorman. The former offered to bet that the latter could not pick up and deposit in a basket 100 eggs placed one yard apart on the ground, in thirty five minutes. The conditions were that each egg must be deposited separately in a basket held by some one at one end of the line, and in case any one of the eggs should be damaged, Mr. Gorman was to lose the money. After thinking the matter over Mr. Gorman decided to try it. The eggs were laid in a straight line just east of the freight depot in the railroad yard, in order to give Mr. Gorman the advantage of doing the work in the shade. He started with the egg furthest from the basket, and trotted up and down the line until twenty minutes of the allotted time had passed, and as he had picked up but one-fourth of the allotted number, he gave it up. About 200 people were present to witness the affair. After Mr. Gorman had given up the contest a local mathematician proved by figures that it would take about six miles of travel to pick up the 100 eggs.—[From the Quincy (Ill.) Whig.]

THE TROUBLE IT WAS TO FIND AN OWNER FOR \$25,000.
Mrs. Cody, a sister of Secretary Teller, has just succeeded in an extraordinary errand which called her to Philadelphia. Her mission was to find the wife and children of a certain John Scanlon, the son of David Scanlon, who died last year in Denver, Col. leaving a property valued at \$25,000. The only clue which she had was the knowledge that John Scanlon had murdered his mother in Philadelphia and hanged himself while awaiting trial. After some trouble she discovered that Scanlon was arrested under the name of Davidson. It seems that David Scanlon, who was born in this country, went thirty-six years ago to County Donegal, Ireland, where he married a pretty girl. Returning to New York, they stopped at a cheap boarding-house. One night, a short time after landing, Scanlon deserted his young wife and took to peddling suspenders and such articles, and little by little drifted West, halting in the cities on his way; and finally settling in Denver. Here he flourished by dint of strict economy and application to business, and acquired a snug fortune, which at the time of his death he willed to a number of charitable institutions. The sons of two of his brothers broke the will, and had the property awarded to them. After Scanlon deserted his wife she went to Philadelphia, like wise turned to peddling small wares and, after waiting for years for news from her husband, concluded that he was dead, and married a man named Davidson. A son by her first husband had been born meanwhile. He married, but proved to be a worthless fellow, and in a drunken quarrel killed his mother on May 4, 1882, and hanged himself in his cell in the following July. When Mrs. Cody so luckily found his widow and informed her of the wealth that she had inherited, she refused to believe the story, and it required a good deal of urging to induce her to set out for Denver. She has two sons.

WHAT MOLES SIGNIFY.
A mole spot on the arm pit really promises wealth and honor. On the ankle it bespeaks modesty in men, but courage in women. When a mole spot is found on the right breast it is a sure sign of honesty, if on the left it forbodes poverty; on the chin it promises wealth, on the right ear respect, on the left ear dishonor. If it is seen in the center of the forehead it bespeaks treachery, sullenness and untidiness. If it is on the right temple it foreshadows that you will enjoy the friendship of the great; on the left temple it forbodes distress; on the right foot it bespeaks wisdom, on the left rashness. When it is on the right side of the heart it denotes virtue; when on the left side wickedness. When it is on the knee of a man it denotes that he will have a rich wife. When it is on the left knee of a woman she may expect a large family. A mole on the lip is a sign of gluttony and talkativeness; on the neck it promises wealth. A mole on the nose indicates that a man will be a great traveler; on the thigh it forbodes poverty and sorrow, and on the wrist ingenuity.

A young couple from St. Louis, who have evidently been feasting on yellow covered literature, got married in the surf at Ocean City, N. J., the other day. They marched into the sea together, standing in water to the depth of the bride's shoulders. The bathers had withdrawn, and the party had the bench to themselves. A few friends stood at the edge of the white sand, when the clergyman stepped in and did his best to tie the knot in Jack Tar style. The sky was bright, the breeze was grateful, and the waves were just frisky enough to lend a zest to the occasion. Indeed, one bouncing billow gave the bride a complete dunking.

HAPPY ONCE MORE.
St. Louis, Mo.—A *Chronicle* reporter was told by Mr. Alfred J. Pappin, of this city, that his nephew had the most obstinate case of inflammatory rheumatism, which baffled all kinds of treatment until St. Jacob's Oil, the great pain-conquerer, was used. It cured the young man, and he recommends it as the greatest cure for pains in the world.

A Philadelphia man says that if absinthe is made of wormwood, whisky must be made of snake-timber.

Weak lungs, spitting of blood, consumption and kindred affections, cured without physician. Address for treatise, with two stamps, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The dog has little chance when he must pay tax or eat poisoned sausage.

The wonder of modern chemistry—it has never failed to cure heart disease—Dr. Rogers' Heart Tonic. Tell your druggist to get it for you. All wholesale druggists in San Francisco are agents.

The pink of perfection is the pink that comes honestly on a pretty cheek.

YOUTHFUL FOLLIES
and pernicious practices, pursued in solitude, are fruitful causes of nervous debility, impaired memory, dependency, lack of self-confidence and will power, involuntary losses and kindred evidences of weakness and lost manly powers. Send three letter postage stamps for large illustrated treatise suggesting unfailing means of complete cure. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The most sensible poet is the one who will not wake the sleeping lynx.

Mr. B. J. Anderson, of Egypt, Tex., writes: "Samaritan Nerveine cured my daughter of fits."

Wells' Rough on Corns. Use. Ask for its Complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

OREGON CITY, OR., April 25, 1882.—We can build up a large sale for Ammen's Cough Syrup, as it sells well. CHARMAN BROS.

Mr. G. A. Miller, Clerk of Circuit Court, WESTMINSTER, MO., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters and found it a good tonic and appetizer."

JACOBS OIL
THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.
Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, and all other bodily pains and aches.
THE CHARLES A. VOGLER CO., Sole Proprietors, 112 Broadway, New York.

John F. Snow & Co's
Cleaning and Dyeing Establishment of San Francisco have changed their name to **Palace Dye Works**, but no change in ownership. Causes of the change is that a party by the name of Snow has gone into the same business. Communications hereafter are to be sent to **Palace Dye Works**, 638 Market Street, 2nd Floor, San Francisco.

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