

The Daily Reporter.

D. C. IRELAND & CO. PUBLISHERS.
McMinnville, Or. - Sept. 10, 1886

THE FIRST WEEK.

The issue of to-morrow will end the first week of the daily Reporter. We shall be pleased if all who take it this week will continue with us, as the number of its supporters is the best test of its ability. The carrier, Master Leonard Ireland, will be most happy to serve you. Subscriptions ten cents per week, are collectable on Saturdays.

OUR SIDEWALKS.

The sidewalks of this city are an absolute disgrace to the people. Now that the muddy season approaches, do for heaven sake fix up a little. This subject has received the attention of this paper at a prior period, but so far no steps have been taken to correct this nuisance. There is scarcely a block in this city where sidewalks are used that there are not a dozen planks loose, liable at any time to fracture one's limb if it does no more serious injury. Sooner or later the city will be called upon to pay heavy damage should this condition of the streets be ignored by those whose imperative duty it is to guard life and limb in this particular. There can be no reasonable excuse presented for it. If the city is not responsible for the condition of the sidewalks, property owners should be compelled to keep them in better repair.

ANARCHY IN BULGARIA.

European dispatches yesterday inform us that "war is imminent." Russia has finally got Alexander to go and will now apply her sovereign remedy for anarchy. After treating Bulgaria for a year she couldn't get that province in proper shape. Alexander had more influence than the czar with the Bulgarians. So the czar, who knew how to deal with anarchy, had Alexander secretly surrounded with his tools, who captured him and carried him out of his domain, falsely giving it out that he had abdicated the throne. The conspirators then established a provincial government; because Alexander had abdicated and gone away; and there must be a government of some kind. Then the Bulgarians arose

and kicked out the provincial government and demanded the restoration of Alexander. This, Russia says, is anarchy, and she will immediately apply her infallible anarchy cure, and by the time Bulgaria is done with the remedy she will not be in any condition to guess what ailed her in the beginning.

In Miss Cleveland's magazine for September, one of the editorial talks is a talk to girls on what they shall read, being a dialogue between an editor and a group of young ladies "gathered about an old fashioned Yule log." A Yule log, if we know anything about that variety of timber, is about the last thing a girl would want to group herself around during this kind of weather, and before it is too late, we would suggest that Miss C. swap the Yule log for an ice chest.

The man who saw the lightning strike the powder magazine near Chicago, August 30th, has recovered his senses. Of the main incident all he remembers was "a long, zig-zag streak of lightning darted across the sky, and then a fiery line came down and struck fairly on the powder house. Then, as if it had been swept away like a mist, I saw the bricks and stones of the powder house suddenly disappear in the earth. The ground shook beneath my feet and I clutched at the swaying fence near me. A deep rumbling noise filled my ears, and the next instant a stream of fire shot into the air like the pictures I have often seen of Mount Vesuvius. I knew no more."

Sub-Rosa, in Washington Capital, thus alludes to a man whom all here-about know: E. V. Smalley, formerly of the New York Tribune, is making \$15,000 a year out of his new magazine, The Northwest. The NPRCo. has made a contract with Mr. Smalley under which it takes 10,000 copies of the magazine each month, Mr. Smalley on his part publishing a great deal of matter about the country through which the NPR runs. Mr. Smalley has a private car at his disposal, and with it an artist and photographer, he travels over the road looking for picturesque views. Occasionally he stops at a city, as every northwestern town is called, and photographs it from the city hall down to the smallest pool room, taking the mayor and the leading citizens en route.

Look Upon This Picture



FRONT VIEW

Then Upon This;



BACK VIEW.

After which call at A. J. Apperson's and take a look at the goods—

Conger's Double Seated Drawers and Chest-Shield Undershirt.

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Men's Suits from \$6.00 up, and Boys' Suits from \$3.50 up. NO SHODDY.

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