

DAILY REPORTER.

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The Daily Reporter.

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D. C. IRELAND. E. L. E. WHITE.
D. C. IRELAND & Co.,
PUBLISHERS.

The Daily Reporter.

The DAILY REPORTER is issued every day in the week except Sundays and is delivered in the city at 10 cents per week. By mail, 40 cents per month in advance. Rates for advertising same as for THE WEEKLY REPORTER.

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To all who favor him with their patronage. He will keep a wagon specially adapted to the delivery of parcels, trunks satchels, etc., for the accommodation of the public. Orders left at the stable will be promptly attended to at

Nihil Longe Deo.

It is the natural impulse of mankind
To long to lay their dead by kindred clay.
Near the familiar scenes of every day—
The daisied meadows, the oft-trodden way,
The homes and haunts that were so dear, so kind.

He felt the common need—that sad-eyed saint
Who watched his mother die by Ostia's Sea—
And, as the last faint breathing grew more faint,
Opened his stern lips for the one complaint,
"Oh! might thy grave at home in Carthage be!"

At home! where we can deek each grassy bed,
Can watch their rest and say: "They are not far;"
Can lay sweet roses by the buried head
And dream that beauty, bloom, and perfume shed
A certain graceful affluence where they are.

And yet, times fleets; we falter and grow old;
And, one by one, the road mysterious
We, too, must take, where lie the shadows cold,
And none be left to dress and tend the mold,
So precious and significant to us.

Each century sweeps clean the loves and hates
Of all its predecessor centuries;
And the worm records, the old carved dates
Are nothing to the new, which creates
Its own emotions, its own memories.

But what are far or near or less or more
To those who trust thy faithfulness, O, God?
Safely they lay them down on foreign shore
As did Monies, or midst wildest roar
Of ocean waves, as neath familiar sod.

We must forsake; but thou forsaketh not;
The task our hands let fall, Thy hands up-bear;
Nothing is far from Thee: no loneliest spot,
No grain of Christian dust shall be forgot,
Nor in the resurrection lose its share.

Thy angel dug the grave of Moses deep;
And no man knoweth his sepulcher to-day;
And the same guardian care shall watch and keep
The distant graves of those beloved who sleep
In Christ, and make them fair and safe
Always.

The Codlin Moth.

Heppner Gazette.

Nearly every newspaper in the Willamette valley has been singing the praises, or rather chanting the death song of the codlin moth and telling people how to get rid of him. Such being the case, there is no reason why eastern Oregon should not keep up her lick by having her say about this voracious old bird of prey.

It was not generally supposed that the codlin moth had coddled up to the eastern Oregon trees, but a rude awakening has just been made from the fancied security. And it came about in this way.

The Matteson boys, as every one knows, are hard workers, and in their spare moments, when they were resting off and

on, they cut and stood up 60,000 tamarack posts in the tall timber near Rutabaga creek. They were good posts and were thought to be drying out and getting into good hauling condition. Two of the Matteson boys recently went to where they had left their posts and found them standing up as usual.

They looked all right but when Bob accidentally stumbled against some of them they fell down and some apparently stout posts fell to pieces, and crumbled like an old worm-eaten log. Here was some vast mystery. But it was soon solved, when a band of codlin moths were seen to rise from the ruins. Edger took a pot shot at the animals as they rose, and shot the head off of one. The others escaped for the time. An examination of the deceased animal showed him to be a genuine codlin moth, for he contained a lot of hard indigestible Webfoot apple seed, and a set of furs which had been branded by a lady on the Long Tom. Parts of the stomach have been sent to Washington to the army museum.

An examination showed that fully one-half of the posts had been eaten into by the codlin moth. Edger had heard about flagging the animal with a lantern, so that evening he hung up some pitch sticks and made a big light, and sure enough the codlin moths came to it. Edger banged away with his old reliable Sharp's rifle, and out of a possible 7,000 moths he shot 13, always shooting their heads off without injuring the meat. The main band of them took fright and went over the divide toward the Broad creek sawmill, where Bee Parker had better watch his apple trees. Edger had 75 rounds of ball cartridges to welcome them with, but they came not back.

It is a very feeble democratic editor who can't give the president two columns of advice per day.

D. C. IRELAND & CO.,
Fine Job Printers,
McMinnville, Oregon.

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