

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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We beg leave to announce to the public that we have just added a large stock of new novelties to our business, and make a specialty of Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Statements, Business Cards, Ladies' Calling Cards, Ball Invitations (new designs) Programmes, Posters, and all descriptions of work. Terms favorable. Call and be convinced.
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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

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I have just added to my parlor the largest and finest stock of cigars ever in this city. Try them.

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Of Logan Bros. & Henderson, offers his services in that line to the public, and will

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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

Selling the Farm.

Well, why don't you say it, husband? I know what you want to say; You want to talk about selling the farm, for the mortgage we cannot pay. I know that we cannot pay it, I have thought of it o'er and o'er; For the wheat has failed on the corner lot, where wheat never failed before. And everything here's gone backward since Willie went off to sea, To pay the mortgage and save the farm, the homestead for you and me. I know it was best to give it; it was right that the debts be paid— The debts that our thoughtless Willie, in the hour of his weakness made; And Will would have paid it fairly, you know it as well as I, If the ship had not gone down that night when no other ship was nigh. But, somehow, I didn't quit hoping, and ever I've tried to pray— (But I know if our Will was alive on earth, he'd surely be here to-day.) I thought that the merciful Father would somehow care for the lad, Because he was trying to better the past, and because he was all we had. But now I am well-nigh hopeless, since hope for my boy has fled, For selling the farm means giving him up, and knowing for sure he's dead. Oh! Thomas, how can we leave it, the home we have always known? We won it away from the forest, and made it so much our own. First day that we kept house together was the day you brought me here; And no other place in the wide, wide world will ever be half so dear. Of course you remember it, Thomas— I need not ask you, I know, For this is the month and this is the day—it was twenty-six years ago. And don't you remember it, Thomas, the winter the barn was made, How we were so proud and happy, for all our debts were paid? The crops were good that summer, and everything worked like a charm, And we felt so rich and contented to think we had paid for the farm.. And now to think we must leave it, when here I was hoping to die; It seems as if it was breaking my heart but the font of my tears is dry. There's a man up there in the village that's wanting to buy, you say, Well, Thomas, he'll have to have it; but why does he come to-day? But there, it is wrong to grieve you, for you have enough to bear, And in all our petty trouble, you have always born your share; I am but a sorry helpmeet since I have so childish grown: There, there, go to the village; and let me have it out alone. Poor Thomas, he's grown feeble, he steps so weary and slow; There is not much in his looks to-day like twenty-six years ago. But I know that his heart is youthful as it was when we first were wed, And his love is as strong as ever for me, and for Willie, our boy that's dead. Oh, Willie, my baby Willie! I never shall see him more; I never shall hear his footsteps, as he comes through the open door. "How are you, dear little mother?" were always the words he'd say; It seems as if I would give the world to hear it again to-day. I knew when my boy was coming, be it

ever so early or late,

He was always awailing Home Sweet Home, as he opened the garden gate. And many and many a moment, since that night when the ship went down, Have I started up at a whistle like his, out there on the road from town; And in many a night of sorrow, in the silence early and late, Have I held my breath at a footstep, that seemed to pause at the gate. I hope that he cannot see us, wherever his soul may be; It would grieve him to know the trouble that's come to father and me. Out there is the tree he planted, the day he was twelve years old; The sunlight is glinting through it, and turning its leaves to gold; And often when I was lonely, and no one near at hand, I have talked to it, hours together, as if it could understand; And sometimes I used to fancy, whenever I spoke of my boy, It was waving its leaves together, like clapping its hands for joy. It may be the man that will own it, that's coming to buy to-day, Will be chopping it down, or digging it up, and burning it out of the way. And there are the pansies yonder, and the roses he used to tend; Why, every bush on the dear old place is as dear as a tried old friend. And now we must go and leave them— but there they come from town; I haven't had time to smooth my hair, or even change my gown. I can see them both quite plainly, although it is getting late, And the stranger's a whistling Home, Sweet Home, as he comes up from the gate. I'll go into the kitchen now, for I don't want to look on his face. What right has he to be whistling that, unless he has bought the place? Why, can that be Thomas coming? he usually steps so slow; There's something come into his footsteps like twenty-six years ago. There's something that sounds like gladness, and the man that he used to be Before our Willie went out from home to die on the stormy sea. What, Thomas! Why are you smiling and hold my hand so tight? And why don't you tell me quickly— must we go from the farm to-night? What's that? "You bring me tidings, and tidings of wonderful joy; It cannot be very joyous, unless it is news of my boy. Oh, Thomas! You cannot me it? Here let me look in your face. Now, tell me again it is Willie, that's wanting to buy the place." —Selected.

D. C. IRELAND & CO.,

Fine Job Printers,

McMinnville, Oregon.

Notice To My Patrons.

In consequence of declining health, which prevents me from making personal application to parties indebted, I am compelled to thus publicly say that all bills due and unsettled January 1st 1887 will be placed in other hands for collection.

Wm. H. BINGHAM.

McMinnville, Or., Dec. 2d, 1886.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BISHOP & KAY.

(o)

THE CLOTHIERS OF YAMHILL CO.,

Third St., Opposite

YAMHILL CO. BANK.

DON'T FORGET THE PLACE,

—Where you will—

ALWAYS FIND

CLOTHING

—IN THE—

LATEST STYLES.

Furnishing Goods of all kind, and above all THE LOWEST PRICES. Also agents for the

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Give me a call. Inspect my stock, and I will guarantee prices to suit you.

Family Grocery Store.

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J. Harv. Henderson,

(Successor to L. ROOT.)

Dealer in

All Fresh Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon, and Glassware and Crockery.

Goods delivered to purchasers in the city

ST. CHARLES HOTEL,

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New house! New furniture! Unsurpassed in the country. Rates—\$1 to \$2 per day according to room. Single meals 25 cents. Lodging, 25 to 50 cents according to rooms. Board and Lodging, \$4 to \$6 per week. Two Fine Sample Rooms for commercial men. Give me a call and see for yourself.

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