LIEUT. LENDHEIM.

Lieutenant von Lendheim was an Austrian officer of hussars. That he was a handsome fellow goes without saying, for all Austrian hussars are handsome. He was, moreover, about 32, clever, well educated and a good deal of a man of the world in a German sort of way.

With all these charms of mind and manner united in a single individual, It was not a cause for the slightest wonterment among his friends that Miss Mary White, the daughter of Colonel White, a New York broker, who, with her mother, was spending the winter in Vienna, should fall a captive to the manifest court that he paid her from the first. The wonder really was that she held out as long as she did, for it was quite two months after she had first met him before she agreed, at the expiration of a certain time, to become his

It was accordingly settled that the lieutenant should procure a leave of absence as long as possible and appear in New York at the appointed timethe following June-to claim his bride at the hands of her father, although up to this time that particular functionary was wholly in the dark as to what was to be required of him. These incidental preliminaries having been thus satisfactorily arranged, the bride to be and her mother-whom the lieutenant in his unaffected way already called "mamma" -- set out for Paris to undertake the real serious business of the affair, and for the next few months they were absorbed by the shops and dressmakers.

History does not chronicle the doings of the lieutenant in Vienna during these weeks of waiting, but lovelorn letters on pink paper with a crest came regularly to Miss Mary White-she hated the pink paper, but adored the crestand were answered by her in good time.

Like all protracted seasons of longing and waiting, this, too, at last went by, and not only had the dresses and other paraphernalia been sent home from Paris, but the lieutenant at last found himself on a Bremen steamer half way to New York, whither Miss White and her mother had already preceded him.

He arrived early one stifling morning in the pleasant suburb of Hoboken. By a series of contretemps, although the vessel had been reported the evening before, neither Miss White nor any member of the family, nor even the coachman, met him at the pier. He was forced to drive alone as best he might, to the apartments of an old athletic friend in Fifty-ninth street, with whom, as had been arranged, he was to lodge while in New York. He finally reached the metropolis in a very mixed frame of mind. Such a little matter as this, however, although it wounded the lieutenant's vanity, even in his present state of submissiveness, was easily and satisfactorily smoothed over and soon forgotten, and the few days intervening before the wedding were spent in a round of gayety. So much did he see in such a short timemany persons and places—that to thi day he does not know whether Del-

monico's is a street or a theater, or that Riverside drive is not a part of the Battery. One thing, however, he does remember, and that is the exact location of the Church of the Holy Trinity, which he vows he could find in the dark -but that is anticipating the story. When the day of the wedding came

-the ceremony had been fixed for the evening-the lieutenant drew a sigh of relief. Somehow or other the New York visit had not been quite satisfactory to him. He had been whisked about so that it had not only confused him, but had begun to tell upon him physichad been constantly in Miss White's company, somebody or other had always been there, too, and they had not even had an opportunity, as he reflected somewhat bitterly, with an old world conception of the part he was playing, for a single comfortable tete-a-tete or an exchange of confidences. This particular day he had been denied-heartlessly, he thought, though they told him it was a necessary preliminary—the first sight of the beloved object until he should meet her at the altar, and he had rather a wretched time, which he spent variously in retrospection, polishing his cartouch and vigorously rubbing up other metal parts of his equipments. Upon one thing he certainly congratulated himself, and that was that the end was near, and that his troubles were almost over.

The wedding was to be a military one to a certain extent. The groomsman was to be the Austrian consul in uniform, and with that minute attention to detail that characterized all the wedding preparations it had been arranged that out of compliment to the diplomat and the nationality of the groom himself the Austrian national hymn should be played during the service. The ceremony was to take place at 8 o'clock at the Church of the Holy Trinity.

Now, it must be borne in mind that there are in New York no less than three churches of the Protestant Episcopal denomination having Trinity as a constituent part of their names. First of all, there is Trinity church proper, or Old Trinity, which, as everybody knows, is on Broadway, opposite Wall street; then there is its immediate offshoot, Trinity chapel, extending from West Twenty-fifth to West Twenty-sixth street, near Broadway, and, finally, there is the Church of the Holy Trinity, alcorner of Madison avenue and Fortyshape or size, and, as has been stated, they are block after block of city streets

The first of Lieutenant von Lendheim's misadventures, and, be it said, the moving cause of them all, was, in a certain sense, not his own fault. They had so many things to attend to around at the Whites' that he had been left

rather neglectfully to arrange for his own carriage to take him to the church. It only occurred to him late in the afternoon that it was necessary to have a carriage at all, and he at once rang for a messenger, and when he came gave him a verbal order to the liveryman in the next street. The lieutenant had always maintained, and even now, when he can view the matter to a certain extent dispassionately, still maintains that he gave the order correctly to the messenger boy. However that may be

the boy unquestionably told the nveryman that the carriage was to go from Fifty-ninth street with its fare to Trin-Ity church, and in that form the order was passed on to the coachman.

The carriage drove up to the door, and the lieutenant, in all his gorgeousness of apparel, came clanking down the front steps and entered. "You know where to go?" he said to

'I do, sir! Trinity!" was the reply, and the lieutenant was soon bowling along down town over the New York

His mind, when he first got into the carriage, was almost in a whirl at the minence of the event that was about transform his life, and it now had plenty of time to resume its normal condition of tranquillity. The journey seemed long to him, much longer than he had supposed, but any distance, he reflected, would appear great at such a time, and he held his peace. His endurance, however, at last gave out, and ne was just on the point of appealing the driver, when that unsuspecting individual drew up with a flourish, and in a trice had descended and opened the door with the cheerful remark, "Here

you are, sir!" The lieutenant hastily arranged his accouterments, for he knew that he was late, and hurriedly dismounted. He had already taken a step toward the church, when he looked up and saw to his unutterable dismay that the edifice was closed and unlighted. It came to him like a flash that he had been brought to the wrong place, and that the cabman was personally responsible for the blunder. That worthy had again mounted the box and was gathering up the reins preparatory to a start, when lieutenant, keeping in check for a moment a rage that was bloodthirsty in its vehemence, wheeled where he stood and called out, "What church is this?" "Trinity, sir!" said the cabman, with

a shade of injury in his voice. Then the lieutenant sprang forward as if he meant to commit murder, but he relented in time and stood still at the curb shaking his fist at the man. while he objurgated and reviled him in German and English. Long before he had ceased anathematizing the cabman the latter, with a look of alarm such as one might bestow upon a dangerous lunatic, whipped up his horse, and, with a look behind to see whether he was be-

ing followed, vanished incontinently up the street. The hopelessness of the lieutenant's predicament became intensified as he saw the object of his wrath disappear in the distance. It was late; long past the time for the wedding, and he was alone in a remote quarter of an unknown city. Something must be done, and done quickly. He looked about him in search of a cab, but not one was visible. Just at that moment, however, a street car came slowly up from Bowling Green, and when it finally reached him the lieutenant hailed it and got in, amid the admiring gaze of the passengers it had thus far picked up. The conductor was just then engaged in his first collection of fares, and the lieutenant had only time to settle himself in the farthest corner of the car when he in his turn was addressed po-

litely but firmly with "Your fare, sir!" Now, the lieutenant had not really expected to be called upon to expend any money that evening, but in view of some possible emergency he had pro-vided himself with two bright \$20 goldpieces. One of these he now produced. The conductor took it, examined it on both sides, and regarding the lieutenant quizzzically said: "You can't try that on here; it won't work."

"But it is all I have," said the lieu-"Then walk," was the suggestion as the conductor pulled the bell. The ally. Worse than all this, although he lieutenant, burning with indignation, alighted, and once more stood alone on the curb. Then he sauntered on up the street in the direction taken by the car. At the Astor House he discovered a hansom that had just deposited a passenger on the sidewalk, and he hurriedly hailed the driver.

"Where is the Church of the Holy Trinity?" he shouted.

"Down there," said the cabman, pointing in the direction from which the lieutenant had come. "No," said the lieutenant, epigram-

"Oh!" said the cabman, "will ye be after goin up?"
"I will," returned the lieutenant,

"and I have the utmost haste."

matically, "I do not mean there-up

"All right," said the cabman, "I'll git ye up in good shape," at which the lieutenant entered, and they started off. This time it must be conceded that the lieutenant was really at fault, and that, too, in spite of his previous experience with an insufficiently instructed driver. It ought to have been apparent to him with half an eye that this particular cabman hadn't the slightest idea where he was going, and had started out with the hope and intention of

picking up his information on the way. Had his fare been listening for that sort of thing, he might have heard the following conversation carried on a little later between his own cabman and a colleague whom he had overtaken:

"Say, Bill, where's Trinity?" "Down?" asked the colleague. "No; up."

"West Twenty-five-off Broadway." They were going there now the nearest way, and it really was not very long before they came out into the blaze of

'light at Madison square, and soon pullad up in a throng of carriages at the ready mentioned, which stands at the door of the church. The lieutenant rose to his feet and leaped out upon the second street. The three churches bear sidewalk. Without a word he recklessly no sort of resemblance to each other in handed one of his \$20 goldpieces to the driver, and almost ran up the steps

of the church. Once inside the edifice the lieutenant found himself in the midst of an assembled multitude. Brilliant lights flashed in all directions, the organ was playing softly, and there was the general air of expectancy which always prevails just before the entrance of the bridal party. The lieutenant's one thought was that he was still on time. The beatitude of the idea so possessed him that he did not heed the usher who politely stepped forward as he started down the center aisle, nor did he notice the hum of curiosity that ran over the church when he had advanced to the steps of the altar and turned and stood there erect and alone with an air that was sublime in its imperturbabil-

ity. He had not arrived a moment too soon, for scarcely had he turned and second they are heartily at your serv-faced the entrance when the buzz of ex- ice."—Sala's Journal.

pectation grew louder; the introspective murmurings of the organ turned into the triumphant joy of a wedding march, and the bride-the end and brief epitome of all-with her retinue of men and maids entered and had already begun her progress toward the altar. Without a shade of self consciousness, but if possible more erect and martial than ever, the lieutenant stood there and awaited her approach. Behind him the officiating clergyman had silently taken his place at the head of the chancel steps, and two men in unexceptional black, one of them with the air of an actor who was to play a principal part, had arranged themselves near The lieutenant, whose senses were absorbed by the spectacle in front of him, had seen nothing of all this, al-

though the men in black immediately noticed him and had exchanged significant glances of anquiry. The procession slowly advanced. It was close upon him when his eyes for some inexplicable reason strayed for a moment from the bride and intelligently fastened themselves upon her escort. upon whose arm she leaned. He started, for it was not Mr. White. Something must unexpectedly have happened to him, he thought, some sudden illness, to keep him away. His glance quickly went back to the bride, but this time he did not start. For an instant his heart stood still, and he ceased to breathe. He could not believe the evidence of his eyes, but thought he had suddenly gone mad. Even though the veil covered and in part concealed her, the approaching figure was not Miss White. For one awful moment, that sometimes comes back to him in dreams, he stood there without a sense or volition. Then he turned round and saw the two men in evening dress in the chancel behind him, and at once

How the lieutenant got out of the church he never knew, but it was not until he found himself on the sidewalk that he came once more into full possession of his faculties. Then he ambled up to a policeman and inquired falteringly:

"What church is this?"

"Trinity chapel," was the reply. He did not groan-he was made of sterner stuff-but his heart sank like lead within him. He had to go to the corner of Fifth avenue before he found a cab that was disengaged. He didn't care, however, he was in no hurry now. He recognized the futility of even trying to hasten where haste could no longer avail. When at last a man from the opposite side of the street signaled his readiness for a fare, he motioned him across and asked in a voice in whose appealing note of despair there was an infinite pathos, "Do you know where the Church of the Holy Trinity is?"

"I do, sir!" said the cabman. "Where is it?" "Corner Madison avenue and Forty-

second." was the reply. "There," said the other wearily, "is where I desire to go."

When the lieutenant arrived, crushed and discouraged, at the church for which he had started out in such high spirits earlier in the evening, he found it close and deserted. He had known that this would be the case, and when the cab drew up in front of the building he didn't even dismount.

"The Dakota," he said hopelessly to the cabman, and then wondered at him-

self for having said it. It is a long drive from the Church of the Holy Trinity to the great apartment house in West Seventy-second street, where the Whites lived. The lieutenant, however, did not mind it this time, for it gave him the needed opportunity to think over what course to pursue. Of one thing he was certain-and he accepted the fact grimly-he had lost Miss White. Then there came to him the realization of that loss. He thought bitterly of the lonely years that stretched out before him; how his family and friends in Vienna, particularly his fellow officers, would regard the affair, and he resolved to see her once more and learn whether he had forever forfeited all claim to her affection. The particulars of that interview have never been divulged, but Lieutenant and Mrs. von Lendheim certainly started the same evening on their wedding journey. Mrs. White also left town immediately, which, considering the predicament in which the public was placed by the marriage notice that had duly appeared in the morning papers, was an unfair thing to do, but she had certainly produced a social effect, though not exactly in the way intended.

The lieutenant, in his faraway Vienna home, is a happy man except when he thinks of that night in New York. then a cold, hard look comes over his face. Once in awhile a letter is received from Mrs. White, in which she expresses the hope that the two will soon come to America to make her a visit. When it is read aloud by his wife, the lieutenant says never a word-he merely shrugs his shoulders .- Ex-

A Tough Back. Porter-Yes, sir; that man is a hypocrite, if there ever was one. While professing the warmest friendship for me, he was for a whole year stabbing me in the back, and I never knew it. Irwin-Goodness gracious! What the population below that limit of 70,kind of a back have you got?-Grenoble

Penalty of Laziness. Head of Department-What's this lying on my desk? The last dunning leter received from my tailor-duly iniinled by all my clerks! Oh! dear, what

ve ! done? Actually sent it round . be duly noted without taking the the land. onble to look at it!-Fliegende Blat

Two Convincing Reasons. Lord Peterborough, who lived in the reign of Queen Anne, was very frolicsome, and one day seeing from his carriage a dancing master with pearl colored stockings lightly stepping over the broad stones and picking his way in extremely dirty weather he alighted and ran after him with drawn sword in order to drive him into the mud, but into which he of course followed himself.

This nobleman was once taken for the Duke of Marlborough and was mobbed in consequence. The duke was then in disgrace with the people, and Lord Peterborough was about to be roughly

handled. Turning to them, he said: "Gentlemen, I can convince you by two reasons that I am not the Duke of Marlborough. In the first place, I have only 5 guineas in my pocket, and in the WON BY A CHILD'S PLEA.

Sad Case That Touched the Judge's Heart In the Christmas Season When the dispossess case of Jacob Korn against David Samkin was called in the Fifth judicial district court yesterday morning, a girl 10 years old, with a torn shawl about her head and shoulders, advanced tremblingly to the rail and handed a letter to Justice Goldfogle.

She represented Samkin, the tenant. who owed Korn for the rent of three rooms on the second floor of the tenement at 82 Attorney street. This is the letter:

Judge Goldfogold: Please exquee me bacause I came my father is sick and he is laying in bed my mother got born a little baby it is 2 weeks and she does not feel well. And she can't come to the wil. We have nothing to eat and nothing to burn and so we can't pay no rend. My father has no work for 6 or 7 months. We are for children, am 10 years on the 11; my sister is 5 years on the 6 and my brother is 2 years and my lit-tle sister is 2 weeks. We 4 children we beg you and please take care of us and not nock us out in the street my father tries for us very much and he can't help us bacause it is bad time now bacause he can't pay the rend and can't give us

The girl wept copiously while Thatice Goldfogle struggled with this communication, but when he questioned her she answered with keen intelligence. She was sure she had written the letter herself and explained that her parents formerly lived in Cherry street, and that she knew the location of the court because she used to pass it daily on her way to school.

Justice Goldfogle turned to Agent Boltz, who represented Landlord Korn. and suggested that as the case was a very distressing one Mr. Korn could find no better opportunity for the exercise of leniency.

"You may see from this letter," the justice said, "how pitiable the plight of the horror of it all flashed through his his family is. The girl says they have neither food nor fuel, that her mother and father are ill and helpless and have no means of sustenance. It is the Christmas season, too, and there could be no better time for the exercise of charity. It seems to me that Mr. Korn

The agent held up both hands in protest against the supposition that Mr. Korn might do anything of the kind. "I am only the agent," he said, "and am doing no more than my duty.

They have not paid the rent. I can-

not help it. The justice looked at the child who had come through the storm to plead for a few days more under the roof where there was neither food nor fire. "Go home," he said, "and tell your mother she may have until Wednesday night to pay the rent."

The girl was gone in an instant. "If it is the last thing I do on earth," Justice Goldfogle continued, "I'll see to it that this family has a Christmas dinner.

The agent was keenly affected by the girl's story and offered no opposition to riosity.

the decision .- New York Herald.

THE PRIZE TRIPLETS. They Have Laid Claim to Superiority Over

Mr. G. Mayes writes to us from Hal- then replied gravely: stead to call attention to the fact that the Whitmarsh-near Leamington- t'ink it means 'To h- wid Yale.' triplets are not the only ones which have | Boston Budget. lived to celebrate their majority. At Edinburgh one morning in August, 1863, the wife of Mr. G. Mayes, watchmaker and jeweler, surprised her husband by presenting him with triplets

two sons and one daughter—a feat

average man, especially pioneer, that fir is a stronger wood than oak, but such has been proved by acfor which she was rewarded by duly receiving the royal bounty. When the youngsters came of age in 1884, the by having a photograph of the three taken and sending a copy to the queen, in acknowledgment of her former kind- stood a strain of 3,062 pounds, common ness. Her majesty replied to Mr. Mayes' letter, expressing a hope that the triplets were well and prospering.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayes-the latter of whom was the mother of five children 2,428 pounds. These tests were made in 18 months-are still well and hearty, by the Northern Pacific Railroad comand on the 3d of January they propose celebrating their golden wedding. Mr. Mayes tells us that the triplets all enjoy good health. "We are all three married-two boys and one girl-and two of us-myself and sister-have children of our own, my sister three and myself one. We have attained our thirtieth year, and so outstrip the case near Leamington."-Westminster Gazette.

ICELANDIC EMIGRANTS.

The Exodus Beginning to Assume a Serions Aspect to the Arctic Island. Since the political agitations of Iceland in 1885, which disturbed and discouraged the population, things have worse. We are occasionally called upon their information is exact, and the English public has become suspicious of cries of "Wolf!" But the present season, with its excellent weather and good supplies of food, has not shown any reaction against the draining away

of the people. This summer no fewer than 600 persons emigrated to America, bringing 000 to which it had already dwindled. The island now contains, it is believed, fewer inhabitants than it did in 1870. before the temporary rise in Icelandic prosperity. The emigrants are largely of the farm laborer class, and there is a growing complaint that portions of the country are going out of cultivation because there is no one to work on

Canada is beginning to attract the Icelanders to its northern provinces, and during the last six months three or four Canadian agents have been visiting every township in the island, preaching the attractions of the new country. The government has even gone so far as to introduce a bill proposing to discourage emigration, or in any case to put a stop to the propaganda of these Canadian agents, but it is doubtful whether this measure will pass the althing, and nothing seems able to modify the distaste which the Icelander has formed for his venerable but arid

A speaker in the althing the other day remarked that a bill preventing Icelanders who were doing well in the west from writing to their friends at home would do a thousand times more service than an attempt to persecute touting colonial agents.-Saturday Re-

view.

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The Neue Freie Press of Vienna believes that Russia's object is to put an end to the stoppage of the Dardanelles by Turkey and to obtain supremacy in the Mediterranean. The Austrian organ adds: "Let England take care. It is she who is the aim of Russian ambition. which is working to destroy her naval supremacy in the inland sea." Is the statement an echo to the campaign just commenced in England to obtain an increase in the strength of her fleet or is it the beginning of a political campaign?-Paris Herald.

A Cure For the Grip.

If you should be attacked with la girppe stick your feet in hot waterwith a little mustard in it-put a piece of flannel dipped in hot hamamelis (witch hazel) over your chest, with a piece of dry flannel over that, drink warm sage tea and at night, every two hours, take six pellets of aconite-the nomeopathic preparation—and during the day a one grain pill of sulphate of quinine. Keep yourself warm and eat whatever your appetite calls for. This treatment will positively cure you .-Chicago Record.

Old John's Translation. Every one in Boston knows of old John the Orangeman, that picturesque and almost historical personage who presides over the affections of all Harvard men. And every one who knows John knows also that his life's motto is that familiar phrase which expresses briefly and to the point the wish that Yale may be forever relegated to the region of sorrow and perpetual darkness. One afternoon strangers were walking through the yard at Harvard, and on every hand they saw the college seal

bearing this motto, "Christo et Eccle-Not being on speaking terms with Cicero, Cæsar and the other Romans, this did nothing but to arouse their cu-

Finally they met John. "I say!" said one of the visitors. "I see these words everywhere. Can you

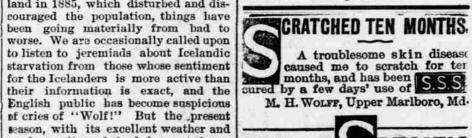
tell me what they mean?" John looked carefully at the Latin inciption, bit his pipe a little harder "Oi don't jist know, fr'nd, but Oi

Some Timber Strength Tests. It would be difficult to convince the average man, especially the Missouri tual tests that were made by a fair and impartial committee appointed for the purpose. The timbers used were each proud father commemorated the event | 2 by 4 inches and 4 feet long, both ends solidly braced and the weight applied in the middle of the span. Yellow fir Oregon oak 2,922 pounds. Fine grained vellow fir from near the butt stood a strain of 3,635 pounds, and best Michi-

> pany at Tacoma.-St. Louis Republic. Not Obscure Enough. "You intend this novel for the Boston public, do you?" said the publisher, leaning back in his chair.

> gan oak snapped with a strain of only

'Yes, sir," said the novelist. "Well, Mr. Pensling," said the pub lisher. "the work has its merit. It is pointed, interesting, and the style can be readily read and understood, and I think," he continued as the novelist's face broke into a smile of hope, "I think therefore that you should give up all effort to get Boston people interested in it."-Chicago Record.



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