EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

HAPPENINGS.

s I carelessly walked by the sea, one day, passed by a boatman who quietly lay pon the warm sund, with his rod by his A boat unchored near, on the rippling tide.
Why did he lie there, so idle, and wait?
Were there no fishes to catch with his balt?
Ah me!
Why did the boatman wait?

A malilen swung lightly her hammock, near

Her ringlets were golden, her eyes like th A song, like an echo of love, filled the air,
As pure as the morning, as trustful as
prayer.
Adown by the sea rocked the boat to and The waves were alight with the sun's after-

Ah me! Why sang the maiden so low?

At eve I returned from my walk by the cliff;
Twolovers I saw as they entered the skiff.
The stars were now gillning and dimpling above;
The places were still sighing their vespers of love;
The monbeams were thrusting their darks through the tree
Where the hammock was swinging—now fille and free.

and free Ah me! Two lovers were gliding on over the sea -Caroline W. D. Rich, in N. Y. Independent.

A RAILWAY GHOST.

An Explanation to Set Myselt Right Before the Public.

As there is a ghost in this story, ac cording to all established rules it ought to commence with "once upon a time," but as I am somewhat of an iconoclast, not even such a venerable figure of speech can escape annihilation at my hands.

Let me be exact in chronology at least. I had been bastily summoned from Cornwall to the bedside of a wealthy old uncle from whom I had expections, and as the telegram informed me that he could not survive his present attack of gout, I thought it might be as well for me to be "in at the death," and so one foggy day in November, 1860, found me traveling to Ashbourne, a little, out-of-the-way place, where the old gentleman lived. There were but few passengers on the train, and I had the comfort of a carriage all to myself. We stopped to coal at some little way-station, when a passenger was hurriedly ushered, or rather banged, into my compartment by the conductor.

The stranger was a tall, thin, middle-aged man, with a face lean and withered like a shriveled apple. In a dress tight-fitting and of an ancient and faded black, he looked like a man who had run very much to seed, which perhaps accounted for the luxuriant growth of his arms and legs. Observing his clothes steaming with the damp air, I began to realize that it had suddenly become very cold.

"Quite a change in the weather," I remarked. "Very cold to-night, is it

"Don't feel the cold myself. Perhaps you would like to change places with me; there is no draft here." I replied that I would be glad to do

so if it did not inconvenience him, and accordingly we changed seats.

It was cold, and no mistake. I must

have taken a chill, for I felt the cold creeping over me in a most unaccountable manner. Looking at my companion on the opposite seat, on whom the lamplight now shone full, I saw that his face was no so thin nor his extures so withered as I at first supposed; and I must have made a m stake as to his age, for he was by no means as old as I had previously judged. How cold it was, to be sure: As I looked at him, I was, to be sure: As I looked at him, I noticed that his aspect changed momentarily—that he was growing younger; that the wrinkles in his face were filling out and smoothing down, and that he was gradually becoming like some one I had seen before. As his cheeks grew round and ruddy, and his half changed from gray to heaven he hair changed from gray to brown be-fore my very eyes, I became nervous, and endeavored to cry out, but could not. I was paralyzed with the cold cold that seemed to make my limbs rigid and beaumb my vita's, for I saw that the man sitting before me was no longer a stranger—no mere friend or acquaintance—he had become Me!

I held up my hands to try to shut out the sight, and, as I did so, saw that they were withered, and thin, and old. I pressed them to my brow, to see if I were dreaming, and I found it shr v-eled, and seamed, and puckered. And then I knew that this man—this fiend—had stolen my body and given me his. Maddened with the discovery, I rose to my feet—his feet—which tottered beneath me, and I struck wildly at the vision of myself on the other seat. But I found my arms light as vapor, for they passed over his body, which went through them, giving me the impression of pain. It was a body of shade that had been given me for my own body of flesh and blood, which this wretch had stolen. By some sortery or another, we had indeed changed places. then I knew that this man-this fiend

"Sore rer—demon," I cried out, only to hear myself speaking with his sharp, cracked voice. When I saw myself sting opposite to me, coolly addressing me in my own voice, I could no longer credit my senses—if, indeed, I had any of them at all left of my own.
"Dare you think you are speaking."

"Dare you think you are speaking loud now," he said.

I answered by shouting for the conductor as loudly as I could.

"Ah, you might call a good deal louder than that. Why, if the carriage were full of passengers they could no more hear you than they could see you." he continued, chuckling, and screwing my features up into a hidcously knowing grin, such as I could
never have made them assume. "You
see, my friend, yours is a body of air,
of shadow, insensible, impalpable to
all but myself, just as it was to all
hut you when I entered the carriage.
You wish, perhaps, to know who I
am. Well, two years ago to-night I
was a passenger by this train. There
was a collision with a stupid freighttrain, you see, and the result was that
several passengers were injured. One

of them was-well, it's no use mineing matters-k lled on the spot. Quite It was I. Yes, I am what you would call a ghost, although we do not cons der that just the correct term among ourselves-we have a better word for it Now I have told you what I am, you will, doubiless, like to know what I want. Very good; you

The ghost in my body then began to feel in my pockets, from which he draw out my meerschaum, which he filled from my pouch and lit with one of my

"Ah," he proceeded, puffing like a steam-engine, 'you smoke very good stuff-natural leaf and Old Judge; not a bad mixture, though I prefer a little Cavendish with it myself. Not at all a bad body yours, either," he went on, eyeing the form in which he was sitting; "not at all a bad body; and it fits me to a T, only a little short in the arms. By the way, I find one of your front teeth a little loose, so don't go and say I d d that when you come to yourself again; and your nose is a little long for me, but I dare say it blows none the worse for that." I shuddered as I saw him take out my pocket-hand-kerchief and use it on that cherished organ of mine.

"Yes, I dare say now you feel the cold a little: I did at first, but it's nothing when you are used to it. I find your body very warm—be ng heavier than I am accust med to wear; but it won't be for long. I require it positively for this night only,' as you say in your play-bills; and will return it uninjured by the time we get to Ash-bourne. by the by, let me beg of you to be a little careful how you throw your arms about so much as you did just now, for my body is of a more delcate construction than yours: and being so then in substance. I am afra'd you will chafe it under the arm-pits. You will observe, ladies and gentlehe went on, in lecturer's style, men. that if I take a lighted match and insert it in the corner of the patient's eye, he will feel no pain." Saying this, my dreadful companion proceeded to illus-trate his remark by making a dive at my shadowy eye with a burning match. I certainly felt no pain as the match burned in my head.

"You will allow, after all you that my shape has its advantages," the ghost proceeded; "but it also has its disadvantages. Try the pipe now." I tried to take the pipe—it dropped through my vapory fingers. He placed it in my mouth: I could not hold it. nor get a whiff from it. "Prec'sely so," said the ghost. "Now, this is just what has brought me here to-night. A great smoker all my life, doing my twelve pipes a day regularly. I have been de-funct these two years, and during all that t me I haven't had a smoke! Not a blessed draw. I miss my 'bacea dreadful. There is a provision made for smokers down with us, you will understand; but we are governed by a Board of Directors whose general incapacity equals that of many of your city boards. There is a stock of bodies kept for smokers, so that if you want to enjoy a pipe you must go into one of the bodies to get it. But if you will believe me, the supply is so no-toriously insufficient to meet the de-mand that there is no chance whatever for a new ghost to get a smoke. When I entered the society all the bodies were out in use, and booked for three years in advance. My name has been down on the books for two years, and there is no chance of my getting a body allotted to me for a twelvemonth. Fancy two years without a smokel part in a ched on the young tree should sr. ti board is something awful. I can only explain the reason why we put up w th such gross mismanagement in the other world is because we have become so us d to it in this. Our conditions, however, are being undermined to that extent that the board has at last been coerced by popular feeling into passing a measure, empowering ghosts to rea-der themselves visible to a single in dividual at a t me, in order that they may effect a change of bodies for short periods, always with the consent of the person in question, for the purpose of indulging in a habit which the directors say they can not, however, but char-acterize as pernicious and injurious.' George III. and George Washington, both members of the board, opposed the measure; they, however, were left in a r-diculously small m nority. Under this new act, I obtained your body." "You never had my consent, fiend!"

I cried. "It is vulgar to call names, my friend," the ghost replied, smoothing my mustache with my tingers; "but you are trflng. I asked you to change places with me, and you agreed, as you must be well aware. But, dear me! here we are at Ashbourne; but, however, I must finish my pipe-think of two years, and not a blessed draw, my

The train was slackening speed. My companion leaned out of the window puffing fast and furious.

"Plenty of time to change bodies," he said; "it shall be done in an instant, as soon as the train stops," and he continued blowing great clouds of smoke, till we pulled up at the depot. He hurriedly knocked out the ashes of the tobacco, as the conductor cried: "Change here; all change here,

A sudden glow of warmth seemed to pass over me as I rubbed my eyes, and found to my great delight my own smooth hands against my own un-wrinkled cheeks. I looked up for my companion; he was gone; I was alone

in the carriage.

I was greatly surprised, as I stepped on the platform, at being asked for my on the platform, at being asked for my card by a very officious person; still more so at being summoned to the police court the following morning. The officious person stated that he was the Secretary of the Anti-tobacco Alliance, and applied for a conviction against me, under one of the by-laws of the company, for smoking in a ralway carcompany, for smoking in a ra lway caralong the line, where I am hung up as a caution to the public, in a black frame, with my name and address and the amount of penalty enforced at full

It would have been useless to attempt any explanation to the Justice. It is something to have set one's self right with the public.—W. G. Kelly, in San Francisco Argonaut.

IN-DOOR ORANGE CULTURE.

Some Suggestions Relative to the Cultivation and Grafting of the Orange Plant.

The culture of orange trees in their native clime and the raising of a specimen tree or two for the adornment of a home in winter are very different matters. But to successfully rear a healthy orange tree from seed to fruitbearing is the ambition of many who never expect to attain to much greater proficiency in horticulture. As de from the rich glossy foliage and golden fruit, the crop of bloom which

a thrifty tree will bear makes it a thing of beauty," while the pleasure of ra'sing, grafting and training it affords as much pleasure to the grower as the tree itself when grown. The ever-varying changes which occur from the time the tree sprouts until it brings forth its 'erop of gold' are an

interesting study. The seed may be sown at any season, in soil of almost any texture, if it s well drained and loose, though perhaps the best and nearest approach to its nat ve element is a loamy or peaty saed. Until the seeding tree is a year or two old little can be done but to keep it in a thrifty condition and trained to the proper shape for grafting. The tree should be trained to one stem if it is to be grafted singly or but once, and no very large branches should be allowed to grow. It is more convenient to graft an orange tree when quite young, say one or two years old, as the branches are then less woody and more supple, and thus

easier to manipulate. Though spoken of in a general way as grafting, there are different methods of changing the variety of an orangeor lemon tree. (1) Grafting proper, by inserting a cion cut from another tree;
(2) budding, as peaches and other trees are budded; (3) "in-arching," which consists of uniting the branches of the tree to be changed and the parent tree. To perform the last successfully the bark should first be cut away from both branches at a suitable he ght to form a shapely head for the young tree, and about two inches in length on each stem. These two prepared surfaces should be pressed flatly and firmly together and bound tightly with soft matting, which should be covered closely with grafting or other wax to exclude water and air. After the trees have been united about six weeks, the parent tree may be severed from the young one, and when the graft begins to grow freely the bands may be cut loose. The newly grafted tree should never be placed in a high heat or a strong sunshine. This method of propagating orange trees is the safest for the amateur, as there is scarcely any danger of failure if the operation is reasonably well performed. Even should it fail, the work can be repeated, as there is usually enough of the tree left.

The proper time for "in-arching" the orange is when both trees are in all growing condition, as the sap is more active and the parts unite more read ly than at any other time. The branch or

be of recent growth.

When the graft begins to grow strongly the branches of the natural stock may be cut away by degrees untl nothing remains but the new top. The new head may be trained in any desired form, though the globular shaped head is perhaps as good as any. This form can best be obtained by starting the branches from a com-This form can best be obtained mon center and keeping them judicously shortened n. The Mandar n variety of orange can be trained very prettily in this way. It is one of the best varieties for pot culture, and is Ill putian in every respect—has small flowers, small leaves and small fruit, but of exquis te flavor. The large varieties of oranges are much coarser in

The lemon tree makes a very strayit to form a pretty head. Its propaga-

ange.
The insect enemies of the orange tree when grown in-doors are the scale lice and the mealy bug. The former is the most insidious as it is scarcely appar-ent to an ordinary observer. It has the appearance of a thin dark yellow the appearance of a thin dark vellow or brownish spot, from one-eighth to one-fourth of an inch in dameter, and so closely does it cling to the leaf that so closely does it cling to the leaf that it can only be removed by hard rubbing or with a thin st ck or knife blade. Sponging the trees occasionally with tepid water containing a little soap (whale oil is best), will tend to prevent the accumulation of these insects and also keep the tree in a fresh, healthy

The mealy bug is a small slug from one-sixteenth to one-eighth of an inch in diameter when grown, but very much smaller in its younger stages, covered with a loose flowery or downy white substance, in which the young and old insects are imbedded. A small brush is the best thing for its removal, in addit on to the sponging recommended for scale lice. The latter usually at-tacks the under side of the leaf, while the mealy bug is commonly found im-bedded in the leaf axils and in crevices in the bark. When the mealy bug is present in large numbers, as in green-houses, a solution of kerosene and milk emulsion or of alcohol sprayed on with an atomizer is sometimes employed: but these mixtures are safe only in experienced hands .- C. A. Machean, in

New York Examiner. -Laying pipes under ground is usually done to drain water from the soil instead of to bring water to it. But sub-irrigation has some obvious advantages. The pipes once laid deeply enough do not need renewal. The THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.

Some of His Traits at Character-His DL versity of Talents-His Ability to Spend Every Cent of His Salary.

A commercial traveler who has seen service, or who devotes his whole energy to the work will say the life is a hard one. The young man to whom the excitement is a pleasant novelty, the travel and attendant amusements, good sports, laughs at the story at first; but not after a couple of years. The constant s rain. 'rregular hours and habits and frequent temptations to imbibe quickly com ine to tear down the stronges; system. The last item is a rge one. "Unless a traveling man is very careful," says a veteran in his line, "he is apt to turn out a drunkard it. before he knows it." For the travelers themselves, they

prefer chie to cheek, and would be termed self-couldent rather than "gally;" but, whatever it may be, no drummer with any other manner could sell as much; and the compound of bonhomie, shrewdness, knowledge of human nature and acquaintance with the world, his customers and part cular lines of goods wins the day. Sam'l of Pozen has it all condensed in a degree exaggerated to the point of burlesque, and the beginner at the business is apt to assume the commercial manner to an extreme to conceal his greenness, but in the trained man it is pleasan by mellowed and indispensable. Some men rever get this faculty completely, and perhaps, in a way "a drummer is born, not made." Meeting a new customer, not made." he must be able to get his size in a flash; To sell him goods it may be necessary to joke, wheedle or budy. A good story may eateh a man at once. or strike him so unfavorably that he can not be "worked" at all. And only by aid of a keen eye and mind will the traveler meet success. But once acquainted with a customer's ways and stock the drammer is always sure of his ground in the future. He will be careful in selling so as to sell again. He will not be niggardly in "doing the right thing," or annoying. "A good drummer," says a ke'n old commercial man, "is a partner in a house in all but possess on of an interest. " One lead ng shoe house in this city, indeed, is said to encourage its travelers by giving them small interests in the concern. The drummer business is to know all about the house's customers. The better he does this the better able he is to sell his goods, both prolitably and safely. If he knows "where his head is level," he stays with a good house when he gets with one. The man who is continually dodging from one firm to another hardly ever does well, either for himself or his employers. He must be posted thoroughly on the goods and prices of his competitors, for it is comparison in a majority of cases that makes the sale. The commerc al trav-eler is a good talker. To get into the graces of his customers, he finds the news of the day a help, and he devours newspapers. In the last campaign no one man was more problic in specula-tions, bets, or so full of alleged political news as the drummer. The train that he was on never escaped the tak-ing of a "straw" vote. The commeral trave'er rarely accumulates money. The evenings of h s inevitable hotel life offer nothing to occupy him. His devotion to the rink is a favor te theme of newspaper wal ngs; b lliard . the theater and kindred kill-times knock wide holes in his otherwise large salary. It is conceded that with \$1,500 on the road a man saves no more, at least, than one with \$1,000 staying at home, the persons having the same tastes. -Si ringfield (Mass.) Rejublican.

YIELD OF WHEAT.

The Future of Wheat Production in the United States.

When it is recollected that the average yield of wheat per acre is not more than half as much in the United States that it is in England, Ireland and Scotland our future of wheat production will be better understood. When land becomes more valuable and much more gling growth, and it is difficult to train limited in proportion to populat on unless there be a greatly increased product, it must cease to be one of our standard product ons. Thirteen bushels of wheat per acre, which is our National average, it must ever remain, even with cheap lands, a losing business to attempt to supply a fore gad s-tant market. Taking an average for mercial fertilizers, it is not probable. by any care in the preparation of the soil, and in the selection and renewal of seed, a sufficent advance can be made in this country to justify raising wheat and paying fre ghts. It is well for the people to study these things, and by private arrangements, and by public discussions, map out a better policy to employ our soil and direct our industry. Wheat greatly injures the so l. as it takes all and returns nothing. It employs the labor of the country but a limited t me, leaving the balance idle and unprofitable. This is more especially the case in those portions of the country, devoted almost exclusively to wheat. But we should not think of abandoning the pro luction of a sufficient quantity for our own bread .- State Register.

Wouldn't Forget Him-

A benevolent geatleman, while wait ing for a street car was approached by a negro who asked him for a nickel. The gentleman only had a nickel, but there was something so appealing about the negro that he gave han the nickle and decided to walk home.

"Thankee, sah! Thankee. De Lawd aint gwineter furget yer fur dis."
"That's all right."

"Yas, sab, yas."
"Just then the car came along and the negro hopped on with agility.

"Here," exclaimed the gentleman,
"You are an old seoundrel."

"Yas, sah, yas, but de Lawd aint gwine ter furgit yer."—Arkansase Travelor.

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"In the Spring of 1881 my health began to fail, so that I became a great sufferer from debility, nervousness, and loss of sieep and appetite. After trying several renedies and continuing to grow weaker, I aimost in despair gave up the hope of sleep and appetite. After trying several remedies and continuing to grow weaker, I almost in despair gave up the hope of living. To add to my sufferings, in October of the same year I was afflicted with a severe cold, which seemed to induce congestion of the liver and kidneys, threatened paralysis of the right side. The prescribed remedies aggravated, rather than allayed, the suffering.

"About the first of November I heard of Compound Oxygen and was induced to try it, At this time I was losing about half a gill of blood a day. I could not sleep soundly, very little appetite, and very flighty memory.

"In less than two weeks after taking

ghty memory. "In less than two weeks after taking "In less than two weeks after taking the Compound Oxygen I was like a new person. The bleeding had stopped entirely, my appetite became healthy, my sleep im-proved, and my memory became good and steady. I have continued its use until the present time, September 1st, 1833, enjoy-ing good health, excellent spirits, and improved powers of endurance, both mentally and physically. "There have also been a number of won-

derful results that have come within my observation from the use of Compound

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