

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

The population of New York city has doubled in thirty years. It now exceeds 1,400,000.

A new insurance company in Hungary pays its policy holders from 100 to 500 florins if their wives elope.

Thus far the Indian war in New Mexico has resulted in the killing of eight bucks and capture of thirty squaws.

The Davis Island dam at Pittsburg, begun seven years ago by the Government, is just completed at a cost of over \$3,000,000.

An Iowa Judge has decided that a man is in duty bound to tell his wife where he spends his evenings when away from home.

It is understood that the death sentence passed on Louis Riel, leader of the half-breed rebellion in Canada, will be commuted to life-long servitude.

Six circus men are threatened with lynching at Frankfort, Kentucky, for robbing four boys and compelling them to jump off while the train was in motion.

A short time since Baker City, Oregon, suffered the loss of its jail by fire, and the Court house of Baker county has been destroyed with many valuable records and books.

It is said that 955 farms in Iowa are owned by women, and that twenty dairy farms are managed by women. There are 122 women physicians and five women attorneys-at-law in the State.

It is announced at New York that M. Bartholdi will superintend the erection of the statue which bears his name. It is expected to be in place and ready for dedication by July 4, 1886.

The United States stands third in the list of beer-producing countries, Great Britain, at the last general estimate, brewing 1,000,000,000 gallons, Germany 900,000,000, and the United States 600,000,000.

The pilot boat Governor Moody, which was recently launched at Astoria, Oregon, is ready for operations. She is a schooner, and is the property of the State of Oregon. The last Legislature appropriated \$10,000 to build her.

The one-cent-per-mile order has gone into effect on the Union Pacific railroad, which provides that any employe of the company can procure a ticket for himself or family to ride over any portion of the system at one cent per mile.

It is estimated, taking the report of 1880 as a basis, that there are now 100,000 practicing physicians in the United States. It is also estimated that 75 per cent. of them carry and dispense, in whole or in part, their own remedies.

The finest opals are now found in Hungarian mines. When first extracted the gems are soft, friable and easily broken; so it is necessary to expose them to the air and light for a few days that they may become hard, and then their colors begin to appear.

T. M. E. SCHANCK, the proprietor of the Assotin (W. T.) townsite and the Sentinel, committed suicide by hanging himself in the doorway of his printing office with a piece of printer's twine. He was about 60 years old, a bachelor, and the first white settler of the Assotin bar.

SHIPPERS estimate this year's wheat crop of California and Oregon at 23,000,000 bushels. Carry over from last year 10,000,000 and the total quantity of wheat in California and Oregon at this time is 33,000,000 bushels. Deduct what is required for local uses and seeding and there will remain 800,000 tons, or say 26,000,000 bushels available for export. Oregon's wheat is estimated at 3,000,000 bushels for export.

The great Cathedral of Saint Peter at Moscow, built to commemorate the release of that city from the French invasion, is now almost completed and it is said that its vast cupolas rival in coloring with the gold and scarlet of the sun. They are five in number, and no less than 900 pounds of gold were used in overlaying them. The doors of the temple cost \$310,000, and upon the marble floors were expended \$1,500,000. Ten thousand worshippers can be comfortable, if their souls let them, within this \$12,500,000 temple.

THE DEMI-SEASON.

Dresses Which Are Made for Traveling and Shopping Purposes.

For demi-season dresses for traveling, shopping and for morning wear, navy blue alpaca is being made up in imitation of the graceful gowns worn during the summer by the Princess of Wales and her daughters. For very young ladies silver braid or white mohair has formed the trimmings, the mohair being used as a narrow vest, high collar and straight cuffs, with rows of braid along the edges, and also on the sash draperies that are worn with a silk skirt. For autumn dresses black braid, or else dark blue Heracles braid, will take the place of metal braids, and either velvet or plush will be used for the vest, cuffs and collar. Long overskirts that are made like the housemaid skirts, and looped up on one side or both, will be used with these dresses, and there may be rows of braid or of velvet ribbon for the trimming. A side panel of velvet will be chosen by those who prefer pleated skirts with Greek draperies. The new shade of brown, called lynx brown, is also being made up in mohair and alpaca dresses for the three autumn months, when canvas dresses will be too thin and cloth too heavy for comfort. Gilt braid will be sparingly used on such dresses, rather as a piping or edging for brown velvet than in many showy rows or in the vermicelli patterns lately used. Wide wool galloons and wool laces that are embroidered lightly with gilt are rich trimmings for lynx brown mohairs, while silver threads are wrought in similar trimmings for gray dresses.

The mixed red and blue laces are also being used to trim blue alpacas, and with these are sometimes seen velvets of the two colors, in stripes or in very small figures, for the small accessories of the corsage. The correct idea, however, in such dresses is to have them exceedingly plain, depending on their fine fit for their beauty. When lace is used on mohair, it is most stylish when confined to the lower skirt; a single deep fall of lace, very slightly gathered, crosses the front and side gorges, or else there are two or three narrower ruffles of lace across the front, and several rows are placed up the left side in the space left uncovered by the drapery. Still another plan is that of edging side pleats with narrow wool lace, and forming the front and sides of the skirt of these pleats. When braid is chosen for trimming, the new fancy is to form the front breadth of two very wide box pleats, covering these with clusters of cross rows of the braid, lengthening each row in the cluster, and curling up the ends toward the sides. A pointed plastron made in the same way then trims the corsage, and smaller points are on the sleeves. To complete such a suit for traveling there should be a long blue or brown cloth ulster, and a bonnet of rough blue straw with the brim covered with blue or brown velvet, as is the most becoming to the wearer. A rosette of braid or of wool lace, or some "donkey's-ear loops" of wool or of crape, should trim the close round hat of felt or straw that many young ladies prefer to bonnets.—Harper's Bazar.

UNDERTAKERS.

How and Why the Term Came to Be Applied to "Funeral Directors."

The earliest known use of this word as applied to conductors of funerals is by Young, who has the couplet:
While rival undertakers hover round,
And with his spaid the sexton marks the ground.

The present use of the word is no doubt derived from its primary meaning, one who stipulates to do anything, or undertakes the management of any affair. Two hundred years ago a class of people known as upholders were usually called upon to take charge of the funerals. Thus the poet Gay says:
The upholder, rufel harbinger of death,
Waits with impatience for the dying breath.

Now, upholders were dealers in second-hand furniture, old clothes and the like, and perhaps were so called because they were so often resorted to as the last resource of failing credit. As these persons were able from their stock of cheaply purchased material to supply what was needed at funerals at less expense than the regular merchant or haberdasher, they came to be thus employed, and also to furnish houses. In time the more ambitious of this class confined their business to the furnishing of houses only, and dealt in goods both new and old, and to avoid the confounding of their business with that of the funeral managers styled themselves upholsters, a name changed later to undertakers. Subsequently the more pretentious members of the clan of upholsters assumed the name of undertakers, deriving the cognomen logically enough from the signification of its parts in the Saxon tongue. An undertaker, one who takes in hand a business or task, or renders himself responsible for its performance. Or perhaps the idea of the word was taken from the French name for the same office, entrepreneur, though the primary idea of the French word is rather that of one who bids for a particular task. Clarendon, in his "History," gives the word with a general meaning in the line, "Antrim was naturally a great undertaker." Honeywood, in "The Good-Natured Man" of Goldsmith, speaks thus of Croaker: "His very mirth is an antidote to all gayety, and his appearance has a stronger effect on my spirits than an undertaker's shop."—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

—A noted statistician, Edward Atkinson, insists that there is an abundance of room yet in this world. The 1,400,000,000 persons supposed to be on the globe could all find easy standing room within the limits of a field ten miles square, and by the aid of a telephone could be addressed at one time by a single speaker. In a field twenty miles square they could all be comfortably seated.—N. Y. Tribune.

—Dr. C. C. Abbott, the naturalist, recently found upon his farm at Trenton, N. J., a box tortoise, under the under shell of which was cut his grandfather's name, J. Abbott, with the date 1821. The appearance of the tortoise denoted great age, and there is no reason to doubt the fact that the name was really engraved upon it sixty-four years ago.

"THE GOOD OLD TIMES."

Good Undoubtedly, But Behind the Times of the Present in Some Respects.

Yes, "the good old times" undoubtedly had much to boast of, but in one regard they were woefully behind the present times, be the latter good, bad or indifferent. We refer to mendacity. Not that there is any less lying now than there was in ages gone, but rather that the practice is looked upon with a larger spirit of charitableness than formerly, and that mankind is more willing to condone his brother's excursions from veracity than he was in those good old times aforesaid.

We read in sacred writ of the quick and terrible visitation upon Ananias and Sapphira, not because they lied, but simply because they kept back part of the truth. If the precedent established in their case were strictly followed to-day, what an epidemic of sudden deaths the newspapers would be called upon to record! The Asiatic cholera and his twin destroyer, Yellow Jack, together with all their cousins and their sisters, and their aunts, would be forced to shut up shop and go out of business, inasmuch as there wouldn't be enough of humanity left for them to work upon and pay running expenses, while consumption, fever and diseases of the kidney, heart, brain, etc., would long ago have gone into hopeless bankruptcy. Possibly even the medical fraternity might ere this have become discouraged and become reputable members of society.

Why, look about you, and you will not fail to discover an Ananias or a Sapphira in every other man or woman whom you meet in your daily walk.

Here is the real-estate dealer, for example. He takes you to look at the piece of property he wishes to sell. He points out the beautiful prospect, but says nothing of the raw winds which roar about the place from November to June; he speaks of the fine elevation, but is silent in regard to the ice-covered, slippery hill you must climb, if you can, next winter; he expounds with you the commodious cellarage and comments upon its roominess in eloquent terms, but he strangely forgets to mention that it is afloat two-thirds of the year; he shows you the fine well of water and asks you, with assurance born of personal knowledge, if you ever tasted better, but it does not occur to him to remind you that in summer, when the well isn't as dry as a Sunday-school discourse, the water tastes almost as bad as it smells and smells almost as bad as it tastes; he takes you into the chamber—not a syllable about the leaky roof; he points out the external beauties of the house—the fact that there is nothing but faith between the clapboards without and the plastering within entirely escapes him; he dilates upon the splendor of his neighbors, but fails to refer to the neighbors' hens. And so on, to the end of the chapter. What he tells you is true. He does not lie. He only keeps back part of the truth. Should he die suddenly, nobody would be so uncharitable as to intimate that his taking-off was a punishment for constructive mendacity, especially if he be rich. It would be apoplexy or heart disease, or some other respectable malady, and the stain which still hangs about the memory of Ananias and Sapphira would never cause his heirs, administrators and assigns to hang their heads and blush.

The landlord of the summer hotel advertises his finely appointed house, its extensive views and its well-appointed table; but advertising costs money, and he can not afford to pay for space in which to tell of the malaria which rises from the swamps down there in the hollow, or of the mosquitoes which throng the air and bleed the guests with a persistency almost equal to his own, or of the fact that his "fresh" vegetables are fresh only in the sense that they are fresh from the can in which they have been imprisoned a twelvemonth, or of the diptheritic condition of the outbuildings, or of any one of the many "offs" and "outs" with which he is only too familiar. He keeps back part of the truth. He does nothing more, nothing worse. And he reads the story of the Biblical fibbers with complacency, if not with contempt.

The doctor feels of your pulse and gives you a dose. He does not tell you you are better off without medicine. Perhaps he goes so far as to not tell you candidly that he doesn't know what's the matter with you. At all events, he keeps back part of the truth. The fate of his Scriptural prototypes has no terrors for him.

But why waste words over a matter that is apparent to all? In every profession, art, craft, trade and occupation you will find the same thing. Everybody, everywhere, no matter what he is doing, or whether he is doing nothing at all, is engaged, more or less constantly, in keeping back part of the truth. And whoever hears of "death by lying?" You will search the mortuary reports in vain for it among the causes of deaths.

To be sure, there is one exception, namely, the newspaper writer; but he is the exception which proves the rule.—Boston Transcript.

Careless Letter Writers.

Some facts and figures showing how careless many persons are, appear in a Washington budget concerning the Dead Letter Office. The whole number of letters received during last year was 4,834,099, or an average of 15,675 for each working day. Of these 3,719,580 were sent to the Central Office because they were not called for at the postoffice to which they were directed, and 112,648 were returned to the postoffices by hotel-keepers and thence sent to the Dead Letter Office because the departed guests for whom they were intended failed to leave a new address. Of the domestic letters opened, 18,387 contained money amounting to \$33,770.17; 20,204 contained drafts, checks, money orders, etc., to the amount of \$1,576,948.13; 84,088 contained postage stamps; 34,390 contained receipts, paid notes, and canceled obligations of all sorts; 38,348 contained photographs, and 25,554 contained articles of merchandise.—Chicago Herald.

—By a provision in the laws of the Republic of Mexico it is said that all persons not Mexicans are prohibited from owning an estate within twenty leagues of the boundary line.

BOUGHT A MOLE.

A Young Lady's Peculiar Demand Satisfied by a Drug Clerk.

"What's the news? There isn't any," was the reply a drug clerk gave to a reporter this morning.

"Do you sell much—"

"No, we don't sell much opium," answered the clerk, before the reporter had time to ask the question. "That racket is played out. When the papers get hard up for news a reporter is sent out to write up a harrowing tale about the great increase in the sale of such drugs; to tell how many hundreds of people are addicted to it, how beautiful young ladies pawn their jewelry to get it, and how even the children cry for it. It's dollars to buttons the reporter's imagination furnishes the fact. Oh, I don't know as I blame him; he's got to write what he is told. I suppose, if it is a slight deviation from the truth. But as I said a good deal of it is bosh. There are opium eaters, of course, and people who take every imaginable sort of drug, people some of whom stand well up in society; but I don't believe there are any more of them than there were twenty years ago. But say, I will give you an item," and all of a sudden the talkative druggist was convulsed with laughter.

"Well, out with it, quick," answered the pencil pusher; "what is it, funny?"

"Funny, yes. It's just this: a young lady, quite a society girl in Elmira, came in here the other day and asked me for something to make a mole."

"Make a mole—you mean remove one?"

"No, I don't mean to remove one. After some hesitation she explained to me that another certain young lady had a mole on her wrist, right on the line of life, as a fortune teller had said, and that it indicated a sunny disposition, a good wife, long life, happiness, riches and pretty nearly everything else on the calendar. I suppose her rival had been making use of the information, and therefore the young woman applied to me for something to cause a similar lucky sign to grow on her arm."

"Did you accommodate her?"

"Why, certainly; it's one of the tricks of the business to always have what your customer wants. I gave her a preparation to raise a blister, and I suppose she is now undergoing the ordeal. It cost her a two-dollar bill, and I hope it will bring her riches, happiness and a husband," and he turned away to wait on a customer who had just come in.—Elmira Gazette.

THE CLOAK "FORM."

A Woman Who Exams Good Wages Paying on Other People's Garments.

Every afternoon at five o'clock a richly attired woman emerges from a downtown cloak establishment. Her figure is perfection, her face is beautiful and her carriage is graceful.

"Oh! she is our form," said one of the proprietors, when asked about her.

"Your form?"

"Yes. I see you are not acquainted with trade terms. A form is indispensable to cloak establishments. The sale of cloaks depends on their attractiveness. The buying for the fall and winter season has begun, and country merchants are in town or are coming to purchase their stocks. We must show them how the garments look. To display the cloaks to the best advantage, we have a woman to put them on, and thus buyers view them as they actually appear when in use. Wire dummies will not answer. They have no heads, no arms, no feet. They are enveloped in paper muslin, and they can not move."

"What can the form do that makes her so important to your trade?"

"Our form, you must have noticed, is a shapely woman with handsome features. You do not often see a more stylish appearing woman, either in dress or in movements. A cheap cloak loses its cheapness on her. She knows how to draw the cloak around her to exhibit it to the best advantage. She knows the positions to assume and the style in which to walk and reveal to the customer's eye the cloak in a favorable way."

"Is putting on cloaks and walking around and posing before your customers all that your form does?"

"Yes, and we are mighty glad to get her without asking anything more of her."

"What do you have to pay her?"

"We pay her thirty dollars a week the year around. We let her have a vacation in the summer. She returned from the seashore recently. She is so valuable to us that we paid her expenses while she was away, and we also pay for the dresses which she wears in our house. We do as well by our form as any concern, and we have as good a one as there is in New York."—N. Y. Sun.

THE ART OF WRITING.

Its Power, as Compared with the Force of Oratory.

Writing is a struggle. It begins early and ends late. It is inbred with some and acquired by others. A habit well formed will lead one to like it as a pastime, and certainly it is excellent as a mental discipline and an intellectual force. Speakers may be heard by a houseful. Writers are known to the million. It is the nearness to Nature's heart that touches. It is the speaking picture that hangs on the walls of memory, and the vivid story that we love to hear related. There is no ambition with a broader field; there is no audience of more infinite variety; and no class of more ardent truth-seekers than the class who would welcome an earnest writer.

To be a writer; to be able to reach thousands and convince hundreds; to please twenty and offend none; to create new characters and retouch older events; to correct errors and stimulate exertion; to encourage the lowly and check the haughty; to paint some soft tinges on the hard tragedy of every-day life around us, is enough to inspire one's efforts, to excite one's ambition, to reward one's undertaking.—W. Donovon, in Current.

—Ira Wilde, of Dayton, O., recently discovered at a G. A. R. reunion at Springfield a daughter that has been lost to him for thirty years.—Cincinnati Times.

TRICKS ON THE TRACKS!

Dangers from which Engineers Save the Public and Themselves.

The Railway Review.

One who is accustomed to railway traveling can scarcely realize how much he is dependent for safety upon the engineer. Added to the responsibility of their station, engineers are also in constant danger of accidents caused by the tricks of jealous rivals.

This rivalry, it is said, sometimes prompts to the doing of utterly mean tricks. A Nickel Plate engineer after his very first trip was laid off because he had "cut out" all the bearings of his engine. He was re-instated, however, after he proved some rival had filled his oiling can with emery. Another new engineer was suspended for burning out the flues of his boiler. Through grief at the loss of his position he died, and then a conscience-stricken rival confessed that he had put oil in the tank so that it foamed and showed water at the top gauge, when in reality there was scarcely a quart in the boiler!

These intense jealousies, together with terrible anxiety incident to their work, has a terribly straining effect on the nerve, and statistics tells us that, though Locomotive Engineers may look strong and vigorous, they are not all a hearty class. Ex-Chief Engineer A. S. Hampton, Indianapolis, Ind., (Div. 143) was one of those apparently hearty men, but he says: "The anxiety, strain and jolting came near finishing me." His sufferings localized in catarrh of the bladder, but he used Warner's safe cure faithfully for twenty weeks and now exclaims, "I am a well man." T. S. Ingraham, of Cleveland, Ohio, assistant Chief engineer, and other prominent members are also emphatic in his praise.

The Locomotive Engineers' Brotherhood has 17,000 members and 240 divisions. Its headquarters is in Cleveland, Ohio, where Chief Engineer Arthur for twenty years has exercised almost dictatorial sway. It was organized in August, 1863, by the employees of the Michigan Central. It has given nearly two million dollars to the widows and orphans of deceased members.

WHY HE WAS AFFECTED.

Buying a Trouseau from the Man She Once Discarded.

Let me tell you one thing about shopping, dear reader. There was a clerk behind the counter in the white goods department of a dry goods store. He had the air of a foreign nobleman, with a bewitching admixture of the American dude. The very sight of him was enough to conjure up a halo of romance around his darling, curly little head. In front of that same counter, seated placidly on a stool, was a distinguishedly fashionable young woman. She was making a selection of underclothing; and anybody familiar with the beauty, intricacy and cost of the garments now worn by out-and-out swell belles can understand when I say that she seemed to be buying everything that struck her fancy, that she was indeed purchasing liberally. But it wasn't possible, I thought, that a visibly growing emotion on the part of the pretty clerk was due to the magnitude of the sales. No, nothing directly connected with mere trade could have so stirred the depths of his delicate soul. He got worse and worse. His hand quivered, his eyes filled with tears, his replies to her casual questions grew more incoherent, and finally, with a sigh that almost rent his moderate bulk, and a grip of his infinitely mal forehead between his trembling palms, he dashed out of the room.

"What in the name of goodness is the matter with the fellow?" I inquired of the superintendent of the department after he had detailed another clerk to attend to the fair customer.

"On the positive quiet," he replied, "I don't mind telling you. The young man is a rejected suitor of the lady. She is going to be married to another. She is purchasing a bridal outfit. To take an active share in the making up of her trousseau was more than he could stand. See?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A MOHAMMEDAN TRADITION.

The Miraculous Stone in the Great Mosque at Mecca.

In the Kaaba, the most ancient and remarkable building of the great Mosque at Mecca, is preserved a miraculous stone, with the print of Abraham's feet impressed upon it. It is said, by Mohammedan tradition, to be the identical stone which served the patriarch as a scaffold when he helped Ishmael to rebuild the Kaaba, which had been originally constructed by Seth, and was afterwards destroyed by the deluge. While Abraham stood upon this stone it rose and sank with him as he built the walls of the sacred edifice. The relic is said to be a fragment of the same gray Mecca stone of which the whole building is constructed, in this respect differing from the famous black stone brought to Abraham and Ishmael by the angel Gabriel, and built into the northeast corner of the exterior wall of the Kaaba, which is generally supposed to be either a meteorite or fragment of volcanic basalt. It is supposed to have been originally a jacinth of dazzling whiteness, but to have been made black as ink by the touch of sinful man, and that it can only recover its original purity and brilliancy at the day of judgment. The millions of kisses and touches impressed by the faithful have worn the surface considerably; but, in addition to this, traces of cup-shaped hollows have been observed on it. There can be no doubt that both the relics associated with Abraham are of high antiquity, and may possibly have belonged to the prehistoric worship which marked Mecca as a sacred site long before the followers of the Prophet had set up their shrine there.—Blackwood's Magazine.

THE GREAT TRANS-CONTINENTAL ROUTE.

Of the trans-continental lines competing for Oregon patronage, the Northern Pacific has kept the lead as the most desirable route, both as regards completeness of equipment and beauty and variety of scenery along the route.

Leaving Portland at 3 o'clock p. m., one rides along the banks of the Columbia, whose grand scenery, however often seen, is ever a fresh source of wonder and delight. It would require the genius of a Ruskin in his palmiest days to describe adequately the magnificent pictures which open out at every turn as the train winds slowly over the trestles and along the mountain sides of the Columbia. Neither the Hudson, nor St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, nor Great Lakes can furnish any such combination of mountains, colors and water as one can see any day in Oregon by riding from Portland to The Dalles.

The line from Portland to St. Paul by the Northern Pacific is the scenic route. There are views along Clarke's Fork of the Columbia which are worth all the petty discomforts of the two days' continuous travel to see. Lake Pend d'Oreille, over which the road has actually been built, in its primitive wilderness recalls most vividly some imaginative scene from one of Cooper's Indian novels. One of the glories of the Northern route is the abiding presence of our old friends—the trees. What an infinite relief to the eye, after a day's ride over a treeless prairie, is the sight of even a scrub oak or a solemn pine! But what contributes very largely to the passengers' comfort is the system of regular meals in dining cars which run on this line from one end of the route to the other. Even in the coldest weather of January the passenger never misses hearing "Dinner is now ready in the dining car!" called promptly at the hour when he wants it. Where is the enjoyment of travel when the stomach is empty? Let those answer who have patronized some Canadian roads and had five minutes in which to bolt down a cup of muddy coffee and a stale sandwich.

The "Northern" is the only route to the famous Yellowstone Park, a branch road running from Livingston almost to the entrance of this great National resort. There is no doubt that when the peculiar beauties of this wonderful land become thoroughly advertised, as well as its easy accessibility, thousands of pleasure seekers and tourists will visit this natural park. The unsuccessful (because premature) enterprise of Rufus Hatch, who attempted to apply Wall-street methods to the running of a hotel, can detract nothing from a charm of scenery of this region, which is above comparison with anything else.

In its commercial importance the Northern Pacific is on the threshold of a great career. Whether the Cascade Division will be built in one or ten years, is of little consequence, so far as the development of the country is concerned. Duluth, the Northern's real Eastern terminus, has many a day this fall received more cars of wheat than Chicago, the business connections of the former city reaching westward as far as Spokane Falls and Sprague. The \$8-per-ton rate from Eastern Washington to St. Paul or Lake Superior, though it may not result in diverting much traffic from the Columbia river route, has already created a confidence in the future of Spokane, Lincoln and Franklin county lands that six months ago did not exist. Such liberality on the part of the Northern Pacific is most commendable, and reflects the greatest credit on the management of the road, from a business point of view. The relations between a railroad and its patrons are mutual, and whatever tends to antagonize the one against the other, results in serious injury to both. And while the Northern management is ever on the alert to provide for the comforts of its first-class patrons, it is not slow to recognize in the emigrant to Oregon and Washington the foundation of the road's future prosperity; hence more than ordinary attention is paid to those of limited means who come to this country to make new homes for themselves and families. Emigrant cars are attached to regular express trains, with sleeping accommodations on the same, without extra expense. Unlike other lines, its Directors recognized the commercial importance of Portland at the outset by establishing a General Western Passenger Agency here, under the efficient management of Mr. A. D. Charlton, whose father (of the Alton) has no superior among general passenger agents. As traveling passenger agent, Mr. W. F. Carson is as "d'y" as they make them, and it must be a man of dense and opaque ignorance who is not convinced of the advantages of the "Northern" after listening to him. Mr. George T. Willett does the agreeable as private secretary to Mr. Charlton, whose sound judgment is demonstrated by so happy a choice of an assistant.

Take it all in all, a trip in either direction over this great thoroughfare is an event in a man's life not soon to be forgotten. E. H. P.

—Uncle Jake (to his chums, as an illustration of the simplicity of a stage-load of city folks recently under his charge)—Ex we turned Claggett's bluff, about seven o'clock, the bull crowd burst out in "ohs!" and "ahs!" An' what d'y e' s'pose 't was all about? Why, one of them common red an' yaller sunsets!—Harper's Bazar.

—A Tennessee young man recently sent a fervent note to his girl, asking her to elope. The old man, however, he guarded her so carefully that she was unable to do so. But she managed to send him a nice muskmelon. The "cantalope" told him just how matters stood.