

**The Boy and the Dog.**  
(Boston Home Journal.)  
He was only a stray waif of a yellow dog with no ancestry to boast of, but as he sat upon the wooden seat in one of our city parks with a little child's tiny arm lovingly twined about his ugly thick neck, and a sweet, cooing voice saying in his ear, "I love you little doggie," he was as proud as any prize setter in the land. "Is that your dog little boy?" asked a policeman, as he passed the happy couple. "No, he doesn't belong to me, only I'm acquainted with him," answered the affectionate friend of the little tramp dog.

**Why the Camp Meeting Held Over.**  
(Chicago Living Church.)  
A preacher at a camp meeting fervidly said, when a proposition was made to shut the gates on Sunday: "Brethren, there are souls that will be damned if you don't hold over Sunday. They are almost persuaded by Saturday. Sunday will bring their conviction to a crisis. Oh, brethren, let us save them! Thousands, too, will come then that will come at no other time." The Christian Advocate makes the report, and its editor adds that by personal investigation he found that the urgent speaker owned the refreshment stand.

**The First Bicycle in Remusville.**  
(Re-engraved from The Century.)



"My king! of dar ain't de berry ole Satan himself, tail an' all, a-gwine about de kentry a-squallin' of a buggy wheel!"

**The Lesser of Two Evils.**  
(Detroit Free Press.)

The municipal census taker was around taking names and pulled the bell at Bluff street, and a bluff came to the door. He was put through the usual formula, and finally the censor asked the age of his wife.

"Can't tell," responded the husband. "Can't tell!" echoed the questioner. "Why? Don't you know?"

"Of course I do." "Then you must tell me. The law says you must."

"The law? What law?" "The law of the state." "What will they do with me if I don't tell?"

"Put you in jail for contempt." "All right; put me in jail."

"Why, man," exclaimed the astonished official, "you won't go to jail and suffer rather than tell your wife's age, will you?"

"Well, yes," he said resignedly; "I've never been in jail, and on one occasion I did tell my wife's age."

**An Intangible Desire.**  
(Harper's Bazar.)

Young minister—You seem unusually thoughtful, Miss Clara.  
Miss Clara (in a Sunday evening frame of mind)—I feel somewhat oppressed to-night, Mr. Whitechoker; filled, as it were, with a vague longing for something I know not what—a desire for some intangible boon whose possession would satisfy my soul and quiet this restless longing.

Bobby (putting his head in the door)—Can I speak to you a minute, Clara?

Miss Clara—Certainly, Bobby. What is it, dear?

Bobby—Ma says that I can have half of that cold mackerel you've got locked up in the cupboard.

**Shocking.**  
(New Orleans Times Democrat.)

A famous dinner given in Richmond, Va., was giving a particularly swell dinner to a party of distinguished people, and, being short of a dining-room servant, hired a noted head waiter to officiate. When the ham was placed on the side table to be carved, the head waiter, full of the importance of his position, sang out:

"Now, guests, which one of you says ham?" The host, speeches with disgust, rose, and, seizing the astonished dandy by the scuff of the neck, shot him out of the room, and then, with an urbanity that was immense, resumed his duties as the most admirable of hosts.

**The Modern Shakespeare.**  
(Yonker's Gazette.)

"Thou'st never told me, precious cavalier, art thou dost love me for myself alone?" "I'll say thou art my summum bonum, my nuptial, chief desire and—"

"Ye gods! Ciel! cœuvrel! How my soul has yearned to hear thee say I was that same to thee!"

"Fraise! Juno that I have caromed on thy yearn."

"And praise her, too, that I have heard her words! Com! nearer, pet, and bing it on mine ear, and while my soul sops up the toothsome speech I'll dip me in a trance of Paradise."

**Peril of the Theological Student.**

One of the religious papers, The Chicago Inter-o, thinks that the girls play the mischief with the theological students. "The young brother, as such as R. V. is idly fastened on before his given name, makes a bad line for his girl, and she meets him half way down the lane, and they kiss each other a few times and walk lovingly together to some old prairie; who ought to know better, and he puts his hands on their heads and tells them to be good—and so spoils a missionary."

**The Woodshed Lesson.**  
(Weekly Evangelist.)

"Now, you young scamp," said Blanka, Sr., as he led his youngest out into the woodshed and prepared to go to him a dressing down, "I'll teach you what is what!" "No, pa," replied the incorrigible, "you'll teach me which is switch."

And then the old man's hand fell powerless to his side.

**An Admirer of Wagner.**  
(New York Sun.)

Miss Clara—Are you an admirer of Wagner's music, Mr. Featherly?  
Mr. Featherly—I used to be, Miss Clara, an ardent admirer of Wagner, but—let me see—I must be over four years now since I have heard Cal sing.

## THE PLAYFUL WASP.

Johnny Tells All About the Business Enterprise of This Funny Bird.

The wasp is a very funny bird; he has two wings, four legs and a lightning rod. He is not as useful as the hen, but all the same he lays for humans.

Last summer old Mrs. Bogmyre's baby fell down on a wasp. But when the wasp let go, old Mrs. Bogmyre's baby went right up "pushing clouds." Soon after that "Bill Squacks" sat down on one. But Bill didn't linger, he seemed willing and anxious to rise. Then he went capering off home. He had to carry himself in a sling for a long time.

Wasps do not have to be tamed, they are always tame enough. When one comes up sly-like and whispers something in my ear, it makes me weep to think they are so familiar with man. And then I wish they would never come nearer than a mile away.

Wasps build their nests in flocks. And it is dangerous to go near the nest while the old ones are sitting.

Once, grandfather owned a bull and a wasp nest at the same time. I went out to the farm to spend vacation.

The old bull seemed to take an interest in me from the start, and didn't act as though he wanted me to play out in the field. So I let him chase me up to the fence corner, where the plum tree was that had the nest in, then I punched the nest with a stick just to see if the wasps were at home, and out came the wasps like pop out of a pop bottle. One old civil engineer wasp slid down an imaginary line and brought up on the old bull's nose. A thrill of wild delight seemed to go clear through the bull. He reared up on his hind feet and beckoned for me to come over and have some. But I declined. Then he yelled to the cows to come and see what he had found, but by the time they arrived he seemed satisfied and with a couple of toots he signalled off brakes and tried a race with himself down to the back field, giving vent to his glee in loud snorts. As he went, he pointed his tail up. I thought that was probably the road he wanted me to take.

About this time the cows saw the joke, and they seemed as anxious as he to go off to some quiet place and smile. One old cow had to leave or burst right out laughing, so she winked to the rest as if to say "Come, ladies, let us retire," then they gambled off down to where the bull was, to talk it over with him.

I forgot about the wasps and climbed upon the fence to see the race. But just then an old business wasp dove down, pricked open his misery bag and vaccinated me in the neck; then I jumped down and ran to the house. I couldn't see very well from there any way.

If you ever see an old wasp kind of smiling like, and backing up towards you at the same time, and acting as though he had a load of something he wanted to dump, you want to flee; don't stop to argue; if you do you will be bowed down with sorrow, humped up with sadness, and do your fleeing afterwards.

I think the best way to handle wasps is to let the job to some one else and then go off on a visit.—Peck's Sun.

## WASHINGTON'S BOYHOOD.

A Story That Confirms the Anecdote of the Little Hatchet.

There is a story told of George Washington's boyhood—unfortunately there are not many stories—which is to the point. His father had taken a great deal of pride in his blooded horses, and his mother afterward took great pains to keep the stock pure. She had several young horses that had not yet been broken, and one of them in particular, a sorrel, was extremely spirited. No one had been able to do anything with it, and it was pronounced thoroughly vicious, as people are apt to pronounce horses which they have not learned to master. George was determined to ride this colt, and told his companions that if they would help him catch it, he would ride and tame it.

Early in the morning they set out for the pasture, where the boys managed to surround the sorrel and then to put a bit into its mouth. Washington sprang on its back, the boys dropped the bridle and away flew the angry animal. Its rider at once began to command, the horse resisted, backing about the field, rearing and plunging. The boys became thoroughly alarmed, but Washington kept his seat, never once losing his self-control or his mastery of the colt. The struggle was a sharp one; when suddenly, as if determined to rid itself of its rider, the creature leaped into the air with a tremendous bound. It was its last. The violence burst a blood-vessel, and the noble horse fell dead.

Before the boys could sufficiently recover to consider how they should extricate themselves from the scrape, they were called to breakfast; and the mistress of the house, knowing that they had been in the fields, began to ask after her stock.

"Pray, young gentlemen," said she, "have you seen my blooded colts in your rambles? I hope they are well taken care of. My favorite, I am told, is as large as his sire."

The boys looked at one another, and no one liked to speak. Of course the mother repeated her question.

"The sorrel is dead, madam," said her son. "I killed him!"

And then he told the whole story. They say that his mother flushed with anger, as her son often used to, and then, like him, controlled herself, and presently said, quietly:

"It is well; but while I regret the loss of my favorite, I rejoice in my son who always speaks the truth."—Hess-kiah Butterworth, in St. Nicholas.

Nearly two years ago a stage-driver on the Redding and Lake View route in California was drowned while crossing a stream, and the mail-pouch he was carrying was lost. Recently the missing pouch was found on the bank of the river, and its contents were in a fair state of preservation.

The common daisy is perhaps the most divisible plant in the garden. Each separate branchlet may be removed, with its modicum of root, and every bit will form a plant.

## LATE NEWS SUMMARY.

Pacific Coast, Eastern and Foreign.

John Fitzgerald was shot and killed by a Denver policeman.

It is rumored at Washington that war with China is not improbable.

Louis Hyant was shot and killed by Charles Simpson, at Murray, Idaho.

The damage done by floods in Massachusetts aggregates about \$7,000,000.

Edison has patented a device for telegraphing to and from running trains.

Eight sheepherders were murdered by Apaches in Valencia County, New Mexico.

By the burning of a hotel at St. George, Canada, two persons lost their lives.

Two men were killed and three others wounded in a railway accident near Liberty, N. Y.

The mail service between Ashland and Linkville, Or., has been restored to six times a week.

Only four Chinese passengers arrived at San Francisco on the last steamer from China.

Morris won the San Francisco billiard match, the score standing Morris 6000, McKenna 3818.

Three Chinamen garroted a citizen at Victoria, B. C., and robbed him of a gold watch and chain.

Fifty-eight cavalry horses, with their trappings, were burned to death in a fire at Fort Custer, M. T.

By an explosion of powder in a store at Winchester, Ky., eight persons were injured, two fatally.

It is reported that American missionaries in China are being maltreated by Chinese mobs.

Judge Lawler, of San Francisco, has rendered a decision that stock board seats are not taxable.

It is announced from San Francisco that after May 1 two steamers per month will be run to Alaska.

During a quarrel over a love affair, at Marionville, Pa., Edward Walton shot and killed Albert Mealy.

The steamship City of Mexico, which carried the Honduras filibusters, has been seized by our Government.

The export of wines from San Francisco in 1885 aggregated 4,500,000 gallons, nearly 1,000,000 more than in 1884.

Fred Plaisted and a man named Ross will attempt to row a boat through the rapids of Niagara Falls.

The biennial election at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, resulted in favor of the present ministry by a large majority.

At the iron works at Charlotte, N. C., John Spring and Will Austin were killed by the falling of an elevator.

In the billiard match at San Francisco, McKenna made a run of 1,641, beating the world's best record 80 points.

It is stated that more than one hundred persons perished from exposure during the recent great storm in Kansas.

Chas. Crocker has given his check for \$33,000 to construct a building for the San Francisco Boy's and Girls' Aid Society.

The wife of Professor Waldo, of Yale College, wandered from home while insane and was killed by falling down a precipice.

It is reported from Munich that King Ludwig, of Bavaria, will marry the widow of a wealthy American manufacturer.

Several workmen were killed and many others injured by the collapse of a building in process of construction at London.

Gottlieb Lentz, of Philadelphia, cut his wife's throat with a razor and then shot himself with a revolver, both dying instantly.

A man named Perry shot and killed Mike Gleason, at Red Cliff, Colo. The next night Perry was taken from jail by a mob and hanged.

The States producing over 25,000,000 bushels of wheat last year were Minnesota, Michigan, Iowa, Dakota, Indiana and California.

Three thousand striking miners in Llanberis, Wales, have resumed work on the employers' terms after remaining idle nineteen weeks.

Near Pineville, Ky., five men named Turner, attacked a man named Lane, riddling him with bullets. Lane killed one of his assailants.

Gen. Thomas H. Williams, the well-known California pioneer and millionaire, died at his residence in San Francisco of heart disease.

The Secretary of the Interior has disallowed the claim of Job W. Ross, of Astoria, for \$2,255, for depredations committed in 1851 by Pawnee and Omaha Indians.

At Pittsburg, Pa., a man named David Wilson killed his wife and then shot himself. Six children became orphans by his act. Poverty was the cause of the tragedy.

At Binghamton, Pa., John Clune attempted to rob J. D. Harrington on the bridge over the Susquehanna river. During the struggle, both men fell into the water and were drowned.

Ex-Senator Tabor, of Colorado, denies the charge that he was furnishing ex-President Soto, of Honduras, with money to carry on filibustering schemes against that and other Central American Republics.

**Drunkness.**  
The inebriate's craving for liquor is caused by a diseased stomach, and the application of an appropriate medical remedy prevents this craving and thus promotes the cause of temperance in an effective and rational manner. Simmons' Liver Regulator arouses the torpid digestive organs to healthy action and counteracts the desire for more drink.

## PRODUCE MARKET.

Portland.

FLOUR—Per bbl. standard brands, \$3.75@4.00; others, \$2.00@3.50.

WHEAT—Per ct. valley, \$1.20@1.22; Walla Walla, \$1.12@1.15.

BARLEY—Whole, \$1.07@1.10; ground, 7¢ ton, \$23@24.

OATS—Choice milling, 36¢@37; choice feed, 37¢@38.

RYE—Per ct., \$1.00@1.10.

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR—Per ct., \$4.00.

CORN MEAL—Per ct., \$2.50@3.75.

CRACKED WHEAT—Per ct., \$3.

HOMINY—Per ct., \$3.75.

OKMEAL—Per ct., \$3.50.

PEARL HARBOR—Per ct., \$5.00@6.00.

SPLIT PEAS—Per lb., 4¢.

TAPIOCA—Per lb., 6¢.

SAGO—Per lb., 6¢.

VERMICELLI—Per lb., No. 1, \$1.25; No. 2, 8¢.

BEAN—Per ton, \$15@18.

SHORTS—Per ton, \$16@17.

MIDDLINGS—Per ton, \$20@25.

CHOP—Per ton, \$18@20.

HAY—Per ton, baled, \$6@7.

OIL CAKE MEAL—Per ton, \$30@35.

MOPS—Per lb., Oregon, nominal; Wash. Ter., do.

BUGS—Per doz., 12¢@14¢.

BUTTER—Per lb., fancy roll, 25¢; inferior grade, 12¢; pickled, 11¢@12¢.

CHEESE—Per lb., Oregon, 12¢@14¢; California, 12¢@13¢.

DRIED FRUITS—Per lb., apples, quarters, sacks and boxes, 3¢; do sliced, in sacks and boxes, 3¢@4¢; apricots, 15¢; blackberries, 13¢@15¢; nectarines, 12¢@14¢; peaches, halves unpeeled, 6¢@8¢; pears, quarters, 7¢@8¢; pitted cherries, 17¢; pitted plums, California, 8¢@10¢; do Oregon, 6¢@8¢; currants, 8¢@9¢; dates, 6¢@7¢; ginseng, 18¢@20¢; prunes, California, 7¢@8¢; French, 10¢@12¢; 2 Turkish, 6¢@7¢; raisins, California, London layers, \$2.25@2.30 per box; loose Muscatis, \$2@2.25; Seedless, 7¢@12¢; Sultana, 12¢.

RICE—China, No. 1, \$5.75; do No. 2, \$5.25; Sandwich Islands, No. 1, \$5.50; Japan, \$—.

BEANS—Per lb., pea, 2¢; small whites, 2¢; bayo, 2¢; lima, 3¢; pink, 2¢.

VEGETABLES—Beets, 7¢ lb.; cabbage, 7¢ lb.; 2¢; carrots, 7¢ ton, \$8; cauliflower, 7¢ doz, \$1.00@1.25; sweet potatoes, 7¢ lb.; 3¢; onions, 2¢@2.5¢; turnips, 7¢ lb.; 1¢; spinach, 7¢ sack, 40¢@50¢.

POTATOES—Patatoes, new, 4¢@5¢; per sack 40¢@50¢.

POULTRY—Chickens, 7¢ doz, spring, \$—@2.50; old \$—@3.50; ducks, \$3.00@3.50; geese, \$5.50@6; turkeys, 7¢ lb., nominal, 10¢@12¢.

HAMS—Per lb., Eastern, 6¢; Oregon, 9¢@9.5¢.

BACON—Per lb., Oregon sides, 6¢@7¢; do shoulders, 5¢@6¢.

LARD—Per lb., Oregon, 7¢@8¢; Eastern, 7¢@10¢.

PICKLES—Per 5-gal keg, \$1.00; bbls, \$ gal., 22¢.

SUGARS—Quote bbls: Cuba, 7¢; dry granulated, 6¢; fine crushed, 7¢; golden C, 14¢.

COFFEES—Per lb., Guatemala, 12¢; Costa Rica, 10¢@11¢; Old Government Java, 18¢@20¢; Rio, 12¢@13¢; Salvador, 9¢@10¢; Mocha, 22¢@25¢; Kona, 18¢.

TEAS—Young Myson, 25¢@35¢; Japan, 20¢@35¢; Oolong, 15¢@35¢; Gunpowder and Imperial, 25¢@35¢.

SYRUP—California refinery is quoted at 25¢ in bbls; in kegs and 1-gal. tins 37¢@50¢.

CANNED GOODS—Salmon, 1-lb tins, 7¢ doz, \$1.25; oysters, 2-lb tins, 7¢ doz, \$2.25; 1-lb tins, \$1.40 per doz; lobsters, 1-lb tins, 7¢ doz, \$1.00; clams, 2-lb tins, 7¢ doz, \$1.00; mackerel, 5-lb tins, 7¢ doz, \$2.75@3.00; fruits, 7¢ doz, \$1.50@2.75; jams and jellies, 7¢ doz, \$1.75@2.00; vegetables, 7¢ doz, \$1.75@2.00.

HONEY—Extracted, 7¢@7.5¢; comb, 16¢.

FRESH FRUIT—Apples, Oregon, new, 7¢ box, 7¢@8¢; bananas, 7¢ bunch, \$3.50@4; cranberries, Western, \$11.00@12.00 per bbl; Cape Cod, 7¢ bbl, \$9@12; Lemons, Sicily, 7¢ box, \$6.50@7; Limes, 7¢ 100, \$1.25; pineapples, 7¢ doz, \$7.00; pears, 7¢ box, \$3.75@4.00.

SEEDS—Per lb., timothy, 5¢@6¢; red clover, 14¢@15¢; orchard grass, 17¢@18¢; rye grass, 10¢@11¢.

NUTS—California almonds, 7¢ 100 lb sbs, 18¢; Brazil, 160 lb sbs, 7¢ lb, 15¢; chestnuts, 18¢@20¢; cocoanuts, 8¢@7.50; filberts, Sicily, 175 lb sbs, 7¢ lb, 14¢; hickory, 100 lb sbs, 10¢; peanuts, 8¢@11¢; pecans, Texas, 100 lb sbs, 14¢; California walnuts, 7¢ 100 lb sbs, 14¢@15¢.

SALT—Carmen Island, 7¢ ton, \$15@17; Liverpool, 7¢ ton, \$15@19; table, in bales, per ba e, \$2.50.

WOOL—Eastern Oregon, spring clip, 14¢@18¢ per lb; fall clip, 12¢@16, Valley Oregon, spring clip, 10¢@18¢; lambs and fall, 14¢@17¢.

HIDES—Dry, 16¢@17¢; salted, 7¢@8¢.

**San Francisco.**

FLOUR—Extra, \$4.25@4.75 per bbl; superfine, \$2.75@3.50.

WHEAT—No. 1 shipping, \$1.20@1.27 per ct; No. 2, \$1.22@1.25; Milling, \$1.27@1.30.

BARLEY—No. 1 feed, \$1.27 per ct; No. 2, \$1.22; brewing, \$1.40@1.50.

OATS—Milling and Superfine, \$1.35@1.50 per ct; Feed, No. 1, \$1.27@1.40; No. 2, \$1.17@1.24.

CORN—Small yellow, \$1.25 per ct; large yellow, \$1.10@1.25; large white, \$1.15@1.20; small white, \$1.10@1.15.

RYE—\$1.20 per ct.

HOPS—6¢@8¢ per lb.

HAY—Clover, \$10@11.00 per ton; alfalfa, \$10@13; wheat, \$12.00@14.50.

STRAW—6¢@8¢ per bale.

ONIONS—Per ct., \$1.25@2.00.

BEANS—Small white, \$1.00@1.65 per ct; pea, \$1.50@1.65; pink, \$1.00@1.10; red, \$1.10@1.20; bayos, \$1.00@1.35; butter, \$1.50@1.62; limas, \$2.25@2.70.

**O. & C. R. H. TIME TABLE.**

Mail Train north, 9:11 A. M.

Mail Train south, 2:01 P. M.

**OFFICE HOURS, EUGENE CITY POSTOFFICE.**

General Delivery, from 7 A. M. to 7 P. M.

Money Order, from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Register, from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M.

Mail north close at 9:15 A. M.

Mails for south close at 1:30 P. M.

Mails for Franklin close at 7 A. M. Monday and Thursday.

Mails for Mabel close at 7 A. M. Monday and Thursday.

Mails for Cartwright close 7 A. M. Monday.

**SOCIETIES.**

EUGENE LODGE NO. 11, A. F. AND A. M.

Meets first and third Wednesdays in each month.

SPENCER BUTTE LODGE NO. 9, I. O. O. F.

Meets every Tuesday evening.

WIMAWHALA ENCAMPMENT NO. 6.

Meets on the second and fourth Wednesdays in each month.

EUGENE LODGE NO. 15, A. O. U. W.

Meets on the second and fourth Wednesdays in each month.

J. M. GEARY POST NO. 4, G. A. R. MEETS

at Masonic Hall the first and third Fridays of each month. By order. COMMANDER.

**ORDER OF CHOSEN FRIENDS. MEETS**

the first