FAME.

...is the rumor of a common fight,
...n hosts meet hosts, and many names are sunk;
...of a single combat Fame speaks clear.
—Matthew Arnold.

REMORSE

...that I grieved you; no remembered thorn
...in your heart frets now my own repose.
...dy wonder—left so soon forlorn—
...ether I could have found you one more rose.
—Alice Wellington Rollins in Lippincott's.

JIM POULDER'S MISTAKE.

A pleasant, balmy day in May. The windows of the railway car were open. There was a breeze stirring; and though a cloud of dust was blown in it was also blown out, with the exception of a tired portion which stopped to rest on the clothes of the passengers or burrowed for its own safety in their ears and nostrils. There were only two vacant seats in the car, and at Pankeap station two persons came in to fill them. One of these was an old man—on a second look he was probably not over 50—with iron gray hair, partly covered by a slouched hat, and clad in a new suit of gray stuff that seemed to have been made for some one else. With him was a young and very pretty girl, whose dress was of ordinary stuff, but well fitting, and who was well gloved and well shod.

The observer would have set down the two for a well to do farmer and his daughter who were traveling for business or pleasure. The man looked around. The two vacant seats were on opposite sides of the car. In one of them sat a young, well dressed and apparently self satisfied gentleman, and the space by his side was occupied by a handbag of crocodile leather and a spring overcoat. In the other was another young man not quite so extravagantly dressed, though neatly clad, and not so handsome as the first, though he had an open and intelligent countenance. The farmer looked around, and, motioning his daughter to the vacant seat, said: "There's a place for you, Lucy." Then, turning to the young man with the sachel, he asked: "Seat engaged?"

The young man looked up, curled his lip imperciliously, and said: "Man to fill it'll be here presently, I dare say."

"Ah!" said the farmer, coolly removing the knapsack and overcoat and placing them on the young man's lap; "then I'll occupy it until he comes." And he seated himself accordingly, while the young man glared at him.

The one on the other side looked amused, and then, rising, said: "You had better exchange seats with me, sir, and then the young lady and yourself will be together."

"Thank you," was the farmer's reply, and the exchange was quietly effected.

The two young men were evidently acquainted, for the courteous one said to the other in a low voice: "Jim Poulder, you made a mistake there."

"I never make mistakes, Frank Bolling," replied the other. "I dare say you'll make your fortune some of these days by being polite to the granger popu ation; but my fortune is already made."

The first speaker said nothing more, but, drawing a newspaper from his pocket, opened it and ran his eye over its columns.

Poulder yawned a little, and at last said: "This is too dull for yours faithfully, James Poulder. I'll go into the smoking car and take a whiff. Have a snifter?" he inquired, producing a pocket flask.

"No, thank you," replied Bolling. "That stuff is rather too fiery for me."

"Here goes alone, then. That's as fine brandy as ever crossed the ocean. Day-day! Keep an eye on my traps, will you? and don't give up my seat to every country yokel who asks it."

The elegant young gentleman shook himself and made his way forward to the car specially provided for fumigation.

When he had gone the old man leaned over the arm of his seat and addressed Bolling.

"Excuse me, sir, but didn't your friend who has left say that his name was James Poulder?"

"That's his name, sir," replied the young man; "but he is not exactly a friend of mine, though we live in the same place, and I know him very well."

"May I inquire where he is from?"

"Yes, sir; Careysburg."

"Son of Peter B. Poulder, the great pork packer there, isn't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"His father should deal with him. It would be quite in his line."

"Oh, papa!" said a sweet, reproachful voice, as those near who heard the colloquy listened.

"It is a fact, Lucy," rejoined the farmer.

The old man, who was evidently intelligent, entered into a general conversation with the younger, and soon showed that he was quite well informed. Bolling was glad of a conference so entertaining, especially when, as his eyes were bent in that direction, he saw the young lady was an interested and, he hoped, pleased listener. There was something very sweet in the expression of her countenance—an inexpressible impress of modesty and innocence on her features. They chatted away, and the elder, so dexterously that the younger never perceived it, drew out of the other his position, prospects and intentions.

Bolling was frank by nature, and the questions of his interlocutor, who was as ingenious as the other was ingenuous, were craftily apt. The sharp granger soon learned that Frank Bolling had been engaged for some time in the study of law; but that his father having met with reverses, and having two younger daughters to educate, the young man determined to make his burden less, and had cut out to support himself, abandoning his new studies and taking a situation as salesman at a country store in Griffton, a thriving town about five miles from the main line.

"I get but beggarly pay, of course," said Frank, gayly. "I am only a raw hand; but I have a promise that, when I am better qualified, my wages will be increased."

"You are rather a singular person," said the farmer, bluffly. "Most young men would have talked of their salary."

"I rather prefer the old style of English," said Bolling. "I am to be a hireling; and the compensation of a hireling is called wages. But wages or salary—the terms are indifferent to me."

"My place is within a mile of Griffton," said the old man. "I have a notion that I knew your father once. Wasn't he at Harvard in his time?"

"Yes, sir; and so was I. We are alumni of the same school."

"I wonder if he remembers his old chum there—one George Carter—George St. Leger Carter, as they have it on the rolls."

"Yes, sir; I've heard him speak of him often, though the two have drifted apart since then. Judge Carter, you mean. He lives at Griffton. Do you know him?"

"Um! ye-es! After a fashion."

"Papa!" whispered the young girl, but Bolling's quick ear caught her words, "I know the judge better than you do."

"Be quiet, Puss, will you?" replied her father in the same tone.

"I am told," resumed the young man, "that he left the bench, and though quite wealthy, has gone back to the bar. I have a letter for him which my father, recalling their youthful friendship, insisted on giving me; but I shall not present it."

"Why not? He might be of service to you."

"Scarcely, sir. You see, if I am to be a salesman in a country store, I had better accommodate myself to my position. The judge, even if he remembered old college friendships, wouldn't be likely to consider me a welcome addition to his family circle as a visitor. He is rich, and then he is said to have a very handsome and accomplished daughter, who would, no doubt, look down on me. I have my bread and butter to earn, and had better confine myself to it."

"Possibly you are right. But how came your father to lose his money? I thought he inherited a fine fortune."

"Yes, sir; but he was drawn into incurring responsibility for a relative. He is not ruined, by any means, but is merely hampered, and thinks he will pull through in time with a little economy and prudence; and I have no doubt he will. But I am only in his way, or I would have remained."

"Have you ever thought of trying farming?"

"No, sir. I have no capital, and know nothing of it."

"Do you know more of selling groceries and dry goods?"

"Not a bit more; but, you see, I am paid something there while I learn."

"Your friend, or your acquaintance, as you call him, goes to Griffton, too, does he?"

"Yes, sir; but he goes there in a different capacity. I believe he represents his father in some transaction about property with the judge, and is to remain there some days as a guest, until the affair is closed. Possibly, as his father wants him to marry, he may be on a tour of observation and take in the judge's daughter. Though that is very impertinent of me, for he has said nothing on the subject."

"Do you think he is so irresistible as to be able to pick and choose at his pleasure?" inquired the girl, looking quizzically over her father's shoulder.

"He can be very fascinating when he chooses, I am told," replied Bolling; "and as he is handsome, an only son, and his father worth millions, he is at least what elderly ladies call 'a good catch.'"

"Did it never occur to you, young man, that it was your duty to obey a father's orders and deliver your letter of introduction?"

"I trust, sir, I'm usually obedient. It was not a positive order. I shall write him and explain."

"I tell you that you should deliver that letter to its proper owner. You are only a trustee in the case. I am Judge Carter, and this is my daughter Lucy. Hand over the paper to the court."

"I beg pardon, sir; but I"——

"You want identification. Here, conductor! Tell this young gentleman who I am."

"Judge Carter," responded the functionary, a little curious to know what it was all about.

"Thank you, Phillips. That will do. Now, sir."

Bolling, not a little astonished, took the letter from his pocketbook.

"If you'll permit me," said the judge, as he opened the letter and glanced over the contents. "He gives you a good character, and wants me to look after you a little. Ah, how time flies! Lucy, this young fellow's father and I had such good times in the old days. How long did you read law, Bolling?"

"A little over two years, sir."

"Like it?"

"Very much indeed, sir."

"Whom did you read with?"

"Spence & Sullivan."

"Good men. Sullivan put you through the office business, I fancy. That's his way. Now, I have been putting you through an exhaustive examination, which is my way, and I think you will do. Let old Bragg find another salesman. He's not dying for you, and I can get him a substitute. I have two students in my office. What they are there for is their own business, but they'll never make a great success at the bar unless they change their ways. I want a clerk to manage my office and to boss around while I am off on circuit. I'll give you a living salary, not too much, and you can read law meanwhile. You ought to be able to pass in a year. If you turn out as I hope you will, why, when you get your sheepskin, we'll see what can be done. What do you say to this?"

"Say to it, sir! What can I say but yes, and thank you for your offer?"

"Very well, that's settled. Here we are, and there is our carriage. Jump in. I'll drive."

The next day James Poulder, Esq., made his appearance at the Carters in a state of elegance only matched by that of Capt. Cuttle's famous watch—never equaled and rarely excelled. He was ushered into the drawing room and received by a young lady whose style suited even his fastidious taste, and whose features had a dim familiarity. When the judge came in the young man's recognition of the farmer in the car was complete. He stammered out an apology, but the old man relieved him.

"It could hardly have been expected that you should have known us," said the judge. "Let all that pass. You are quite welcome. As we have two hours before dinner, we'll go to the office and look over the papers together. Miss Carter will excuse you meanwhile."

In the office Poulder found Bolling, who was busy at work on a declaration.

"Why, Frank, I thought you were going into the grocery business."

"I've changed my mind," said Frank, resuming his work.

James Poulder stayed his week out and then took the cars to Careysburg.

Frank Bolling did not make the same trip until two years after. Then he went to visit his father, who had got over his pecuniary troubles, and to see his sisters. He had been admitted to the bar meanwhile, and Judge Carter, whose favorable impressions time had confirmed, had taken him into partnership just before he left. He was in high spirits on that trip. He was not alone. Miss Lucy Carter that had been, Mrs. Francis Bolling then, was his traveling companion.—Thomas Dunn English in Independent.

A Creole Girl's Life.

When the creole girl leaves school she enters society and is never seen there unchaperoned until after marriage. To this event she looks forward as the fulfillment of her destiny, a spinster among the creoles being almost as rare as among the Jews. In her choice of a husband she is influenced by family wishes, although marriage among the creoles is by no means simply an affair de convenance, as it is too often with the French. Mamma settles all preliminaries, and then the lovers are left to themselves. From this time until the marriage the betrothed pair are never seen in public with any but each other. She cannot receive attention from any man, slight as it may be, nor can her lover pay to any other woman the petits soins of social intercourse without exciting remark In the scheme of creole etiquette broken engagements and broken hearts find no place. Very soon after her betrothal the creole girl with her mother calls upon all relatives and friends of the two families. Her shyly uttered "Je viens de vous faire part de mon mariage" is her announcement of the impending event. For eight days before and eight days after marriage she must not be seen in public.—Harper's Bazar

A FIELD BATTERY.

ONE OF WAR'S MOST AWE INSPIRING SPECTACLES.

Light Artillery in Action—A Crisis in Battle—A Terrible Boom! Boom! of Cannon—Charge of the Enemy—Horrors of War.

A battery is needed here at this particular point. The enemy sees the opportunity and throws a dense mass of men against it. The crisis is approaching. An aide gallops off to give the order to the nearest artillery. It is over there on the adjacent knoll. The aide has reached it; he points with his hand where it is needed. Before he can turn his horse around, guns and horses were all moving. Can they get here in time? We must hold this knoll; it is the key point of this part of the battle, and see, the enemy is advancing for a grand assault. Quick! order up another regiment to support the battery when it gets here. There it comes, flashing at intervals through smoke and dust like a meteor. A long train of guns and caissons—six, eight guns, and six, eight caissons, and six, eight horses to each gun and caisson.

With a tremendous racket, they dash full speed across fields, never turning to right or left, heading straight for this knoll. Drivers all lashing their horses into a fury of foam, officers pointing with their swords, and on the gun chests sit the brave cannoneers, cool and indifferent outwardly, but knowing full well inwardly that in a few minutes more many of them will bite the dust. They hold on to the chest handles for life, for as a wheel strikes a log, the carriages jump two feet in the air. Now they turn slightly with the greatest rapidity to avoid that huge bowlder, they cross ditches, overturn hedges and fences, all the horses galloping in a cloud of dust. Ha! one horse has fallen—yes, struck by a bullet. The men jump down from the carriage, the battery goes on—in a moment the traces are cut, and the poor horse left to die. The carriage, drawn now by five horses, hurries to rejoin the battery. There, they all go down a hollow, and disappear from view for a moment—the next instant they are up again.

See! the captain gives a sign. What a change! As if instantly turned to marble every horse and carriage stops dead short. Then for five seconds what inextricable confusion! Horses, men, guns and caissons together in a horrible jumble—then all is clear again. There back in the hollow, sheltered are the caissons—a little below the hill stands the line of limbers, and here on the crest are the guns. What a metamorphosis! The statuelike cannoneers are now full of life and excitement! Now a cloud of white smoke and red flame suddenly shoots out of the black mouth nearest, a terrible boom rings out, then another and another. Boom! boom! boom! the great mouths yell with horrible delight, and at each boom goes down a wide swath of men in the advancing column. Boom! boom! boom! they roar in joyful glee, and yet at each boom they recoil in horror at their own power. Beyond the enemies' lines, away off in the distance, trees split and fall, and houses collapse at some unseen mysterious power. Everything gives way before the terrible storm of iron missiles thrown out at each boom! boom! boom!

The enemy for an instant halt, and then reform, on again and charge up the hillside. Will nothing stop them? No, they are determined to have the battery that causes such terrible destruction in their ranks, and though with each discharge wide lanes are opened in them, they do not falter. The brave cannoneers are falling fast. Quick! "Limber, rear!" sounds the bugle, while the long supporting line of infantry rises from the hollow, and pours volley after volley into the determined foe. Ha! he halts—he is checked! No, that is only temporary disorder. See, there he comes again, with a yell! Oh! how terrible! Quick! spike the guns! Hand to hand they fight. See, even as that officer's sword is upraised, the bullet strikes him, and he reels from off his horse. Down goes the horse, kicking and screaming in death agony. Men fighting with bayonets, clubbed muskets, fire their guns in each other's faces blow off heads of men close by. Blood. Blood! Blood!

What is that? Thank God! The joyful yell in our rear is from a re-enforcement arrived just in time. The enemy sees it, he gives way, there he goes—what is left of him. That is right; pour volley after volley into him, rush after him; do not leave any one alive. The guns are safe, but what a scene! There are piles of dead and wounded together. Pools of blood on the ground, and everything marked with blood. Flies are already settling on the dead. What terrible groans and moans, and prayers for water. Broken muskets, torn clothes revealing white skin stained with red blood, canteens, haversacks, guidons, cooking tins, cannister cartridges, broken wheels, dead horses and men, all together.

Look at that mass! Horses with entrails scattered about; human legs and arms without bodies; bodies with jagged splinters and bones protruding through the flesh. That man's face is already swollen and this one's is turned black. Oh! the despair, the hatred or courage depicted on their countenances! And the strange positions they take—eyes protruding from sockets and tongues from mouths. Oh! it is terrible. One can but shudder and sicken, turn faint and giddy. Yet it is war—the science that brings out the noblest as well as the worst passions of men, and that is the great civilizer of the world.—William R. Hamilton, U. S. A., in Outing.

Are Stones Alive?

We generally think of minerals as dead lumps of inactive matter. But they may be said to be alive, creatures of vital pulsations, and separated into individuals as distinct as the pines in a forest or the tigers in the jungle. The dispositions of crystals are as diverse as those of animals. They throb with unseen currents of energy. They grow in size as long as they have opportunity. They can be killed, too, though not as easily as an oak or a dog. A strong electric shock discharged through a crystal will decompose it very rapidly if it is of soft structure, causing the particles to gradually disintegrate in the reverse order from its growth, until the poor thing lies in dead, shapeless ruin. It is true the crystal's life is unlike that of higher creatures. But the difference between vegetable and animal life is no greater than that between mineral and vegetable life. Linnæus, the great Swedish naturalist, defined the three kingdoms by saying: "Stones grow; plants grow and feel; animals grow and feel and move."—Wide Awake.

The President's Wife.

A lady who has recently seen Mrs. Cleveland says: "Mrs. Cleveland is looking handsomer than ever. She seems to have grown stronger, physically, all the time, and her arms look as if their muscles were most admirably developed, though so well covered with flesh as to preserve perfect symmetry, and they look very white, too, even when seen in contrast with a white woolen dress, so often trying to flesh tints. She is full of pleasant chat, and her familiarity with current literature amazes all who know how many other demands she has on her time."—New York World.

THE CROWN PRINCE'S VICTORY.

How the Prussian Forces Defeated the Austrians in the War of 1866.

On the 23d of June Prince Frederick Charles crossed the Austrian frontier, and six days later he was joined by the Army of the Elbe. They were at Gittschin. On his left the crown prince, with his army, was at Koeniginhof, a day's march away, while the Austrians had retired in Koeniggratz, ready for battle. The plan of attack was very simple. Prince Frederick Charles, with his three corps, was to assault Benedeck with his five, while Bittenfield was to fall upon the left flank of the Austrians and the crown prince attack their right. But the crown prince was twenty-five miles away, and it was 4 in the morning before Col. von Frankenstein, after a terrible ride, arrived at the crown prince's headquarters with the king's command to join Prince Frederick Charles.

The battle began at 8 o'clock in the morning, the king, Moltke and Bismarck being on the field. The needle gun worked terrible havoc among the devoted battalions of Austria, but they kept their ground, and for a long time the scales of battle hung pretty evenly. For a time it seemed indeed as if victory would rest on the standards of the Hapsburgs, and the Prussians looked for the coming of the crown prince as eagerly as Wellington had once looked for the coming of Blucher.

"Would to God the crown prince would come!" Suddenly Bismarck lowered his glasses and drew attention to certain lines in the distance. All telescopes were pointed thither. At first the lines were pronounced to be furrows. "They are not furrows," said Bismarck, "the spaces are not equal; they are advancing lines." It was the crown prince's army, that had been delayed by the condition of the roads, which the rains had made all but impassable. Only twenty-five miles, but it took the army nine hours to do the distance, and the crown prince lost 22 per cent. of his men through exhaustion by the way. The crown prince lost not a moment in getting his forces into action. Violently assaulted on both flanks, and fiercely pressed in the center, the Austrians began to slacken their fire, to give way, and then to retreat. The battle was won, and the honors of having decided it were the crown prince's. Bismarck himself admits how critical was the situation of the Prussians at one point of the battle.—Globe-Democrat.

A Duel with Chief Left Hand.

Duels were as common in the west in those days as in the south, and the following story is told of Jim Baker challenging Left Hand, the great war chief of the Arapahoes. He was known by that name by the whites as it was remarkable to see an Indian who was left handed. His Indian name was Ni-Wot. A mountain stream and little postoffice near Denver bear the name Ni-Wot, in honor of the old warrior. It was early in the sixties, when Jim Baker was living on Clear creek, that he had excited the animosity and hatred of Left Hand. On one occasion Left Hand and a band of his tribe camped near Jim Baker's cabin. Believing that they were bent on mischief and that his old enemy intended to make war on him, Baker, with rifle in hand, went alone to Left Hand's camp. The Indians were amazed to see Baker enter their camp alone, and much more so when they saw him walk up to Left Hand and say:

"Is Left Hand, the great chief and warrior of the Arapahoes, here for peace or war?"

The chief, startled by the nerve and also the abrupt questions of the speaker, hesitated a moment.

"Which is it my Indian brother wants?" again said Baker.

"Paleface no friend of Arapahoes," replied Left Hand. "Me no afraid of Jim Baker. He shoot rifle like Kit Carson, but Left Hand no afraid."

Angry words followed, and Left Hand shouted out:

"Me heap great warrior of Arapahoes; mad at paleface. Left Hand come to fight, and fight now," shaking his rifle defiantly.

"Fight with rifles!" asked Baker.

"Left Hand no afraid paleface rifle; fight with rifle hundred yards."

"Left Hand has spoken like a warrior and I will fight," replied Baker, for he knew that he was more than a match for any Indian with his rifle, and although the only white in or near the Indian camp, he feared them not. The hundred yards were stepped off, and Baker and Left Hand took their places; but before either had fired a shot the Indians interfered and put an end to the intended duel. Baker then threw his rifle over his shoulder and returned to his cabin, and was never afterwards molested by Left Hand.—Denver Cor. New York World.

In Regard to Explosives.

The prevailing opinions in regard to explosives are, in the main, incorrect. The statement that the main force of a dynamite explosion is downward will go uncontradicted in almost any company that has not given explosives special attention. But, in fact, there is no shooting upward or downward or edgeways with one explosive more than with another. They all explode alike, and the variety of effect is caused by the difference in their power—that is, the rapidity with which they explode. The explosive power of powder, which, of all explosives, is best understood, is about 40,000 pounds to the square inch, and other explosives are measured as being a given number of times stronger or weaker than powder. The force of that explosive is generally believed to be upward, when, in fact, it is equal in all directions. But it burns slow enough to allow the air to get out of the way.

Dynamite, on the other hand, explodes so rapidly the air cannot be displaced in time to prevent its force downward being much greater in proportion than that of powder. It is because dynamite will break a stone beneath it that the people think its greatest power is in that direction. To prove that it is not, suspend a large stone in the air and suspend the dynamite charge to the under side of it. The work of destruction will be as complete as though the stone had been underneath.

Sun and Fire Symbols.

There are to be found occasionally upon the walls of old brick houses, at about the line of division between the first and second stories, flat pieces of iron five or six inches in length, and shaped somewhat like the letter S. The use of these articles was clearly brought from England, where it is still continued, and a writer gives a curious account of its origin and meaning.

The writer says that the figure in question is an early symbol of the sun. It is still used in Herefordshire and other parts of England. He once asked an old servant of the family—a Gloucestershire man—the reason for the particular form of these irons, and the reply was that "they were made thus in order to protect the house from fire as well as from falling down."

If one will examine into the antiquities of the Isle of Man, he will find the seal of the government shows a curious combination of this figure. The same was on the official seal of Sicily. We can trace its use to the oldest countries of Asia, but its origin was earlier than history gives any record.—Nature.

When a girl gets to be 25 or more, it's just as well not to give her any birthday presents.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Trinity Church (Episcopalian), New Orleans, has received another munificent gift from a lady parishoner—some $15,000, which is to be used in improving the building.

—A preacher was complaining of the listlessness and inattention of his congregration, when an old deacon spoke up and said: "Hungry sheep will look up to the rack if hay is in it."—*Richmond Religious Herald.*

—The school teacher at Osceola, W. T., is a young woman of only eighteen years, but she has no difficulty in keeping order, for she threatens to sit down on the first pupil who is insubordinate. She weighs 325 pounds.

—On the 17th of July, 1674, in Southampton, Eng., was born Isaac Watts, the father, "the inventor of hymns in the English language." Though he wrote less than seven hundred sacred songs, yet at this moment about two-fifths of every church collection of hymns are of his composing.

—The Galveston *News* pays this tribute to the late Bishop R. W. B. Elliott: "He came to a wildern ss with scarcely a consecrated church in his jurisdiction. Now nearly every town and village has its worshiping congregations assembling in their cross-crowned temples. Each three months, on an average, of his administration he erected some church building or school—the direct outcome of his individual labor."

—Ying Lee has for some time past kept a Chinese fancy goods store on Main street, Hartford, Conn. He is twenty-six years of age and was born near Canton. He is about to enter upon a four years' course of theological study at Mount Hermon School, Northfield, Mass. He is a young man of quick intellect and high ambitions. At the end of his course at Mount Hermon he will begin missionary work among his countrymen either in this country or China.

—Managing Editor—"What is it you announce here—the bustle going out of fashion?" Frill Editor—"Yes, sir; I have it upon the authority of a leading fashion journal." "It won't do to publish it. We can't afford to imperil our circulation.—*Binghamton Republican.*

—A writer upon racial characteristics says the Irish type is distinguished by light eyes, combined with dark hair, a long, low and narrow skull, prominent cheek bones and the flat, level eyebrow. The average stature of Irishmen is about five feet seven inches.

—Husband (just starting for out of town)—My dear, here is a fifty dollar bill. Wife (hastily)—O, John, I'm ever so much obliged! Husband—Which I wish you would give to the tailor for my new overcoat. He said he would send the bill to-day.—*Epoch.*

—They had missed the train, and she was telling him so emphatically. "You are not in your right mind, are you?" she said. "Certainly not, my love," he responded, sweetly, as husbands always do under such circumstances; "certainly not; I'm in my left mind."—*Washington Critic.*

—A farmer, while giving his testimony in a burglary case, in which he and his hired men had captured a burglar, was asked if any of his family were injured, and replied: "Well, there was no great damage done; only one of my hands shot through the nose."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—A man is like a bit of Labrador spar, which has no luster as you turn it in your hand, until you come to a particular angle; then it shows deep and beautiful colors. There is no adaptation or universal applicability in men, but each has his special talent, and the mastery of successful men consists in adroitly keeping themselves where and when that turn shall be oftenest to be practiced.—*Emerson.*

—"Wal, Mandy, I've got home alive, an' who do you think I see in town? She as was Ann Jane Doolittle—Miss Macajah Jenkins, an', poor thing, you orter seen her." "Poor! why, she's jest rollin' in riches!" "Wal, Mandy, you wouldn't believe it, but she didn't know me—me as sot next to her through all the winter schoolin'; and rid down hill with her on a bob hundreds o' times." "The mean, stuck-up thing. Course she knowed ye." "Why, Mandy, she's as blind as a bat; she's led round the streets by a little dog. How'd you like to be her, Mandy?"—*Christian Advocate.*

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 at Masonic Hall the second and fourth Fridays in each month. M. W.

J. M. GEARY POST NO. 46, G. A. R. MEETS at Masonic Hall the first and third Fridays of each month. By order, COMMANDER.

BUTTE LODGE NO. 367, I. O. G. T. MEETS every Saturday night in Odd Fellows' Hall. W. C. T.

LEADING STAR BAND OF HOPE, MEETS at the C. P. Church every Sunday afternoon at 3:30. Visitors made welcome.

O. & C. R. R. TIME TABLE.

Mail Train north, 4:45 A. M.
Mail train south, 9:55 P. M.
Eugene Local—Leave north 9:00 A. M.
Eugene Local—Arrive 2:40 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 5 P. M.
Mails for north close at 8:00 P. M.
Mails for south close at 8:00 P. M.
Mails by Local close at 8:30 A. M.
Mails for Franklin close at 7 A. M. Monday and Thursday.
Mails for Mabel close at 7 A. M. Monday and Thursday.

Eugene City Business Directory.

BETTMAN, G.—Dry goods, clothing, groceries and general merchandise, southwest corner, Willamette and Eighth streets

CRAIN BROS.—Dealers in jewelry, watches, clocks and musical instruments, Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

FRIENDLY, S. H.—Dealer in dry goods, clothing and general merchandise, Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

GILL, J. P.—Physician and surgeon, Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

HODES, C.—Keeps on hand fine wines, liquors, cigars and a pool and billiard table, Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

HORN, CHAS. M.—Gunsmith, rifles and shotguns, breech and muzzle loaders, for sale. Repairing done in the neatest style and warranted. Shop on Ninth street.

LUCKEY, J. S.—Watchmaker and jeweler, keeps a fine stock of goods in his line, Willamette street, in Ellsworth's drug store.

McCLAREN, JAMES—Choice wines, liquors and cigars, Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

POST OFFICE—A new stock of standard school books just received at the post office.

RHINEHART, J. B.—House, sign and carriage painter. Work guaranteed first-class Stock sold at lower rates than by anyone in Eugene.