BLINDNESS.

Shall I be ready when the shadow falls?
When up my heaven's blue walls
The fatal darkness creeps, and I must go
So still, so slow.

The smallest child could soon outstrip my pace?
When each dear loving face
Must veil from me its hourly smiles or tears,
Its joys or fears?

When wayside plumes of golden rod shall flame
For other eyes the same?
When autumn's burning boughs shall flaunting hold
Their red and gold?

When pitying hands shall take from mine the task
Unfinished—and I ask
If it be night, that threads run so untrue?
When I am through.

With sunshine and the light of solemn stars?
When through my dungeon bars
I reach a guiltless captive's hands, and grope,
Without a hope?

Shall I be ready for that silent blow?
This truth I feel and know:
That I must work while yet the pulse of day
Beats on my way;

That I must weave while still the threads run true—
If many threads or few:
That I must strive, till on my darkening walls
The blackness falls!

—Helen T. Clark.

WHY DO YOU EAT?

A Pertinent Question—Violation of Nature's Law—The Penalty.

Why do you eat? This query, if responded to by the majority of people on the spur of the moment, would, no doubt, result in answers as varied as the individuals to whom it is propounded. Why do you eat? Truly a pertinent question, and one which should be considered as of sufficient importance for careful reflection. A query of this character is the source of momentary surprise possibly to an intelligent person, for the reason it is directed to a daily habit or exercise which has become so strongly automatic that our attention is not fixed in its consideration. We arise in the morn, early or late as the case may be, and eat; go to labor for five hours or so, eat again; seek recreation for the eve and possibly eat again, and finally retire to obtain the benefits of nature's sweet restorer—sleep.

In and through all this the healthy individual uses no force in thought or attention, but is the automaton. This is as it should be, if nature and things natural were natural. Are things in nature natural? The reply to this we think can be found, to a large extent, for the purpose of our paper, in the replies our query would bring forth.

Why do you eat? The dyspeptic says, "From necessity." The epicure says, "From a ruling desire on the part of my sense of taste." The glutton says, "To get enough." The laboring man says, "To work." The natural man says, "To enjoy life; to live." The dyspeptic's reply is a sad contrast to that of the natural man. Ask the dyspeptic what he would do or give for the privilege or ability to sit down at the table hungry, actuated only by the principle that actuates the natural man, namely; "To enjoy life, to live." Why, methinks, if he is not too far along in his distemper, that expression of disgust and despair would change into a broad grin of happy anticipation; the dull, listless eye brighten with a gleam of its pristine intelligence, and there would burst from his lips the exclamation: "Do or give? anything! everything!" Poor victim! In this exclamation is found the explanation for his dyspepsia. It is just because he was at one time able and did do "anything" and "everything" that today he has dyspepsia.

If we ask the epicure or glutton the same question as the dyspeptic, we will find that they are perfectly content. They have not violated law and order long enough as yet; have not done "anything" and "everything" a sufficient number of times to reach that miserable existence allotted to the dyspeptic. Their desires and wishes are fully satisfied.

There comes a time finally for all of these classes when the "dead line," so to speak, is met. To halt and put a stop to the reckless violation which has been going on means salvation. To keep on and cross this dead line means everlasting misery. The salvation that is established for those who meet this dead line is, like other salvations we have heard of, established for violated law and order, not easy of attainment, but entails for many days upon the repentant victim a rigidity of rule and persistence of purpose that deprives life of most of its pleasures and leads the poor victim in response to our query to say, "I eat from necessity." He is still a dyspeptic, notwithstanding his efforts toward salvation, and will be until that salvation is fully attained. But this physical salvation accomplished, is our dyspeptic become the natural man? Can he, as can the natural man, exclaim in accents glad and joyous, "I eat to enjoy life; to live?" Let us see. We live to learn, and, as truly, learn to live. Experience is apt to determine man's actions. License is only permitted when it is safe. The dyspeptic has truly lived to learn, if he has not lost all reason, and we have no doubt but that the redeemed dyspeptic will testify that he has learned to live. But his experience has taught him a lesson which will, during his remaining life, be ever in mind. He knows beyond all doubt that there is no license for him, and that as surely as he permits any license, just so surely will there come back to him the forerunners of those monstrous miseries which led him to exclaim: "I eat from necessity."—Globe-Democrat.

New York and Foreign Cities.

There is no palpable New York in the sense in which there is a Paris, a Vienna, a Milan. You can touch it at no point. It is not even ocular. There is instead a Fifth avenue, a Broadway, a Central park, a Chatham square. How they have dwindled, by the way. Fifth avenue might be any one of a dozen London streets in the first impression it makes on the retina and leaves on the mind. The opposite side of Madison square is but a step away. The spacious hall of the Fifth Avenue hotel has shrunk to stifling proportions. Thirty-fourth street is a lane; the city hall a handbox; the Central park a narrow strip of elegant landscape, whose lateral limitations are constantly forced upon the sense by the Lenox library on one side and the monster apartment house on the other.—Princeton Review.

HUNTING IN ALASKA.

Killing a Bear—Indian Superstition—A Deer Hunt—A Night Camp.

After tracking two days my companion and myself secured two natives as guides, and, leaving the river, set off for the mountains. At the end of the first day's tramp we sighted a black bear feeding upon berries about a mile distant. We were both so exhausted from our tiresome walk across the tundra that we concluded to send one of the guides after the bear. The Indian first seated himself and examined his rifle, selecting three cartridges and placing them in the gun. He then pulled a few hairs from his clothing, which he threw in the air to ascertain the direction of the wind, and then started so as to come up to leeward of the bear. We kept careful watch through a glass, and saw him on hands and knees work slowly toward the animal. When within 150 yards he fired two shots. The bear jumped and fell almost in his tracks.

There are probably no more superstitious people in the world than the northern Alaska Indians. Every action of their daily life is governed by some belief handed down from father to son, or originated by the shaman, the Indian doctor, who holds great sway over them. The ceremonies attending the killing of the bear will illustrate. Bruin was first placed upon his back with the head toward the mountains. The head was then skinned, severed from the body and taken by one of the natives, who, placing himself astride of the dead animal, raised and lowered the head three times, touching the bear just over the heart each time and muttering some incantation. The third time he threw it from him, uttering a loud shout in which the other natives joined. This was done to drive the bear's spirit to the mountains so that it would cause them no future trouble. A part of the dead animal had to be left on the spot where he was killed, or the hunters would get no deer that season. A camp was made at the place, and after the head had been roasted and picked clean it was placed in the top of a high tree, but for what purpose they would not tell. The skin was stretched flat upon the tundra—fur side down. The portion of the bear not consumed was placed in a tree and a rude scarecrow made to keep away birds. The following winter the skin and meat were sledged for and found in good condition.

A deer hunt which we witnessed was so different from our previous conceptions that I think it worthy a description. Upon this occasion, while sleighing with a party of Indians, a herd of deer was sighted. The natives took their rifles and started, some going in one direction and some in another, but all keeping to leeward of the deer. Those who went directly toward the herd waited until the others had got partly around before starting. The first shot was the signal, whereupon all hands rushed toward the frightened animals, who separated and plunged blindly in every direction. The Indians shouted, making all the noise possible, the fleeing animals in their fear mistaking Indians for deer and rushing on until a shot showed them their error, when they would turn and flee as blindly as before. Even after the first fright they circled around the danger, trying to get together, and in this way many more were killed. As much meat as could be carried was loaded upon the sled, while the remainder was cached in the snow, be sledged for at some future time.

After a hard day's march, a camp was established, it being then too dark to travel. The dogs are first unharnessed, and chained separately to bushes to prevent fighting. After an hour's rest they are fed upon dried fish, this being the only meal they receive in twenty-four hours. They are given all they can eat, unless the supply is short, and in such cases their endurance is wonderful, a small piece of fish once a day sufficing a dog and enabling him to work for a couple of weeks. A great many interesting facts could be given illustrating the sagacity and endurance of these animals. As a rule they have no affection. They recognize the person who feeds them as their master, but they obey only through fear. They are more than half wolf, as all young wolves caught are raised and used as dogs. In every team there is generally one dog who constitutes himself master. He is naturally one of the most powerful of the number, and the others seem to recognize his supremacy. This dog, upon seeing any one of the others habitually shirking while the rest are pulling, will attempt to reach and punish him, and if it is impossible to do so while in harness, will deliberately go to him when the day's sledging is finished and administer the deserved chastisement.

In establishing a night camp when in a wooded country, the most sheltered spot is selected and a pit is dug in the snow about fifteen feet in diameter and a foot deep. The bottom is then stamped down to make a hard floor. Around this pit is built a wall about four feet high, by laying young spruce trees on top of one another and cutting off their inside branches. This wall has two openings or breaks diametrically opposed, dividing the pits into halves with a through passageway separating them. Along this way, which must always face the wind, dried wood is piled and fired. On either side pine boughs are laid on the snow, and on top of them the sleeping bags. Such night camps are easily made, and the coldest nights can be comfortably passed in them. The only drawback is the difficulty in getting the wood.

In conclusion, the Indians of Alaska have been reported as savage and treacherous. In my experience I found the natives of interior northern Alaska the most kind and hospitable people in the world.—W. L. Howard in Popular Science Monthly.

Character of Dreams.

Any marked increase in the number or change in the character of dreams should be seriously considered. They are sometimes the precursors of a general nervous and mental prostration. In such cases habits of diet and exercise, work and rest, should be examined. If dreams which depress the nervous energies and render sleep unrefreshing occur frequently, medical counsel should be taken. The habit of remembering and narrating dreams is pernicious; to act upon them is to surrender rational self control.—J M. Buckley in The Century.

Mormon Colony in Chihuahua.

The Mormons have within the past three years seen the advantages of cheap grazing and farming lands in this country and the opportunity to escape persecution in the United States. The results are seen in the flourishing colonies of Juarez and Diaz, the former adjoining us, the latter about seventy-five miles to the north.

Each colony comprises from 200 to 300 souls. They are recognized for their fair dealing, honesty and thriftiness. The country owes them a debt of gratitude for introducing high grade live stock of all descriptions, farming implements, seeds, trees, saw and flour mills and industries hitherto unknown to the Mexican but in its most primitive form. Though polygamy is against the law in this country, the Mormons are tolerated and encouraged, and up to the present time have been of immense benefit to the country in educating the natives to a more advanced class of work. Some proselyting has been done by their missionaries in the southern part of the republic, mostly in and about the City of Mexico.

They attempted to induce a number of the converts to form part of the Juarez colony, but after bringing about thirty families they were obliged to return them to their homes. The Mexican converts could not amalgamate with the Americans. The Mexican, though converted in belief, could not be converted to the manners and customs of the American. Besides, they are a great people for forming attachments to the land of their birth. They rarely leave the home they were born in. This is decidedly so among the lower, half Indian class that comprised the majority of the converts. To this fact the Latter Day Saints, as they prefer to be called, attribute their failure. The colony of Juarez is laid out in rectangular form, divided into streets and lots. In the latter their little wooden houses are erected, the only wooden houses in this portion of the country, surrounded by gardens and trees. In case of "plural wives," two or more houses are seen in the same lot. —Louis Ross in New York World.

Value of the Eucalyptus Tree.

The eucalyptus belongs to the myrtle tribe. It is said that there are as many as 150 varieties of the tree. They are native to Australia, but have already been introduced into most of the tropical and temperate countries of the world. Two kinds have been chiefly cultivated, the red gum (resinifera), and the blue gum (globulus), which is the better known. It is famous for its rapid growth, as it often makes an increase in height of from six to nine feet a year. The tree continues growing at this rate until it has reached an enormous size.

The products of this tree are numerous and varied. The wood is said to be valuable for the carpenter's and builder's uses. The gum, or rosin, is employed in the manufacture of "soaps, perfumes, lozenges, court plaster, liniments, syrups, pomades, toilet vinegars, as well as many preparations used for artistic purposes, such as varnishing oils, veneer and tracing paper." There has been for some years established in Paris a store for the sale of eucalyptus perfumery.

But by far the most valuable and important property of this tree is its power of correcting malaria. This quality is, perhaps, due to the aromatic oil which the tree contains, or more probably to the drainage effected by its roots. It has been proved in many countries in which the tree has been planted. In Algeria the cultivation of the tree has rendered many low lying or marshy districts inhabitable, where, in the early years of French occupation, foreigners could not live on account of deadly fevers.—Youth's Companion.

The World's Highest Mountains.

Every once in a while we discover that some mountain peak must give up the undeserved distinction conferred upon it of holding its head higher than all other summits. For a long time Mount Chimborazo was supposed to be the highest mountain in the world until in the progress of the Himalayan surveys Mount Everest was found to overtop it. Four years ago W. W. Graham, who has been higher above the sea than any other mountain climber, asserted that Everest must yield the palm of supremacy to an unnamed peak about seventy miles from it. We long supposed that Mount St. Elias was the loftiest mountain of North America, but we now know that that honor belongs to Mount Wrangel, which is about 500 feet higher than St. Elias. It was also supposed that Mount Kilima-Njaro, 18,700 feet high, was the greatest elevation in Africa, but now comes Count Teleki, the Hungarian traveler, with the assertion that this mountain must play second fiddle to Mount Kenia, about 200 miles north. He is the only man who has yet ascended Kenia.—New York Sun.

The Poison of Tobacco.

It is very unusual to find in a great smoker a healthy appetite for plain food, and medical opinions may be had in any number as to dyspepsia caused by smoking. To whatever degree the habit affects the nervous organization, it appears to be certain that the process which is regarded as soothing is really destructive. Sir Benjamin Brodie must have known what he was writing about when he declared that "the poison of tobacco acts by destroying the function of the brain." In a Russian hospital in 1866 a Dr. Chadnowski took the liberty of examining by means of a pump the digestive powers of six smoking and as many non-smoking soldiers, and he recorded that "in the former the time required for digestion averaged seven hours, while in the case of the non-smokers the mean period of digestion was only six hours." With the present enormous consumption of tobacco the social consequences, apart from those concerning the bodily and mental powers of the consumers, are important.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Crystals of Blood.

According to Dr. Pesetty Cevera, writing in a Spanish journal, if blood be mixed with a little bile, small crystals are formed which are of different shapes in different species of animals. In man they are right angled prisms, in the horse cubes, in pigs rhomboids, in sheep rhomboidal plates, in dogs right angled prisms very similar to those seen in human blood, and in chickens more or less regular cubes.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Artist Versus Cattle Dealer.

Artists can, in the course of a summer morning's walk in the country, find material for their best landscapes, and their training has been such that the knowledge so found can be applied to the best advantage. With eyes that see everything in nature, judgment that rejects the commonplace and takes cognizance of all that which is valuable, and with a memory that is as faithful to retain every effect as is the sensitized plate in the camera, such artists represent the highest type of Nature's pupils. A few pencil memoranda of subjects, taken hastily during the walk, is all that is needed to fix the scenes and locality, and serve in the reproduction of these in the studio. The opposite type is found in a worthy Pittsburger, a cattle dealer, who recently sat for his portrait. He had just returned from a trip that extended through the grandest and most impressive scenery of the great west, and the artist—a devout lover of nature—hoped to extract from his patron some fresh ideas of the grandeur of the Rockies and the canyons of Colorado. It was a hopeless longing. The cattle dealer's mind was an absolute blank as to nature's handiwork.

He was overflowing with knowledge of quite a different order. He filled the artist with details of the cost of raising cattle in every state and territory of the west, of the best places and the poorest; of the cost that each marketable steer represented, and of the cost of shipment of cattle from every western point to the nearest market. The artist was wearied with a surfeit of cattle knowledge and was constrained to ask about the mountains and the lakes and the scenic wonders of the land of cattle and canyons. It was useless. His patron, outside of his own narrow but practical field of observation, had seen nothing and could only reply, "Mountains? Really I did not notice them except to think that they seemed a good deal in the way of the railroads."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

The City of Quito.

If it were not for the climate, Quito would be in the midst of a perpetual pestilence; but notwithstanding the prevailing filthiness, there is very little sickness, and pulmonary diseases are unknown. Mountain fever, produced by cold and a torpid liver, is the commonest type of disease. The population of the city, however, is gradually decreasing, and is said to be now about 60,000. There were 500,000 people at Quito when the Spaniards came, and a hundred years ago the population was reckoned at double what it is now. Half the houses in the town are empty, and to see a new family moving in would be a sensation. Most of the finest residences are locked and barred, and have remained so for years. The owners are usually political exiles who are living elsewhere, and can neither sell nor rent their property. Political revolutions are so common, and their results are always so disastrous to the unsuccessful, that there is a constant stream of fugitives leaving the state.—Curtis in American Magazine.

Meissonier's Method of Study.

Meissonier, in order to study thoroughly the movements of the men and horses in the storming squadron in the picture "1807," he pursued, as he told us, an entirely original method. First of all, in the autumn of the preceding year he had a large piece of ground near the city sowed with rye. In May, when it stood in green stalks, by permission of the commandant, he had a battery of artillery driven over it. Of the trampled stalks crushed by the wheels Meissonier made large and sufficient studies. He then procured permission from the military authorities to have a battery in garrison at Poissy ride over it, and directed the troops to shout "Vive l'Empereur," swinging their swords and trumpets. So, by repeated observations of these cuirassiers and horses, he impressed upon his mind the whole scene, at the same time making the most complete studies of single horses and men, and of every part of their figures, in the uniforms of the French cuirassier regiments in the time of Napoleon.—Art Connoisseur.

The Women of Bulgaria.

At home the Bulgarian woman is a sturdy, honest housewife, helpmeet to her husband in all that the term applies. Beside attending to the care of the household, she performs not less of the hard, grinding drudgery of the field than her husband does, and often more. Nor does she rebel at this or think it a hardship. From early youth the Bulgarian maiden is accustomed to share with her brothers the labor and exposure of the fields, and at marriage her husband is required to pay her father a sum of money to recompense him for the loss of her services as a field hand. She is literally purchased from the father by her husband, the consideration ranging from $100 upward, according to the means of the wooer. As a mere matter of course she then performs as much farm drudgery for her husband as she did previously for her father.—Thomas Stevens in Woman.

Arsenic as a Cosmetic.

The deleterious effect of arsenic upon the skin was recently discussed in the Pathological society of London, after a communication had been read by Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson. The skin is the tissue on which arsenic has, perhaps, its most marked influence. The poison may spoil the complexion instead of improving it, by making it muddy and unsightly. A similar action is exhibited in all parts of the skin, and may lead to the development of soft corns, not warts, on the palms of the hands and soles of the feet, where a roughened condition also grows up under its influence. Mr. Hutchinson also expressed the belief that arsenic can produce epithelial cancer.—Popular Science Monthly.

Sad Fate for the Dog.

"No, ma'am," said the tramp gratefully, as he shouldered his bundle and prepared to start on again, "I don't keer fur nuthin' more to eat, thank you, but I'll be obleeged if you'll give me two or three o' them there biscuits. I don't carry no weepins, and they've got a savage dog at that next house."—Chicago Tribune.

One of the wonders of Paris is a well 2,559 feet in depth. Hot water rushes out of this well in a stream 114 feet high.

ALL HANDS LIE DOWN!

The Fearful Sea Fight Between the Albemarle and the Sassacus.

Now came the decisive moment, for by this action, which was in reality a maneuver of our commander, we had acquired a distance from the ram of about 400 yards, and the latter, to evade the Mattabesett, had sheered off a little and lay broadside to us. The Union ships were now on both sides of the ram, with engines stopped. Commander Roe saw the opportunity, which an instant's delay would forfeit, and boldly met the crisis of the engagement. To the engineer he cried, "Crowd waste and oil in the fires and back slowly! Give her all the steam she can carry!" To Acting Master Boutelle he said, "Lay her course for the junction of the casemate and the hull!" Then came four bells, and, with full steam and open throttle, the ship sprang forward like a living thing. It was a moment of intense strain and anxiety. The guns ceased firing, the smoke lifted from the ram, and we saw that every effort was being made to evade the shock. Straight as an arrow we shot forward to the designated spot. Then came the order, "All hands lie down!" and, with a crash that shook the ship like an earthquake, we struck full and square on the iron hull.

Our ship quivered for an instant, but held fast, and the swift plash of the paddles showed that the engines were uninjured. My own station was in the bow, on the main deck, on a line with the enemy's guns. Through the starboard shutter, which had been partly jarred off by the concussion, I saw the port of the ram not ten feet away. It opened, and like a flash of lightning I saw the grim muzzle of a cannon, the straining gun's crew naked to the waist and blackened with powder; then a blaze, a roar and a rush of the shell as it crashed through, whirling me round and dashing me to the deck.

Both ships were under headway, and, as the ram advanced, our shattered bows clinging to the iron casement were twisted round and a solid shot from a Brooke gun almost touching our side crashed through, followed immediately by a cloud of steam and boiling water that filled the forward decks as our overcharged boilers, pierced by the shot, emptied their contents with a shrill scream that drowned for an instant the roar of the guns. The shouts of command and the cries of the scalded, wounded and blinded men mingled with the rattle of small arms that told of a hand to hand conflict above. The ship surged heavily to port as the great weight of water in the boiler was expended, and over the cry, "The ship is sinking!" came the shout, "All hands repel boarders on starboard bow!"

The horrid tumult, always characteristic of battle, was intensified by the cries of agony from the scalded and frantic men. Wounds may rend, and blood may flow, and grim heroism keep the teeth set firm in silence; but to be boiled alive—to have the flesh drop from the face and hands, to strip off in sodden mass from the body as the clothing is torn away in savage eagerness for relief, will bring screams from the stoutest lips. In the midst of all this, when every man had left the engine room, our chief engineer, Mr. Hobby, although badly scalded, stood with heroism at his post; nor did he leave it till after the action, when he was brought up, blinded and helpless, to the deck. I had often before been in battle; had stepped over the decks of a steamer in the Merrimac fight when a shell had exploded covering the deck with fragments of human bodies, literally tearing to pieces the men on the small vessel as she lay alongside the Minnesota, but never before had I experienced such a sickening sensation of horror as on this occasion, when the bow of the Sassacus lay for thirteen minutes on the roof of the Albemarle. An officer of the Wyalusing says that when the dense smoke and steam enveloped us they thought we had sunk, till the flash of our guns burst through the clouds, followed by flash after flash in quick succession, as our men recovered from the shock of the explosion.

In Commander Febiger's report the time of our contact was said to be "some few minutes." To us, at least, there seemed time enough for the other ships to close in on the ram and sink her or sink beside her, and it was thirteen minutes as timed by an officer, who told me, but the other ships were silent, and with stopped engines looked on as the clouds closed over us in the grim and final struggle.

How Big Bells Are Rung.

The twelve bells of St. Paul's cathedral in London are said to be the grandest ringing peal in the world. It is a matter of pride with the English that they always swing their bells instead of merely swinging the clappers after the fashion prevailing in Russia and other parts of continental Europe. The Briton swings even his largest bells in the good, old fashioned way, and it is quite an undertaking to swing the sixteen ton "Great Paul," which, with its five-ton brother, supplements the noble peal on the grandest Protestant cathedral in the world. On the day Gen. Garfield's body was carried to the grave, the writer stood in the square in front of St. Paul's, and heard these chimes peal in honor of the dead president. Dense crowds filled the neighboring streets, and the adjacent windows and housetops were black with humanity. All London was there to listen to the mournful requiem of the bells. It was a solemn spectacle when, as a stranger in a strange land, one saw those tens of thousands of Englishmen thus doing honor to the noble dead. It was an evidence of international sympathy, affection and brotherhood which one who saw it can never forget.—Boston Herald.

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. 40, 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 2:30. Visitors made welcome.

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

Mail Train north, 4:15 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.