WIDOW'S SCHEME.

Supported Herself Without Performing Any Work.

was a poor woman living in one tle shanties up-town, with a ily of pigs, goats, geese and swarming around it. She sup- family by taking in washing. overty and industry have se- her the compassion and the of a number of benevolent la- ne of these ladies recently ted with her on the size bills, and said that she had ch more for her washing than any of the laundries. The king widow admitted that this ase, but she respectfully, but clined to reduce her price.

ee, ma'am," she said, "I do inest handwork, and it wouldn't o do it for the price the laun- for machine work. If you my work with theirs you a great difference. Those Chi- ving in dirt like pigs are taking out of honest women's mouths. how any lady can be willing er clothes to them. Of course it cheap when they have no to support and can live on al- thing; but they tear your ll to pieces, and dear knows catch from them. No, ma'am, ter pay a little more and have bes done nicely by a clean, re- woman, besides helping her t her family."

ly was influenced by this can- ment, and decided to continue nage. But a few weeks after urprised to see emerging from ing laundry in her neighbor- well-known figure of the son or but honest laundress, stag- nder a huge bundle of clothes. uspicion crossed the mind of table woman. Having a slight nce with Sing Sing from a few negotiations, she entered the and made some cautious inqui- t the boy who had just gone g Sing readily acknowledged came every week with a large and it was too obvious that the honest and hardworking laun- s doing an easy and profitable by subletting the washing her customers to the much Chinaman against whom she ned them so vigorously.—*Chi- s.*

O VERMIN THERE.

dy in Search of a House Mystified a Landlord.

-You are sure that the house no vermin?

Owner (indignantly and very ally)—Vermin in a house of Not much!

-Well, I'm glad of that. If any thing I do detest it is a errun with roaches and—

Owner—Oh, I won't say there w roaches. Most any house is have a few roaches.

-And rats and mice—are there em?

Owner—Well, there might be here and there and a couple of , may be, but there ain't none

-How about bed-bugs?

Owner—Bed-bugs? Well, course, bed-bugs is different. e a house that had been lived l that didn't have a few? .) Why, the house I live in chock full of 'em. What I do gh, is, that there ain't no ver- o house of mine; no sir, not hen do you think you'll move

-I'm afraid your house will not Good-day.

Owner (soliloquizingly)—Now what that woman can find in this house? After almost 'd take it and my provin' that thing wrong with it, she don't That's just like a woman. 't got no sense, nohow.—*Texas*

Mr. Beecher's Estate.

Ward Beecher left a compara- mall fortune. He had an es- e Peekskill which cost him 0,000. He had insurance pol- ch footed up something like $25,000, and in hot haste his his pictures and books and all belongings endeared to his t all events by many, many close association with the dear and now how does it stand? 0,000 place at Peekskill has gone to seed. Those magnifi- er-beds, on which the old man spent years of thought, for- experience and thousands of arned by the sweat of his im- row, are choked with weeds run with grasses. Already et price of the place has fallen , and I understand—in fact, I it stated in print—that an of- 5,000, which was refused, will, bability never be made again. e heels of this, with what was called an "autobiography," y one of his sons and his son- ing as dead as Mark Twain's s upon the shelves of the me a rumor that his simple so to be contested.—*N. Y.*

e Was Not An Indian

—Could you give a bite to a who hasn't eaten any thing

f the House (shouting shrilly) Tige! Come here, Tige! lly)—You are calling your am. I want you to under- I don't eat dog. I'm no In-

strode away in silent dignity. *Courier.*

A CURIOUS EPISODE.

Questions Which Courts as Well as Reformers Ought to Study.

A few days ago a young lady of good social position, and the daughter of most respectable parents, was arrested in a jeweler's store in Brooklyn for the larceny of some diamond rings. She was examining a tray of the costly jewels when, as she describes it, an uncontrollable impulse urged her to take a handful and conceal them about her person. The grief and consternation of her parents, when the fact was made known to them, is readily conceived. They procured her release on bonds, but she will have to stand her trial for the crime.

In the same police court where this fashionable girl was arraigned, another young woman was present to answer to a similar charge. She watched intently the proceedings which had to do with the novice in crime. And just as they were concluded, she rose and facing the judge, said in a voice which cut the air like a knife:

"You are going to make a thief out of that girl!"

The words thrilled through the court room like an electric shock. Officers and spectators were alike amazed. "I was once like her," continued the young woman, "and my first crime was like hers. I could have been saved then. If they had let me go, I should never have offended again. But they sent me to prison, locked me up with thieves and abandoned wretches, and I am now what I am."

The sensation which this announcement created was reported to be intense. The episode, however, quickly passed, and the ordinary routine of the court went on as usual. The circumstance, however, is fruitful of thought to those who are devoting their lives to the reformation of criminals. Perhaps this young woman spoke the truth. In her case the punishment was the confirmation of a criminal career. No one will argue that the perpetrator of a first crime should invariably be let off without punishment. But should the machinery of justice be always inexorable and implacable? Should it never be relaxed? Are there no circumstances when the veil of silence should be drawn over a crime? Is there such a thing as uncontrollable impulse? These are questions which courts and reformers ought to study.—*St. Paul Globe.*

PHYSICAL BEAUTY.

How Plain Faces Are Transformed Into Handsome Ones.

There are some men to be met with who frankly admit that their wives are ugly, and even here and there a wife who agrees that her husband's judgment is correct. But, as a rule, every man considers his own choice the best, and where there are fifty minds there will be fifty ideas of what constitutes physical beauty. We all know and admit that personal charm and mental accomplishments can transform a plain face into a handsome one, and the lack of them deprive a woman with the countenance of a Greek statue of the beauty which at first sight struck the eye. It is notorious that the women over whom men "play the fool" are often far from pretty. Not infrequently the belle of an Indian station is the ugliest girl within fifty miles, and the women around whom half the men on board a ship on a long voyage flutter, is very often by no means the beauty of the quarter deck. Nina D'Enclos, who had lovers after she was seventy, does not seem to have been a great beauty. Nor, if we are to judge from some of the portraits of Mary of Scotland, was that siren, with whom, as Lord Beaconsfield used to say, men fall in love till this day, by any means strikingly beautiful. The "dangerous women" of history have seldom been beauties. Nature is full of compensations. The reigning belle is too often silly, or, overestimating the fascinations of her face, does not take the trouble to be amiable. On the other hand, the plain woman, knowing that she is handicapped at the start, does her best to compensate for her ill-favoredness by attractiveness of manner, and in the end generally wins in the race. John Wilkes, who was the ugliest man of his day, was in the habit of boasting that he would give the handsomest man in England half an hour's start of him and oust him early in the running. There is, in truth, no accounting for taste. Dr. Johnson always spoke of the painted and affected widow, old enough to be his mother, whom he married in the heyday of his youth as a "pretty creature," and even Joe Gargery, in one of the most delightful of Dicken's novels, was willing to believe that Pip's masculine sister was "a fine figure of a woman."—*Boston Herald.*

His Curiosity Fully Satisfied.

Small man (on railway train, writing letter to his wife)—It would afford you some amusement, my dear, if you could see the freckle-faced, long, lean, gamble-shanked, knock-kneed, sneaking, impertinent, ill-bred, half-baked specimen of a back-woods gawky that is looking over my shoulder as I write this—

Large man on seat behind (fiercely)—You lie, you little scoun—

Small man (turning round)—Beg pardon, sir; are you speaking to me?

Large man (confusedly)—Y—no! No! I didn't say any thing. I wasn't speaking. I—I—

Small man resumes his writing. Large man goes back to the rear platform of the last car on the train and relieves his mind by swearing volubly at the flying landscape.—*Chicago Tribune.*

WHAT A CHILD DID.

An Anecdote Illustrating Mr. Lincoln's Great Tenderness of Heart.

Will the world ever know what depths of tenderness there were in the heart of Abraham Lincoln? An anecdote, which has never been published, brings out one more instance in which his sympathies, awakened by a little child, nobly controlled his action. In one of the first skirmishes of the civil war, a young Union soldier was so severely wounded in the leg that the limb had to be amputated. On leaving the hospital, the young soldier, by the aid of influential gentlemen, obtained a position as Government weigher of hay and grain. Not long after he had entered upon his duties, his superior officer said to him:

"See here, Mr. M——, this hay weighs so much *on these scales*; but to the Government it weighs so much more."

"I do not understand, sir, that way of doing business. I can enter but one weight and that the correct one," answered the young weigher.

His superior walked away, muttering threats. The young man from that day suffered many petty persecutions for his honesty, and it was not long before he received notice that the government had no further need of his services. The summary dismissal made him so down-hearted that when he told the story to his family, he seemed a man without hope.

"Father," replied the eldest daughter, a girl of thirteen, "cheer up! I am going to see President Lincoln. I know he will make it all right."

Her father and mother tried to turn her purpose, saying that it would be useless to see the President, as he would not attend to such a petty matter as the dismissal of a weigher of grain. But her faith in the President's sense of justice was so strong that she went to the White House, and, after three days of patient waiting in the anteroom, was admitted to Mr. Lincoln's presence.

The hour for receiving visitors had nearly expired, and as she entered the room the President, throwing himself on a lounge, said, wearily: "Well, my little girl, what can I do for you?"

She told her artless story. Mr. Lincoln listened attentively, and with a smile asked: "But how, my dear, do I know that your statement is true?"

"Mr. President," answered the girl, with energy, "you must take my word for it."

"I do," replied the President, rising and taking her hand. "Come with me to Mr. Stanton."

"Stanton," said Mr. Lincoln, as they entered the office of the great War Secretary, "I wish you to hear this child's story."

"I have no time," answered the overworked man.

"But you must," replied Mr. Lincoln.

"I have not a moment to spare today, Mr. President."

"Come again, my dear, to-morrow, and Mr. Stanton *will* hear you then," said the President, leading her away.

The next day she was admitted at once to the President, who took her over to Mr. Stanton's office. The Secretary listened to the child's simple story and was so moved by it that he indignantly exclaimed, before she had finished: "The infernal rascal!" He went to his desk and wrote an order for the immediate dismissal of the dishonest official, and for the appointing the little girl's father to the vacant place.

Mr. Lincoln never forgot the child; he told her story to several Congressmen, and through their influence her two brothers were enrolled among the pages of the House of Representatives.—*Youth's Companion.*

The African Elephant.

In *Petermann's Mitteilungen* Herr J. Menges raises once more the question of the possibility of utilizing the African elephant. Herr Menges points out that there is strong evidence that the elephant was used in ancient times in Africa, and asserts that no serious attempt has been made in modern times to subdue it to the uses of humanity. He maintains that it is quite as docile as the Indian elephant, and much stronger; and that, if it could be really tamed and trained to work, it would be of immense utility in the opening of Africa. But, unless some protection is accorded to the African elephant, Herr Menges believes that by the end of next century it will be quite extinct.

An Excellent Reme

They were returning from the theater.

"I am troubled with a slight sore throat, Miss Clara," he said, "and I think it would be wise if I should button my coat tightly around my neck."

"I would, indeed, Mr. Sampson," replied the girl with some concern. "At this season of the year a sore throat is apt to develop into something serious. Are you doing any thing for it?"

"Not so far," he replied. "I hardly know what to do."

"I have often heard papa say," shyly suggested the girl, "that raw oysters have a very soothing and beneficial effect upon such a trouble."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Heart-Breaking Loss.

Bobley—Wonder what makes young Perkins look so cast down. One would fancy he had lost his best friend.

Wiggins—So he has. His sweetheart has jilted him.

Bobley—Well, it's really a blessing in disguise. He has escaped a mother-in-law, any way.

Wiggins—Oh, you don't understand: the girl was an orphan!—*Judge.*

THE LAND OF LAKES.

An English Traveler's Impression of the Province of Finland.

Finland is, in the language of the country, Suomesimaa, "the land of lakes," and this is really the truth, as no less than one-third is under water. Much of this is, however, marsh land, though the lakes Saima, Lodoga, Enare, etc., cover some thousands of square miles. The surface of the country is flat, with a chain of low hills about the center, the highest of these being the mountain "Aavasaksa." The coasts are deeply indented and picturesque, with bold granite cliffs standing clear out against the deep blue sky, and many islands belonging to the Archipelago of Aland dot the surface of its western waters. Inland there are dense forests of pine, fir and birch, which have a strange and enthralling influence upon the imagination. Notwithstanding their usually somber aspect, there are innumerable pleasant glades in the recesses of these woods, where the tall white-stemmed birch and great boulders covered with lichen crop up from the grass and form a pleasant picture; besides this the lakes have a beauty—solemn and romantic—which can scarcely be found elsewhere. The landscape, too, dotted with numerous windmills, and the church towers, built apart from the places of worship, present strange pictures. From these towers the night watchmen sound their horns or play upon triangles as an alarm of fire. Often in the dead of night a great blaze on the horizon will tell of some forest fire. These are mainly owing to the carelessness of the peasantry, and, combined with the great exportation of timber and its lavish use for firewood and for building purposes, have caused a great rise in its value within the last few years. Traveling in the country, though cheap, is not always pleasant. Many of the roads are what would be described as "corduroy"—that is, having rough logs laid across, over which one's vehicle bumps and jumps in a manner calculated to make the bones sore for a considerable time after a journey. The velocity with which the natives send the carriage down hills is also likely to try the nerves of any not to the manner born. Most persons posting through Finland have their own vehicles—wheeled ones for the summer and sledges for the winter—and they change horses at each stage of about fifteen versts (ten English miles). Should you have to trust to the post-house for a conveyance you are more likely than not condemned to travel in a cart without springs and a hard seat with no back to it or an ordinary work sledge. The charge for posting is little enough, being ten Finnish pennies (1d English) per verst, and the driver is required by law to take you at the rate of one Sweedish or seven English miles per hour.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE HANDSOME MAN.

What Constitutes One According to Fanny Fern's Critical Mind.

Well—in the first place, there must be enough of him; or, failing in that—but, come to think of it, he musn't fail in that, because there can be no beauty without health, at least according to my way of thinking. In the second place, he must have a beard; whiskers—if the gods please, but a beard I insist upon, else one might as well look at a girl. Let his voice have a dash of Niagara, with the music of a baby's laugh in it. Let his smile be like the breaking forth of the sunshine on a spring morning. As to his figure, it should be strong enough to contend with a man, and slight enough to tremble in the presence of the woman he loves. Of course, if he is a well-made man, it follows that he must be graceful, on the principle that perfect machinery always moves harmoniously; therefore you and himself and the milk pitcher are safe elbow neighbors at the tea table.

This style of handsome man would no more think of carrying a cane than he would use a parasol to keep the sun out of his eyes. He can wear gloves, or warm his hands in his coat pockets, as he pleases. He can even commit the suicidal-beauty-act of turning his outside coat collar up over his neck of a stormy day with perfect impunity. The tailor didn't make him, and as to his hatter, if he depended on this handsome man's patronage of the "latest spring style," I fear he would die of hope deferred; and yet—by Apollo! what a bow he makes, and what an expressive adieu he can wave with his hand! For all this he is not conceited—for he hath brains.

But your conventional handsome man of the barber's window-wax-figure-head pattern; with a pet lock in the middle of his forehead, an apple-sized head, and a raspberry mustache with six hairs in it; a pink spot on its cheek, and a little dot of a goatee on its cunning little chin; with pretty blinking little studs in its shirt-bosom, and a neck-tie that looks as if he would faint were it tumbled, I'd as lief look at a poodle. I always feel a desire to nip it up with a pair of sugar-tongs, drop it gently into a bowl of cream, and strew pink rose-leaves over its little remains.

Finally, my readers when soul magnetizes soul, the question of beauty is a dead letter. The person one loves is always handsome, the world's arbitrary rules notwithstanding; therefore when you say, "what can the handsome Mr. Smith see to admire in that stick of a Miss Jones?" or "what can pretty Miss T see in that homely Mr. Johns?" you simply talk nonsense, as you generally do talk on such subjects. Still, the parson gets his fees, and the census goes on all the same.—*Fanny Fern, in the N. Y Ledger.*

DON'T TALK TOO MUCH.

Hints for Retail Salesmen Who Desire to Be Successful.

To be a successful salesman one must maintain a certain amount of reserve. Too much talk has spoiled many a good trade. It is tiresome to purchasers, who frequently prefer to be guided by their own judgment than by the suggestions of store clerks. People who buy goods, particularly the ladies, generally think over what they want and make up their minds before they start out on a shopping expedition about what they want and what they feel they can afford to pay for it. When they enter a store and call for a certain quality of goods they expect the salesman to place before them what they desire—not to suggest they know something a good deal better, which they are sure will give them far greater satisfaction.

Customers as a general thing do not like talkative and garrulous store clerks, they prefer a quiet, obliging, dignified salesman, who will show them goods without any ostentatious display of his person or intellectual imbecility. Clerks should never be impertinent or snappish, even to their inferiors. They should learn to treat all customers with courtesy and impartial politeness. Jokes, stories and sloppy sentiment should never by manner or expression do or say any thing to offend the dignity of a matron or bring a blush to a modest maiden's cheek. They should never remind any homespun agriculturist of any unpleasant mistake he may have made in his past career, for such men are always more or less sensative and do not like to be made a butt of.

Many a clerk by trying to say some smart thing has lost a good customer to his employer and made himself an object of subsequent aversion to the party whom he has offended. Salesmen should talk just enough and should have sufficient common sense to know when they have talked enough. They should be polite and patient under provocation and use their utmost endeavors to make friends for employers, thus aiding in building up and successfully carrying on business. Some may think these remarks common-place, but they play a more important part in the success or failure of the retail storekeeper than many imagine.—*Grocer's Criterion.*

How to Crush Suspicions.

There are many suspicions that need crushing in the bud. We fancy our friend is cool to us; we imagine some one has slighted us; we suspect our neighbor of having spoken ill of us. Most likely we are mistaken, and, in any case, we could never probably search into the matter. Our trust in our friend or our own self-respect should lead us to put away such thoughts, to abandon such suspicions. Some one has, perhaps, dropped a poisonous word of scandal into our ears. Let us banish it from our thoughts with scorn. Circumstances may tend to cast suspicion on one whom we honor, let us continue to trust him in our heart of hearts. We may fear that some one has committed a fault, which, however, does not concern us in the least, and in which we are not called upon to interfere; let us expel the idea as an unwelcome intruder. In one of these two ways suspicion may be rightly dealt with. If as a warning it has a mission to perform, it will do its work; if it is an unworthy or an idle conjecture, it will be dismissed. In either case it will pass away, as all suspicions are meant to do. As transient guests of the mind they may be useful in establishing the innocence which should be brought to light, or in proving the guilt which should be purged away. But as permanent inmates of the mind their influence is most pernicious.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

An Archduke's Adventure.

"The following story," says the *St. James Gazette*, "is told by the Austrian papers, and is amusing society in Vienna. A few weeks ago a man dressed in Tyrolese costume entered the shop of the principal barber in Innsbruck, sat down in a chair, and made a sign that he desired to be shaved. The proprietor of the establishment is patronized by all the civic big-wigs of the place, and is naturally anxious to keep the circle of his customers select. Seeing, therefore, a rough-looking fellow clad in the national *Joppe* reclining on the velvet plush that was sacred to local officials, he approached the daring intruder, and bluntly told him, 'We don't serve peasants here; this is a saloon for gentlemen.' The stranger rose, with a smile. 'Very well,' he said, 'but oblige me, in case my Adjutant should come in, by telling him that I have gone to be shaved by your rival across the street. I am the Archduke Joseph.' The Archduke, who is Commander-in-Chief of the Hungarian Landwehr, and who ought to be pretty well known by sight even in the Tyrol, then lifted his hat and departed."

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.

WIMAWHALLA 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 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 or 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.