EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

A MODERN WEDDING.

Conversations Overheard Refere and After the Ceremony. REPORE THE CEREMONY.

The Bridegroom (to Best Man) - How does my coat fit in the back, Hal? Feels a little loose. My hair look all right? Deuced if this glove isn't too big! See the wrinkles! What kind of a tie have I got on my cravat? Isn't one end longer than the other? Wonder If I can manage the ring business without letting it fail? Say, Hal, aren't the trousers a triffe too long? No? How do I look? Ten minutes after eight-time to go and meet Helen. I wish the whole business was over.'

The Bride (to Bridesmaids)-My train set all right, Lily? Pull it out straight. There! Hangs all right, does 11? Wish I'd had it a little longer. Am I very pale? I ought to look a little pale, you know. Smooth those side plaits out a little, Frank. Ought not the vail to hang more over my face? Please put those orange blossoms a little more to one side. That looks better, doesn't it? Where's bouquet? Exquisite thing, it? I'm dreadfully nervous! What if I should faint? Just think of it! I do hope Harold will put the ring on gracefully. Where is my other glove? Where is it? Oh, here It is. Help me on with It. Sadie, I'm so awfully pervous. That bit of powder on my face won't show through the vail, will it? Be sure and fix the diamond-pin so it will show well. Wasn't it lovely in Harold to give diamonds? There! It's after eight. I must go down. I'm so nervous. Do I look all right? I'm so-

The Bridegroom (in a whisper)-You look like an angel!

The Bride-Oh, Harold! I do hope we won't make any mistakes! I should die if we did. I'm so nervous!

'APPER THE CEREMONY. Said to the Bridge

"Congratulations."

"Thunks."

"Wish you joy!" "Thanks.

"I hope you'll be ever and ever and ever so happy!"

"Oh, thanks."

"You look perfectly lovely, Mame." "Thanks, thanks,

*Every thing went off perfectly love-ly. The sweetest wedding I ever saw." "Oh, thanks."

"Allow me to congratulate you."

"Thanks." "Ah, best wishes, ah."

"Thanks."

"May you be very, very happy, dear. "Oh, many thanks!"

Confidential Friend (in giggling whisper)-Poor me! When do you suppose my turn will come? Hee-"May you always be as happy as

pow, my child." "Oh, thanks."

"May you live long and prosper."

"Thanks!"

"I wish you great happiness."

"Oh, thanks!"

Another "Intimate Friend"-Oh Mams (kiss)-I'm so glad-(kiss)-for you-(kiss)-you went through your part beautifully-(kiss)-and the presents are lovely, perfectly exquisite -(klss)-I do hope you'll be very, very, very happy-(kiss).-Time.

DEFECTIVE TRAINING.

The Waste of Life and Health Entalled by Modern Educational Methods.

I would have girls instructed in hygiene, the proporties of food, the diet proper to infants, and, as far as possible, in all the practical branches which have the most direct bearing upon the life they are to lead. It is of small consequence whether they know decimal fractions and the boundaries or population of China, but it is of the utmost importance that they should not waste the hard-earned money of their future husbands by an unintelligent bousehold regime, and it is also of much importance that they know how to take care of their chil dren, how to escape avoidable disease by a rational diet and regard for sanitary laws. I doubt if any one realizes the enormous waste of life and bealth which the ignorance of mothers entalls upon society. A young mother, uninstructed in the aubject mentioned. is bound to experiment rulnously with her own health and that of her children, and gain experience at the cost of untold tears and suffering.

Witnessing this common tragedy, I have not been able to restrain the re-Section that we are lamentably failing in our duty to our girls, both rich and poor. We give them ornamented accomplishments, and teach them to blush at the thought of the state for which God has destined them, instead of arming them with useful knowledge which would enable them to cope intelligently with the conditions they will surely encounter. Even if the cost be doubled, the benefits accruing to the state from this kind of education would be many times multiplied. Instruction in the chemistry of cooking alone -a very simple and fascinating subject -would save the community, in the aggregate, ton times the amount of the Increased taxation; skill in the making of simple garments would save another Item scarcely less considerable. The poor are wasteful from Ignorance, and their Ignorance in all practical subjects bearing upon their own lives is direct-

hargeable to our system of instrict-

-Forum.

A FORTUNE IN OIL

How a Poor Irish Dur-Laborer Became a

Persons who imagine the members of the Standard Oll Company are the only men who acquire more than ordipary riches in the oil business are not acquainted with the facts. The oil country is full of men who have become wealthy in the oil business, and nover had any connection whatever with the big Standard. John Mc-Keown, of Washington, Pa., is reputed to be the wealthiest oil producer, and his figure is placed at \$8,000,000, although it is likely to be much more than this. Mr. McKeown is a native of Ireland, and began his career in this country in the oil regions, coming directly from Castle Garden to the Pennsylvania oll rugious during the early excitement on Oil creek, about 1864. He was entirely without means, and began as a day laworking for \$2 a day, handling a pick and shovel for a man who had contracts for grading oil-well derricks and tank seats. He soon became a contractor himself, and from that got a small interest in a well which proved to be a good investment. Mr. McKeown was not one of those whose riches were suddenly nequired. They came to him slowly, and only through hard work and careful investments. From Oil creek he went to Bradford, in the early days of that development, and there he was wonderfully successful. His operations there were mostly on the rich Bingham lands, where every well was a success. He left Bradford a very rich man, and went to Butler County, buying a small farm not far from Martinsburg. Although a small truct, this was one of the most prolific in the great Butterfield, and Mr. McKeown realized another fortune here. During this time he was making careful investments. mostly in real estate in Pennsylvania and the West, and these investments, so far as is known, have all realized handsomely. Indeed, none of McKeown's friends can point to any considerable investment of his that has not been a good one. He is a man upon whom fortune always smiles. His wonderful success in the Washingtop and Taylorstown oil-fields is famillar to newspaper readers. In the Washington district he probably developed the richest spot ever tapped in the Peansylvania region. It is said that three farms here of which he was the chief beneficiary produced \$3,000,-000 worth of oll alone. Mr. McKeown owns a large amount of valuable city property in Baltimore and Philadelphia, as well as cattle ranches in the West. He has invested largely in the new Turkeyfoot district, lately opened up by the Bridgewater Gas Company, and if the region comes up to the expectations of the trade he will realize another fortune there.-Titusville (Pa.) Letter.

MASCULINE JEWELRY.

The Signet Ring the Only Bauble of a Well-Dressed Man.

"The fashion of wearing jewelry among men is growing to higher points high-water mark. It attracted a good deal of attention at the time, as prior to that the jewelry of men had been notable mainly by reason of its absence. The dudes, who suppressed watch-chains, scarf-pins and the like, allowed themselves full liberty in the matter of finger-rings, and from this the general run of clubmen took their cues. Many a fashiouable man were five or six rings on his fingers. The great design then was the snake-ring. and after that what was known as the glove-ring. The latter consisted of a heavy band of gold, usually square in design, in which were set a diamond with a ruby or sapphire on either side of it. The stones were set well down in the gold and were perfectly flush with the top, so that a man could pull a glove on over the ring without difficuity.

Perhaps the greatest success which was reached then was when the bracelet appeared as a masculine adornment. The natural result of all this finery was that the smaller clerks and cheap Johns of the town followed the suit of their leaders, and the market was flooded with tawdry jewelry. After a they always return to."

"What is that?"

'It is the old signet ring. I am more or less familiar with the history of jewels, and it has struck me often that this ring, which monarchs of two hundred years ago wore on the first finger of their right hands usually, is the only one which has a staple place in the affections of mankind. Not only do men return to it after they have been led astray by gaudy diamonds, and the like, but it is very often the case that the best dressed of those who are the most exquisite about their jewelry give up all sorts of precious stones when they become forty-five or fifty years of age and settle down to the plain signet ring on the third finger of their loft hand. - Je welers' Gazette.

-A writer in the Manchester Mirror says that the wealthiest town of its of which the assessment valuation is \$407,454,028. The distinction claimed for Brookline has been generally supposed to belong to Canajoharie, in this State. That village is very small in comparison with the Massachusetts town, and the number of residents there who are many times millionaires O'Flynn encefully tended and supported is considerably greater than can be counted on the fingers of both hands.

ANIMALS IN CHINA.

John Worships All Heasts of Burden as sacred Creatures. The Chinamen regard the beasts of

burden as sacred animals because they occupy the position of men in the labor market. To eat the meat of an ox is deemed sinful, even though these animals should happen to die of old age or overwork. The carcusses are either sois or given away to the poor, so that their owners might not see their desceration by personally devouring them. The mules and the jackasses, as well as the ox, are inseparable companions of the farmer. They usually live in the same building with their masters, but in a separate apartment, which is especially devoted to them.

By long association with these animals their owners can easily understand their animal language. Thus the simple pawing of the hoof means "hay is wanted." The common bray means either "water" or "oata" The loud stamping in the stall means "general starvation," and the following, in Chinese language, is believed to be understood by the beasts: "Woh" means a southern path, 'Yoe" a northern path; "Heh" means hurry, and "Wee" means

Strange to say the above words are all understood by animals of long service and the whip is seldom used except upon old, worn-out brutes in the hands of cruel masters. There being no societies among the Chinese for the prevention of cruelty to animals, it is not unusual to find an occasional benevolent and rich individual buying up here and there old beasts of burden, to turn them loose in some garden of his own where they can eat and drink until they die.

The land is so valuable in most of the settled districts of China that hay has to be made out of the statics of the grain that was raised for man. Cornstalks are cut down the moment the ears of golden corn are plucked, to make food for the animals.

The principal hay-making stalks are the millet, which the animals prefer to any other. The next that comes in for a large share of animal patronage are the stalks and vines of sweet postoes and green peas. The former are dried into a reddish brown and cut up in twoinch sections, and the latter even finer. The sweet-potato vines are better enjoyed by oxen and cows than by mules or horses. Wheat straw is the principal food for cows and the provender of the other animals is only given them as holiday meals or luxuries, as the mules, jacks and horses will not touch cow food. Three times a day the horses, mules

and jacks are given reasted beans or browned peas, with salt. These are never given raw. Chinese believe these grains in their raw state would make the animals sick. The cheapest grain with which to diet animals are cakes made from yellow beans-the refuse of the oil manufactories. These cakes when fresh from the mills weigh about 150 to 200 pounds each, and owing to the extremely poor pressing machines in the oil factories they retain about 40 per cent of the oil. Whole families have been known to exist comfortably upon such cakes for months. Green than it reached even in 1884. It was grass, even during the summer months, then, you know, the practice reached is seldom given to working animals. It is deemed unhealthy for them, except for cows, which are usually turned loose to feed by the wayside or wherever they can find food. Altogether the life of a Chinese jackass is not a happy one at best, as it is without doubt the hardest worked and the poorest fed animal in the world.-Wong, in N. Y. World.

HEROIC MAGGIE O'FLYNN. A Pathetic Story of Irish Life and Wo-

manly Charity. In a cabin on a sunny hillside overooking the Bay of Dublin dwelt a middle-aged brother and sister. The man was a helpless cripple, entirely dependent upon his sister's exertions: and on her death a car was sent from the poor-house to bring him thither for shelter. The poor wretch clung to the only home he had ever known, and he utterly refused to leave it, crying that he would die if deprived of his "say air and shut up within prison walls." His loud lamentations had brought the priest and some of the neighbors to his side, and one of the latter, Maggie O'Flynn, felt a doop impuise of pity towards the unfortunate man. She was a single woman of about fifty-five, of time a good healthy reaction set in weather-beaten and certainly not atand men went back to the ring which tractive appearance. She acted as hord on the estate of a gentlemun close by, to whom her services were invaluable. "Hould hard," she said to the poorhouse officials; "It's not Maggie O'Flynn that 'ull see a poor craytur taken to the poor-house when she can give him a shelter. It's a corner and a welcome in me own cabin Mick Costilloe shall have." But here his reverence interposed and vowed he would allow no such scandal in the parish as an unmarried man and woman sharing the same dwelling, cripples or no cripples. "Shure, Maggie, you won't go back on your word?" implored poor Mick. Maggie hesitated a moment, then turning to the priest, said: "If there's no other way to save him from 'the house,' your riverince, I'll marry him, an' sorra a haporth will any one be able to say agin it thin." It was in vain that his reverence pointed out the terrible barden Maggle was taking upon herself. "It's for the love of God I'm size in America is Brookline, Mass., marryin him an not to place meself," was the answer she returned; 'an' sure the Blessed Virgin will niver let me want for the bite an' the sup when she sees me sharin' it with the craythur that has naythur." The marriage took The marriage took place, and until his death, cears later, the kind-hearted Maggie

the poor helplets cripple in her own

collen - Pall Mals Garetto.

RATS AND POLICEMEN.

Singular Story of a White Rodent at the New York City Hall Station. Several years ago the door-man of the City Hall police station was prosented with a young white rat. For some time after the officers attached to the station objected to the presence of the naimal, and the poor rodent was driven to its wits' ends amid a constant shower of boots, stray places of soap, loose cartridges and innumerable other demestic articles. But the rat was game, and a remarkable dodger, and instead of falling away before the nocturnal ouslaughts, it thrived, grew stout and more daring. Its nightly depredations made rest for the lodgers of the station impossible, and a secret organization was formed for the purpose of annihilating the rodent.

In one corner of the dormitory is a small hole in the floor. Here Mr. Rat dwells when not roaming about. For four nights the entire force of the station clustered about the hole swaiting the advent of his ratchip. But the rat has more than its share of fox blood in its rich veins, and the whole of these memorable four nights were spent "at home." The other evening the organization disbanded. At midnight Officer Richard Ganley walked in. Ganley is one of the best members of the force. having saved from drowning no fewer. than twenty-five lives. Ganley's overcoat pockets were stuffed with a king's repast, which his wife of many years had faithfully gotten up for his breakfast. He hung his coat on a peg over a chair and retired the for night. In the morning he arose and went to his overcont for his fare. It was picked to pieces, and there was plenty of clear evidence to show that his ratship had climbed up the back of the chair and into the well-filled pocket. This was another black peg put into the rat's board of life, and Ganley renewed his oath of revenge. Last night Ganley came around again with his well-filled pocket. He got a large nail and hammer and put a coat-hanger high up on the wall where there were no chairs. This morning on getting up he went to the coat, shoved his hand into the pocket, and his hand ran over the soft fur of Mr. Rat. The rodent had climbed up the wall into the border of and dropped down onto the coat, scrambling into the pocket. It was a wonderful feat, the officers think, and now the men have foresworr their words of vengeance. In future the rat

will be petted and fretted. Rats appear to have a great fondness for the guardians of the peace. At the corner of Maiden lane, and South street is a coffee and cake shanty kept by an ex-policeman. Every night and morn ing, when the traffic is at a standstil', the proprietor of the coffee-house deposits a buge pan of meal and scraps at the curbstone and the rodents from all the docks of the neighborhood swarm to the spot. They assemble in hundreds. The majority of them seem to be tame. They do not frighten even when surrounded by a curious crowd of 'longshoremen and sailors who congregate thereabouts .- N. Y. Mail and

DON'T FRET AND WORKY?

A Pleasant Disposition a Source of Contentment in Its Best Sense.

If you want a good appetite, don't worry. If you want a healthy body, don't worry. If you want things to go right in your business, don't worry. Women find a sea of trouble in their housekeeping. Some one says they often put as much worry and anxiety into a loaf of bread, a ple or cake, into the weekly washing and ironing, as should suffice for much weightier matters. This accounts largely for the angularity of American women. Nervousness, which may be called the reservoir of worrying-its fountain and source-is the bane of the American race. It is not confined to the women, by any means, but extends to the men as well. Even business men are sometimes afflicted, so we have heard, and so our advice not to yield to this habit will be most ers. What good does fretting do? It only increases with indulgence, like anger, or appetite, or any other human impulse. It deranges one's temper, excites unpleasant feelings toward every body, and confuses the mind. It affects the whole person, unlits one for the proper completion of the work whose trifling interruption or disturbance started the fretful fit. Suppose these things go wrong to-day, the to-morrows are coming, in which to try again, and the thing is not worth clouding your own spirit and those around you." injuring yourself and them physically -for the mind affects the body-and for such a trifle. Strive to cultivate a spirit of patience, both for your own good and the good of those about you. You will never regret the step, for it will not only add to your own happiness, but the example of your conduct will affect those with whom you associate, and in whom peace. you are interested. Suppose somebody makes a mistake, suppose yet are crossed, or a triffing accident occurs: to fly into a fretful mood will not mend, but help to hinder the attainment of what you wish. Then, when a thing is beyond repair, waste no useless regrets over it, and do no idle fretting. Strive for that serenity of spirit that will enable you to make the best of all things. That means contentment in its best sense; and contentment is the only true happiness of life. A pleasant disposition and good work will make the whote surroundings

ring with choorfulness.-American

THE VAGS ADJOURNED. A Successful Application of Liestricity to

Four Dirty Tramps.

"When I learned telegraphy, in 1975," said a knight of the key, "my first position was that of all-night operator on the Eric raffroad at Corning. It being a great railroad point, my chief companions after about eleven o'elock ev cry night were half a dozen dirty trainps, who would crawl out of their berths in double-decked cattle cars for the purpose of thawing out by the side of my warm coal fire in the passenger depot. Well, it got sort monotonous, you know, awake all night and hear the snoring and smell the 'sweet' odor that arose from the bucly tramps as their clothing began to steam at the fire-side. Perhaps you have passed a train of hogs at East Buffalo some time in your life and can recall to your memory how plensarit the situation was. At any event I resolved to clean them out, and, arranging with the day operator (George Quinn) to come around one night at twelve o'clock we began to lay plans toward the extermination of the pests. Quinn was an original chap, about six feet six inches tall, with a club foot, and wors a broad brim hat in true Texas style. He was an electrican of no mean merit. It was while working at Corning that he invented a funnel-shaped instrument that when attached to the relay of a telegraph circuit he was able to sing a tune or play on his cornet into the mouth of the funnel, and then requesting all the boys on the wire between Corning and Rochester to adjust their instruments fine. they were able to hear every note of his. This was before Edison's telephone had come into general use, and was thought to be a great thing by the country operators, who used to pass many a quiet night listening to the veet notes from Quinn's 'Musicphone.' Well, to return to the tramps; Quinn came around at twelve o'clock as per agreement, and finding four dirty fellows stretched out upon the waitingroom beaches we proceeded to 'do t em, but in a novel way. Going to the battery-room 'Texas Jack,' as the boys used to call him, fixed up a strong battery and attached it to a key whence a wire was strung into the waitingroom and across the hands, and in one instance across the knee where a hole appeared, touching the flesh of all four the tramps. Then taking pieces of cork and splitting them at one end so as to admit of their spread over the bridge of the nose, with two matches stuck in the other end, my friend Quinn stepped lightly around the room, placing the eorks on the noses of our victims. Wake up? You couldn't wake up one of those tramps with a dynamite bomb They probably had not had a good sleep before in a week. Finally George gave me the wink to touch the key and let the battery onto the the wire jet after he had touched the matches off. It's surprising how fast lightning will travel. I declare it don't seem as though I had turned it on when such a bounding, jumping, swearing and crying of fire you never heard. If there had been a hat-pin six inches long run into those four tramps they could not have moved any faster than they did out of that depot. When Quinn came out from his hiding, he remarked: 'I was only afraid of one thing, and that was that owing to the length of time since any of our lodgers had seen a bath, I feared the electricity would fail to reach to the skin.' But it did, and that was the last time I saw a trareo in the Corning depot."-Rochester (N. Y.)

WONDERFUL SEOUL

A Strauge City Full of Strange People and

Stranger Customs What a wonderful city is Scoul! Its 300,000 people are made up of strange characters, and my eyes have been bobbing about like the rays of a kaleidoscope in my efforts to appreciate it all. Every thing is new and every new thing is strange. The big wall which surrounds the city is a wonder, and Its three great gates are more wonderful still. They are closed every night at kindly received by all classes of read- sunset with iron-plated wooden doors. and after this time none outside the city can get in nor can any inside the city get out. As the sun sinks behind the mountains which surround the capital a band of soldiers playing music which sounds for all the world like a Scotchman's bagpipes goes from gate to gate and bars them shut. At the same time watch-fires spring up upon the hills in every direction, and from these the King knows that all is well. These watch fires are signals, and they form a part of a continuous line of fires. which are built upon the hills in all parts of Corea.

They tell by their different flames and the intensity whether all is well along the coasts of the east and west and in the mountains to the north and south. They are, it seemed to me, royalty's farewell word from the day and they really meant that the country was quiet and the capital might sleep in

The city does sleep, too. Its people go to bed with the shadows of evening and by the law the man or boy who is out after dark is bound to be whipped. Women have the right to go about at night, and foreigners are never halted, as are the Coreans. Such lanterns as are used are of the rudest shape, and they consist of a frame-work holding a candle, with a thin gause cloth thrown over it. There is a great bell in the center of Seoul and this is rung early in the morning for the opening of the gates. This bell is in the middle of the long, wide street which divides Seonl in halves, and it forms the heart of the capital. - Frank G. Carpenter, in National Tribune.

MATRIMONIAL MAXIN

A Treatise on the Successful Ma In your study to master pand's temper, do not formation hold of your own Wa less selfish and less imperior are more sensitive and hady a and more apt, on small on mount into a flame and become nant about trifles. Of all this world beware most of this to indulging it you lose the grace tage-ground of your sex. k husband speaks harshiy to even the best of husbands an evil moment-either rest or. If you are pressed hard, but decided reply in a teapresses neither exasporation tempt.

Obey your husband in all rematters and in some unreason ters, but not in all matters, you will make him a tyrant self a slave. When he been perious about crochets, take way and smile bewitchingly. not get the better of you the becoming a brute, and beat least bullying you, an issue your husband has any tinetes tlemanliness about him he sober-minded Christian conhave no great reason to fee.

Always attend conscientions of your special province to a and the partry, also to the r and the plantry, also to the and, if you have children, to sery. But beware of been gether a mere housekeeper or up of bairns. You have a sur form to yourself, as well a husband and your family, as neglect this duty, you may so unworthy to be either his wa mother. Cultivate your gifts not prove by neglecting par plishments that your only ob-

To insure this continuance husband's love, behave so int as to command his respect. Lo out reverence is a childish is can satisfy only a low type of a looks on his wife as a play-this

Dress well. Married won err here from want of a hin. In the fair sex outward to when genuine-for painting is in my opinion, a positive data not to a husband merely, or h low-mortal, but to God. The of the Universe, as all His ve tify, delights in the utmost ; magnificence and luxurlances decoration; and it is plainly a being endowed with reason; his hint, and, where He bare fair object, to set it forth we graceful trapping that is in with the character of the wee dress is, in fact, a sort of p dressed to the eye, which it power of every well-condition to compose; and a woman win ture, as much out of nature a without wings .- J. Stuart II Cassell's Family Magazina

WHEN RAMS FIGHT Encounters That Are Foughta

It may perhaps throw some the obscure causes of the sa

sheep to see them fight. To

rams engage in a duel, which

in a most gentlemanly manner were as much a matter of etc an engagement with swords i virons of Paris, is better to farces nowadays. Perhaps o some ten or twenty rams in a corral, and presently two heads together. Probably having a conversation, and h debatable matter crops up shakes his head impatiently a ing the word of his interless insulted ram looks up, advant or two, and they rattle horsal Instantly all the other gentlet er round as the two intending ants march backward step by an admirable slowness and tion. They are the two knill ends of the lists. There is at pause, and then they hurl the violently forward to a head to forehead with a ought to break their skulls solemn backward march rece the pause is made, and the ligerents leap at each of more, and the terrible that again. Sometimes they run before one turns dizzy mi the battle, but oftener five an make the thinner-skulled non be contemptuously hustled is by the conqueror. Occasion sight of one set of duelists is unoccupied lookers-on with ardor, and couple after comto march backward side by rush forward in line to meet ing forces. It seems to me is more interest in this than farce of the display. House habit arose it can hardly me tangeous to the species, and to lower them in the scale of for while the thickest-skulle lords, those with the most brains often get their cranks with fatal results. This may explain the very uncommen domesticated sheep, just as among the Australian blacks throw light on the dull, this

ness of some of the native

that country. For their fare

od of dueling-at least it w

which I heard most-is to

clubs, and, having drawn in

manner for the first blow. M

loser on the head as he is

with the utmost force De

blow is not decisive and

ways so-it is the turn

man to do his best, and so

shull is erucked. - Cornbill J