#### WASHINGTON DEAD BEATS.

## How They Trap the Unwary Stranger at the Capital.

"I have just returned from a trip to Washington. I have lost nearly all my confidence in human nature. I shall avoid that place as much as possible in

avoid that place as much as possible in the future." The speaker was the agent of a large manufacturing house in this city, and whenever the tariff tinkers get to work in Congress he is sent to Washington to look after the interests of his firm. "I have had considerable experiences in Washington," he continued, " but my last trip beats anything I have ever seen. I did not know that there were so many tramps and dead beats in the country.

country. "I had scarcely finished registering at Willard's when a man in the in tstaged of intoxication rolled up against me and claimed my acquaintance. He was so charged that I did not at first recog-nize tim. His face was bi steel, his eyes bloodshot, his clothing dirty and everything about him stamped him as a dranken s.t. "I recognized him as a man I had

dranken s.t. "I recognized him as a man I had met a few years ago-a young man of promise then, but with too great a f ad-ness for Washington whisky and gam-bling. I gave him a dollar and hurried

bing I gave him a dollar and hurried away upstairs to my room. "I had been there half an hour when there was a knock at my door, and in response to my summons a decently-dressed man walked in. I did not know him from Adam. He spologized for disturbing me at that hour—it was after sleven o'clock—and said that he had met me with Colonel So-and-so the last time I was in town. He saw my name in the register down stairs and thought he would call to pay his respects. "Curious to learn why he wanted to pay his respects to a comparative stranger, I did not follow my first impuse and kick him out of the room.

"After making a few perfunctory in-quiries about affairs in New York, he came to the main point. As I might have known, it was my money he wanted. I forget just how he worded his request, but his embarrassment, which I believe headly was transary, was caused by but his embatrassment, which I believe he sold was temporary, was caused by the failure of the mails to bring an ex-pects i remittance. Twenty-five dollars would help him out. His manner was perfectly cool, and one might have imagined that I had asked him to do magine the trans-

me a favor. "I told him, however, that I was short of funds, and I kept all my money in New York. He waved his hand and

"Oh, it's of no consequence." "On my arrival here a few days ago I found a draft on me from this man for 1 found a driat in a note that he owed a 528. He said in a note that he owed a bill for furniture, and he should take it as a favor if I would take up the draft and allow him to pay for it by some scr-vice he might be able to render me in

the future. "I met hundreds like him. They

"I met hundreds like him. They dress preity well, and the majority of them have seen beter days. "It is wonderful how quickly they spot astranger. They do not wat for an introduction, but throw themselves in your way and begin conversation at the slightest provocation. They have many ingenious ways, and have reduced the art of deadbeatism down to a science. They could give the most ex-perienced bunco man points. "If I was asked once I was asked fifty times for a 'temporary loan,' and,

times for a 'temporary loan,' and, 

beats more dangerous is their frequent disguises. Their former position in many cases gives them a sort of hold on monibers and senators, and they are the eived in places where the professional

SAM'S BOY.

HINE, mistar ?"

Something in timi volco, perhaps the plaintive, a p-pealing tone, or the jast perce tremble, enught Kezziah Hicks, the crusty, cross, crab bed old store-keep er and farmer from the Cross Roads up on Pos-sum Ridge, and caused him to stop and look down on the little mite of and the second second caused him to stop and lock down en the little mite of humanity who had addressed him. He saw before hum

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a face, though pinched and dirty, still rea face, though pluched and dirty, still re-taining the frushness and innocence of child-hook, while the large, brown eyes that looked so steadily into his own recalled memories of the almost forgotten past. "I don't keer if ye do rub 'em a lectle," Kezsiah said, and there was a softness and tenderness in his voice that sounded strange to bis even even

to his own cars. Down went the little kit on the hard pave-

ment, and down wont the little bootblack on his knees. As the little follow rubbed and worked patiently at the great rough boots, Kezzian watched him with interest, and his thoughts drifted back into the shadows of the past and dwelt on scenes and incidents of the years long gone by. To his mind there came a picture, the face and form of a little boy with laughing, dancing brown eyes and rosy checks. A little head wreathed with sunny curls, and a pair of lins wearing a smile like a ray of light struggling from Heaven. Then came the sound of a childish voice in happy laughter, heard but dimly at first, but growing stronger and more dis-tinct until he recognized it. Then came an-other picture—a young man with eyes clear, frank, honest and affectionate, and in their depths he saw reflected a soul of love and gentleness. Then he saw a cloud steal over the picture, and when it had passed he saw the face of his boy, but oh! so sadly altered. The checks were thin and pinched, and the eyes dark are sorrowful.

"My poor, my poor lost boy," he murmured

The little bootblack looked up and saw the old man draw his rough cont-sleeve across his eyes. He put his box and brush away and started to rise when the old man hid his hand on his head saying:

"Before you go tell me your name." "Joe," the boy replied. "What else? and Kezziah leaned over in an expectant attitude.

"That's all I know." A shade of disappointment passed over the

nged face. "Have you no friends, no father or motherF

The boy shook his head. "Where do you live, then !" the old man

went on. "Just anywere. Sometimes I go to the 'homes' an' sometimes I sleep in boxes and

stairways." For a minute they were both silent. Then the boy said:

"Please pay me and let me go." "Wait a bit,"Kezziah said. "Wouldn't you

"Wait a bit, "Kezzan sain." Wohn't you like to have a home and friends, an' a place to stay all the time? I need a boy like you on the farm, an' if you'll go you won't have much work to do, an' you'll have warm clothes an' plenty to cat an' a good warm bed to sleep in.

"Then you can help about gathering apples out of the orchard, and can ride the horses and every thing like that. Don't you want to go along with mel" "It must be nice," the boy said, reflec-

tively. "Of course it is," the old man replied.

Amanda, kind-hearted, generous, patient husband's request, nor did Joe need any "Come, full to not said:

"Come, fall to an' eat a bite." That night after Joe had been saugiy tucked away in the soft bod upstairs, Amunda came and sat with Komiah on the long porch. For a long time they sat thus and gazed silently out into the night, each busy with thoughts, haif sad, haif sweet. At last, with a sigh. Kezziah turned and laying his hand on Amanta's nrm. suid: "Mandy, don't you think he's like him? The little feller up there, don't you think he's like Sam was when he was a little how !" long porch. For a long time they sat thus

boy!" "Yes, he reminds me of Sam," Amauda said, and her voice trembled and grow husky. "I've been thinkin' of poor Sammy ever since that boy came. He's so like

" Mandy," Kezziah went on in a low to: "there's something about that boy that I can't understand. I don't know why it can't understand. I don't know why it was, but when I heard his voice and saw his face it set me to thinking of our own boy, an' somehow I feit drawn to the little fellow, an' it seemed as if I wanted to do somethin' for him. All day I've been goin' over all what happened way back there, an' feeling how wrong I was in driving Sam away because he hadn't my way of think-in', and didn't marry as I wanted him, to. I've made life a burden to you, and made people have me by bein'so cross and selpeople hate me by bein' so cross and sel-fieb, an' besides I've been miserable my-self. I never see it so till to-day, an' some-how that boy's teched my heart an'

thawed the ice out o' my nature. I see it all



NOTICING & STRING ABOUT HIS NECK )

now, an' I'd give every thing to have Sam back, an' have it all to do over again." Amanda arose, and going softly up the stairs came to Sammy's little room. Bend-ing over the sleeping boy she scanned his features well. features well.

"It is so like Sammie," she thought, "so like he used to be when I came of nights to

look at him when he slept." Then noticing a string about his neck she pulled it gently and a little locket came

from his bosom. "That is it," she gasped, and, springing the lid, she held it down close to the dim light and read:

"God is my friend. He will protect and keep me."

After awhile Amanda came back, and going up to Kezziah she laid her hand on his shoulder.

"He is Sam's boy, Kezziah," she said. "I know it by this," and she held out the

Kezziah raised his head from his hands, and for a moment gazed at his wife in sile

"He is Sam's boy," Amanda repeated. "Sam's boy," Keziah said; "our Sam's boy, an' left without friends or home. Two been

a brute, Mandy, not to keer. But it shall be different now, and I'll make up to the boy what I ought to have done for Sammy."

From this day Kezziah was a changed

The Grand office received a consignment of the Webster's Dictionaries that we are offering as premiums. Those who have subscribed or others who wish to where are now get the book by calling at we are offering as promiums. Those who have subscribed or others who wish to subscribe can now get the book by calling at this office. Those who have taken it are well pleased with the quality and cheapness of the book. Remember, the dictionary and Guann for one year costs but \$5.50. They are needed in every family, the one as a work of constant reference and the other to give the complete local news of Engene and Lane county. You cannot afford to do without either.

#### Give Them a Chance!

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HALSEY, Or., Aug 1, 1890. An old soldier's story: In the late war 1 was a soldier in the First Maryland Volumwas a solidier in the First analysish term of service I contracted chronic diarrhoca, since then I have used a great amount of medi-cine, but when I found any that would give me relief they would injure my stomach, until Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diar-hors service we howcht to my notice. I nutil Chambertain's Colle, Cholera and Dar-rhoea remedy was brought to my notice. I use it and will say it is the only remedy that gave me permanent relief and no bad results follow. I take pleasure in recommending tonow. I take pleasure in recommending this preparation to all my old comrades, who, while giving their services to their country, contracted this dreadful disease as I did, from eating unwholesome and uncook-ed food. Yours truly, A E Bending, Halsey, Or. For sale by F. M. Wilkins.

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wind or would not dare show his

to one of these persons without thinking of or really knowing his true character, an i before you have been in conversationlong he will strike you for a loan. His story is always plausible, and meeting him as you do you generally

"I have paid for my experience."-

### A "Drummer" at Sunday-School.

A Boston "drummer" says that he was new r cornered in his life, but came near it once when he was called on to make a speech before a Sunday-

school. "I was spending my vacation last Summer in New Hampshire," he said. "I went fishing one day on the town pond that as luck would have it, one of the Sun ay-schools went on a picnic to

the same place. "A big thunderstorm came up and we were all driven for shelter to a farm-

Nouse near by. "We all crowded around the open fire-place to get dry. I was completely drenched and got so close to the fire that its warmth soon put me to

sleep. Pretty soon some one tugged at my shoull + and hauled me on my feet. It was the occupant of the house. Said is to the school which was crowded around most

Mr. --- from Boston will say a few

what shall I say? I asked half

awake, and barly confused. " ' Oh, s y three words to them,' said

he, "All right, I replied. 'Children, I will any three words to you, only three words, I is gan, and then I stuck. "Only three words, I began again. But then ree words did not come, and the expectant school seeing my plight

the expectant school school go by page bega to grin. "T on I suddenly recollected an ex-perience of Cape Cod. "Chinten," I began for the third time, 'I soll make it only three letters instead of three words. I once h and a Superin mont at Cape Cod tell his school arout three letters which he sold has a those will be Sanday school chills ion e the word that Sonday-school chil-drev should revere above all things. "Can you goess the word, Mary?" said he. "Can't you, Johnny? It is only three letters. Come now-it is simple and ea.y: 'Leu v'-love is the word." "

#### Two Ways of Regarding the Doctor.

A physician of large experience re-marked the other day that when he he-ran the practice of medicine h was worried because people ju so little en-fidence in him and now he was t out 1 i eeus so they trusted his judgment so imministry. implicitly.

Il . .....ed to think that to be thought tall blo + as far more burds usome than have one's fallibility emi hasized as

in his younger days. He n w recognizes the limitations of medical science.-[Boston Advertiser.

"At least it's a great deal nicer than sort of life. If you go and don't like it, I'll fetch you back.'

Joe assented after that, and a little later he and Kezziah drove away toward the old farm. They rode in silence, and as the



horses pulled the screeking old wagon along

horses pulled the screeking old wagen along the narrow lanes, up and down the rugged hills, Joe was busy seeing and enjoying the great open country with its broad fields of growing crops, and the big blue grass past-ures, and meadows of red clover all in bloom. To his young mind a new world was opened out-a grandly beautiful world, and no doubt he sometimes felt that he must spring out and scamper off over the soft grass and down into the deep, shady forest beyond, where the happy birds were singing and the squirrels were basking. The sinking sun was glinting the castern singing and the squirreis were basing. The sinking sun was glinting the eastern hills with gold and purple, while from far away came the rustic song of some happy farmer trudging home at the close of his day's labor in the fields. Never had the boy seen any thing like it, and he foared to speak lest he disturb the exchanted scene of the superior states and the second

ad the marvelous beauties fade away. Kezziah saw nothing of the things about him, for his mind had wandered back to the days long passed, and again he was living over the times when his boy was with him, and as he recalled the time when he drove his son out of his home and life, and re-membered his harsh words, his heart grow heavy and a sigh escaped him, and again he drew his rough coat-sleeve across his cyes

eyes. Just as the twilight was deepening and the night birds begin their mournful cry, the old horses stopped in front of the farm house at theorees reads, and Kemiah awoke to his surroundings. "Here we are, Joe," he suid, very kindly. "Glimb down an' come on in. Mandy," he said to his wife, "this little fellow I picked up down to the city an' brought along with me, seem' he hain't got no triends nor home."

Amanda opened her eyes in wonder, for it was the first time she had ever heard Kerrish talk that way. He was so unike the cross, gruff old man he had been all these past years, and his voice was so gentle and soft Kerrish saw her astonishment and soft Kerrish saw her astonishment and understood the cause, and to hide his

own confusion, said: "Give us some supper, Mandy, for I guess the boy's Lungry."

man, and people often wondered at it. Though he could not atone to poor Sammy Try it. for his crueity and neglect, and though his cruel treatment of his boy lived in his mem ory and haunted him through his few reaining years, his sorrow was sweetened with the knowledge of the good he was do-

with the knowledge of the good he was do ing to Sam's boy. "I missed my chance to lead a happy life," Kerriah sometimes said, "by rofusing kindness to them as needed it, but I am thankful that I come to see myself aright before it was too late to change my course and try to do something to amend my wrong ways. It's all owing to the little boy, an' I ways. It's all owing to the little it thank God for sending him to us."

Kezziah was never more the cross, harsh old man the children feared, but, instead, he was their friend, and often they came to his store to talk with him, or rambled with him in search of flowers.

#### T. P. MONTFORT. How Julius Wooed and Won.

"No, Mr. C. J. Caesar, I can not consen to barter away the happiness of single bless-edness for the illusive ignus fatuus which edness for the illusive ignus fatuus which you present. Love may come and love may go, and fly like a bird from tree to tree. But I shall love no more, no more till Ed-ward McGinnis comes back to me. Good night. I shall always feel like a sister to mands we always " wards you, always."

night. I shall always teel have a stort of wards you, always."
"Then, farewell, a long farewell to all my hopes. This cold and cheeriess night shall envrap my dying form, and the placid sky be the canopy of my mortal remains."
"Ahai lovest thou me to thus much distraction! Dost hint at speedy dissolution of mortality! Theu live, my Julius, live for thine Octavia. Live for Rome, and together we shall implore the vestal virgins for surcease of sorrow. Go ring at once the wedding bells. I shall not let thee hence his thyself, lest cruel fate doth rob me of the apple of mine eya."
"What! Dost hou accept me, my Octavia! Am I dreaming, or is this sweet fruition of my hopes reality and truth?"
"It is true, my Julius. I do most truly love thee."

love thee."

"Then good-bye, Mary Ann Cleopatra." Thus wooed and won the great Causs Julius Cassar, the winsome woman who was above suspicion.

#### Fursuit by Hue and Cry.

This was the old common-law process in England of pursuing "with horn and with voice," from hundred to hundred and county to county, all robbers and felons. Before the adoption of this method the hundred (the commune) was bound to make good losses occasioned by robberies committed within its limits, unless the felon was capt-tured; but by subsequent enactment it was made answerable only by damages caused by riotous assemblies. The pursuit by a law-breaker was nided by a description of him in the Hue and Cry, an official gazette es-tablished for advertising felons in 1710. This was the old common-law proc

#### American County Courts

American County Courts. As early as the year 1020 the extent of settlement had become so great in Virginia that it was almost impossible to bring all legal causes to the capital at Janestown, and inferior courts were appointed in con-venient places to relieve the Governor and Council, who constituted the superior judiciary of a heavy burden of business, and to render justice more accessible and less expensive to the sottlers. With these tribunals began the establishment of county courts in America.



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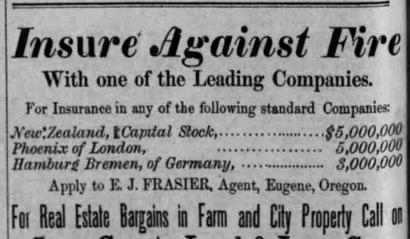
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