

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Two Extremes.

"I'm so hungry," hoarsely whispered a large, well dressed man in my ear.

No, it wasn't the plea of a street beggar, but was the sad wail of a rich and popular club man, at that moment busily engaged in holding down one of the blue plush sofas at the Fifth avenue.

While the unfortunate man was talking and moaning I was not smiling at him. I was thinking of a clever and pretty young lady who had a similar grievance and who that very day had tremblingly faltered in my other ear:

"Do you think I'm any thinner than I was last Thursday. Honest, now, am I growing thinner? I weigh only 125 pounds today; a month ago I weighed 126. Awful, isn't it?"

I admitted that it might be awful, but at the terrible rate of falling off given she couldn't have lost more than three ounces since I saw her last, and this was quite imperceptible.

"Now you're making fun of me," said she. "It is too serious. I'm getting to be nothing but skin and bones. Everything I eat and drink makes me thinner! Everybody says I look badly, and I know I'm just wasting away!"

I must introduce these two unhappy people and let them talk it over.—New York Herald.

The Green Fisherman.

It is amusing to a veteran when visiting angling resorts to watch the beautiful way in which the guides seduce the greenhorns into buying tackle or outfits from them or from the local stores.

"They are not biting today," or "You ought to have been here last week," etc., are the consoling remarks made by the guides; we have all listened to these remarks time and time again.

"The Evidence Was Against Her." Finally, when the end of the meal was marked by the appearance of half a dozen new cut glass finger bowls, infantile wonderment could contain itself no longer.

"What's all this for?" "All what?" "Oh, havin the real silver out, and all these new things a two kinds of meat."

"Why, Willie, what do you mean by talking in that fashion? You know this is the way we dine every day. Really, Cousin Mary, that child is losing his memory."

"No, I ain't. We had Irish stew six times this week, already, and if Cousin Mary don't believe what I say—" "Willie!"

"Well, just let her come in some day without telling nobody, and if she don't get stew, too, I hope the boogey man'll get me."

"Yes, come often," piped the other two children. "an let mamma know you're comin, for we're ortful tired of stew."—Troy Standard.

Day by Day.

"While I live I purpose to live," one of our modern world conquerors is credited with having said, and it was a noble sentiment to which any earnest individual is equal, since God sets our task every twenty-four hours and watches us for the drama of death as often as our limbs and faculties become weary from the strife.

"Lord, miss," said the man in a condescending voice and a commiserating smile, "if I was ter tell yer it would go out of that pretty head afore yer got to the next corner."

Then he drove on, leaving the girl torn between conflicting emotions, anger and the desire to laugh.—Washington Post.

A Strange Pond.

Hicks pond, in Palmyra, Me., is a strange body of water. It is only twelve acres in area, but it is more than 100 feet in depth. It has no visible inlet, although a fair sized stream flows from it into Lake Umbagog.

"Should He Well Guard For." Baboon—Aw, that's awful! The mew of a man smoking a pipe with a silk hat on the street!

QUEENSLAND'S WONDERFUL WELL.

It Throws a Fountain of Water a Hundred Feet in the Air.

The artesian well at Charleville, on the Warrego river, Queensland, is the newest and most remarkable instance of the natural resources of marvelous Australia.

Crossing the swampy flat leading to this hummock, attention is drawn to a wide channel cut through the drift sand, and it is explained that the overflow of water had done this ere the apparatus for controlling it had been obtained.

When the visitors arrived at the bore it was seen that the water was trickling in a tiny stream from this bend into the thirsty sand below, but in a few minutes the scene was changed.

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TO WARD IT ALL OFF.

A dog howled at me in the dark, a road came from his howl to crouch, and the old cat in anger spat.

There is a death's head in the fire, an hour ago I broke a glass; and down the lane I see a train of shadowing, mumbling phantoms pass.

I put these people upon this plate, and these sweet words upon this shelf, I set them down for law by broken, my own familiar little life;

RALPH, THE ROVER.

"Here, Ralph! Ralph! Hi, you scamp! Come back here, sir! There, he's gone! Off for a two or three days' tramp again.

"An' his master? Yes, sir, gone, clean gone. An' we've never heard a word of him since. 'Ungrateful! No, sir; I don't take it. I think he couldn't trust himself with the dog he loved,

"Do? Well, there's not a tramp come past here—an' the worse lookin' they are the wilder he is to get after him, sniffin' at their tracks; an' then his tail will droop so dispooned like; yet he'll keep on an' follow 'em for a day, or maybe three days, till he gets sure he ain't comin' to his master, when he'll come back. Seems to me as if he kind of thought they might know him.

"He oughtn't been named Rover, for he's been in more different places 'round here than I have, an' always turns up all right when he's settled the matter.

"Hi, Ralph! Ralph! Ah! there he comes, a-boundin' along towards us, just as he used to go for his master. Looks as if he thought he could find him, sure. See now! Ain't he a beauty?"

"Well, quick as a flash she came runnin' back to me with her face kind of white an' scared.

"Oh, Jim! come out here to the door, quick," says she.

"An' when I followed her, blessed if I don't see the rummest sight I ever did; an' there I stood, starin' like an ape.

"Well, sir, I suppose I must have said something, with surprise, for to wake them both up. The dog turned the solemn eyes 'round at me, askin' me not to make so much noise; an' the man, all rags an' tatters, yawned an' set up. An' then, seein' Mollie right behind me, I'll be shot, sir, if he didn't stand up, take off his piece of a hat to her, an' begin to apperlige for settin' on our doorstep.

"I know I must have stared at him considerable, but, bless you, Mollie didn't spend no time a starin' till she'd asked him into the kitchen, an' when the breakfast was ready she gave him, an' his dog too, a good one.

"His feet were blistered with walkin' in shoes that left half of his feet outdoors an' half in; an' as he could scarcely take a step we made him stay with us a day or so till they got better; but he couldn't bear it, an' the only reason, I think, was that he was afraid of burdenin' us. But, Lord! he'd be bound, he filled the yard with kindin's, an' I believe he'd 'a' chopped all the wood in the village if Mollie hadn't seen his hands all blistered an' bleedin'." That give him away, sure.

"A gentleman born," says I to myself when I see those hands.

"Then nothin' would do but McJie must doctor an' bandage them up for him. An' while she was doin' it she heard a sound like a child crying not to cry, an' he just bends down an' kisses her hand, an' then he says, kind of low an' choked like, more like a groan than words, 'Oh, mother!'

"An' the way the little kid took to him was a caution. A mite like he was—no sense at all; only pucker up his face and cried when I went near him. He'd smile up in Robert's face (that was what he told us to call him) an' hold on to his finger like he was his nurse.

"Now, to be sure, sir, three days don't seem much in a life, an' you'll maybe think it foolish the store we set by both man and dog before that time was passed. Ralph would lay down beside the baby's cradle, an' nothin' would move him till his master left the room; then he'd get up, an' shake himself, as if it was time to go, an' he was gone."

"Mollie said he was human; an' if a soul ever gets into an animal's body—I bear these folks as thinks so—there was a good soul inside of Ralph.

"Yes, we all liked Ralph, an' Robert even more. The fact is he was a real gentleman—no that was plain enough; brought down as low as he was by Lord

only knows what. But a true gentleman, an' I know the right kind when I see them. He never let on for one moment, though, a single word about himself but once, an' that was the last evenin' he was here.

"The dog was sittin' beside him, with his head restin' on Robert's knee, when I says, kind of sudden like: 'I bet Ralph's a very vallyble dog, Robert.'

"Yes, yes," he says, sort of slow. 'Too vallyble,' stroking Ralph's head with a lovin' hand, while the dog looked at him with just as much love. 'Twas the humanest eyes you would ever see, sir.

"He is worth a great deal of money," he said again, after a moment's thinking. 'I am very sorry for it sometimes. I've been in many hard straits at times, an' I've been afraid—aye, afraid of myself—that I'd be tempted to sell him. Not while I was myself, old fellow, you understand, but when I was the brute I sometimes am.'

"By George, sir! you wouldn't believe it, I dare say, but I'd take my affidavit that dog looked up, sort of sad like, and shook his head.

"To make the story short—though, all told, it was not so very long—when we came down stairs the next morning Ralph lay on the floor, guardin' his master's stick, but his master wasn't nowhere 'round.

"Tell me the dog didn't know! He knew as well as we did why it was done; that the master he loved, an' who loved him, had left him; but he had been told to watch the stick, an' with the saddest eyes, an' droopin', he lay there all day long. An' I truly believe if we hadn't got the stick away from him an' burned it he'd 'a' been watchin' it yet.

"An' his master? Yes, sir, gone, clean gone. An' we've never heard a word of him since. 'Ungrateful! No, sir; I don't take it. I think he couldn't trust himself with the dog he loved, when he was himself, you see, an' so he left him where he knew he'd be well taken care of. Yes, that's the way I see it, anyhow. An' then he got so far away before the dog would quit watchin' that the scent was lost for poor Ralph. But he ain't never give up! Not a day, sir!

"Do? Well, there's not a tramp come past here—an' the worse lookin' they are the wilder he is to get after him, sniffin' at their tracks; an' then his tail will droop so dispooned like; yet he'll keep on an' follow 'em for a day, or maybe three days, till he gets sure he ain't comin' to his master, when he'll come back. Seems to me as if he kind of thought they might know him.

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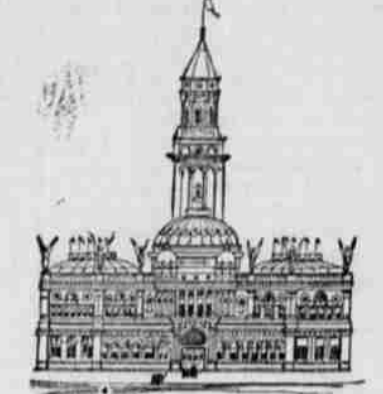
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FAIR ARCHITECTURE.

STATE BUILDINGS TO ADORN THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION GROUNDS.

The Missouri Headquarters Will Be Advantageously Located and of Handsome Design—The Massachusetts Colonial Mansion—Ohio's Fine Structure.

Architecture is a science indeed, if its rank is to be estimated by the amount of study and care given it, and though it is among the very oldest of the sciences it is just now receiving more attention in the United States than ever before. So many

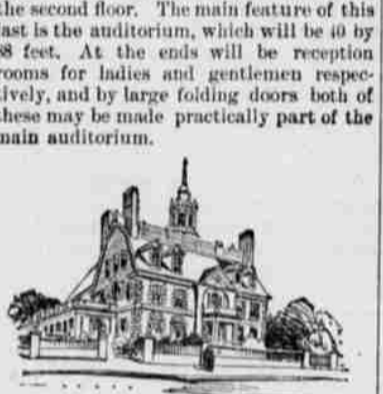


THE MISSOURI BUILDING.

new state buildings, so many new churches and fine residences are in course of construction—above all the World's fair structures at Chicago—that Americans are at present enjoying a sort of renaissance of their own.

The happy freedom of selection and combination of styles is shown in the buildings so far constructed for the exposition, the state buildings of Ohio and Missouri being among the last. The Missouri building is to be of the Spanish renaissance style, and stand in full view of and directly opposite the main art gallery. The first floor will consist of a room devoted to advertising the resources of the state, and will also contain the administration parlors and offices. The main entrance, opening into this section, is a triple one, and will be beautifully finished in sandstone, terra cotta and marble.

It will open direct into a grand vestibule 24 feet wide, laid in mosaic tile and flanked either side with niches for telegraphs, telephones and local post-offices. Through this one will pass to the main rotunda, which is 30 by 40 feet, and thence direct access is had to all the rooms on the first floor and two grand stairways lead to the second floor. The main feature of this last is the auditorium, which will be 64 by 88 feet. At the ends will be reception rooms for ladies and gentlemen respectively, and by large folding doors both of these may be made practically part of the main auditorium.

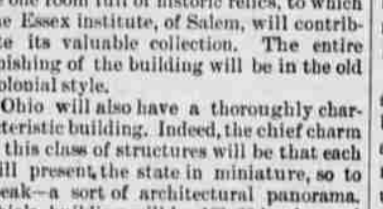


THE MASSACHUSETTS BUILDING.

A pleasing novelty is a portable stage for this auditorium, on which at regular times stereoscopic views of scenes in Missouri will be presented. The building is also to be constructed entirely of Missouri material, and prominence given to the finest stone and wood so far as the style and proper finish of the structure will allow. Add the stereoscopic views and general exhibits and it will be seen that one may gain a good idea of the state by a day in this building. Messrs. Gunn & Curtis, of Kansas City, are the architects, who have arranged for an exterior finish, showing the heraldic emblems of the state in metals of native production. Woods of every kind grown in the state have been offered in abundance and without cost.

The Massachusetts building will possess a peculiar interest, as it will be an exact facsimile of the old Colonial mansion that was long the home of John Hancock. Including materials contributed by patriotic citizens its cost will be \$85,000, and it will occupy the space directly east of New York on the main east and west avenue between the lake and Fifty-seventh street. Besides the offices, parlors, etc., there will be one room full of historic relics, to which the Essex institute, of Salem, will contribute its valuable collection. The entire finishing of the building will be in the old Colonial style.

Ohio will also have a thoroughly characteristic building. Indeed, the chief charm of the class of structures will be that each will present the state in miniature, so to speak—a sort of architectural panorama. Ohio's building will be 100x80 in size and will stand facing south, just west of the art galleries and north of the Wisconsin building. Like the Massachusetts building it is in the old Colonial style, but with variations due to the genius of Mr. James W. Laughlin, the designer. Though not among the largest it will in beauty compare with any other state structure on the grounds. The materials will be all American, but not all of Ohio production, though some stress is laid upon the fact that that that Equa (O.) factory where Governor McKinley dipped the first plates during his campaign last year.



THE OHIO BUILDING.

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Guarding the Pawn Shops. One of the greatest annoyances that the 'ladies' aid societies' have to contend with is the evil influence of the pawn shop. In Milwaukee this habit of pawing children's clothing has come to be such a detriment that the ladies in the industrial and aid societies personally visit the money lenders and alternately buying and selling their own against buying session made garments. Little boys and girls are made to earn the clothing, wraps, hats and sleeves they receive from their teachers, but they no sooner reach home than the half starved or desperate parent denudes her child, and pawns the complete outfit for twenty-five cents or half a dollar at most. On distribution days it is not an uncommon thing to see a child in a quietly dressed, demure looking lady guarding the entrance to the neighboring pawn shop. When it is possible the pawn tickets are secured and the garments redeemed by the representative of the school or society.—New York World.

The Height of Hospitality. Mother—Why have you put on that old dress and, dear me, why are you rubbing that dirt on your face? Little Daughter—Susie Slummer has tum to call on me an' she's dot an old dress an' a dirty face.—Good News.

A Phenomenal Florida Winter. The weather in Florida during the past winter has been no less a surprise to visitors than natives. Those who went there in search of sunny skies and balmy air found little of either, and one newspaper pleads, "Do not allow this exceptional winter to deter you from coming again; never within the memory of living man has there been a winter like this."

FROM BONE TO MARBLE.

A Missouri Man's Body Is Changed by Heat Into Stone Instead of Ashes.

Great interest is manifested at Cassville, Mo., over a remarkable circumstance which has just come to light. It happened on Off Davis near Buzzard Roost. When old man Clayback came out of the late war he was a physical wreck, but like many others of the state militia was too independent to ask for a pension, even if he could have secured one, and made his living in the best way he could until his six boys and seven girls got old enough to help him.

About five years ago the old man began to get very bad with rheumatism, as he thought, and although he used the entire crop of spicewood berries which grew on the creek, he continued to get worse. Two years ago he got so stiff as to be confined to his home and called in a physician, who, after carefully diagnosing the case, gave as his opinion that instead of rheumatism ailing the man it was a true case of ossification. Nothing could be done, and he advised his patient to make ready for the end, although he might live for some time. The old man took the doctor's advice and did not seem to have any fears of death, but dreading the yawning grave and the cold, clammy earth. To make his thoughts more pleasant and relieve him of his only terror, a friend suggested cremation as an avenue of escape from the grave, a plan which he hailed with joy, and gave directions accordingly.

The disease continued, complete ossification took place and the man died. How to carry out the wishes of the deceased at first troubled the bereaved family, until they learned that Stephen Symphony was burning lime in his kiln, which had been fired three days and was reaching a white heat. Desiring to save the ashes they procured a large evaporating pan belonging to a molasses mill. Placing the remains in this, they carefully shoved the whole into the kiln, which was an open one on top, and being built in the side of the hill, was easily accessible. The sorrowing family gathered around, expecting the rapid incineration and disintegration of the departed. In a few minutes the winding sheet was gone and the naked body was exposed to the intense heat. From the ears, nostrils and mouth came jets of steam, broken at first, then solid, and in an hour had ceased, but no change was perceptible in the form.

More wood was fed to the glowing furnace to make the vigil of the bereaved briefer, but still no change. More wood was pitched in and hotter still the fire raged. Hour after hour passed, and from a glowing red to an opaque white the body turned, while on the countenance seemed to rest an expression of infinite peace and satisfaction. So three days wore away, and the fire must be drawn or the time spoiled. Twenty-four hours later, by means of grapping hooks, the pan and body were raised, and to the surprise of every one the body was still intact and glowing.

A greater and more pleasant surprise, however, awaited the family, for when the body became cold it was ascertained that the intense heat, acting upon the ossified body, had changed it to perfect marble, a little lighter in color than the natural body, but retaining its natural shape, except on the back, which is a little flattened. The only defects are where there was a bullet wound and in the left foot, which is broken in two. In 1870 Mr. Clayback cut his foot very severely, splitting it between the second and third toes, and following this wound a rupture appeared which caused the loss as above stated. Where a small blood vessel had burst in his leg there appeared a delicate tracing of the circulation. The family are having a pedestal cut out of native limestone and will mount the "statue," but at present they are using a black gum block for the purpose.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Prince Hatzfeldt's Nemesis. Prince and Princess Hatzfeldt, who are traveling about on a tour in Europe, are being followed from city to city by a mysterious French beauty of the keen Prussian stamp.

This woman has only presented herself once to the princess in person, but both the prince and princess are in constant receipt of abusive letters and demands for money under threat of some unknown exposure. These threats are principally directed against the prince, who has yet taken no steps to prevent the annoyance.

Although their movements are persistently followed by this solitary Nemesis, she is not usually seen by them, and their notification of her presence with them on voyage is always by post.—New York Society Review.

Value of the Let Alone Policy. The news comes from Siam that the king has granted valuable concessions in mines, railroads and banking to Americans, having previously refused them to Englishmen. The astute monarch feared the English were plotting to seize his kingdom, while, of course, he had no such fear as to this country. This is suggestive. The nations of the east are not suspicious of the United States. They know we have no designs upon their independence. Of all European countries they are distrustful. Americans ought, therefore, to find the east a bountiful field for their enterprise.—Washington Critic.

The Books of 1889. Statistics about last year's output of books are beginning to appear. It seems that there were fewer books last year than in 1888, from the English pens at least—1888 had 866 more volumes than last year. Novels, however, and juvenile books have increased in number, and technical books on medicine and surgery. The theologians and sermon writers are those whose works are on the decrease—an indication of the times, evidently.—Exchange.

The Naples correspondent of The London Telegraph says of Buffalo Bill's show at that place: "It is a quite new one for the Neapolitans, few of whom have read Fenimore Cooper and know what to make of the strange looking and painted redskins, and the general impression was that these brave warriors, with their long silky hair, paint and feathers and beardless faces, were women. But the riding and shooting were highly appreciated and the seats of the arena are crowded daily."

A Stroke of Economy. The height of economy was that recently practiced by a woman who effected the sale of her address die which she has used for her stationery to the incoming tenant of the house she will leave.

Rather Liberal. "That's an angel of a house," said "Not quite," he replied. "It only has one wing."—Harper's Bazar.

HE MADE ANOTHER RICK.

SEARCHING THE ROOM WHILE THE DOCTORS DISAGREED.

How a Wise Awake Merchant Doubled His Knotty Medical Dispute and Made His Friend's Fortune—City Tricks That Will Costless in a Small Town.

"I have made one fortune in my time," said an old merchant the other day, and "and?" "Spent it," broke in the writer. "Didn't have that pleasure."

"No, sir, the fortune I made was that of another man."

"How was that?" asked the writer. "After I left college," replied the speaker. "I knocked about the country here and there, for a few years, before settling down in this city. In the course of my wanderings I met an old friend who had gone to a medical college and was then just starting to build up a practice in a small country town. When I ran across him he was in a dreadful fit of the blues, and I said to him, after first greetings had been exchanged: 'Why, old man, you're not like your former self at all. You have been practicing long enough to have killed anybody yet, have you?'"

"No, not my boy," he answered, "that. But, if I may confide in you, your safety, as I think I can, will tell you my difficulties. I'm madly in love with the most beautiful girl in all the world, and she loves me, but all her people are opposed to our marriage, because the old man is wealthy and I am poor. They want her to marry a rich suitor who will support her, while that prospect seems so distant. I've been in this town for six months now and not a single patient have I secured."

The old tricks no good. "How many rivals have you got here?" I inquired. "Only one," he answered, "old Dr. Scroggs, but he has been here for forty years or more by himself. He resents my intrusion as a personal insult, and so do his patients, I think. There seems to be a prejudice against young doctors, anyway, and I am heartily discouraged."

"Why don't you try some of the honored old tricks of the trade?" I said. "You know them well as well as I do. Have a boy rush into church and whisper in your ear where you sit, well up toward the front. Then grab your hat and make as much noise as you can going out. Get up half a dozen prescriptions and have the bottles directed to Mrs. Smith, Mr. Brown, etc., and then see that they are delivered to the wrong houses. Send for them again, explaining that in the rush of business these little mistakes will sometimes happen. There are a dozen such little dodges that—"

"No use, my dear boy," he answered, with a sigh. "All those pretty games N. G. in a small town. If Mrs. Smith has a toothache nearly everybody else here knows it or will hear of it some day. The tricks would all be discovered here to a dead certainty, and I would worse off than ever. They are all right enough in a big city, but—"

"What's that, I exclaimed, as a terrific banging was heard at the outer door. Charley, my friend, went to the door, and a girl's voice came out of the darkness, saying, 'Come down to the hotel, doctor, there's a traveler there took down with a fit or somethin' and he's like a die.'

THE BOTTLE DID IT. "Charley grabbed a case of instruments, and we both started for the hotel on a run. We got there a few minutes before old Scroggs, for whom the girl who told us had also gone. Before Scroggs got up to the traveler's room Charley had diagnosed the case to his own satisfaction and was looking very wise indeed. Scroggs seized the insensible patient by the wrist, listened to his best beats, and before Charley had said a word, rapped out: "Case of apoplexy, bring some—"

"But Charley was not to be ignored in this way. 'Just a plain case of ep—