

NEWSPAPERS VS POSTERS.

Push: I struck an inland Indiana town recently, and about the first thing I noticed was flaring posters announcing the appearance of a second-rate "star" at the local opera house that evening.

"Oh," said the young man behind the counter, "those people ain't coming. They busted last week."

"Why don't you take down or cover up the posters, then?" I asked.

"Oh, every body knows they ain't coming. It was in the papers."

Sure enough. The management trusted to half a dozen lines in the local papers to counteract the influence of several stands of red black and yellow posters.

J. C. Manning, president of the Southern Ballot Rights League, is thus quoted by the Washington Post: "There is but one issue in the South today—honest elections."

The silver question, the tariff, reciprocity, the Monroe doctrine, all are of secondary importance, for until the vital question of free ballot and fair count is settled, it is idle to discuss these subjects.

Tacoma is trying to get rid of two Chinese employed as domestic servants. About ten years ago a riot occurred there in which every Celestial in town was shipped away, and none have attempted to remain since until recently, when two were brought in by a private citizen and a "kick" is now the result.

The republican majority in congress means business. Already they propose to restore the duty on cabbage and cucumbers. Incidentally wheat and lumber of which we export largely, will be protected.

The Portland Argus will appear as an evening one cent daily after January 1st.

There is a great difference between fighting a fire and playing football.

Karl's Clover Root, the great Blood Purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures Constipation.

Shilo's Cure is sold on a guarantee. It cures impetuous consumption. It is the best cough cure. Only one cent a dose.

The Chase Stock Co. give a malinee Saturday afternoon. Each child present will be given a bag of candy.

TO HEAR HER SING.

To see her perfect head thrown back, While from her lips the dulcetest ever bleated, She ripples forth a melody so true, No joyous and so glad, the happy birds Are moved to warble on the maple tree.

SNARED.

In those benighted days now gone forever, gone to the dark Plutonian shore whence there is no returning, when all unmarried women were catalogued as "old maids" and despised accordingly, there lived a widow, the mother of an only child, and that child a daughter.

And then, as now, the number of daughters outnumbered by a great many the number of sons born to man, and for the latter there was a great scramble, for as the lesser could not equal the greater number many were forced to get left, and the doom of the "hindmost" was even then well understood, and as a plague all sought to avoid it.

Therefore it behooved the mothers to make the most of their daughters, to shake well their ripples, each and every one, lest perchance some hidden talent lay unproductive therein, and to emphasize any good points whatsoever of which they might be possessed, that they might overshadow and leave in the shade the daughters of their neighbors, for such are the ways of women when aiding high heaven in the occult rites of matchmaking.

But here, alas! In the daughter of the widow there was naught to make much of, neither was there anything whatsoever to emphasize.

For so deficient was the damsel in all personal charms and the beauty which, though but skin deep, yet sufficed to turn the head of man and inflame his heart with the unquenchable passion of love, so meager of figure, both physically and financially, that those given to levity and the speaking of idle words, for which nevertheless strict account must be rendered hereafter, derided her and jeered at her among themselves, calling her in contempt, calling her in the pride of their greater possessions, "the widow's mite."

And it coming to the ears of the widow her heart was exceedingly sad, even as her brain was puzzled to know what to do as she contemplated her daughter and the situation, for verily she realized that the maid, being like unto her father's people, was indeed bankrupt in all graces save that of virtue alone.

Now, virtue alone—that is, virtue without a dot—is dead, and it avails nothing in the matrimonial market where the spoils of wealth, and the prestige of a loud voice the merits of its possessors, and it enhances their attractions a thousandfold, rendering even the most ordinary of aspect more dazzling than the sun at noon-day.

While it were better for the portentious maid she had been born a man, for he but to choose, and behold! with the shekels of his bride shall his coffers be filled to overflowing, and the fame thereof shall extend through all the land.

Now, the mother of the widow's mite, being a woman and sorely distressed, gave ear unto a voice that whispered to her and was gaily, by it, for she recognized it as the voice of her collaborator against the peace of man, when it spoke to her saying: "Arise, O woman of little gumption, and go you into the presence of the confirmed bachelor, even him who, because of the hatred he beareth to woman for the evil she hath brought upon man in the through her he must toil and labor all the days of his life, is called the misogynist, and deceive him as you know how."

"For he who seeketh not must be sought, as the fisher seeketh the fish in the sea and the hunter pursueth the nimble hare."

"From the hardest rock the water gusheth forth most freely."

"Seek you, therefore, his assistance even to the fulfillment of your laudable desire, and remember the more difficult the deed the greater the reward and the glory thereunto."

"However, be not deceived, and let not your soul be troubled, for all men are weak, and the weakest are they who rely on their strength, for he who is invulnerable liveth not."

"And I shall be with you even to the end, lest perchance his luck prevail against you."

Having spoken thus, the voice ceased and was silent.

Then the widow hustled that danger might not be courted by delaying. She clothed herself in twilight tints of mauve and amethyst, bound her waist with a girdle of jet and her hair with a band of the same, for she still lived with the dead, and she would be recognized as such by any one she set forth to do as she had been commanded.

But coming to him to whom she had been sent, uncovering her face, for it was fair to look upon, she opened her mouth and spoke, and the man was much bewildered by her words, for the unexpected had happened, for which he was not prepared, and at sight of her strength seemed to ooze out at his finger tips and the memory of his hatred to depart from him.

And the voice of the woman was as gentle as that of the dove, though her words were the words of the serpent.

"Suffer me a little that I may tell you the meaning of my coming unbidden before you. That the object of my seeking you may not remain hidden and a matter of conjecture, I who love truth and candor, will avow at once that I am she whom men look upon with scorn and derision as the scheming woman."

"But I scheme not as she who aims through artifice and fraud at the securing of a husband for her daughter who otherwise would remain in stock until the day of the last inventory."

"But rather that my child that I love, the only one the Lord entrusted to my care, may not be taken from me and brought to dwell in the land of the stranger out of my sight forevermore."

"But, on the contrary, my wish is that he who is to be her bridegroom may not continue to live afar off in foreign lands and seductive cities, but to banish the love of travel from his heart, cease roaming the world over, both land and sea, and to come near, even to the home of his fathers, and settle in peace and harmony among his kindred and here he be claimeth his bride."

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CHINA'S GREAT BELL.

It is the Largest and Most Perfect One in the World.

For the last 400 years—that is, ever since the discovery of the new world—China's bell of liberty, the largest and most finished on the globe, has raised its tongue of peace and prayer in Peking.

The famous bells at Moscow and Mandeley are both unhung, the former being fractured and otherwise defective, but the Peking bell is ringing on, suspended by its wooden beam and sheltered beneath the roof of an open pavilion, still as bright and sound as when it left its matrix.

China's bell of liberty is in many respects the finest work of art in China, a product of native skill, which could probably not be duplicated by the highest ability or resources of western foundries.

It weighs 120,000 pounds, stands 14 feet high, with a circumference of 34 feet and nearly a foot in thickness. Without a flaw or defect, it is completely covered in relief, both inside and out, with myriads of Chinese characters, each one an inch in size. They form prayerful extracts from Buddhist classics.

It is one of the vagaries of Buddhism that its prayers of the faithful may be infinitely and acceptably repeated by mechanical help, as, for instance, by revolving wheels. So here, when the tips of this bell are moved by a hand, the bell is moved by its own tongue, they breathe forth in deep, slow, prolonged and wonderful vibratory voice these prayers to Buddha and call as well all devotees to worship.

One of the chroniclers of the fifteenth century states that it was a period of a prime stupor in Peking, among the highest of art and religion, from emperor down to humble craftsman, as the day and hour approached for pouring the molten metal into that myriad lettered matrix, and for producing Ta Chung, the noblest bell in all the world, and no doubt an almost equal interest was awakened when it rung out the advent of peace with Japan and the restored liberty of the empire.

The artists who successfully accomplished the molding and casting of this great bell were not only congratulated by Buddhist ecclesiastics and their followers, but they were also honored by the emperor, while their work itself, amid changing creeds and dynasties, is imperishable, being as clear cut and perfect today as when it first came forth from the crumbling mold of sand.—Baltimore Sun.

Lawrence Hutton's Dog.

Mop was the first person who was told of my engagement, and he was the first to greet the wife when she came home, a bride, to his own house. He had been made to understand from the beginning that she did not like dogs—in general—and he set himself out to please and to overcome the unspoken antagonism. He had a delicate part to play, and he played it with a delicacy and a tact which rarely have been equaled. He did not assert himself. He kept himself in the background. He said little. His approaches at first were slight and almost imperceptible, but he was always ready to do or to help in an unobtrusive way. He followed her about the house, up stairs and down stairs, and he looked and waited. Then he began to sit on the trail of her gown; to stand as close to her as was fit and proper; once in awhile to jump upon the sofa beside her, or into the easy chair behind her, winking at me from time to time in his quiet way.

And at last he was successful. One day, when he was suffering terribly from inflammatory rheumatism, he found his mistress making a bed for him by the kitchen fire, getting up in the middle of the night to go down to look after him, when he uttered in pain the cries he could not help, and when a bottle of very rare old brandy, kept by me for some extraordinary occasion of festivity, was missing. It was told that it had been used in rubbing Mop—"Three Dogs," by Laurence Hutton, in St. Nicholas.

For in those days, for the sake of food and raiment and a shelter for her head, the wife who had brought in the dowry counted "manly" which now she who is emancipated would look upon with horror and scorn to do, her blooming, bicycling and balloting craze notwithstanding.—Chicago Tribune.

Dingbat.

Dingbat! We had almost forgotten the word. H. L. N. recalls it to my memory, and now it dings and dings like a joy bell in the night. "Dingbat" is common in western Massachusetts," says H. L. N. "The first time I heard it was about 80 years ago at a dinner table in Easthampton, from a lady 91 years old, perhaps a little weak mentally, saying, 'Julia' (her daughter), 'you are one of them three dingbats.' The daughter immediately passed her a plate of biscuits with a very hard baked brown crust. She took one, remarking, 'I guess they came over in the ark.' When I later attempted to eat one, it struck me (the idea, not the dingbat) that the name was a very good one, for if one had been 'dingbat' at my head, I should be here to tell the tale."—Boston Journal.

Brains in the Finger Tips.

It may not be so generally known that recent post mortem examinations of the bodies of the blind reveal the fact that in the nerves at the ends of the fingers well defined cells of gray matter had formed, identical in substance and in cell formation with the gray matter of the brain. What does this show? It proves that a man can think not alone in his head, but all over his body, and especially in the great nerve centers like the solar plexus, and the nerve ends on the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet. The coming man will assuredly perceive and think in every part, from his head down to his feet.—Arona.

Not a Bombardment.

Kissam—Has her papa ever fired you? Higgins—He has never resorted to bombardment. His tactics are more in the nature of a passive blockade.

"How is that?" "When I call to see his daughter, he remains in the parlor during the whole of the interview."—Detroit Free Press.

The Password.

"What is the matter?" asked one of Mr. Vivvie's boon companions. "You haven't taken the pledge, have you?" "No. But I'm not looking on the wile when it's red in the cap, just the same."

"Reformed, have you?" "Yes. You've heard of a woman's marrying a man with the idea of getting him to stop drinking. It doesn't always work, but it did in my case. My wife is a stupendously clever woman."

"Made you promise, did she?" "She didn't have to. When I started down town tonight, she said: 'I've lost the key, dear, but it won't make any difference. You ring the bell and I'll let you in.' I said, 'All right.' 'Only,' she said, 'we'd better agree on some password, so that when you ring I can look out of the window and make sure it isn't a burglar.' 'Of course,' said I, 'what'll the password be?' 'I have it,' she answered. 'It isn't a word, it's a name. You just say 'Irresponsible reprehensibility,' and then I'll come down and let you in.' Gentleman, if I can't say 'Irresponsible reprehensibility' when I get home, I don't get in, and, moreover, I assume the chances of being taken for a housebreaker. I've simply got to stop drinking.' And he went over and, resolutely saying 'Irresponsible reprehensibility' to the doormaid, he got to the water tank.—Washington Star.

Santa Claus

Has his HEADQUARTERS for Slippers and Shoes at Yoran's Exclusive Shoe Store.

If you want him to bring you something that will be a useful present leave orders at our store. Remember

Shoes and Slippers are always good presents. Yoran & Son.

TWO FOUND GUILTY. John Case and James Pool, the Train Robbers.

"Guilty as to John Case and James Pool, and not guilty as to Albert Pool," was the verdict of the jury, rendered after an absence of a little over an hour, in Judge Bellinger's court in Portland at 3:55 Tuesday afternoon, in the case against the defendants charged with holding up the Southern Pacific train in Cow Creek canyon on the night of July 1 last and robbing the U. S. mail.

The verdict, in the face of the evidence, was what was expected in the case of John Case; but, in view of the conflicting testimony relating to James Pool's movements on the night of and the day following the robbery, the verdict was a surprise to many, and even Judge Bellinger appeared to share this feeling, for, in the course of the attorney's remarks giving notice of a motion for a new trial on the ground of insufficiency of evidence, the judge remarked:

"I am frank to say that I am not entirely satisfied with the verdict."

However, for the present the verdict stands, and while Albert Pool was at once given his freedom, James Pool and John Case were returned to the county jail to await the result of their efforts for a new trial. The mother and sisters and other female relations of the Pools were in the courtroom, and created considerable of a scene with sobs and tears on taking leave of James Pool, whom they had hoped to take home as a Christmas present to his family.

Park's Cough Syrup cures Coughs, Colds and Consumption. Mrs. Catherine Black of Le Roy, N. Y., says: "I took one bottle of Park's Cough Syrup. It acted like magic. Stopped my cough and I am perfectly well now." Sold by A. YERINGTON.

KARL'S CLOVER ROOT will purify your blood, clear your complexion, regulate your bowels and makes you feel as clear as a bell. 25c, 50c, and \$1.00. Henderson & Linn.

Captain Sweeney U. S. A., San Diego, Cal., says: "Shilo's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good." Price 50c. Henderson & Linn.

Buy your Lard Pails, Tin Ware, Nails, Shovels, Axes and Hardware in general of the men that PUT the prices down for you to the BOTTOM, not of men who follow down with reluctance.

Griffin Hardware Co.

Dec. 13, 1895. In ODD FELLOWS Building

HOLIDAY GOODS. GEO. T. HALL & SON.

French and Austrian China, Piano, Banquet and Hanging Lamps,

VACES AND BISQUE GOODS, All New and of the Latest Novelties consisting in part of the Beautiful Bust of Napoleon the First, Tribby, Our Setter Dog, Italian Boy and Girl, Dancing Don and Lady.

RIBBONS, CHRISTMAS, BRIBONS. JUST OPENED.

289 PIECES WILL BE PLACED ON THE MARKET AT THE LOW FIGURE OF 10 CTS. FOR NUMBERS FROM 9 TO 22

Baby Ribbon, 1-2cts Per Yard. Filo Silk! Rope Silk!

Embroidered Slippers for Ladies and Gents.

F. E. DUNN, Prop.

HANDKERCHIEFS

Handkerchiefs! Handkerchiefs! We have just opened our new stock of Xmas Handkerchiefs. The assortment is composed of the Latest and Newest patterns and the best values ever offered in this city.

BE SURE AND SEE THE I NE. Ribbons! Ribbons! - For Fancy Work.

Baby Ribbons—in all shades..... 1 1/2c per yd. No. 2 Silk Ribbon..... 40c per bolt. No. 9, 12 and 16 Silk Ribbon—all colors... 10c per yd.

Note the Above Prices. S. K. Friendly

BLANKETS. BARGAINS IN BLANKETS.

We are making a big cut in prices on Blankets for a few days only. Call Early if You Want the Best Bargains. J. D. MATLOCK & CO.

FALL STOCK OF CARPETS AND SHADES. -JUST RECEIVED AT- DAY & HENDERSON'S.

10 Per Cent Discount Sale. JULIUS GOLDSMITH'S CIGAR & TOBACCO STORE.

Kinsey & Markley, Attorneys-at-Law.

F. H. HAMMER, Wholesale Commission Merchant.

P. FRANK & SONS, Racket Store, Eugene, Or.

H. F. HOLLENBECK, Musical Merchandise, Band Instruments, Sheet Music, Etc.

For your Oeas and Coffee. C. C. GOLDSMITH & CO.

Hides and Produce.

Advertisement for KARL'S CLOVER ROOT and other medicinal products, including 'SHILO'S CURE' and 'KARL'S GLOVER ROOT'.