CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach."
CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results."
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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Mexican Mustang Liniment for

Burns,
Caked & Inflamed Udders,
Piles,
Rheumatic Pains,
Bruises and Strains,
Running Sores,
Inflammations,
Stiff joints,
Harness & Saddle Sores,
Sciatica,
Lumbago,
Scalds,
Blisters,
Insect Bites,
All Cattle Ailments,
All Horse Ailments,
All Sheep Ailments,

Penetrates Muscle, Membrane and Tissue Quickly to the Very Seat of Pain and Ousts it in a Jiffy.

Rub in Vigorously.

Mustang Liniment conquers Pain, Makes Man or Beast well again.

This extraordinary Restorator is the most wonderful discovery of the age. It has been endorsed by the leading scientific men of Europe and America. Hudyan is purely vegetable. Hudyan stops the waste in 20 days. Cures LOST MANHOOD, Constipation, Dizziness, Falling Sensations, Nervous twitching of the eyes and other parts. Strengthens, Invigorates and tones the entire system. Hudyan cures Debility, Nervousness, Emissions, and develops and restores weak organs. Pains in the back, losses by day or night stopped quickly. Over 2,000 private endorsements. Prematureness means impotency in the first stage. It is a symptom of seminal weakness or barrenness. It can be stopped in 30 days by the use of Hudyan.

The new discovery was made by the Specialists of the old famous Hudson Medical Institute. It is the strongest vitalizer made. It is very powerful, but harmless. Sold for $1.00 a package or 6 packages for $5.00 (plain sealed boxes). Written guarantee given for a cure. If you buy six boxes and are not entirely cured, six more will be sent to you free of all charges.

Send for circulars and testimonials. Address HUDSON MEDICAL INSTITUTE, Junction Stockton, Market & Ellis Sts. San Francisco, Cal.

J. F. FORD,

(Evangelist,)
Of Des Moines, Iowa, writes under date March 23, 1893:

S. B. MED. MFG. CO., Dufur, Oregon.

GENTLEMEN: On arriving home last week, I found all well and anxiously waiting. Our little girl, eight and one-half years old, who had wasted away to 38 pounds, is now well, strong and vigorous, and well fleshed up. S. B. Cough Cure has done its work well. Both of the children like it. Your S. B. Cough Cure has cured and kept away all hoarseness from me. So give it to every one, with greetings for all. Wishing you prosperity, we are

Yours, MR. AND MRS. J. F. FORD.

If you wish to feel fresh and cheerful, and ready for the Spring's work, cleanse the system with the Headache and Liver Cure, by taking two or three doses a week.

Sold under a positive guarantee 50 cents per bottle by all druggists.

HOW A PRESIDENT IS ELECTED.

The exact procedure of a presidential election is known to comparatively few people, and a recitation of the principal points is always worth while.

The election takes place on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November.

The vote is for electors, the number of whom in each state must equal the whole number of representatives and senators from the state in congress.

The electors are required by the constitution to meet in their respective states upon the same day, and congress has decreed the second Monday in January following the election as the date.

The electors vote separately for president and vice president (one of whom at least shall not be from the same as the elector,) and the list of voters, after being signed, certified and sealed, is transmitted to Washington, directed to the president of the Senate.

Congress is required to be in session for counting the ballots of the electors upon the second Wednesday in the following February, the president of the Senate opening the certificates in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives jointly assembled.

A majority of the electoral votes elects the president and likewise the Vice-President.

If no one has a majority, the election goes to the House of representatives, the three [or two] candidates having the highest numbers of electoral votes being voted upon by states. The representation frome each state has one vote; there must be two-thirds of the states present for a quorum, and a majority of the states elect the president.

If the house of representatives fails to choose a president before the next march 4th, the vice-president acts as president.

The vice-president will have been elected previously, in all humane probability, because if he has not been named by a majority of the electoral votes at the joint session of congress, the senate is directed to select him by majority vote from the two highest numbers on the origional list, a two-thirds quorum being required for this action.

Beyond the provisions of the constitution, an act of the forty-ninth Congress covers all proceedings in case of dispute, and also fix the presidential session in the emergency of death, resignation and disability in the following order: Secretary of State, Treasury, War, Attorney-General, Postmaster-General, Secretary of the Navy and Interior. But this acting president must have been approved by the Senate as Cabinet officer, and within constitutional requirements for presidential eligibility. He is compelled to convene congress immediately and with twenty days notice.

The dates above in the pending presidential session matter fall as follows:

Election November 3, 1896. Electors vote January 11, 1897. Congress counts vote February 11, 1897.

The electoral vote is 447, of which 224 will constitute a majority.

WANTED—A COMPANION.

[Advertisement in a London paper]

"A lady in delicate health wishes to meet with a useful companion She must be domestic, musical, an early riser, amiable, of good appearance, and have some experience in nursing. A total abstainer preferred. Comfortable home. No salary."

A few days afterwards the advertiser received by express a basket labelled: "This side up—with care—perishable." On opening it she found a tabby cat, with a letter tied to its tail. It ran thus:

"Madam—In response to your advertisement, I am happy to furnish you with a very useful companion which you will find exactly fitted to your requirements. She is domestic, a good vocalist, an early riser, possesses an amiable disposition, and is considered handsome. She has had a great experience as a nurse, having brought up a large family. I need scarcely add that she is a total abstainer. As salary is no objection to her, she will serve you faithfully in return for a comfortable home."—Youth's Companion.

A PROFITABLE INDUSTRY.

During the past ten years, a number of our active farmers have been introducing the Angora goat into Lane county especially in the foot-hill country. These thrifty farmers had but one object in view at the time these goats were purchased, and that was to clear up their farms at a very small expense. They bought the goat for his work and not for his wool. During the past five years, however, there has been a great revolution in the goat industry. Manufacturers are just beginning to discover the many advantages and special qualities of mohair. Numerous desirable and elegant fabrics are now made from this wool, and it has been found that the goods are exceedingly fine and durable. Another special feature of this goods is, that it is much more free from the attacks of moths than goods made from sheep's wool. For this reason, it is said that the major portion of the valuable upholstery now used in railway cars, is made of goat's wool.

The entire number of Angora goats in Lane county today will not probably exceed 4,000 head. When we come to consider the vast area of good brush country in this county so well adapted to goat grazing, we can readily see that, instead of the small number now kept, we could keep to advantage hundreds of thousands of goats in Lane county alone and keep them well. We are speaking now more particularly as to the value of their wool and of the profits that are bound to occur by continuous and thrifty care of the domestic goat. As to their adaptability to our climate there is no question, and as to the great profit arising from raising goats, this has been thoroughly and satisfactorily settled. As to other features of profit we may speak later on. We would earnestly commend this subject to the enterprising farmers of Lane county recognizing that this industry may be made one of the most useful and profitable in our state. We print below an article from the Oregonian, which is exactly in point and is a valuable suggestion.

"Oregon farmers who have been adding Angora goats so their flocks in considerable numbers the last few years will be glad to know that some Pacific coast mohair recently received in Bradford, England, has created a very favorable impression The largest handler of mohair in that greatest of all clothing-wool centers told the correspondent of the American Cotton and Wool Reporter, who showed him the sample fleece, not only that American growers could sell all such fleeces in Bradford at market prices, but that, if they were equal to the sample, they would actually bring more than mohair from Turkey are Cape Town. The advantages the American mohair possesses are many and of a technical nature. The incident may remind us that study and enterprise will provide ways in which the American farmer can still be the most independent man on the face of the earth."

A REPUBLICAN VICTORY.

Daily Guard, November 4.

Yesterday we met the enemy and we are theirs. Wm McKinley has been elected president by one of the largest electoral votes ever given and by the popular vote. He is a pure statesman and we hope that he will give us an administration under which the country will prosper. As is well known to our readers we disagree with him on the prominent question at issue, but still we hope for the best. He is the president of no party. He is the president of the American people. If our political opponents prosper under his administration, so will we. If time does not bring the prosperity promised by the victorious party, the American people will arise in their might at the next election and hurl them from power. This is one of the blessings of a free and independent country.

Wm J Bryan is defeated, That is no disgrace. He battled for what he believed to be right.

Acquittal of Seiffert.

The trial of Henry Seiffert charged with murder, in killing L H Plattor, in Spokane, July 21, resulted in acquittal yesterday after a week consumed. The jury was out about an hour. Seiffert was appointed administrator of the estate of Rudolph Gorkow, a wealthy brewer. Gorkow had married a variety actress about a year before his death, and they did not live happily together. Gorkow sued for divorce, but died before the case was heard. Seiffert was appointed administrator of the estate, and was opposed by Plattor, who gave it out that Seiffert was unduly intimate with Mrs Gorkow. Seiffert called Plattor to task about the assertion and was struck over the head with a cane by Plattor, who was about to strike again when Seiffert shot. A peculiar ruling made by presiding Judge Mount, was, where evidence was produced to show that Plattor had assaulted and beaten his wife with an iron poker, so that she had to flee to a neighbor for protection, that because a man would strike his wife was no reason to believe he would strike a man. The verdict of the jury was considered by the community as just.

Drift.

"In days of old, when knights were bold,
And barons held their sway;"

There was in every court a poor creature of little wit known as the king's jester. Now the less the king's jester knew, so that he escaped idiocy the better he became his avocation, and the more acceptably he discharged his duties thereto pertaining.

With the passing of the divine right of kings and other medieval institutions, disappeared the occupation of the court fool; but the wretched creature himself remained and multiplied. And when in the course of time the newspaper made its appearance and became a factor in man's daily life, the king's jester found a place where he exactly fitted in. He began to write for the papers. And so today instead of court fools, we have newspaper correspondents; and that is how it happens that I have a little story to tell you.

In the land of Nowhere, away off on the very edge of the world—some of you may have heard of that country before—there lived a poor mortal who, not having wit enough for anything else and being forced by untoward circumstances to do something fell to writing for the press.

Now this unfortunate scribbler was possessed of a weakness shared by certain great men of old; Marc Antony, Herod and others, even Samson was not entirely free from this failing. He adored a pretty face and a graceful figure and furthermore he never beheld a lovely woman, becomingly dressed, that he did not long to express his admiration in words.

Another weakness he had not so common to his kind. He delighted in learned lectures and beautiful sermons; not that he ever delivered either the one or the other; his mental capacity was too limited by far and he had not the gift of eloquent speech. But this fact only served to increase his interest in and his profound respect for those who could.

A brilliant discourse then and a pretty woman were, you must understand, the two things in this world that appealed to him most deeply. Though it is also true, that being but a poor weak mortal and a scribbler of stuff that no one ever read, which was merely put in to "fill up."

He was easily moved by music, light and flowers. A happy combination of sounds, a harmonious arrangement of colors filled his soul with a sort of childish ecstacy and afforded him much the same pleasure that a gaily painted rattle affords a baby just beginning to experiment with its first teeth.

Now anyone can readily understand how such a simpleton like this poor scribbler would always be saying the wrong thing at the right time—no I mean the right thing at the wrong time—or—well, anyway it was just his innocent unreason and his lack of perception and that touch of cynicism which so often serves as a soul of protection to his class and calling, that brought him to grief. In fact the unguarded expression of his simple conclusion, was the rock upon which he struck and went to pieces.

It so chanced that in the land of Nowhere, away off on the extreme edge of the world, where this scribbler lived there was a superabundance of pretty young women. There were stately maidens with midnight orbs and ebon hair; there were graceful girls with eyes like violets dipped in dew and tresses spun like gold; beautiful creatures rich in loveliness as the red rose gardens of the South. Indeed in the opinion of the scribbler there was not another region upon earth so favored in this respect as the land of Nowhere, and he was very likely right about it. Best of all these charming young women were as good and sweet as they were beautiful. At least so it appeared to the scribbler and not being gifted with that keener insight that belongs to most people, he could not comprehend any more than he saw with his natural eye. When as sometimes happened, one or another of these lovely creatures smiled upon him or took pains to give him pleasure, he was foolishly delighted and so filled with joyous gratitude that he could not forebear to remark upon it though he never expressed the tiniest part of the admiration he felt.

It was the same with him when he listened, as he did occasionally, to a brilliant discourse, or an eloquent sermon, the pleasure it gave him found expression in words. That is where and how the trouble began. He lacked discrimination, but he did not realize the lack till his friends called his attention to it.

"You must turn over a new leaf," they said, "or you will lose your influence."

Now it was something in the nature of a shock to the poor scribe to discover that he was supposed to have or ever to have had such a thing as influence and he was speechless from surprise.

"You must be very careful," cried his friends, "you flatter too much, you make us ill."

"Flattery!" replied the scribbler. "I thought that was saying nice things one did not mean."

"Then you mustn't mean it," said his friends. "If you do why people won't read what you write."

Somehow that last remark did not sound quite original and after a moment's reflection the scribe remembered that he had heard something like it before, so he looked up and said: "But they don't do that anyway, you know. Still I don't see"—

"Of course you don't," interrupted his friends. "You never do until it is too late."

"But," faltered he, "am I never to say anything kind about anybody?"

"How stupid!" they cried. "What we are trying to make you understand is the impropriety of saying nice things about the wrong people."

"Oh!" exclaimed the scribe.

"Yes that is just exactly what we mean Now you know," and they said this very confidently, "it is never wise to publicly praise an unpopular person."

"But," ventured the scribe, "what if an unpopular person says or does something praiseworthy or good, or—"

"Nonsense," they declared emphatically, "an unpopular person never by any possible chance does or says anything that is not simply too awful to be mentioned in polite society and we want you to bear this in mind."

Then they went away and the poor scribbler bowed his head upon his desk and ground the end of his pen holder in bitter humiliation and shame. It is extremely doubtful if he ever regains his self-respect sufficiently to write another line. One thing is certain, he will never, never, never praise another pretty woman or an eloquent discourse. In fact the last word that came from the land of nowhere was to the effect that the unhappy scribe had broken what was left of his pen after he had ground away some of his mortification, and had retired to a cave in the forest there to meditate upon his past transgressions and to save himself from the commission of further sins.

There is no moral to this little story, my friends, but still it should be a cause for self-congratulation that we are not like the people in the Land of Nowhere.

L. M. M.

MY VISITOR.

The summer was intensely hot. People in the tenement houses of the crowded city died like flies. Into my small room in an uptown flat the heat seemed to be filtered. I could not sleep at nights and the long days in a great newspaper office were not calculated to improve my health and spirits. I had begun to ask myself if life were worth the living when I received a letter from a friend, lately married, inviting me to visit her in her new home. I went to the managing editor and assuring him nothing less than a month's rest would save me from an early grave exacted his consent.

What delight I experienced as I felt myself being whirled through the fresh, sweet country air! My friend met me at the station. She was radiant with health and happiness—such a contrast to my pale, miserable looking self.

L—— is a charming country town—a new town, you know—and its pretty cottages are all of modern style. But on a cliff frowning down on the village stands a sombre house of stone, moss roofed and ivy clad. Grand old trees, over whose head centuries have passed, stand sentinels around it. A winding drive leads up to it, and when my friend turned her horse in at the iron gateway I exclaimed:

"What! Is that your house?" for I knew they were far from being rich.

"Yes. Is it not lovely? We got a bargain. They almost gave the place away. And it was furnished too!"

I was not the only guest, as my friend's aunt, a most delightful old maid, was also visiting there. As I expect to be an old maid some day, I always "make love" to them, as a little friend once expressed it. The room assigned to me was a front one. Opening on to it was another one, somewhat smaller, but fitted up in the same style, and I came to the conclusion this had once been some early mistress' apartment. In the smaller room the old maid, or Miss Sue, as I shall call her, slept. Now, observe, the only way of entering her room was by passing through mine. When we bade each other good night I, with true feminine caution, locked and bolted the door opening to the hall, but the one separating our rooms I left open. There was a little table in the center of the room, holding the lamp. I drew up a chair and tried to read. But I could not fix my attention; my eyes would wander from the pages to the things around me. I shall not attempt to analyze the peculiar feeling that began to take possession of me. I shall only say the general impression left on me, after a careful survey, was that the personality of some other woman than my friend lingered in the room. I felt that personality, like a living, breathing thing. It was a creepy sensation; so I undressed and went to bed, and being tired I soon fell asleep.

Perhaps I slept an hour, perhaps not ten minutes, but gradually over my sleeping senses came a power subtle, mysterious, drawing them back to the real again. I can never describe that awakening. To think of it even now sends an unaccountable chill into my heart.

The moon was shining and the room was filled with light. I unclosed my eyes, and leaning upon one elbow glanced toward the stand, and there on the chair I had recently occupied sat a young girl. She was dressed in white and had short, curly hair. One elbow rested on the stand, and she was leaning her head on her hand. I sat up in the bed, and, never supposing my visitor was other than flesh and blood, and thinking I was at my boarding house, asked:

"Have you no bed?" But the occupant of the chair did not move. Then like a flash remembrance of where I was came over me.

"Miss Sue," I called, "here is a girl. Has she no place to sleep?"

A snore from Miss Sue was my answer, and still the girl did not move. I got out of bed. On the stand were the matches, but to reach them I should have to pass my arm around the silent figure. The action of course brought me near her, and I was conscious of only one feeling—to avoid personal contact with her. I had my eyes on her until I reached for the match, and then they were removed only for a second, but when I looked again the girl was gone. For a moment I was too surprised to think. Then I lighted the lamp and glanced around the room. It was deserted. I went to the door and found it bolted as I had left it. I stole into Miss Sue's room, but she was sleeping soundly. I had seen a ghost—a creature of the other world. It completely upset me, and I determined to leave the next day. The heat of an uptown boarding house was preferable to the company of spirits.

With daylight I thought I might have been mistaken and concluded to stay another day. But I entered my room the following night with many misgivings. I beguiled Miss Sue into conversation, but she soon grew sleepy and left me. I would not allow my mind to dwell on the subject, but read until I could no longer keep my eyes open. Then I went to bed and soon was asleep. After a time the strange, magnetic force began to steal over me. I had left the lamp burning. I opened my eyes, and there by the stand, in the selfsame position, sat the girl. The sight was too much for me. I covered my head and called for Miss Sue, and as I did a sigh, the deepest, saddest, most heartrending, was wafted to me from that silent figure. And then I realized a soul, once the dweller in a human frame, standing in need of help, had appealed to me, but because of my pitiful mortal weakness I could not aid it.

The next day I went home. About six months afterward I heard my friend had sold her house, and from that I judged others had seen the ghostly visitor.

And often my mind goes back to her. Poor soul! Wandering nightly among scenes of former happiness or woe, are you weighted with some secret, atoning for some crime, or is this your punishment for a life misspent?

But to my questioning there comes no answer.—Cincinnati Post.

How to Wear Jewels.

Strange as it may seem to some, the neck is the worst position for the display of brilliant jewelry. It is too near the face, and the unbecoming diamond looks to greater advantage on hair or corsage, where fringe or material divides it from the skin of the owner. Much has been said as to the vulgarity of wearing costly stones simply because they are costly. The possession of diamonds, rubies, emeralds and sapphires implies the possession of money; but so far as looks go the wealthy woman whose aim is merely to display her riches would often be better advised if she hung herself with coins or bank notes to a given amount. Many of the cheaper grades of gems—corals, pink and red, cameos, carved ivory, etc.—are more becoming. Dark rubies look black at night, and are ineffective. The lighter colored stones look well en masse, worn with a red velvet dress.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Innocent Wit.

Genuine and innocent wit is surely the flavor of the mind. Man could not direct his way by plain reason and support his life by tasteless food, but God has given us wit and flavor and brightness and laughter and perfumes to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage and to charm his pained steps over the burning marl.—Sydney Smith.

Junction City : Milling Company.

—MANUFACTURERS OF THE—

"WHITE ROSE" FLOUR.

GUARANTEED BEST QUALITY.

The most popular flour in the market. Sold by all leading grocers.

THE RED TERROR.

This story I can only tell as it was told to me by the son of a man who took an active part in the French revolution.

Incredible as the narrative may seem to the average reader, the old gentleman who related the incident to me firmly believed it, and a few experts in electricity have admitted that such things are possible.

When the revolution was at its height in Paris during 1792, a young doctor named Gaspard met a horrible fate under very singular circumstances. The doctor was devoted to science. He had mastered many of the secrets of electricity, and there is good reason to believe that if he had lived in our generation he would have been far in advance of our leading electricians.

Dr. Gaspard loved science and hated Dumont, a dreaded rival in his own particular field. One night Dumont was arrested and carried before the revolutionary tribunal. He was tried and convicted of treason before midnight and was sentenced to die at an early hour the next morning.

In this case, so hurriedly disposed of, the prosecutor was Gaspard. He made the affidavit which caused the arrest, and he was the only witness against the prisoner.

The square where the execution took place was crowded at sunrise, for there were 30 persons to suffer the death penalty.

Dumont was a young man of gigantic size. He was very tall, with a massive frame, and his head loomed far above his fellow prisoners. He had nothing to say, but his roving eyes searched the ranks of the spectators until they finally rested upon one face—the face of his false friend, Gaspard.

With a mighty effort the prisoner burst his bonds.

"Villain," he shouted in a ringing voice as he pointed to the man who had betrayed him, "my death will be avenged! Your hour of door is near at hand!"

He was roughly seized. His wrists were bound again, and the beating of the drums drowned his voice.

Gaspard hid himself in the crowd and waited.

He did not have to wait long. His enemy was the first victim, and the guillotine had hardly severed the head before the remains were placed on a stretcher and carried to the doctor's laboratory close at hand.

Gaspard locked his doors at once. He had everything ready for his experiment. A few stitches reunited the head to the body, and the doctor went to work with his electrical appliances.

Just what occurred in the laboratory will never be known.

There were still ten persons to be executed, when the people around the guillotine were struck dumb with horror by a spectacle more shocking than the scenes which they had just witnessed on the scaffold.

Dr. Gaspard was seen rushing from his laboratory in a frenzy of frantic terror Close to his heels followed Dumont.

The pursuer's dress was disordered and covered with crimson streaks from his neck downward to his feet. His face, convulsed with pain and rage, was a horrible sight to behold.

When they had recovered from their fright sufficiently to move, the spectators scattered in every direction, leaving only the executioners, the guards and the prisoners who were waiting their turn to mount the scaffold.

Straight through the square the two doctors darted, Gaspard uttering the most terrifying cries, while the other sped along in silence.

The two reached a narrow street leading to the river, and then came the most exciting part of the race.

They had traversed about 200 yards when the stitches became loosened in Dumont's neck. Quick as lightning the victim of the guillotine snatched off his bleeding head and continued to run, holding the gory, ghastly thing in one hand, with its staring eyes fixed on Gaspard.

The wretched fugitive, looking backward, saw this new horror, and with, blood curdling yell, he almost doubled his speed.

Onward and still onward they flew, the pursuer slowly gaining in the race. Scared shopkeepers closed their doors. Women shrieked from their windows and fainted. Brave soldiers turned white with fear, and many old people fell upon their knees and crossed themselves.

Looking neither to the right nor to the left, Gaspard rushed onward, continuing his cries.

Attracted by the uproar, the judge who had sentenced Dumont stopped his carriage and waited with his daughter to ascertain the meaning of it all. The young lady was Gaspard's sweetheart, and when she saw her lover flying before the red and headless avenger behind him she gave a despairing scream. The fugitive saw her, but dared not stop.

Without pausing, Dumont, when he passed the carriage, suddenly gave his head a swing and hurled it through the air. It landed in the lap of the judge's daughter, and, seeing its staring eyes looking into her own, the poor girl gave another scream and then fainted.

The judge's horses dashed away at the top of their speed, and the few people who saw the affair barred their doors and fell to praying in good earnest.

Gaspard was about 50 yards from the quay when Dumont caught him. The headless man wound one crimson arm around the captured doctor and then dragged him rapidly to the river.

A moment's pause and the struggling doctor was forced to leap into the water with the red terror, in whose grip he was utterly helpless.

It was a hopeless, frightened face that disappeared under the black current. This was all that a party of pleasure seekers in a boat near the scene could tell about it afterward.

Almost before they knew it those in the boat saw the two men disappear. They saw a moment later a crimson spot on the surface of the water, but that was all. The bodies were never seen again.

This strange occurrence would have attracted the world's attention but for the fact that the revolution furnished new sensations every day. As it was, it was soon forgotten in a city where the guillotine flooded the streets with blood every morning.—Wallace P. Reed in Atlanta Constitution.

"Patsy, run down to the station and see what time the last train starts for Dublin."

"I will, your honor."

(Exit. An interval of six hours.)

"Well, what on earth kept you all that time?"

"Sure, wasn't I to see what time the train started? And how was I to come back before she went?"—London Fun.

Irving and Whittler.

Sir Henry Irving is very particular about the way his private room at the Lyceum is kept. Adorning the walls are a number of valuable pictures in oils, water colors and black and white. Among them are two of Whistler's.

Shortly before he came to this country Sir Henry gave one of his "at homes" nights," and among the guests was the lively painter. No sooner had the latter arrived than he began to inspect his own paintings—landscapes—with great interest.

They seemed, much to the amusement of the other guests, to have an irresistible attraction for him. After he had looked at them for the best part of the evening Sir Henry laughingly asked him if he wouldn't please look at something else.

"Why, Irving, there is something wrong with them. I can't make 'em out," he exclaimed after a renewed examination. And then after a pause: "They are hung upside down! And you never noticed it! I suppose they've been this way for months."

"I suppose they have," rejoined the actor calmly, "but I think I may be excused for not noticing anything wrong with them when it has taken you half the evening to discover they are upside down."

Not a Cheerful Gathering.

"I met three of the wittiest men in town last night," said Blykins.

"The conversation must have been brilliant."

"It was depressing as a graveyard. Each was scared to death for fear one of the others might steal an idea from him."—Washington Star.

Noble Indiscretion.

The Empress Eugenie was often willful and capricious because the romantic impulses of the woman made it hard for her to submit to the restraints of the sovereign. Those impulses once made her nobly indiscreet, when discretion, seemingly, was the price of safety, if not of life.

The catastrophe of Sedan obliged her to flee from the Tuileries, and to pass unknown was of vital importance. While driving from Paris to Trouville, under the escort of Dr. Evans, the American dentist, she saw a gendarme ill using a man in the street. Springing forward, regardless of her own safety, she cried, "I am the empress and I command you to let that man go!" Dr. Evans thrust her back upon the seat, and explained to the bystanders that she was an insane woman traveling under his care. It was magnificent in the woman, even if it were indiscreet in the empress.

Her Own Mistress.

"If I were living my life over," said an unmarried woman of 50 the other day, "when I reached the age of 25 I should ask my father to give me one of his little houses, of which he owned a good many, and let me go and live in it. When a girl grows into a woman her instinct leads her to long to be at the head of her own home whether she is married or unmarried. To be absolute mistress, even of a single room in a lodging house, after a day of toil is often better to her than to be under the absolute control of her parents in a comfortable home, and this, even though there may be the tenderest love between them. Few mothers at least ever quite outgrow a sense of arbitrary proprietorship in their daughters, and few daughters between the ages of 25 and 40 can be thoroughly contented in any home of which they are not mistress, however patiently and nobly they may conceal their feelings. After 40 they are often so tired as to be glad to be relieved of all responsibility."

U. S. Land Commissioner.

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