

JERRY SIMPSON'S BOY.

[Chicago Record.] WICHITA, Kan., Nov. 12.—Congressman elect Jerry Simpson has but one child, a bright boy about 16 years old, of whom some amazing stories are told. While Simpson was out making his campaign he left the boy at home to take care of his mother. The fight between Simpson and Chester I. Long, the republican nominee, was so far-reaching it was watched by young Simpson with keenest interest. Simpson was unable to return to his home in Medicine Lodge for several weeks previous to the election. On the day of the election Long and Simpson, by coincidence of the same town, traveled homeward together.

Arriving at Medicine Lodge at 10 o'clock, Simpson cast his vote, went home, washed his face, put on a clean shirt and set down to one of the papers. He read and reread the dispatch which had made Mrs. Simpson famous as a cook all over Medicine Lodge.

After Mr. Simpson had disposed of two thighs, a wing, the breast and a gizzard or two of chicken, he turned his attention to domestic affairs, and, addressing his heir, said:

"My son, what has become of your watch?"

"But it on the election," said the boy, helping himself to some sauce.

"And the ring I gave you last Christmas?"

"Up on the election, too," said the young hopeful.

"And the pony?"

"I put him up to say that Barber county would give Simpson a majority."

"And the saddle—that has become of that?"

"Oh, the saddle is all right, if a certain man named Simpson carries Harper county by 200."

"And the s—?" suggested the father.

"Up against \$6 that Long wouldn't carry Siskiyou county."

"Have you anything at all left?" asked Jerry Simpson, after a moment's silence.

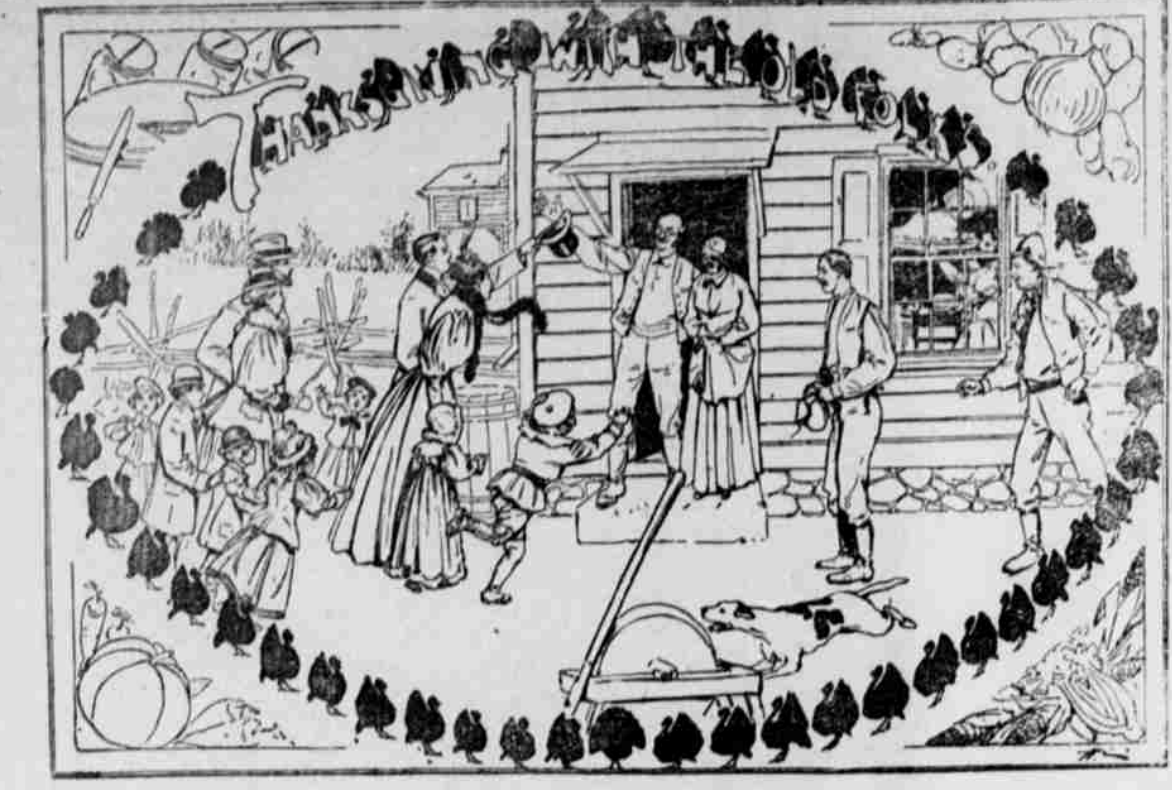
"The shoes I'm wearing and a few dollars," said the boy.

"What has become of your bank account?"

"Staked on the political fortune of my horse," said the boy.

"I wish I had some more money for two men down at the livery stable have \$100 to say that Long is elected."

Jerry Simpson slipped his coffee meditatively, and, rising from the table, took out his check book and gave the boy \$100.



THANKSGIVING.

BY JOEL BENTON. I. The fields a dull, dead rust set wear. A frosty chill has stung the air. Vine and leaf and flower have fled, And yonder woods, ungarlanded, Stretch lone arms unto the skies. Stripped by summer's pagan carities.

II. Where are now October's fancies, May's fair promise, summer's fame? All have gone, as bright things must, Into vaporous air or dust; But the wealth of burn and bla One more year has gathered in.

III. For all the autumn's harvest yields—Spout of orchards, wealth of fields, Collared products, mows of hay, Stacks on hillside and highway, Herds that month by month increased— We spread this day our annual feast.

IV. May none in gilded hall or cot Go unrewarded or forgotten; We who have good things to spare Should give to want a hottonous share; Put gladness on the face of woe, Till all some stream of bounty know.

V. Then the laughter of the spring Shall not be a mocking thing, And the pride of hill and plain Not have proved a pageant vain; But all the vireling year's increase Turn to thankful joy and peace.

PROF. HUGO'S THANKS

BY DAVID A. CURTIS.

[Copyright, 1896.] It was a cry for help. Professor Hugo laid down his geological hammer and put the specimen he had just chipped off carefully away in his knapsack, and then straightened up, listening. He never did anything in a hurry.

Again the cry sounded. It was a girlish voice, and it sounded from down the mountain. He was just way up the side. "Help! Help! Quick!"

"I better go, maybe," muttered the professor in his queer German speech, and then he raised his voice and shouted: "Fear not! I come!"

One could not say he hurried even then, but there was no hesitation, and there was not a mistake. Presently he stopped and listened. Hearing nothing, he called out: "Where you are now? Call out to me again!"

"Right here. Oh, come quick!" answered the voice, only a few yards to the right. Stepping around a boulder that was lodged on the mountain side, he saw a young girl lying flat on the grass. Before she could speak he understood her peril.

She was almost at the edge of a cliff not less than 40 feet in height, and below her was a mass of jagged rocks. The slope on which she lay was steep, and the short grass that covered it was so dried and burned by the sun that it was as slippery, almost, as ice. Moreover, the soil in which it grew was hardly more than a sheet of forest mold over a smooth rock, and there was no chance for her to get even a slight hold by digging her fingers into it.

"You are hurt? No?" he asked quickly. "No, sir," answered the girl as coolly as if she had been lying on a sofa. "But every time I try to move I slip a little nearer the edge, and there is nothing to keep me from falling over if I slip any farther."

"That is right," said the professor, "and it is good for you that I hear. Lie still now, and I will soon get you up. It is looked and as he at first thought it was. On either side of her he could get within some 20 feet of where she was without venturing on the treacherous grass himself and so losing his own foothold. But, though he could have held out a stick or improvised a rope that she could reach across that distance, it would not do to pull her along the edge without some stay from the upper part of the slope, and that was fully 50 feet above her.

"I could go for a rope," he said presently.

Monday's Albany Democrat: "W B Lawler will leave this week for Europe. In Paris he will have an operation performed on his eyes. During his absence Mrs Lawler will spend the time in Salt Lake City. E Burch of the mines during Mr Lawler's absence." Mr Lawler was here Sunday afternoon transacting business concerning the Blue River mines, and he still has every faith in their richness.

ly, after he had studied the situation a moment, "but how far away is some house?" "I would take you an hour to go and get back," said the girl. "Can you not do something else? If I had only a little thing to hold on to, I could crawl back, but I dare not!"

"No, no, Franklin!" interrupted the professor. "You must lie still. I will something do."

Opening his knapsack, he fumbled inside of it for a moment and drew out a stout gray flannel shirt. This he tore into strips, and, knotting the strips together, he had in a little while a string long enough to reach across the dangerous slope. As he worked he chatted with the girl, who was cool enough now that some one was near to aid her.

She had been picking berries, she told him, and, although she knew the ground well and understood how treacherous the grassy slopes were, after the late summer sun scorched them, she had slipped from pure carelessness, and, falling, she had slid out of reach of the bushes. Struggling to rise, she had slipped farther and farther toward the edge until she realized that her only chance of safety was to lie still and call for help.

"And I was so thankful when I heard you answer," she said, "for I did not know but I would have to lie here till they missed me at home and came out to search for me."

"Yes, it was good that I study the rocks today," said the professor. "But now lie still some more till my rope shall touch your fingers. Then do not too hard pull it, for it is not so strong. But it will help you a little, and you can up the hill creep carefully." And he tied a small stone to one end of the string and slid it down toward her till she grasped it, he holding the other end.

It was very easy then for her, having something to steady her, to make her way upward to where he stood, at the edge of the slope, holding the string firmly. "But how can you stay alone?" it will be more than an hour before I can get anybody here who can carry you to the house."

"Acht! That is bad," said the professor. "But I will do as I can best. If you will look my knapsack in and give me the little flask there, I can wait, but be not longer as you can help."

"I will be as quick as I can," said the girl after she had brought the knapsack to him and given him a drink.

It was a long hour for the poor professor, and before it was over he had fainted, despite his flask, so that when John Bascom came back to find her.

"My leg is broken," he said, "and I am bad hurt on my inside. You must now to me bring help, for I am as you were."

"Yes, yes," answered the girl. "I will go. But how can you stay alone? It will be more than an hour before I can get anybody here who can carry you to the house."

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in worldly goods, as it certainly was, and if it was a serious tax on the family purse to provide the medicines the sufferer needed and a drain on the strength of the mother and daughter to nurse him as assiduously as they did, no hint of these facts appeared. The professor was not allowed to want for anything that could be had, nor did he see any but a cheerful countenance in the house. He was not blind, however, nor was he backward about asking questions when he recovered sufficiently to talk.

He went straight to the point with a directness that would have seemed grossly impertinent in a neighbor, but which appeared childlike simplicity in this queer foreigner who spoke such twisted English.

"What for do you stay where the land so miserably talks. You are a farmer. Why do you not sell and to the west go? There you will do better as here, where your fields are all tipped on one side and rock full."

"Well, I've had a sort of hankerin' to go west for a long spell," said Mr. Bascom, "but 'tain't so easy to sell when there ain't anybody seekin' to buy. I stay here because the farm's mine, and there ain't nothin' else that is. I never could get forwinded enough to make a start, and it's all I can do to make a livin' here."

"But the boy," said the professor, "will be all his life stay here and be poor?"

"No," exclaimed the father almost angrily. "Not if I'm spared long enough to care for his mother, till he gets a start. He's bent on schoolin, and his mother and I are goin' to see 't he gets it. He'll have to work his own way, though," added the old man, with a little sigh. "We can't help him much."

"Yes, that is good," said the professor. "It is better as a boy his own education get."

And after that he talked with young John. The boy was shy at first, but under the professor's blunt questioning he soon warmed up enough to talk of his ambition. He wanted to be a civil engineer, he said, and the professor found that he had had a good foundation for an education in the village academy and had bought and mastered a few good books.

Moreover, he was observant. One day when the professor was almost well he was looking over the specimens in his knapsack when John came and looked on.

"There's a good deal of that kind of rock on the west side of the farm," he said, pointing to one of the chips.

The professor started a little, but he spoke as deliberately as usual. "You shall show me that east side," he said, "when I can climb those hills some day."

"I guess you can get there now," said the old man, with a grin of a climb, and there's a smooth path."

So they went out together, and the professor's eyes gleamed when he saw the ledge John pointed out. He said very little, though, and after he had taken some measurements and collected a few specimens they went back to the house.

Next day he said he was going away, and he asked Mr. and Mrs. Bascom how much he owed them for his board and his medicines.

"Land sakes, professor," said Mrs. Bascom, "you don't want to stand there money, do you? What little we've been able to do for you is little enough for what you did for us. And the farmer himself spoke as earnestly, so the professor said no more about money. In fact, he seemed so well pleased that Mr. Bascom remarked it when he was alone with his wife.

"Pears to me that there Professor Hugo's ain't right skippy about money," he said. "He was talkin' to death o' himself when he found he didn't have to pay nothin'."

"John Bascom," exclaimed the good woman, "you don't mean to stand there and tell me you would take money from the man that saved your own daughter's life?"

"Don't be a fool, Maria. 'Tain't likely I'd be a fool, but I'd a thought more of him if he'd a tried a little harder to pay."

"But you will come again to see us?" urged the little maiden. "Won't you come Thanksgiving?"

"Maybe, maybe," he said. "That is a good day, that Thanksgiving. You to the good Lord give thanks because he so good to you is. And you have one great dinner. Maybe I thank him, too, that he kill me not. And you I thank that you take of mother good care. And maybe I take dinner that day with you."

It was several weeks, however, before Thanksgiving day came, and in the interval, as the cold England winter came on, things went badly with the Bascoms. Ella developed a slight cough, that made her mother turn pale when she heard it. She had learned to know how easily consumption attacks young people in the rigorous climate of upper New England, yet she dared not speak to Mr. Bascom about sending the girl south for the winter. The means were lacking. The crops were poor. One of the two pigs they had fattened died before killing time. Mr. Bascom himself, growing old before his time, seemed no longer able to look on the bright side of anything, and the anxious wife and mother could only pray a little more earnestly and a little more frequently than before. To work harder was impossible. And John could only study later and rise earlier to make up for his father's falling strength. Nothing was heard from the professor, and, as the family realized more and more every day how heavy the odds were against them, they ceased to talk and almost ceased to think much about him. He had saved them from a great sorrow, he had been a great care and a burden for a time, and then he had passed away to be only a memory.

It was therefore entirely a surprise when, a few days before Thanksgiving, John brought home a letter from the village postoffice addressed in a queer foreign handwriting to Miss Ella Bascom.

"It must be from the professor," she said, and after they had all agreed to this and had examined the envelope and the postmark and had wondered sufficiently about what he could have to say, as people do who do not often receive letters, she opened it.

My DEAR LITTLE FRATLINS—I have not forgotten that you asked me to go to see you again on Thanksgiving day, and I will go. I will see to it that the great holiday of the American people in the American people's home.

Your brother John, he is a good boy, and he will be a good man. He will give thanks, maybe, that I did get him a place in New York where he can study and be an engineer and work very much, but enough.

Tell your papa I have, maybe, some good news for him, and tell your mamma since I come to dinner I have the great liberty taken to send my dinner. And I kiss your hand. Bye-bye.

Such news was too wonderful, and yet it was tantalizing. There was no end to the speculating, and it was later that night than it ever had been before when the Bascoms went to bed.

The next day, however, brought a still greater surprise. Word came from the railway station, two miles away, that there were several large cases there for Mr. Bascom, expressage paid. The old gray horse was astonished enough at the speed at which he was rattled along, but his feelings were nothing to those of the family when the cases were brought home and opened.

If there was anything known to the grocery or delicatessen trade, that wasn't represented in those cases, it was because the professor couldn't find it. And there was the biggest turkey Bascom ever saw, with a box of fresh vegetables, and everything else needed to cook with it. And of everything else there was enough to last all winter.

Mrs. Bascom was stammered. She could say nothing, but the children made up for her silence, and Mr. Bascom, after he had received a little from his bewilderment, said, "Well, Maria, if that's the professor's dinner, he must have a little the best appetite of anybody I ever knowed of."

Next day the professor came himself, father than ever and jollier than they had ever seen him. "It is nothing," he said

when Mr. and Mrs. Bascom, undertook to remunerate him for sending them such a wealth of stores. "It is nothing. I have never your Thanksgiving kept before, and I thank you so much for your to me kindness when I was suffering."

"But you said you were a poor man?" said Mr. Bascom.

"Ach, yes! They call me in the city poor, but always I have a few thousand dollars."

And again they sat up half the night discussing John's future, which now depended on himself. And only the mother remembered to cry silently even while she reproached herself for ingratitude, because there was in all the good fortune no way yet open for sending Ella away from the winter storm. But the next morning, when the mother and daughter were in the kitchen and John was busy outside, the professor said:

"I wrote in my letter, Mr. Bascom, I have some good news for you maybe. It was this: Your son John he showed me good stone on your farm. It is for building most excellent. It is the stone for which I was looking when the little fratlin for help called. I have in one great quarry company a small interest, for I am what you call stockholder, and for them I was looking. They want that kind of stone. So when I returned to the city I said, 'The stone is found. Then they would send somebody to buy your farm, cheap, and I said no. When they were angry, I said: 'Very well, gentlemen, then I tell you nothing. You go and yourself find the stone.' So they were angry some more, but I make them offer you \$10,000 for your farm of a parcel for \$1,500 a year. It is better you take the contract, I think, so I have the paper and if you sign they \$10,000 bonus per year. And he produced the paper.

And that was how the Bascoms spent the happiest day they ever had and the professor saw his first Yankee Thanksgiving.



All Wool White Blankets, Special Sale. \$3.00 Per Pair. SEE WINDOW DISPLAY.

S. K. Friendly

STOVES. You can buy the Universal stoves and ranges cheaper than ever before. They are made of the best iron—use the least wood in cooking—and are the best bakers made. We sell them cheaper than any good stove has ever been sold in Lane county.

GRI-FIN HARDWARE CO. IN ODD FELLOWS' B J LOING

Full Sized Bed-Steads at \$1.50 EACH, At DAY & HENDERSON'S, 7th and Willamette Streets.

NERVE TONIC advertisement with illustrations of people.

We will wager 16 to 1

That we have the BEST Full Stock Kip or Oil Grain Boots ever sold in Eugene for— \$2.50.

Call and Examine for Yourself. YORAN & SON, The Shoe Dealers.

PAINT AND PAPER UP FOR THE HOLIDAYS. Part of our 1897 WALL PAPER here. Now is the time to buy while prices are low at OVERTON'S Exchange street. Three doors west of P. O.

Cash! Cash! Cash! Something New For Farmers BRING YOUR Chickens—Eggs—Hops—Wool—Grain—Flour—Butter—Sheep—Fruits—Etc. to me and get the highest market prices in CASH Warehouse Cor 9th and Pearl streets L. A. ROSTEIN.

TAKE LIVERINE FOR THE LIVER AND CONSTITUTION. For Sale by All Druggists.

WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE. An agreeable Laxative and Blood Purifier. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail to J. C. Williams, 183 N. 3rd St., Lowell, Mass.

LIVERPOOL ROLLER MILLS. One and one-half miles north of MONROE, OREGON. Farmers will be given a square of flour all around. Forty pounds of flour to one bushel of wheat. ONLY HIGH GRADE FLOUR PRODUCED.

G. F. LAWS. Lessee and manager, Monroe, Oregon. Baker City wants an electric fire alarm system, and the Reunions says Salem, Albany, Eugene and Roseburg are all equipped with one. Albany is not, and it is doubtful if either of the other cities are.—Albany Democrat. Eugene should not be published in the list, but she will have one probably if times ever improve. It would be hard to convince a man suffering from bilious colic that his agony is due to a microbe with an unpronounceable name. But one dose of DeWitt's Colic and Cholera cure will convince him of its power to afford instant relief. It kills pain. OSBURN & DeLANO.

Smoke La Crema cigars they are better than imported goods.

Wood's PHOSPHORINE, the great English Remedy. AT YERINGTON'S.

"Cut rate" prices on cabinet work by the EUGENE PHOTO CO.

Soap Foam excels all other washing compounds. Hall & Son.

A WELCOME—Today's Oregonian: "The graduates of the state university, both the collegiate course and the law and medical schools, are preparing to meet the university football team, which arrives this afternoon for its game with the Multnomah team tomorrow. The college men will meet in the G-club building at 4 o'clock this afternoon and march in a body to the central station, where they will see the football players a welcome they will long remember."

PERSONALS—Baker City Republican, Nov 23: "Mr Samuel Gray of Eugene, an uncle of Mr and Mrs B F Alley, came to Baker City last evening. He will make Huntington his permanent home. Walter Gray a harness and saddle manufacturer of Portland, and brother-in-law to B F Alley, arrived on the train last evening. Mr Gray will open a harness making establishment in Huntington. Soap Foam excels all other washing compounds. Hall & Son.