SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6.

A large number of farmers in town today.

Miss Rose Coleman is visiting in Eugene.

St Valentine's day one week from tomorrow.

Scott McMurphy returned from Portland today.

Pete Patterson came down from the upper Rio morning.

Fred J P Holland went up from Junction city this morning.

Horace Vinnedge killed a Savage repeating rifle today. There's a fine gun.

The N counties road bill is dead so far as the present congress is concerned.

The insane man, Moss, was taken to the asylum at Salem today by Sheriff Johnson.

The Star job office has been awarded the contract for county printing for the ensuing year.

This is a beautiful spring day, notwithstanding the prediction of a storm by the barometer.

Mrs J F Nolan and daughter went to Harrisburg this morning to make a short visit.

The Moffit vs Sills trial is still in progress and does not look much like drawing to a close.

Mrs Ellen Pace is quite ill at the family residence corner First and Jefferson streets, with la grippe.

Winfield H Starling came up from Salem last night. He has about recovered from his recent illness.

Rev Vincent Clarke, of Portland, is in town today. He is visiting with his brother-in-law, Mr H E Anthony.

John Cusic sells manager of a horse, sheep and stock ranch at Hay Creek in Crook county, spent last night in Eugene.

Mr A Lawrence returned from Junction city today, where he has been building a house. He will return in a few days.

Mr and Mrs A D Charlton, who have been the guests of Mrs Charlton's sister, Mrs C M Young, returned home to Portland today.

A baby devil fish of the eight ray variety was caught in the channel of Oswego last Saturday. It's body measured 16 inches across.

Senator Hoyt, senator of the legislature for Washington county, arrived on the afternoon train and will remain a short time in this city.

Forty bales of the Pioneer Net & Twine Co's hops will be shipped East tomorrow morning. Twenty-seven bales are still left. Five bales were sold some time ago.

The Salem Statesman today has a political cartoon, entitled "Oregon's Legislative Circus." Hon L. Bilyeu occupies a prominent place in the cartoon.

The mining fever has struck the Siuslaw country in a violent form, and a general exodus of the men from Tenmile and vicinity is expected in the spring.

In attempting to extract a tooth from the mouth of Eddie Hess, a few days ago, a Looking Glass dentist dislocated the young man's jaw. The tooth is still doing business at the old stand.

The new steam steamer, the Pennsylvania, is over 200 feet long. The best sell thrower in any of the league ball parks could not throw a ball from stern to stem. Instead it would land in about the middle of the ship.

John Ivanoff and James Magnus of McKenzie bridge were in town today. They report the road up the McKenzie, with few exceptional points, in good condition. The worst road is a short distance above Walterville where it was plowed up and left without a sufficient amount of gravel covering.

Jesse Kelley, a Tacoma morphine fiend, has just fallen heir to $2000 by the death of his mother in San Francisco. He said: "When I get to San Francisco, I am going to buy $1000 worth of cocaine and $1000 worth of morphine, and live perfectly happy until I die."

Salem Statesman: Hon C. W. Washburne of Junction City is in Salem for a few days visit. Mr Washburne was a member of the house of representatives in the early seventies, when the capital was first located at Salem. He is a pioneer of 1853 and one of the leading farmers of Lane county.

Justice City Times: There is an aged colored couple living in the low lands west of Dr Lee's ranch named Bickett, who are in destitute circumstances. Yesterday Constable Pearsey received the particulars of which caused his interest. The old gentleman is about 70 years old and the wife is a long ways from neighbors and have to help support in a private condition.

A Kansas City man thinks he has found the proper future of the Indian question. He recommends bathing in the waters of the Dead Sea. Perhaps a few barrels of Salt Lake water, with a saw and brush used by the sons of St. Patrick, would be more simple and effective. He says that a woodpile is better than a waste of buildings.

The editor of one of our exchanges published a long article in which he gave a full account of a sad occurrence which happened to a cousin of his at Hazelwood. It appears that the man got married and then died, and the editor closed his notice with these words: "It was a different ceremony." Quite a number of us are inclined to the opinion. "Would to God it was a little different if the latter had got married after he died."

Klamath Falls Express: The cattle sold last week by H. W. Scott to Edson Bros. averaged 580 lbs. the price paid being 6 cents. Hauled the same day a bunch of inferior cattle, 112 head to Mr Nelson of Santa Rosa at 5½ cents. There are 200 steers in the bunch sold Edson Bros. which were driven through town Saturday en route to Cascade, Ian Edson being in charge. No finer cattle were ever driven out of Klamath county than these. V A Dunlap sold 75 head of 2-year-olds and cows to Edson Bros last week at 5½ cents. They averaged 576 pounds.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5.

Mrs J W Withrow is home from Salem.

The river is at an eleven foot stage and raising.

The James troupe left for San Francisco on this morning's early train.

The replevin suit of Moffit vs Sills is still on trial before Justice Wheeler.

Miss Henrietta Lauer went to Portland this morning to visit for a couple of days.

Mack Sommerville and wife went to the Sommerville ranch in Linn county to visit a few days.

Lane county owes the state of Oregon $221 on the delinquent taxes. Most the counties owe several thousand Union leading with $21,498.

Miss Wm Galloway, of Oregon City, and receiver of the land office at that place is visiting in Eugene. We acknowledge a pleasant call.

We have received the first issue of the Harrisburg Review under the management of W W Moore, formerly of Eugene. It is a great improvement over former issues.

Jo n Case, of Douglas county, was arrested Wednesday in Salem on a charge of being implicated in the Southern Pacific train robbery. He was taken to Roseburg last night for examination.

Prof Kanematz' silk worm colony, completing more than 800,000 worms, at Cupille, Or., has concluded its cocoon spinning. The professor says the work has been done much quicker and better this season than before, and if anything the cocoons are better also.

Senator McClung yesterday introduced a bill placing the state printer on an annual salary of $3000. He shall be elected in the same manner as other state officers. A printing plant shall be purchased and owned by the state, by the terms of the bill.

We have received the biennial report of Secretary of State Kincaid to the legislative assembly. It makes a book of 424 pages and is quite exhaustive. Mr Kincaid has made a splendid officer and he has the majority of the people at his back. Thanks, Mr Kincaid, for the report.

Today as the Sophomore class were seated in Prof Carson's spacious room, waiting for the proverbial hard thing for a question to be given out the solemn quietness was broken by convulsions of laughter occasioned by a member of the class stalking into the room with a large cuspidor under his arm. It was a novel scheme and adds another feat to the list, that necessity is the mother of invention.

State Guard, February 4.

LAST NIGHT'S PLAY.—Probably 300 people witnessed the play at Villard hall by the Louis James company last night. "Spartacus" a play consisting of Roman characters, was advertised but it was found at the last minute that owing to the heavy scenic productions used in this play it could not be produced in Villard hall. A five act comedy entitled "My Lord and Some Ladies" was put on in place of the tragedy. The audience was very well pleased, though a little disappointed at not seeing the great tragedian in his favorite attitudes. The costumes were rich and the playing strictly high class. Encores came often from an enthusiastic audience and Mr James, who took the part of an English lord, was called back the third time during the fourth act.

CASE OF ROBBERY.—The failure of the national bank of Moscow, Idaho, a day or two ago, has set the Indians wild. The institution held about $40,000 of Indians' money. It would not be safe for any one connected with the bank to make a tour of the reservation at this time. The Indians were influenced to deposit their money in the bank by friends of the manager. Some of those who were thus most active are now in bad repute with the Nez Perces. The amount deposited by individual Indians varies from $250 to $1,500, and there is a migration to the Lapwai agency to see what can be done to recover the money.

Daily Guard, February 5.

INSANE.—Richard F Moss, aged 50 years, was examined before County Judge E O Potter, Deputy District Attorney L T Harris and Medical Examiners Drs C E Loomis and F W Prentice this morning and adjudged insane. Moss is an American by birth. He is married, and resides near this city and is a farmer by occupation. The present is the first attack and has been coming on for the past three months. Politics and religion are given as the cause. The patient believes at times that he is Jesus Christ and that he has come to save the world. His insanity is of a homicidal nature, and he is violent at times.

NIGHT FORCE STRENGTHENED.—Owing to the unusual depredations of burglars in different towns of the valley recently it has been deemed advisable to strengthen the night force. Marshal Day will remain on duty each night until about three o'clock in the morning. This will make three men on the night force and they will be able to guard the city pretty well. Policeman C R Doyle will have charge of the work of lamplighting and during that time all reports should be made to him. Marshal Day went on the night force last night.

Daily Guard, February 6.

A SURPRISE PARTY.—Misses Blanche and Ina Edwards were tendered a surprise at their home near Springfield, last evening by about twenty five of their friends. Music and games were indulged in until a late hour when adjournment for their several homes expressing themselves as having never spent a more pleasant evening. Refreshments were served during the evening.

WORTH KNOWING.—J M Keeney, of Jasper was in Eugene yesterday and in conversation with a GUARD reporter in regard to the prevailing disease among horses said, that an excellent preventative and remedy was to take a tablespoonfull of castile soap and mix with chopped feed. The dose can be repeated as the case may require.

Daily Guard, February 8.

BAROMETER LOW.—Up-town barometers today register 29 5-10 degrees. This is exceedingly low and indicates severe storms. A continuation of last night's heavy rain may be looked for.

ROBIN REDIVIVUS.

Wha says that Robbie Burns is dead?
Wha says he lies below the weed,
A pickle stour, baith heart an heid.
Tuts hutther yearl
Deil cheat the loons! But they hae ta'd,
For Robin's here—

Here whare the Clyden 'neath the muns
Ganga happin to the same auld tune,
Whare nockets to the midnicht win
Hae' eerie mane:
Here whare I focht wi' sangs an sin
In days lang gane.

For heaven is guid, but Scotland's best.
Sae when they gie the herps a rest
I tak' a fren'ly, quiet request
To Peter Dout,
An he, guid man, swears at the heat,
But lets me oot.

Behint me clinks the gowden yett,
An, faith, the psalms I sune forget
As doon the road I skelp sharpest
Past star an planet
Wi' thochts o' hame that bizz redhet
Aneath my bannet.

An when I stap oot over the riels—
There's Scotland yet! The hairn fields,
The broomy braes, the whunstin wuds,
Gowans the same!
God, but my heart starts aff in thuds
To ken I'm hame!

Saftly I daunder up an doon
By Ayr an Stith, by Ettrick toon,
A licht, liltin, hamie daft loon
Ilk stream, ilk tree,
The mavis' sang, the cushie's croon,
Brings joy to me.
—Hamish Hendry in Illustrated Magazine.

BEHIND A CURTAIN.

The little street of "ultra residences near the park" was pleasantly full of yellow sunshine and blue window boxes. Half way down a carriage intensified the dry whiteness of the pavements and roads by its gleaming blackness. The straight featured footman stood near the carriage door, with black and white legs softly posed, and eyes going forward with the regulation want of expression. He conversed with the coachman in subdued and wary tones.

"Pretty looking girl at No. 8."

Coachman rolled his eyes into the left corner of his eye sockets and perceived at No. 8 a bright young face half veiled behind the draperies of the drawing room window.

"She's just out," remarked the footman.

"How can the fellow tell she's most gone on her."

A gentleman walked alertly up to No. 8, unconscious of the scrutiny of the liveried critics, saw the face at the window vanish suddenly and smiled to himself as he rang the bell.

He went up stairs, repeating audibly the little sentences of deftly hidden sweetness and wooing he had prepared to say to her. She was very young, or outlying shyness and unfaithfulness, yet he was almost sure she loved him. He meant to utter his carefully arranged phrases cautiously, and if a propitious moment or mood appeared to make his proposal.

The door was opened, he was announced, and went forward eagerly to greet—her sister and the latest novelty in 5 o'clock tea sets. He mumbled a disconcerted reply to the sister chaperon's remarks and gazed searchingly about the room. Oh, for an eye of cathode ray power to see whither she had flown! "What a delightful day!" said the lady. "London sunshine is the finest in the world. It is so beautiful to see itself on the ordinary, everyday dimness and dullness. Like all fine things its value is heightened by its scarcity."

"Yes, fearfully hot. The sun is blinding," he observed abstractedly. Hang the sun! What has she run away for? Were all those blushes and shy looks merely the result of timidity and self consciousness? Did she dislike him so much that his calls were more than she could endure? He could swear he saw her pretty face and shoulders at the window as he came up the steps.

"One lump, please," he murmured. "Did you enjoy yourself at Lady Cardby's dance?"

"As much as a chaperon may," answered the young dame, with an ancient air that sat bewitchingly upon her coquettish fairness. "A sister lately 'brought out' is a great responsibility. Besides the 'buds' detract from the 'blossoms.'"

"You are youthful enough to rank with the buds," he smiled, with a sudden gleam of sanity and gallantry. "Is Miss Mayday quite well?"

"Very well, thank you. In fact, she is a little too brisk and lively for my nerves sometimes."

"Really? Now, I thought her the quietest, demurest of little maids—if I may be permitted to express any thought about so charming a young lady."

He spoke with an affected lightness that was more intense than the greatest earnestness. Evidently the sister misdetected his case. She turned her beautifully dressed head aside for an instant, and her mouth quivered with suppressed mirth.

"Ah, that is her 'society' manner, and will depart when she has seen a season or two," she affirmed. "When we are alone, I assure you she is the most provoking, teasing, laughing, mischievous child you could possibly find. She has no reverence for my dignity or my tatters. Yesterday she burst in upon me with the avowed intention of 'making me giggle!'"

He was listening with attentive ears—the ears of a lover to whom any and every thing concerning his mistress is of more importance than the total instantaneous disappearance of a great nation or the collapse of all the empires of Europe. Suddenly he saw the velvet curtain—which draped one side of the flower filled fireplace, at which he was looking—quiver strangely. Scarcely a breath of wind came in through the open windows, and the grate was blocked entirely by a sheet of painted looking glass. Moreover, the curtain on the other side hung more flatly and closely than its quivering fellow, which bulged out here and there in a manner unknown to artistic upholsterers.

A suspicion flashed through his dazed brain. He sat up with renewed energy and said:

"You are describing a very charming character. I am half in love with your delightful description of girlish life and waywardness."

He paused and saw the curtain give a quick, waving, tremulous convulsion to its folds, which instantly became still again as he continued:

"Do you think it worth a man's while to try to exist with half a heart?"

"Really," said the lady, "I am not a specialist in diseases of the heart."

"But," he pleaded, "you have broken so many to heal one that your experience must be of value and your opinion very well worth hearing—like that of a general practitioner."

"Well," answered the young matron cautiously, "it is certainly better to live with a whole heart, or even with half of one, than without any at all. It is more natural to exist with a heart, and consequently it is more graceful."

"I am doomed to ungainliness, then, trouble that I will fling the rest after the first part and live a life of unnatural, inartistic, nightmarish ugliness. Pity my fate. If only the sweet thief who has stolen my heart would give it back to me—with her own—I think I could manage to make myself satisfied with my existence."

He was looking at the curtain, talking to the curtain. The curtain became agitated and swayed to and fro.

"Well," said the sister chaperon, "I think you are too greedy. Two hearts belonging to one person is as unnatural as no heart."

"What shall I do? Persuade the thief to exchange the booty and share it?"

"That would be best, I think," she said laughingly and looking in his eyes.

He flushed and stared at the now motionless curtain. Then he looked back at her questioningly. The young dame nodded her fair head slightly and picked up a piece of needlework lying on a workbasket. A light flashed into his eyes. He put the cup and saucer he had been holding in his hands down on the tray and half rose from his chair. The lady motioned him to sit down.

"Well, wars are artful things often, and all the talk and discussion of them is not artless," she said. "Let us be sensible."

"Are we ever sensible?" he said stupidly.

"I don't know. I wonder if we are most sensible when we are most senseless? They say insane people always fancy themselves sane and others insane. How queer if all the lunatics are really sensible and all the sensible world—as we think ourselves—insane! Isn't it a gruesome idea? See what comes of speaking of impossibilities!"

"Are you sure we have been talking of impossibilities?" he inquired anxiously.

"What is an impossibility—a future certainty?"

"I hope so," said he.

"I am not perfectly sure. Who can be? But I think that is a right definition."

Still he looked at the curtain, whose strange inequalities were continually and slowly shifting over its velvet surface, and the sister said quickly:

"Dear me, I have forgotten to give Davis a most important order! Please pardon me for one moment."

The agitation of the curtain amounted almost to a distinct shuddering among its folds. Then a stiff stillness ensued. The sister chaperon was gone.

He walked over to the curtain.

"Will you take my love and give me yours?" he said softly.

The curtain fluttered and instantly drew itself tightly in a crouching human shape.

"Forgive me! Love that can linger at locks sees through a curtain. I love you, darling. Will you take my love for yours?"

The curtain did not move.

"In answer, my love! If it is 'yes,' lift the curtain; if it is 'no,' let it drop as it was before."

A second or two and then three white fingers lifted a corner of the velvet.

He dragged the curtain aside and lifted up a little kneeling figure with its hands pressed over its face.

"My beautiful one!" he said, clasping her to him. "What made you hide there?"

"I don't know," said a soft, muffled voice.

"I saw you at the window, did I not, love?"

"Yes."

"Then why"—

The hands came down, and a pretty, flushed, childishly round face looked up defiantly shy in its impetuous boldness.

"Why, Annie laughed at me for blushing when I saw you in the street, and I said I wouldn't see you. I couldn't get out, and so I hid behind the curtain."

"But you love me. Say you love me."

"I never say what I am bidden to say." And her head went down again.

"How long is a moment?" asked the sister, opening the door. "As short as joy," he said happily.—In Town.

Milk Sterilization.

The domestic sterilization of milk by boiling is now much practiced in private houses. It is apt to be ineffective on account of the difference of temperature of the fluid in the upper and the lower portions of the vessel in which it is boiled. In the usual method of sterilizing milk by cooking it in a receptacle placed in boiling water—a bain marie. In fact—it is found that the temperature of the milk in the upper portion of the vessel rises much more rapidly than that at the bottom. In experiments recorded in The British Medical Journal, in one instance it was found that after the milk had been on the fire for 14 minutes the temperature at the top was 160 degrees F., while at the bottom it was only 133 degrees F. In another experiment, with a stronger flame, these differences were less marked. These tests prove that the mere scalding of milk by bringing the outside water to the boiling point is quite inadequate to sterilize tuberculous milk. To insure effective results it is necessary that the heating process shall be continued until a uniform temperature throughout the entire body of milk has arisen from 190 degrees F. to 198 degrees F. This will require an exposure to a brisk fire of at least 20 minutes. In order to be perfectly safe, however, it is recommended that every quart of milk treated in this fashion be heated for half an hour—that is, for about 20 minutes after the water in the outer pan has begun to boil.

Comedy In "Hamlet."

Here is a story about Joseph Herbert, the actor-author, with a moral: When he was a young man, he joined a company out in the wild west to take the part of the First Gravedigger in "Hamlet." He found when he went to dress that the coat which he was to wear was too big for him, so he put on two vests to pad himself out.

He found that the audience wanted a lively gravedigger, with plenty of fun in it, and he found, too, that when the audience discovered that after removing one vest there was another under it he got a good laugh.

The next night he put on a dozen vests, which he proceeded to remove one by one, and as each vest was taken off the audience roared. Herbert thought he had made a great hit, until one night, when in the act of shedding the different layers of vests he turned around and discovered that the second Gravedigger was putting them on as fast as he discarded them.

It was the Second Gravedigger who was getting the laugh; hence the two weeks' notice.—New York Herald.

The Passion Flower.

The passion flower is emblematic of death. In the various parts of this remarkable blossom there may be found fanciful resemblances to the articles mentioned in the account of the crucifixion. The cross, the hammer, the nails, the crown of thorns, the spear and the drops of blood are all detected by the eye of superstition.

THE STARS OF THE "DIPPER"

"The seven stars in the Great Dipper," says Mary Proctor in Popular Astronomy "are in reality seven splendid suns, probably very much larger that our sun, and glowing with intense luster. Iron, sodium, magnesium and other well known elements exist in the atmosphere of these stars, and their massive globes, raging with fiery heat, rush through the depths of space with inconceivable speed. Five of these stars are receding from us at the rate of seventeen miles per second and the other two are traveling in an opposite direction. It is certain that these two do not belong to the same system as the other five. Thirty-seven thousand years hence the seven stars of the Great Dipper will have dissolved partnership, and its appearance will have changed. The handle of the dipper will be bent out of place, for the reason that five stars will have drifted in one direction and two in another. During countless ages the stars which seem so steadfast have been rushing onward through space. There are stars traveling in 'family parties,' as Miss Clerke quaintly expresses it, colonies of stars of a friendly tendency drifting together, others less friendly drifting apart. Despite the fact that each star thus urging its way through space is an enormous mass of glowing vapor, yet the most perfect order and harmony prevail in the star depths."

HAVN'T STRUCK THERE YET.

The Dalles T-M: A number of papers on this coast, and a few in the east, are endeavoring to prove that times are improving east of the Mississippi river, and that the dawn of prosperity is really here. It would be a pleasant thought indeed if this imagination were true, and the long spell of adversity were actually replaced by more prosperous times, but it is difficult to stretch ones imagination to that extent. Possibly there are places in the east where there is more activity than there was a few months since, but there are other places where prosperity has not yet struck, and one of these places is Altoona, Pa. A gentleman residing in the Dalles, recently wrote to a brother residing at that place, asking how times were, and this is his reply, dated Jan 28: "Times since the election are not brightening up much. We are still living in confidence. Our work is eight hours per day and five days in the week. Before the hard times I would earn from $60 to $75 per month, now I earn from $15 to $30. Unskilled labor is 12 cents an hour or 96 cents per day when any work can be had."

Sherman county is again without a saloon. When an attempt was made recently to have a saloon Miss Maggie Eaton, of the W C T U, took her horse and carriage, and with another white-ribboner, drove 55 miles in one day, and opened 45 gates, and the next day, taking another woman, drove 45 miles and opened 30 gates; making 100 miles in two days, and opening and closing 75 gates. By doing this they found men employed on their farms and secured a majority of signatures of the voters, and so saved the county from a saloon, says the Wasco News.

At the late election held in Idaho, four of Uncle Sams's postmasters were elected to the legislature. Now the postoffice department at Washington has notified them that they must either resign as postmaster or as legislator. The postal guide, section 332, page 948, expressly declares that a postmaster cannot serve as a legislator of a state. This order effects Basset of Rexburg, Coughanough of Payette, Sam Davis of Idaho City, and Peck of Idaho county.

The ways and means committee of the house has been working faithfully upon the new tariff bill, which is to be laid before the next congress, and has brought the measure to a stage where its character can be somewhat guaged. Four schedules have been practically completed—the chemical, agricultural, wines and spirits and earthen and glassware.

Congress is doing little more for the people than is the Oregon legislature; it is giving the country neither reform, revenue or rest. It is pursuing the same old course of ignoring everything of benefit to the people though it is looking out for the members, a measure having been introduced to raise the salary of congressmen to $7000 a year.

Mrs Leland Stanford has decided to close up the estate of her late husband, and to that end has ordered her attorney to sell the lands belonging to the estate, after which it is the intention to place the personal property upon the market.

MCKINLEY'S BALL.

Major McKinley put himself on record concerning the inaugural ball, to be given March 4th, in the following letter:

CANTON, January 23, 1897.

"Inaugural committee, Washington, D C.: Gentlemen—It has come to my knowledge that you propose to expend something like $50,000 for what is known as the inaugural ball, to be held on the evening following my inauguration. While I appreciate fully the spirit that has prompted you to project a ceremonial of such magnitude, allow me to say with the sincere hope that I may not be misunderstood, that it is unbearable to me to think of such a vast amount of money being devoted to no more substantial purpose than display and pleasure when there are millions of our brethren throughout the world actually suffering, starving, dying from the lack of food, clothing, shelter and medical attention. I beg of you, then, if you desire to arrange an observance of inaugural day that will be well pleasing to me, and give impressiveness to the event, that you abandon your pretentious plan for the ball, and, with the approval of the citizens who have subscribed the money, devote $25,000 to the organized alleviation of wretchedness in the great cities of the United States, $10,000 to provide food and shelter for the persecuted Armenians of Turkey, and $15,000 to relieve the horrors of plague and famine in India. Hoping that you will share my views of the manner in which the funds can be applied with the most gratifying results to our people, and with the greatest credit to our people, and with the greatest credit to our impulses as a Christian nation, I seriously and earnestly solicit your participation in this act of sacrifice and self-forgetfulness. I am, gentlemen, yours very cordially,

"WILLIAM MCKINLEY."

How a man must despise himself who has not got the moral courage to withstand defeat. How private J H Mitchell must despise the senatorial aspirant Hon John H Mitchell who has not got the moral courage and honesty of purpose enough to declare his position upon the financial question. He ought to be defeated. The state of Oregon wants a man of open purpose for senator, not a political mountebank. If Mr Mitchell favors the free and unlimited coinage of silver let him say so; or if he favors a single standard let him say so. In the words of Chimmie Fadden, "T'ell with a coward."—Klamath Falls Express.

During the present week five Oregon pioneers died; as follows: W M Gilpin, aged 98; at Gaston; A C Wright, aged 77, at North Yamhill; Asa Sanders, aged 73, at Oregon City; G A Gossmiller, aged 69, at Mink, Or., and J T Smith, aged 79, at Gervais.

Wheel Across the Continent.

Last year David A Bradley, of Point Terrace, Lane county, arranged to wheel across the continent under the colors of the Zig-Zag Cycle Club, and prepared to start. Nothing more was heard from him, and it was not known whether he started or not. He writes the club, under date of January 25, explaining what he did. He says in his letter: "I send an explanation in regard to my future to carry out my intended trip back East last year. I obtained your club colors, and made preparations to start on my trip, but circumstances over which I had no control rendered it at last too late, and it was impossible to make it last year, but it all is well, I intend to go in the early wheeling season of 1897, as soon as I can cross the Cascades. I have the promise of one of my friends going back East with me, which will make the trip more pleasant." If Mr Bradley makes the trip, he will go under the colors of the Zig-Zag Club.

Odd Postoffice Names.

Here are the names of some of the recently established postoffices: A B C, Tenn; Accident, Md; Adieu, Tex; American Flag, Tex; Bachelor's Hall, Va; Bird in Hand, Pa; Bumble Bee, Ariz; Calif Killer, Tenn; Chat, Cal; Chomo, Colo; Comical Corners, N J; Dead Horse, Neb, (afterward changed to Live Horse, then to Rose Dale); Dime, La; Doorway, Ky; Dull, Tenn; Finis, Tex; Finger, Miss; Fort Spunky Tex; Funny Louis, La; Hard Times, La; Leap Year, Tenn; Limbs, Tenn, (Weakly county); Looking Glass, Neb and Ore; Looneyville, N Y; Moral, O T; New Moon, Ark; Nine Times, S C; Not, Mo; O K, Ky, Miss and S C; Only, Tenn; Overalls, Pa; Pap up, Ga; Rabbit Hash, Ky; Rapture, Kan, Shoo Fly, Ia; Shortly, Del; Short Off, N C; Sleepy Eye, Minn; Sober, Pa; Squirejim, W Va; Sub Ross, Ark; Sweet Home, Ark; Tin Cup: Colo; Tombstone, Ariz; Toonigh, Ga; Total Wreck, Ariz; Trim Belle, Wis; U Bet, Tenn; Useful, Mo; Useless, Wash; Vimbville, Miss; Wakeup, Ohio; Walk-chalk, Pa; Waterproof, La; Why Not, N C; Yellville, Ariz.

DIED.—Mrs Albert W Edris died at the family home near this city this morning. Deceased was aged about 23 years, and the cause of death was consumption. She leaves a husband and one child. The funeral will be held at 11 o'clock tomorrow and the remains interred in the Mulkey cemetery.