

L. S. Lakin came up from Junction this afternoon.

Mrs O P Hoff returned to Irving on today's 10:50 local.

Mrs J H Monteith, of Glenada, visited in Eugene today.

Miss Rose Williams returned to her home at Cottage Grove this afternoon.

G E Detwering and wife are visiting relatives and friends at Dayton, Oregon.

J C F Farrow has returned to Eugene from a summer spent in Eastern Oregon.

Mrs R S Bean, of Salem, arrived up this afternoon for a few days visit with relatives.

Mr and Mrs C H Vandenburg, of Cottage Grove, were visitors in Eugene today.

Commercial traveler P D Gilbert accompanied his family up from Portland today.

Herbert Eakin was elected chief engineer of the Cottage Grove fire department today.

Today's north bound local was about 50 minutes late, the delay being caused in passing freight trains.

Secretary Kincaid arrived up from Salem on the 2:04 to make his usual over Sunday visit with his family.

All Dillard left this morning for Rosland, B C, where he will work in the mines this winter.

Mrs Robt Hawley had a fainting spell on Willamette street this afternoon, but soon recovered and was taken to her home.

Thursday's Woodburn Independent: M Bussard, of Eugene, formerly of this city, was here today circulating among old acquaintances.

Mrs Amelia Smith and daughter, of Eugene will spend the winter at Isabel in the Mohawk valley. Miss Smith will teach a district school in that vicinity.

Corvallis Gazette: Circuit court convenes next Monday. There is a light docket and most of the cases are the unfinished ones from last term. Divorce suits are plentiful.

Southern Pacific railroad agent L G Adair informs us that all restrictions have been removed in Louisiana and Texas on account of yellow fever, and the line is open for business clear through.

Roseburg Review Nov 4: Robert Brown, who was badly hurt in the Sheridan & Hamilton mine near Cottage Grove, some time ago, was brought to Roseburg yesterday and is now at the Depot hotel.

Sodaville correspondence: Rev L D Beck, financial agent for Mineral Springs College, has been doing some good work for the school in Eugene. His family has arrived from Tennessee and will reside here. He has given the trustees a \$10,000 bond for the faithful performance of his duties as agent.

Prof J D Letcher went to Corvallis this forenoon and will then go to Portland, Seattle and San Francisco. From the last named city he will take a sea voyage either to Australia or the South Sea Islands. He was a splendid instructor at the university and the people generally wish him success wherever he may locate.

The Roseburg Review has this concerning an old railroad conductor who has many friends throughout the state: "G A Taylor was up from Portland Monday and has purchased the interest of ex-Conductor Chas Wilson, in the Taylor & Wilson block. Mr Wilson is still suffering from his old trouble with his leg and will go to Boston to receive medical treatment."

Wm J Bryan does not lack for honors gained in the eastern elections last week. In his own state, formerly considered invincibly republican, the fusion ticket went ahead with thousands to spare. Then Mr Bryan visited New York to assist Tammany that loyally supported him when the Cleveland and gold standard organizations fell away, and New York, city and state, responded with old time Democratic majorities. The name of Bryan is a good one to conjure with in anticipation of ninety-one.

Ex-Minister Taylor, who was our representative at the Spanish Court has touched the pride of the Dons in a magazine article which he has prepared from material found in the speeches of Spanish statesman charging corruption and general national rottenness. The Madrid government fears that Taylor's article will injuriously affect Spanish interests in America.

A new British bullet expands when it strikes, and tears a hole 3 inches in diameter. But, of course, it will only be used on Afridis and other sinners against civilization.

Z M Brown, of Portland, is in the city.

Douglas county has an actual debt of \$128,104.44.

Elder Ford returned today from Southern Oregon.

Merchant Ben Lureh, of Lemati, was in Eugene today.

James Lamb returned to Eugene today after an extended absence.

Hon Robert Clow, of Junction, arrived up on today's 2:04 local.

T S Riddel, who has been severely ill, is improving and is now able to sit up.

The commissioners court is in session still. It has only done routine work.

The walls of the new court house foundation are being covered with planking.

Geo Rhinehart left on the local this morning for his home at Condon, Gilliam county.

Dallas Itemizer: A number of bales of hops were sold here Monday at 12 cents per pound.

We have received the first number of the Corvallis Mite, a three column folio published by Claude Riddle.

Otho Roberts, formerly of this city, is now working on a steambot running between Nelson and Kaslo, B C.

E H Ingham shipped a carload of potatoes to the San Francisco market this afternoon. They were fine Burbanks.

There is about ten inches of snow on the summit of the Cascade Mountains via the McKenzie wagon road route.

Rev M L Rose returned home from Junction on today's 2:04 local, where he had been conducting a very successful revival meeting.

Jay McCormick, a guard at the state penitentiary, Salem, yesterday, shot and killed Otto Krahn, a convict, who was trying to escape.

Dallas Observer: J J Wiseman shipped this week 2900 pounds of prunes, through the Dallas Fruit Company, to Anaconda, Montana, at 4¢ cents.

Dr D A Paine superintendent of the State Insane Asylum, has returned from his trip to New York City, whither he accompanied a patient.

N P Slate, of Tangent has nearly ready for trial a steam plow that he has invented, and which, he thinks will plow 15 acres of ground in a day.

Mr and Mrs B S Taylor of Santa Rosa, Cal, arrived on last night's train to visit her parents, Mr and Mrs J H Lamson on South Willamette street.

Yesterday's Salem Journal: T D Linton, a prominent hop man of Eugene, came to the city today from Polk county and went home on the morning train.

The Dalles Times-Mountaineer says that The Dalles already has nine boats a week to Portland, and will soon have service that will give it six boats more each week.

Ed Stiles arrived home from points in the East yesterday. Next week he will leave for Omaha with the Thompson train of cattle, returning here again in a month or six weeks.

F D Button leaves Eugene next Tuesday to join his wife and daughter at Coloma Station, Wisconsin. Mr Button has a slight touch of the Klondike fever and next spring may find him again on the Pacific coast.

A young gambler, called "Fatty" Nickerson, is reported to have downed the talent in Seattle for \$8000 in less than two weeks. Gamblers of all kinds are reported to be flocking to the Queen city, attracted by the Klondike excitement.

Cottage Grove Messenger: Robt Brown, the miner so severely injured in the Fourth of July mine some weeks ago, has so far recovered as to be able to be moved to Roseburg. Wednesday R W Veatch took him down and reports he did not stand the trip well.

T Blackman, wife and daughter, of Selma, Minnesota, arrived here last night and this morning started for Mapleton, where they will spend the winter with A P Knowles and family. In the spring they will come to Eugene and spend the summer looking for a location.

Item from Walker Station: "Mr Eugene Grusbeck came up from Eugene Sunday. He has been absent nearly two years travelling through California and Washington. M E Grousbek who has been with him for some time came up to visit relatives and friends, both returning to Eugene Monday."

All the warehouses in Pullman, Wash, are overflowing, and the grain is being stacked on the outside and roofed over. The yield is greater than ever before known in Whitman county, and will possess a valuation equal to that at which the entire county was assessed last year.

Today's Albany Herald: J R Whitney of the Herald, and his brothers E B and J M Whitney of Eugene, went up to the headwaters of the north Santian yesterday, on their annual deer hunt. They went prepared not only for deer and bear, but will keep a sharp lookout for such game as elk.

Two ships stand on the horizon. Each shows a lighted sail. One rises out of morning red. One sinks in twilight pale.

Two ships stand on the horizon. Faint sail gleams far at sea. One heaves away my sweetest love. One brings new love to me.

—John James Flatt in Chap Book.

"OLD BLOOK."

The colonel was very long and gaunt. Ditto his mustache, which was as black as his wig, and it was whispered that the latter, as well as many another which his customers wore, had been manufactured with his own fair hands long before "grim visaged war" had called him to the "wrinkled front."

His name? Well, it was not to be told here, but his signature in its general legibility suggested Bluecher, and this struck to him, until, through mere erosion, it became Old Blook.

It would be a delicate matter, or the reverse, to describe by what species of political bird limo the silver eagles of a colonel had fastened to his shoulders. As the Turk has been—cherchez la femme! At first the officers, who were a swell lot of fellows, used to jest cynically at the prospect of being led into the fray by one whom they had dubbed as "The Knight of the Shining Shears."

And the men, who were of that polygot order only to be met with in a regiment that had been evolved from the slums of New York, when speaking of him dropped easily into a vernacular that can best be left to the imagination.

But this did not last long. The first assault on Port Hudson found the One Hundred and Something New York endeavoring to flatten its numerous noses against the glacis of that fortress in more or less unsuccessful endeavors to avoid the assortment of battle and murder and sudden death that was being served up by the gentlemen on the other side of the parapet. But the colonel was standing up! One of the two smiles ever seen to flit across his rugged features imparted a sort of flicker to his dyed mustache, as his high pitched voice drawled, "Youse fellows seems to be a little skeered, 'b'gosh!"

The colonel, always terse, was never epigrammatic. Yet it may be doubted if William the Norman's "Per la respander De!" meant more than the two corrupted words in which this more recent paladin was wont to emphasize the little he had to say.

At this moment one of the many budding Napoleons who then infested the service displayed the flag of truce that put a temporary stop to our advance and gave the chivalry an opportunity to stick its haughty head above the breastworks and respond to the "Hey Jurnies!" of our affable hoodlums. And during this intermission of 20 minutes for refreshments the colonel, who had slowly realized that "the shootin had quit," as he leisurely turned his back upon us all and went to the rear, where the cooks were making soup for the survivors.

Just as the ball reopened the colonel's tall form reappeared on the line of battle. In his right hand he bore a tin cup containing a quart of steaming bean soup—his left sustained a bit of hard tack. In the midst of the leaden hail, the shower of fractured iron, the smoke, the yells, the cheers, the groans, he calmly stood, now sipping the scalding soup, now nibbling the brittle bread and occasionally (for the soup burned his lips a little) murmuring "B'gosh!"

At the close of the fiery debate, some seven weeks afterward, we had forgotten that he had ever been a barber, and the men, who still spoke of Old Blook in varying forms of profanity, now added slurs flavored notes of admiration. We now had a few days of rest, during which the colonel redyed his mustache, but his professional hand had lost its cunning, for some of the pigment got upon his nose and beneath his eyes, so that he looked as if he had just "made up" for a part in a drama that was less real than the one in which many of us were then playing what might be our last engagement.

Next came the Red river fiasco of 1864, and through its disasters the colonel advanced to the command of his brigade. This was at Cane river crossing, where the exultant enemy had interposed to prevent our retreat. The position was a commanding one, and just as our attack upon it had begun, the brigade commander dropped with a shattered leg. The colonel galloped to the front and center, where he reined back his big, ungainly chestnut till that usually sedate beast assumed the attitude ascribed by Sergeant Bufuz to the late Mr. Plekwiek—that of "a being erect upon two legs." The old man yelled, "Come on!" and, as the relaxed reins suffered his steed to become a quadruped and move forward at a trot, the brigade followed with a cheer. Our color bearer—the fifth in as many weeks—holding Old Glory with his right hand, his left being occupied with the regimental goat, who always stood by the colors, kept close at the colonel's heels.

A shell burst in front. The color bearer pitched forward with so wild a shriek, that the colonel half turned in the saddle, and just in time to bend and grasp the flag as the dying sergeant gave a shy and the color fell off. The horse reared and plunged and snorted—the colonel's hands were full of flag and end of reins, his saber dangled by the sword knot from his wrist, and, as he tried to save his cap, away flew his wig. The whole brigade roared one mighty gust of laughter, but when the colonel, after planting the heel of the staff upon his stirrup, shook out the standard to the breeze and screamed "Follow me!" the laugh turned into a cheer. There was no firing on our front. With leveled steel and at the double step, keeping a line as straight as a fence, the Third brigade drove the rebels from their position and held it until the others came up. The battle was won. The goat was cropping grass close to the hoofs of the old chestnut. The colonel hailed a big sergeant, to whom he surrendered the color, with "Take care of it an Billy, too—'b'gosh!" Then he tied a red bandanna around his glistening skull and glanced at us all as if to ask, "Any remarks about my appearance, gentlemen?" When we went into camp that night and counted noses, a good many turned up missing.

Among the brilliant array that constituted the staff of our commanding general were many who had been imported from beyond the seas. These gentlemen were barons and counts and princes and things, but in deference to existing prejudices they consented to be known by their family names, which were as unpronounceable as the more or less Volga tongue in which they disapproved of the country that paid them their wages. Their uniforms bent beneath a load of gilt, and their hair and beards had never been cut.

When one of these dashing creatures appeared before the colonel with a message of congratulation from the general, the contrast was vivid. The eminence usually occupied by the colonel's wig was still concealed by the red bandanna and surrounding this was a torn and bedraggled straw hat which had been picked up on the field. A short hair had given the colonel an opportunity to redye his mustache, and the black streaks which the operation had left upon his grim features reminded one of the style of war map with which our newspaper friends tempted the unwary. Just as the colonel had murmured questionally to the adjutant, "One of them d—d Cossacks—'b'gosh!" the gentleman from the steppes halted, brought his heels together with a snap, made a salute that might have reopened the eyes of the happily defunct Frederick and then, with a profusion of bows and the accent of Svengali, fired off a dozen phrases in French. The adjutant translated, Old Blook was to be a brigadier! The colonel, who had been steadily regarding the apparition, squeaked "Adj'tant, tell him to tell the general much obliged—'b'gosh!" Then, with a stiff salute, he disappeared into his tent.

When the adjutant, after a respectful knock against the tent pole, looked within to congratulate his chief on the attainment of the general's star, and also upon the other agreeable fact that the serene highness had taken itself off, the straw hat was on the ground, the red bandanna bent over a pair of open saddlebags, and in one tremulous and wrinkled hand glittered the miniature of a little child. A tear was rolling down the old hero's nose, and he was heard to whisper, "The little gal'll be glad ter see ole daddy wearin stars."

The adjutant on tiptoe stepped away. We had joined the Army of the Potomac, and Early's manoeuvrings had brought us into the smiling valley of the Shenandoah. The colonel—a general now—was with us in all the glories of his twinkling stars and a new wig. To the hint that he should provide himself with a staff commensurate with his exalted rank he had replied as his rank fingers harrowed his mustache: "Don't want no aids!" The adj'tant general does the writin. As an the rest of you does the fightin—'b'gosh!"

The evening of the 18th of October, 1864, the night before the battle of Cedar Creek, was quiet enough. But it became very noisy before daylight, for the people who had the security of the army in charge had allowed themselves to be surprised. We formed line in the mystifying mist of the dawn, and led by the general, moved against an enemy whom we could not see, but whose presence within our lines was accounted for by the flanking fire which struck us. But the brigade held together. The sun suddenly dispelled the fog, and now columns of the enemy could be seen marching to our left.

All at once we became aware that a body of his troops was close upon our rear. "Rear rank—about face!" yelled the general, and thus we fought, facing both ways, for some exciting moments. An English gentleman, who belonged to the color company and who always wore the bottoms of his creased and tattered trousers turned up, said the "ole thing was like a bloody sangwitch," but he dropped with a sudden shiver as one bullet pierced his heart, while as the same instant another snapped his spine. Then orders came to fall back, when we simply allowed our way through swarms of the enemy. There was no stampede, for we knew that the "old man's" eye was upon us. But when we had come to where we could touch upon the rest of the slowly receding mass, our chief was not in his accustomed place. And throughout that gloomy morning the men, in the pauses of the fight, would lament that Sheridan was away and that "the reds had got Old Blook!"

When General Sheridan rode on the field and the word was passed that the army was to move to the attack, the testy old gentleman who commanded the corps and whose hirsute adornment had won for him the name of Bricktop, remarked that "No one would now give a chew of tobacco to insure the success that was certain." Content took the place of doubt, and while dispositions were being made on the flanks, men in the center read newspapers; some made entries in their diaries and others took a nap. The enemy assaulted, but was repulsed. And then some of us went to sleep again. The command, "Forward!" pealed from voice and bugle, and our people advanced. The enemy retreated, but in vain, and soon we came in plain view of the position from which we had been swept in the morning.

More than 80 years have gone by, and the mellowing hand of time has softened the asperities, but this is what we saw as we passed over the field of the early struggle—a row of half clad bodies. Most of them were dead, but some of the others hauled us faintly as we charged by.

Just as the sun sank our victorious army went into camp on the ground where we had slept the night before. At once a half dozen who belonged to his old regiment started back to hunt up the general. Some hoped to find him yet alive, others that he might have been taken prisoner, which latter was just a shade better than being killed. As we drew near to the array of half stripped corpses we heard loud notes of wailing, mingled with imprecations, and then recognized the voice of the general's negro servant. Another moment brought us to what we, at first, thought was our old friend's corpse. His boots were gone. His coat had been taken off. And the poor old darky sobbed with tears and groans and curses, "Dey done tuk dat new wig!" The adjutant knelt beside the body and placed his ear close to the heart. Then he took up one long, lean and clammy hand and gazed sadly on the gory features—there was a horrid gash across the face and a small blue hole in the breast. The general's eyelids trembled. He opened them and strove to speak, but only a faint, whispering sound came through the swollen lips. A few drops from a canteen served to afford relief. Then the old man smiled—for the second time—and the adjutant could just hear the last whisper, "Tell—'ll' gal—ole dad—wearin—stars."—Captain John Leefe in Short Stories.

History in Postage Stamps.

M. Deroulede, a French politician, has been reading history in postage stamps. For instance, he calls attention to the first two issues of Germany. He says: "Look at the eagle on the 1871 issue, how lean it is! Then look at the 1872 issue, where the eagle looks fat and arrogant after having devoured our \$1,000,000,000 which we paid Germany as indemnity at the end of the war."—Harper's Round Table.

Nothing to Eat but Food.

A hobo pleaded at a South Bethel farmhouse that he'd had nothing to eat for 48 hours. While he was talking a dogstain dropped through a hole in his pocket and rolled away on the grass. Without the slightest embarrassment he picked it up and continued his plea.—Kennebec Journal.

REALLY AND TRULY.

"Really and truly?" asked she, which is her form of solemn oath.

"Really and truly," said I, whereby I committed myself to the statement that she was charming beyond the heroine of my last story.

"Then why don't you put me in your stories?"

"I do—a bit at a time."

"Ye-es, but all at once, I mean."

I lifted my hands in pious horror. "The price doesn't admit of such reckless extravagance!"

"You could insist on special terms."

"She doesn't know the editor."

"It wouldn't be of any use." I do know him.

"But if—if—I mean—Jack!"

"Well, Cle!"

"Oughtn't you to try and make your stories as perfect as possible?"

"Oh—er—I suppose so."

"Well, then, if you really think I'm—what you said—"

"Perfection?"

"You silly boy! Of course I'm not!"

"Of course you're not!"

"You are rude and unkind."

"No one is! I meant perfect."

"No—not really and truly. But you ought to think I am—almost!"

"Ought I?" I got hold of her hand somehow. "You are perfect enough for me."

Upon my word, you've no idea what a nice girl she is!

"But not for your stories." She tried to look injured, but there were dimples on her cheeks.

"Oh, stories! Of course one has to have ideal characters for them."

"And of course I'm not."

"You're real—thank goodness!" She regarded the ceiling thoughtfully for a few moments. Then she suddenly brightened.

"Why shouldn't you have a real heroine?"

"Because I couldn't have you every time."

"You might, just once."

"But what a falling off afterward!"

"You are making game of me, Jack."

"Not a bit. Once you got into my tales you'd have to stop, and people would want a change—that is—er—I mean—"

"They would get tired of me?" She looked really injured this time.

"No; I don't mean that at all."

"Then whatever do you mean?"

"That I decline to dissect you for other people's amusement."

"You need only describe me—that is, if I deserve worth describing." If I could describe all her turns of the head and all her little tricks of voice and gesture, I should make my fortune.

"I couldn't, my dear. I'm not equal to it."

"You are trying to put me off. I don't believe you think I'm nice really." The next few minutes were occupied by practical argument.

"Well, I want you to put me in a book, Jack," she continued; "me really and truly I mean."

"I'm haunted if I do!"

"Then you can't mean what you say about me."

"But I do. That's just the reason."

"How can it be?"

I pulled my mustache, crossed my legs and pondered. She is as difficult to argue with as most women.

"Because I consider you my private and peculiar property."

"Indeed! Then I don't. Now, Jack, don't look so cross."

"Aren't you?"

"No, well, if you insist—"

"No, for your own free will?"

"She took an occasional glance at me under her long eyelashes and laughed a little. "You know very well!"—said I, which led to some interruption of the conversation.

"You will put me in a book!" she pleaded.

"I can't, Cle; honor bright, I can't. It would be desertion."

"Just a little?"

"Well, I'll think of it."

"You'll put in what I say when I'm sensible?"

"You're not."

"Well, but when I am?"

"All right."

"And what I do when I do things nice-ly?"

"You always do."

"You don't really think so—not really and truly?"

"I do, though."

"But you must pick out the best."

"No, not the really, the whole reality and nothing but!"

"Oh, that isn't necessary!" she interrupted. "You mustn't let any one recognize me, you know."

"Then how can I put you in?"

"Why, you must idealize me."

"That's just what I am doing."

"Not me, really and truly."

"Look here, Cle," I said determinedly, "let us have one thing or the other. At present I'm using you up in small fractions—all your good points. There are about 689, I calculate, and some will go twice."

"Oh, you silly, silly boy!"

"That's about 700 dialogues, say—"

"Seven hundred?"

"Seven hundred," I said firmly. "If I go in for you, really and truly, there will only be about a dozen. Let me see. There would be one about your sending me adrift—"

"How dare you! I didn't!"

"Yes, you did."

"Well—Jack!"

"But!"

"Not really and truly."

"Anyhow, there would be one about your learning to bike." Cle jumped clean out of her chair.

"You nasty, mean, horrid!"

"My dear girl, if you will have realism!"

"I won't."

I laughed up my sleeve.

"Then I'd better continue on the present lines!"

"Umph, y—es, I suppose so." She reflected for ten seconds and then began to look pleading.

"But you do think the real me is nice, don't you, Jack?"

"Really and truly," I said solemnly.

"I do."—New York Journal.

REPUBLICAN "HARMONY"

"An Honest Man Cannot be a National Republican Without Subscribing to Gold Monometalism."

The Salem Journal has this about the household and domestic jars of the Oregon Republican family over the financial question:

"It is now hinted on the streets of Salem that the Mitchell-McBride faction are willing in Marion county, to concede to the opposition the state ticket, in consideration of being permitted to name the legislative ticket. Whether any such proposition or combination is contemplated in the ranks of the Republican party makes little difference. The claim of the McBride-Mitchell faction has nothing to justify it. It is simply notice that Mr Mitchell or some one he names will be a candidate for the Republican senatorship. Now it is not certain a Republican senator can be elected. The counties that were carried for Bryan, in Oregon, will control the next legislature, if the Bryan vote holds together.

"The managers for McBride stole the senatorship from Dolph, while the Mitchell managers tried to steal it with the votes of silver Republicans in the last legislature but were balked by the silver Republicans refusing to give Mitchell the house organization. It is about time for the Republicans of Oregon to elect a senator as a Republican upon a Republican platform or let the Bryan people name the man. The policy of the McKinley administration is gold standard