

**Only Half Yankees.**  
Life's Calendar for October has this good story, for which it was very properly given the first prize:

"I was on the losing side during the late war," said Roger Blakenship to a party of vets who were fighting their battles over again in the corridors of the Southern. "I belonged to a Mississippi regiment, and the last mother's son of us expected to return home with at least a dozen Yankee scalps dangling at his belt. Our orators had led us to believe that all we had to do was to show ourselves and the Yanks would break for tall timber. Our Colonel was a planter and a small-try politician, who had never seen a real live Yankee, and he fully expected to plant or regimental colors on the national capital before we had been out a month. We were eager for the fray.

"Just before Grant invested Donelson we encountered a scouting party of Michiganders. They numbered only about 40, and the colonel took the company to which I belonged and attempted to head them off. They made a hasty scamper for a brushfield that was surrounded by a rail fence, and we broke ranks and lit after them in a go-as-you-please order. Every man of us wanted a Yankee, and realized that there were not enough to go around. Just as we mounted the fence we received a volley that laid a score of our men out. Before we could recover from our surprise those Michiganders were over the fence and at work on us with their sabers and revolvers. We concluded that we had made a mistake, and that we didn't want any Yankees, after all.

"The Colonel was the first man back to camp. Half his left ear had been shot away, and he had an ugly saber gash in his shoulder. I helped the surgeon fix him up, and after we had made him comfortable he turned to the major, who was also an editor, and said, solemnly:

"You've been a-tellin' us in yer darned old paper that the Yankees wouldn't fight. Dad-rat-er mesley hide, what do yer call fightin'?"

"The major replied that those men were westerners and only half Yankees.

"Only half Yankees?" snorted the colonel. "Damme if I ain't goin' home. If them's only half Yankees, I'll just be dad-burned if I'm goin' to tackle any whole ones."

We have received a copy of the Oregon Progress, printed at Portland by the Oregon Progress Publishing Co., and edited by Capt. Wm. F. Wallace. It is an 8-page 4-column paper beautifully illustrated. It is devoted to the system of co-operation in business. As a newspaper venture we welcome it to the brotherhood.

The total vote of Douglas county, 1892, for president, was 3302 divided as follows: Cleveland 519, Harrison 1,329, Weaver 1,663, Bidwell 51. The total vote of the state was 78,491 divided as follows: Cleveland 14,243, Harrison 35,002, Weaver 26,965, Bidwell 2,281.

A Philadelphia establishment has just received an order from Russia for forty locomotives. The English also are debating the suggestion that their new railway in Africa be built on the American plan. There is no doubt that it is the best, if grade crossings are eliminated.

The world's gold output has mounted up to about \$180,000,000 a year, a handsome figure, of course, but the pig iron production of the United States this year will probably exceed it. The corn crop outclasses both combined by an immense margin.

**Special Notice.**  
The Bushey addition in North Roseburg, consisting of 200 acres of choice land, having been platted into large residence lots and acreage property, is now placed upon the market at cut rates, payable in yearly installments, bearing six per cent interest per annum. The title is perfect and every parcel sold will be released by the mortgage now upon the property. To examine plats and learn prices, etc., call upon  
D. S. K. BUICK, Agent.

**Fruit Prospects.**  
One reason why we have but little money in circulation now is, since the sheep industry has been destroyed by the admission of foreign wools free of duty, the other industries inaugurated to take its place has not yet had time to be fully developed. The fruit business bids fair to fill the vacuum over many years. Those who had the foresight (or good fortune if you prefer to name it) are getting some ready money. We have good reasons to believe that within the next five years Douglas county will produce not less than a million pounds of dried prunes with a reasonable increase of other fruits.

**Public Vendue.**  
At the public sale of stock on the Melvin place, near Oakland, yesterday, a large number of stock were sold for cash, realizing over \$2,300. The cows, two and one year olds, sold for an average of \$10 a head. M. and W. C. Tipton and P. B. Beckley bought about 60 head of cattle. Colts, and yearling mules sold for 25 to 25 dollars a head. One Jack for stock breeding sold for \$171. There was a large number of people at the sale and bidding was quite spirited.

**TWO AUTOGRAPHS.**  
Bismarck Saw Von Moltke's Sentiment and Went Him One Better.  
A young German lady of rank, possessed of great personal charms and singularly winning manners, the daughter of a prominent politician, herself now a happy wife and mother, once beguiled Moltke, who was paying a brief visit to her father's country home in Silesia, into writing something in her autograph album. This was the entry:

Lüge verpönt;  
Wahrheit besteht.  
V. Moltke, Feldmarschall.  
Which in English would be:  
A lie must fall;  
Truth will prevail.

The wily damsel now determined to bide her time until she should be able to match Moltke's dictum. When her family had again settled down in their Berlin quarters for the winter season, Prince Bismarck called one afternoon, and she showed him her book, calling his attention to what the great strategist had written, adding artlessly: "Do you think the same, dear prince? Perhaps you would like to add your comment? And on the same page? Oh, thank you so very much! And may I send the volume to the Wilhelmstrasse?" The chancellor next day returned the book, now a greatly treasured family possession, and this is what he had written beneath the contribution of his colleague:

Wohl wies ich, dass in jener Welt  
Die Wahrheit stets den Sieg behält.  
Doch gegen Lüge dieses Lebens  
Kampfs selbst ein Feldmarschall vergobens.  
V. Bismarck, Reichskanzler.

Very roughly Englished, the chancellor's lines might run something like this:

In future worlds, beyond the pale,  
The truth is strong and shall prevail.  
But 'gainst our mundane life, 'tis plain,  
Field marshals even fight in vain.

—Westminster Gazette.

**LAMPS THAT ARE CLOCKS.**  
They Were Commonly Used in the Seventeenth Century.

Of the various examples that have been given of early specimens of the clockmaker's art not the least interesting are the several types of lamp-clocks. One of these was of a kind quite common in the seventeenth century and consisted of a lamp burner placed at the base of a glass oil receptacle mounted vertically on a suitable standard. The oil reservoir had attached to it a scale, facing the burner and showing the hours, beginning at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, at which time the lamp was to be lighted in winter, and ending at 7 o'clock in the morning. The lamp being lighted, the gradually descending level of the oil, as combustion proceeded, marked the hours.

The other device, of later origin, dating back to the beginning of the present century, utilized the same principle. It consisted of two communicating oil chambers, superposed by a clock dial. In one of the chambers was placed a night lamp to illuminate this dial, and in the other was suspended a float from a cord which passed around a small pulley. The latter was mounted on a horizontal axis ending in the center of the dial. The float of course descended as the oil was consumed and carried the index hand along with it, thus making the hours precisely as in the case already cited. At their best these timepieces could have had only an indifferent degree of accuracy, yet they probably served their purpose well and certainly are interesting at the present time as illustrations of the expedients adopted by mechanical artists of an earlier period.—Cassier's Magazine.

**An Independent Lawyer.**  
A lawyer, with his client, called one day at the office of a gentleman who is considered to be one of the leading men of the Philadelphia bar. The lawyer had an important case, and he wanted to take the legal big gun in as adviser. He explained his business and said he and the client would be back in the afternoon. "I won't be here then," said the legal giant. "I have an engagement at 3 o'clock, and I won't be here after that hour." "But there is a \$5,000 fee in this for you," explained the younger lawyer. "Can't help it. I won't be here. You will have to come tomorrow." "But my client can't come tomorrow." "Well, I can't break my engagement," said the senior. After some further talk it was agreed that a meeting be held that night. That afternoon, having nothing else to do, the young lawyer and his client went to a ball game. The first man they saw inside the grounds was the great lawyer, who was hurrying for the "Phillies" with all the vigor of his lungs. That was his important engagement. Needless to say the lawyer's practice nets him enough money each year to make him independent.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

**Old Time Football.**  
Football has never been a very gentle game, to judge from what Master Stabbes says about it in his "Anatomic of Abuses," published in 1583:

For, as concerning football playing, I protest unto you it may rather be called a friendly kind of fight than a play of recreation, a bloody and murdering practice than a sport or pastime, for doth not every one lie in wait for his adversary, seeking to overthrow him and to pick him on his nose, though it be on hard stones, so that by this means sometimes their necks are broken, sometimes their backs, sometimes their legs, sometimes their arms, sometimes one part thrust out of joint, sometimes another; sometimes the noses gush out with blood; sometimes their eyes start out.

**Servia.**  
Servia is thus called because it was originally inhabited by the Sredi, or Saevi, who located there, designing to rob, but were driven out toward the north by other tribes, and finally made their way to Sweden.

**ROYAL FLUSHES A DELUSION.**  
They Come Once in a While, but Do Not Always Win Much.

"These stories about men making big winnings by accidentally catching a straight flush when luck seemed down on them make me very weary," said an amateur poker player, who has been "poking" off and on for about 18 years, playing, however, nothing more imposing than "penny ante."

"I always class such stories with snake stories and fishing tales," the player went on. "There may be some truth in them, but I have never had any such luck—and I have held my own very well at 'penny ante' too."

"I have had just two 'royal flushes' in my experience. So far as the accidental and surprising part of them was concerned, that was all right, but for the big winnings—I never saw them. On the contrary, on both occasions, my opponents—I was playing two handed games each time—'lay down' on me unceremoniously. And I don't think I gave my hand away either."

"The first royal flush I ever had the fortune to hold in my hand was about six years ago, when I was having a quiet little game with an old friend. It was a modest 'jackpot.'"

"My opponent opened it for a nickel—the limit. I skinned my hand, but could not find a pair. A king and queen of hearts looked pretty, and I chipped in my nickel and drew to them."

"Imagine my surprise when an ace, a ten and a jack of hearts came to me. I kept mighty quiet, hoping to make a 'killing.'"

"My opponent threw in a nickel chip, and I saw it and raised it the nickel limit. He lay down. He had not bettered a measly pair of jacks."

"The other time I had a royal flush was about a year and a half ago. My opponent asked me if I had ever had one and said that he had not."

"The second hand after his remark I had the 'ace,' and he staid in. I had a queen, jack and ten of clubs and thought I would try for a straight or flush. The king and then the ace of clubs came to me."

"My opponent skimmed his hand and then said, 'I'll give it to you.' He had only an ace high, with king next."

"I showed him my hand, and he volubly congratulated himself that he had not 'bettered' his draw, while I—well, I never swear in company, but I felt mighty like it."—Kansas City Star.

**Prince Charlie.**  
He was a young Prince Charming, beautiful, brave, capable of enduring hardships and, till his misfortune, a soldier, not only kind, but of an uncommon and almost impolite humanity. Well might Walton, the spy, pronounce him, with the blood of John Sobieski in his veins, "a far more dangerous enemy to the present establishment of the government in England than ever his father was."

In those days, when a king of some sort was a necessity, England seemed to have in Charles a king born to be adored. But the tendency of things was inevitably against him. He appears, I own to myself, to have had better qualities than any man of his line since the fourth James fell at Flodden. There was nothing in his Scotch expedition, till the fatal morrow of Culloden, that did not become a gentleman and a king. The Cameronians, a feeble, but virulent remnant of the auld leaven of the covenant, publicly blamed his "foolish lenity and pity" to the "rebels whom Providence put into his hands."

If his courage is accused, so has that of Marlborough been, and the evidence of Marlborough's "never was a man not rash or brave," may be taken as dispeering of a childishly malevolent accusation. He was gentle and considerate till misfortune taught him suspicion and hope deferred made the heart sick. The exposure, which he bore so gallantly in the highlands, and the habits of that country, taught him his fatal vice, which corrupted and debased a character naturally noble and generous.—Scribner's Magazine.

**He Returned the Tip.**  
The Bristol (England) Mercury says that while Paderewski, the pianist, was in a nearby town recently he received a courteous worded letter asking to allow an invalid lady to call upon him and hear him play one piece, promising in return for "this great treat" a donation of half a guinea, which was tendered with much apology. The letter was so worded as to be a courteous and delicate appeal to the pianist's generosity. The letter had the desired effect, and he appointed a time. Punctual to the moment, the lady appeared, and Paderewski played her a few pieces. The lady thanked him and slipped the promised half guinea in the most gracious mode of tip giving into his palm. "Ah! what is this?" blantly asked the pianist. "The half guinea I promised you." "I really believe," he answered, with a smile, "that I shall be able to get to the next town without it," saying which he returned the proffered largesse, bowed the lady out and sat down to his interrupted breakfast.

**The Tramp's Opportunity.**  
Queer things happen in this world. A tramp took refuge in an old graveyard in Georgia and prepared for a sound night's rest between two graves. About the hour when churchyards are supposed to "savin'" he was awakened by a strange noise, and on looking up he discovered an escaped convict in the act of filing his shackles. As the tramp stood up the convict, in superstitious terror, fell upon his knees, whereupon the tramp arrested him, delivered him over to the authorities at the camp near by and received a reward of \$20.—Atlanta Constitution.

**Bishop Fleming.**  
In Lincolnshire, England, it is the current belief that Bishop Fleming, founder of Lincoln college, Oxford, died while attempting to imitate the Saviour's miraculous fast of 40 days.

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