

THE WAVERLEY OAKS.

Oldest Trees of Wondrous Beauty in the State of Massachusetts.

The great oaks at Waverley, Mass., are survivals of an oak forest that must have existed in that region, according to the geologists and students of trees, as far back as the tenth century. They bear every evidence of great age, and the elm tree in the neighborhood, now almost dismantled, with its great limbs falling on the ground and nearly all of its branches decayed, is the most venerable object in the line of trees that can probably be displayed in any part of New England. It is well worth a visit to Waverley just to see this venerable tree. It is immense in the size of its trunk, and its dignity in decay is very impressive. The dozen oak trees in the neighborhood are of the sort that attain a very great age, and that maintain their virility unimpaired. We know of only one other oak tree in New England, says the Boston Herald, that can be compared with them. That is located in Ipswich, and is larger and more venerable, apparently, than any of the Waverley oaks, and that and the Waverley oaks, we are glad to know, have been inspected by the state park commissioners and are likely to be preserved. It is worth one's while to see and study these majestic oaks. They are seen to great advantage in the winter, when their rugged limbs are bare and their immense strength is revealed, and in summer, when they are covered with foliage, they are objects of wonderful beauty. The state of Massachusetts has a duty to enfranchise these trees and make them public property. They are the glory of the state, and almost as much an object of interest as the old state house, or the venerable structure called the Old South Meeting-house.

SAVED A DOZEN LIVES.

Presence of Mind and Commendable Pluck of a Colorado Mine Owner.

"I have heard of some rare cases of presence of mind," said a traveler to a reporter for the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, "but I saw a case a few days ago that struck me as among the rare ones. We were coming south on the Santa Fe from Denver a few nights before Christmas. At about two o'clock in the morning, somewhere north of Colorado Springs, we went over an embankment. The papers were full of it and I won't go into details, but nobody knows how a millionaire saved the lives of a dozen people that awful morning. As soon as we came to our senses we all tried to get out of the sleeping car. When we did we found that the forward end was afire. Just then Bill Yankee, a millionaire mine-owner, who has property all over the state of Colorado, grabbed up an armful of blankets, and, jumping across the flames, landed in a deep snowdrift. He was barefooted and clad only in his underclothes, but he didn't seem to mind that a bit. He spread out a blanket, piled it full with snow and threw it over the flames. This he did time and time again until he had the place completely smothered. There wasn't another man in the car who would have thought of that but Yankee, and I tell you it was a plucky thing to do. I don't know whether I'd like to freeze or roast to death. It looked as though it would have to be one or the other there for a while, but Yankee's nerve saved us."

GLADSTONE AS A READER.

It is the Premier's Habit Never to Lose a Minute's Time.

It is rather discouraging to know that if one should read more hours a day than the average American is able to spend away from business, he would be able to read only a few of the works that are really worth reading.

Mr. Gladstone, however, is not to be discouraged by this knowledge. He goes upon the principle that the only way to get any reading done is to read. In a volume of conversations, recently translated, Dr. Dollinger said: "I think it was in the year 1871 that I remember Mr. Gladstone's paying me a visit at six o'clock in the evening. We began talking on political and theological subjects, and both became so engrossed with the conversation that it was two in the morning when I left the room to fetch a book from my library bearing on the matter in hand. I returned with it in a few minutes and found Mr.

Gladstone deep in a volume he had drawn out of his pocket—true to his principle of never losing time—during my momentary absence. And this at the small hours of the morning."

The Andes Sinking.

The startling announcement is made that the whole range of the Andes is slowly sinking into the earth's crust. As proof of this La Gazette Geographique says that Quito was 9,593 feet above the level of the sea in the year 1745; in 1800 it was only 9,579; in 1831, 9,567, having sunk 26 feet in the 55 years following 1745, and but three feet during the 31 years which intervened between 1800 and 1831. In 1863 the city's level had been reduced to 9,520 feet above the level of the Pacific ocean. To sum up the total, we find that Ecuador's capital has sunk 76 feet in 123 years. Antisana's farm, the highest inhabited spot on the Andes (4,000 feet higher than Quito itself, which is the highest real city on the globe), is said by the same authority to be 218 feet lower than it was in 1745.

The Lady in the Moon.

It is left to our four hundredth centennial to celebrate a charming discovery. It seems not to be generally known that the regal "man in the moon," who for ages or eons has been looked upon as the sole ruler of his planet, shares his throne and divides his honors with the loveliest semblance of woman. Would you see her at her best let it be on a cloudless night as near the full of the moon as possible. Use a good opera or field glass. Be patient; some fail to find her at first. The face is in profile and looks toward your left as you gaze, occupying half the surface of the moon. The hair dark and coiled rather high; her throat and neck are radiantly beautiful. Beyond her profile is seen the dark face of a man looking straight forward.

FEMININE NOVELTIES.

SACHETS are embroidered with the scent of flower—rose, heliotrope, or violet, as the case may be.

A FRAME for a bride or debutante's picture is of cream or ivory-white satin thickly padded and embroidered with orange blossoms or roses.

A BRACELET, recently patented, fits the edge of the cuff like a binding, or, for evening wear, adjusts itself and finishes the rim of the glove at any point on the arm with a selvage of silver or gold, as desired. There are times when one feels that inventors, like immigrants, should be restricted.

In London a novelty has been introduced in the way of a "ladies' band" that may be hired for entertainments. They are dressed uniformly in white Greek dresses, and play only on stringed instruments. It is said that the effect is exceedingly pretty, and that their music is quite "up to the average."

LONDON AND PARIS.

STATISTICS in London show that in that city the consumption of gas is steadily increasing notwithstanding the more general adoption of electric light.

The queen has given orders for extensive decorative repairs to be carried out in Holyrood palace, and the office of works is now engaged in cleaning and restoring the ceilings and walls of Queen Mary's audience chamber and supper-room and the adjoining corridor.

In summer at Paris the Seine delivers to the two parts of the bridge Pont-Neuf about a hundred cubic inches of water every second, moving with a force of three thousand five hundred horse-power. Every hour three hundred and sixty thousand cubic metres of water pass under the arches of the bridge, or eight million six hundred and forty thousand cubic metres in a day.

Those desirous of retaining the services of a professional panegyrist usually find him in a wine tavern contiguous to the graveyard. He is known as the "Monsieur de Cemeterie," and has always on hand an assortment of orations to suit customers of every description. He only needs a few hints about the life and career of the defunct and then evolves from his imagination a biographical sketch so brilliant and eulogistic as to make the mourners and general auditors believe that in the deceased the world lost one of its great men.—Boston Herald.

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