TRAVELERS' GUIDE

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pedestrians. - Poarson's Weekly. Watches are adjusted to heat and cold by being allowed to stand brack tsomely illustrated we kly. Largest cir-n of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. a room heated with dry heat to 120 degrees and then in cold stor ge, being regulated after each treatment,

hands cut of his pockets and swung

THE DEAD DRAP.

Dreep drap, dreep drap, i' the lang an lanely Dreep drap, dreep drap, my heart is quick wi For ane is summoned frae dear hame an life an kindly fieht.

REGULAR DAILY TRIPS They're sleepin a', they're sleepin a', as warm an peacefullie cauld death was far awa' at wark upon Florence and Head of Tide.

the sca oh, he's near at hand an tells a wearie

An will he tak' the raven hair or will he tak the gray?

Dr will be wag a finger bare at lauchin, lint white May?

Oh let him mak a sign to me, for gladly I would gae!

Pacific, Ry. Dreep drap, dreep drap, in a nicht without a breep drap, dreep drap-it draps a loo'ed life

i sit an shiver by mysel'-God send the day licht sune!
-Nimmo Christie in Black and White

MERE SUSANNE.

When I first saw her, she was standing in her cottage doorway, leaning both hands on her stick. The sunset was Sleeping Care on her face, glorifying the cottage windows and the little garden, and there a little while ago.' was a noise of singing birds about her Her eyes were turned westward. She was a little old woman, with gray hair was it?" and a small, determined face. Her lips were thin and her eyes bright and deep Sleeping Cars set, with penthouse brows.

I lingered, wondering a little From inside the cottage there came the continual cheep cheep and twitter of birds. There were cages hung up outside near the door, and one even on the doorstep The old woman looked straight across the flat fields to the sunset She had a colorless wrap about her head, and she wore a colorless dress and a blue apron. The sunset glorified them

I thought she did not see me, but as THROUGH TICKETS I went Ly she called to me, and I turned back She came down to the little gate and said, "Monsieur is a stranger?"

"Yes. madame." "And he has traveled perhaps?"

"In many lands." "Has he ever met a tall lad, a soldier, very fair and handsome, with blue

"I have met many soldiers, madame. "But this one! Think, monsiour," she urged "You could never have forfor information, time cards, maps and tickets gotten him. His bair was like the sky yonder"-she pointed to the ruined gold of the sunset-"and his eyes General Agent. Rooms 2 and 4, Shelton Block, danced, danced always. He was always

"I am very sorry, madame, I do not remember him. She seemed a little saddened and was

turning away when I said, "You keep Portland Or. many singing birds, madame?" "They call me Mere Susanne," she said "Come in, monsieur, if you will,

and see them." Elk Prairie Hotel. Standard Dictionary room where she lived and slept; I learn at his face with pride and peace in hers. shrine-empty-where she went to pray when her heart and hope were

umb. The little kitchen was filled with birds in cages She had to put one on the floor to offer me a seat. As for herself she sat down on a stool in the midst of them Then she took up the AUTHORITATIVE cage from the floor on to her knee, and, patting in her hand, captured the songster It was a chaffinch. She stroked its wings and laid it against her face. It did not try to escape, but nestled contentedly against the wrinkled cheek.

"It knows you," I said. She gave a contented little laugh. 'They all do But I won't need them when he comes home."

"Who is he?" "He-my boy that I told you of. Prop. different dictionaries for the entire alphabet is as follows: STORMONTH, 50,000; WORCHESTER didn t bear them. But I know. The twilight was closing in A grad-

105,000; WEBSTER (international), 125,000; CEN-TURY, (six volumes, complete,) 225,000: ual hush had crept over the linnets and finches, the canaries and the rest. She put back the bird into its cage and rose; too She did not ask me to go again. the twilight and continued my walk; but, returning bome the same way, I heard a strange sound through the spring darkness. It was Mere Susanne crouched up by the garden paling, crying to herself

A few days later I came across her in E. D. BRONSON & CO, the fields. She was plucking dandelion and herbs for salad and groundsel for birds She told me that she went about selling them to those of the neighbors who had no time to come and look for their own.

The new green was springing up They were out a stroll. She no- around us The sky was blue. A spring ticed her hustand draw a glance at her wind wandered about and blew apart and then lock about the ground in a the old woman's hair on her torchead very decided manner, as though in as she worked search of something. He appeared per-'You leave your birds alone all day?"

I said "What is the matter, James?" she "Yes," she answered, "but I hear inquired, beginning to feel anxious. them singing all the same."

'How, then, since your cottage is not "I am looking to see if I can find out near here?" why it is," was his response "It is in-comprehensible to me, and I should like ening the unity that the said, straight-ening the said, straight-"How do I know?" she said, straight-

plainer as I go home in the evenings. 'What is it?' she asked quietly. She and when I get in at the gate they all began to grasp the situation. She had began together "She stooped down had similar experiences and meant to get again, smiling "It's almost like havbegan to grasp the situation. She had ing a child waiting for one, 'she said. "I can't understand why you are but not to me. holding your skirt with one hand. Your I thought of her that evening when,

dress isn't long and a careful look round looking out of my window, I saw that fails to reveal any sign of mud. It hasn't rained for a week." the sky in the west had turned primrose. I saw her trudging home with the light "Oh, that is easily explained!" re- on her face and the singing of her birds turned the lady sweetly. "I do that bein her ears growing nearer and nearer, cause I have no trousers pocket to stuff till at last she turned in at the little He muttered something about its be-

Often after that I met her in the fields ing useless to talk to a weman, took his or going her rounds in the village. Sometimes when I saw her talking with them about to the inconvent nee of the the neighbors I fancied that the glamour of a spring evening had worked a spell and that after all there was nothing uncommon or evil about her, and then I remembered the eyes that bad watched the sunset and the strange sound heard

through the spring darkness.

If in the daytime I chanced to pass

her cottage, which stood alone among the sad, cultivated fields, I heard her

birds singing and chirping ceaselessly. "Monsieur," she said to me once, when I am dead they will stop sing-

She went early to work in the mornings, giving them fresh food and water before starting. Often she went far afield for herbs. Once I met her coming home slowly and heavily, leaning on her stick. Dusk had tallen, and the east was growing tender for the moonrise. She asked me in that evening. I no-

ticed that she moved about feebly, as though she were tired out, and at last she sat down and was silent.
"Mere Susanne," I said suddenly "when is your boy coming back? How

long has he been away?"

By the movement she made I knew that she raised her head, for we were in

"Monsieur," she said, "he may come any day Every night I say to myself, 'Perhaps he will come tomorrow, maybe before I am up, or he will meet me coming home in the evening.' "Why does he detay, Mere Susanne?

Her fingers grew restless and plucked at her apron "I cannot tell, monsieur. But it is not long since he went-only "When did he go, Mere Susanne, and

why? You have never told me. When "It was during the war, monsieur. I do not know how long ago; I have no

memory, but only a little while since. Monsieur will know He went to fight. Then at last I began to understand It was 20 years since her boy had gone. She would not have known him now He was a tall lad, fair and handsome, and blue eyed to her still, and she was waiting for him to come back from a battlefield which the plow had turned up a score of times since that last battle

had been fought. The little room and the darkness seemed to me to grow very sad. At times came a twitter from a sleepless bird, and then the moonlight stole in and found us Mere Susanne rose up "See, monsieur," she said, "I will show you his room." And she took me into the other chamber It was very bare and spotless, and the white moon light was glorifying it-nay, was hallowing it; for it was a shrine. There was nothing in it except a chair and a chest of drawers and the bed against the wall. The moonlight was streaming on to the pillow where should have been lying the head that had slept since on another bed of honor.

Mere Susanne stole up and kissed it, and then, kneeling, laid her own head there. And I stumbled out into the little garden and the soft moonshine and shadow, not seeing where I went.

Sometimes I fancy that her boy came home: that some early summer twilight he met her returning from the fields and came back with her through the little gate and into the cottage, his arm The cottage was two roomed-one about her shoulders and she looking up

d afterward that the other was a Was it so, I wonder? I like to think that it was. For one morning when I passed by the little cottage stood with open door in the early sunlight And the birds had stopped singing. -St Lonis Globe-Lemocrat.

A German Cyclist's Brake.

"We Americans traveling abroad are apt to be very proud of our reputation for cleverness, 'said a tourist who went bicycling in Europe last summer. "And no doubt we have reason to be. But I am going to tell you how I had some of

the conceit taken out of me.
"We were going through Switzerland
and had reached the close of the first day's descent toward Geneva. The road had been too steep to coast without the aid of a brake, and as we were afraid to use our brakes for fear our tires would not last us through our trip we back pedaled all the way.
"As we were sitting after supper on

the veranda of the lodge discussing the fatigue of our unusual exercise and dreading the morrow, which meant more of the same sort, our attention was suddenly called to a cloud of dust de I went out into the little garden and scending the mountain side. Then we saw a cyclist, coasting as nice as you please, towing a good sized sapling by a rope tied to the rear of his wheel. which acted as an effective brake without injury to the tires. One of the boys ejaculated, 'Well, why didn't we think of that?' The rest were simply dumb That man was a German I now take off my bat to our German brethren of the wheel. "-New York Sun.

It is not a generally understood fact

that the condition of the teeth has much to do with the health, beauty and usefulness of the eyes. That an ulcerated tooth will often cause extreme inflammation of the eyes is true, and a case is reported of almost total blindness caused by the teeth crowding together A half grown boy, who had complained of almost incessant uneasiness in his jaws and had been visited with periodical attacks of the most violent toothache, retired one night in his usual condition. but upon awakening the next morning it was discovered that he was blind The eyes presented a most unnatural appearance and the countenance was strained and distressed. After a good deal of investigation it was decided to remove some of his teeth and see if this would afford relief Six teeth were extracted and the boy was given sedative treatment After a few days the sight became normal and there has been no return of the difficulty Children who appear to have too many teeth should be carefully looked after, especially if they complain of their eyes in any way Sometimes the symptoms are only secondary, but an acute diagnostician will speedily detect the exact state of the case. - New York Ledger

A Valued Tip. "You want to be careful of Geezer

He doesn't pay bis debts." "Thanks for the tip You see, I owe bim money." - Philadelphia North

CAPTURE OF DAVIS.

TRUE STORY OF THE TAKING OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The Fourth Michigan Cavalry His Captors-Those With the Ex-President at the Time-Exaggerated Stories of His Disguise.

Our cavalry corps went into camp in and around Macon, and in the early part of May it was learned that Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederate states, was fleeing for Texas to join General Kirby Smith, there to try and re-establish the Confederacy. Orders were at once issued by General Wilson for his capture. The First Wisconsin cavalry was ordered out on the north or east bank of the Ocmulgee river, and Colonel Minty ordered out his old regi-ment, the Fourth Michigan cavalry, down the south or west side of the same river, with instructions to intercept and capture Mr. Davis and the party with him. Colonel (since General) Minty, well known in this city, now a railroad official in the west, was one of the finest and most efficient officers in the late war His command, with Wilder's, in the foremost front, opened the battle on the noted and bloody field of 'Chicka-

At Abbeyville, 70 miles south of Macon it was learned that Davis' fleeing party had here crossed the ferry over the Ocmulgee and were moving south-ward toward Irwinsville, Ga., 80 miles below and 100 miles south of Macon. Lieutenant Colonel B. D. Pritchard, in command of the Fourth Michigan cavalry, marched the regiment rapidly down the river road, and after a 80 mile ride reached Irwinsville late in the night and learned that he had got in advance of the Davis party Early on the morning of the 10th of May he charged into the camp of the 'fleeing Confederacy,' and Mr Davis never joined Kirby Smith in Texas. Many false and nonsensical stories have been related about this capture and different regiments given its credit. Now these

are the facts: Jefferson Davis was captured by the Fourth Michigan cavalry in the early morning of May 10, 1865, at Irwinsville in southern Georgia With him were Mr. John H. Reagan of Texas, his postmaster general; Captain Moody of Mississippi, an old neighbor of the Davis family; Governor Lubbock of Texas and Colonels Harrison and Johnson of his staff: Mrs. Davis and her four children-Maggie, some 10 years old; Jeff, about 8; Willie, 5, and a girl baby-a brother and sister of Mrs Davis, a white and one colored servant woman, a small force of cavalry, a few others and a small train of horses, mules, wagons and ambulances. Among the horses were a span of carriage horses presented to Mrs. Davis by the citizens of Richmond during the heyday of the

On the 11th of May, the next day after the capture, and while on our way back to Macon. as officer of the guard over the distinguished prisoners, I rode by the side of Mr. Reagan, later a senator from Texas. I found him a very fine gentleman During that day's march a courier from Macon notified us in printed alips of the \$100,000 reward offered for Mr. Davis' capture, and which no-tice connected Davis with the assassination of President Lincoln. When Mr. Reagan read the notice, he earnestly protested that Mr. Davis had no con nection whatever with that sorrowful affair. History has shown that he had

Besides the suit of men's clothing worn by Mr. Davis he bad on when captured Mrs. Davis' large waterproof dress or robe, thrown over his own fine gray suit, and a blanket shawl thrown over his head and shoulders. This shawl and robe were finally deposited in the archives of the war department at Wash-

ington by order of Secretary Stanton.

The story of the "hoopskirt, sunbonnet and calico wrapper" had no real existence and was started in the fertile brains of the reporters and in the illustrated papers of that day. That was a perilous moment for Mr. Davis. He had the right to try to escape in any disguise be could use.

There were many interesting incidents connected with this capture, but I have not the time now to relate them. Of the children of this noted couple Maggie grew up, married and is now living in Colorado. One of the boys died carly. One grew to manhood, married and died with yellow fever near Memphis since the war, and that "girl baby" grew up to womanbood and is now a talented and beautiful young lady and known as "Winnie, the daughter of the Confeder-

My mind reverts to those days of the war, and I often think of that scene and the march back from Irwinsville, through the somber pine woods, swamps and plantations of southern Georgia. Thee in the ambulance with his wife and baby was Jefferson Davis, a prisoner of war. How weak and small had become the head and front of that power against which the men in blue had been so long battling! How had the mighty fallen!-Paper by Judge Peabody of St.

Better Protected. He was crying, but he finally man-

aged to blubber through his tears: 'I wisht I was a girl " "Why do you wish you were a girl?"
asked the father, who was mainly re-

spousible for the tears. 'Tain't so easy to wallop them." answered the boy, hardly realizing how great the truth he had hit upon.—Chicago Post.

Fast and Slow.

debta."-Philadelphia Record.

spends money."

She-He's fast, I understand. He-No-slow "You evidently don't know how he

"Ah, but I know how he pays his

One good thing comes of a fortified city, or at least has come to Paris and Brussels, and that is when by expansion it has become necessary to tear down the fortification it has left the boule vard. Brussels is now about three times as large as the original walled city, and this boulevard forms a broad street around between the center and the outside from 200 to 800 feet wide. It is more than a street or avenue; it is a street and a park. It goes by different names at different parts, and Boulevard Waterloo-the widest-is first a sidewalk, then a paved street perhaps 16 feet wide for business purposes, then ground with two rows of trees, 30 feet wide, for horseback riding, then 40 feet or so of asphalt or macadam for car-riages, then 80 feet (at a guess) with four rows of trees for pedestrians, with seats for resting; then another paved street for business and street cars, and, lastly, the other sidewalk. At different places are booths for selling papers, etc., waiting rooms for the street car service and public conveniences. Through the town there are two broad avenues and many outside, like the Avenue Louise. which leads out to the Bois, and, like

the boulevard, has the same combina-

tion-part street and part park of itself.

The other streets are neither wide nor

straight, but cool in a hot day and likely warm in winter.

The buildings are not whole blocks from street to street as in Paris, each separate house or store varying some-what one from the other, but they are all in a locality or block about of the same height and degree of finish-ail kept clean and bright-the telegraph and telephone wires all over the tops strung from roof to roof and the whole city supplied with street car service. One of the lines is supplied with cars that run op the track where there is a track and turn out on the pavement where there is none. This is done by using common omnibus wheels for the carriage and two leading wheels which drop into the grooves in the rails— when in line—which keeps the car on all right. By custom, law or common sense none of the carriages has tires less than about two inches wide, so that the ground rail does not interfere at all with the common street traffic The king, either by his power or infin ence, sees to it that the companies give Confederacy; also a splendid saddle the worth of the money. The fares are horse, the pride of the ex-president him- very low-only a cent for short rides, the companies are no doubt managed on economical lines. As au example, the tickets or receipts are printed on paper and are canceled by the conductor tearing off the carner. How simple com-pared with the thick ticket and punch! The street cars, or tram cars, have maps of the route over which they travel posted so one who can follow a map can see where the special line he is on

goes, what main streets it crosses and where it connects with other lines. Probably nothing has been said about Brussels for the last 800 years that did not include the Hotel de Ville, or town ball, with its openwork spire. Inside it is a museum, with many curiosities and noted paintings. Surrounding it and throughout the old part of the town there are many ancient Flemish buildings, and in the new part is the Hall of Justice, one of the largest buildings in the world, if not the very largest, It is larger than St. Peter's, and though Philadelphia claims to have the largest this is 500 by 600 and 400 feet high, as against the Philadelphia structure's 460 feet square by the same height, and the Philadelphia building has a large open court, which the Brussels Hall of Justice has not. Anyway there is an awful los of stone and architecture about it.

I do not know whether they deal out justice on the same scale as the build ing, but the affairs of the city seem to be well managed, and one would think, from the talk of the people, that the king has a good deal to do with it. He is greatly liked, is around the streets and in the exhibition every day and stops to talk to the exhibitors and workmen. We had the honor of meeting him two or three times. He was going one way in the aisles of the exhibition and in the street, and we were going the other. "Long live the king!"-John E. Sweet in American Machinist.

A Prussian officer in the German army has been in the habit of questioning raw recruits on simple matters of national history Here are a few replies to his question, "Who is Bismarck?" Bismarck was emperor of the French. Bismarck is dead." "Pismarck is a pensioner and lives in Paris." "Bismarch took part in the campaign of 1870 and received a medal for good conduct." "Bismarck descends from the Hohenzollerus and was born on April 1." Of 66 recruits whom the officer bad to instruct, 21 had never in their life heard the name of the Iron Chancel

Dissatisfied.

"Is young Hopley much of a lawyer?" "No, he isn't any good at all I em ployed him in a case a short time ago. and be didn't say a thing to the counsel for the other side that a gentleman could object to "-Chicago News.

According to Dr. W. J. Beal, the naabout 1,375 species, included in about 140 genera, while in Europe there are only 47 genera and 570 species.