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On Jackson Street, opposite the Postoffice. Keeps
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And everything in the Boot and Shoe Line and
SELLS CHEAP FOR CASH.

Boots and Shoes Made to Order—Perfect
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OFFICE—ON JACKSON STREET.
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MAHONEY'S SALOON
Nearest to the Railroad Depot, Oakland
Jas. Mahoney, Prop'r.
The finest of wines, liquors and cigars in Doug-
las county, and the best
BILLIARD TABLE
in the State kept in proper repair.

Parties traveling on the railroad will find this
place very handy to visit during the stop-
ping of the train at the Oak-
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Home Made Furniture,
WILBUR, - OREGON.
Upholstery, Spring Mattresses, Etc.,
Constantly on hand.

FURNITURE. I have the best stock of
Furniture, Turfure south of Portland
And all of my own manufacture.
No two Prices to Customers
Residents of Douglas county are requested to
give me a call before purchasing elsewhere.

DEPOT HOTEL.
OAKLAND, - OREGON.
Richard Thomas, Prop'r.
THIS HOTEL HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED
for a number of years, and has become very
popular with the traveling public. First-class
SLEEPING ACCOMMODATIONS.
And the table supplied with the best the market
affords. Hotel at the depot of the Railroad.

H. C. STANTON,
Dealer in
Staple Dry Goods!
Keeps constantly on hand a general assort-
ment of
EXTRA FINE GROCERIES,
WOOD, WILLOW AND GLASSWARE,
ALSO

Crockery and Cordage
A full stock of
SCHOOL BOOKS
Each as required by the Public County Schools.
All kinds of STATIONERY, TOYS and
FANCY ARTICLES,
To suit both home and school.

BUYS AND SELLS LEGAL TENDERS,
Furnishes Checks on Portland, and procures
Drafts on San Francisco.

SEEDS! SEEDS!
SEEDS!
ALL KINDS OF BEST QUALITY
ALL ORDERS
Promptly attended to and Goods shipped
with care.

Address, Hachemy & Benn,
Portland, Oregon.
A Mormon missionary who is at present
in Washington city claims to have
recently made sixty converts, mostly
girls between the ages of 15 and 25. He
is an associate of the Mormons who were
recently tarred and feathered in Indiana.
Congressmen who are here express
themselves very earnestly about the
Mormon question and say that it is evi-
dent that something more stringent than
the Edmunds law will have to be devised
if polygamy is to be abolished. One
plan is to legislate the present govern-
ment out of existence and to have a pro-
visional government created, officers of
which would be appointed by the president
and confirmed by the senate.

DOUGLAS
VOL. VIII. ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1883.

LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.
BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE.
The Philadelphia Press has reduced its price from three to two cents.
Bancroft, the historian, celebrated his 83d birthday at Newport, R. I., Oct. 3d.
At Pittsburg, Oct. 4th, James McStein was hanged in the yard of the county jail.
Galveston, Texas, on the 6th inst., was visited with the largest fire that ever occurred in that place. The loss is estimated at a million dollars.

The director of the mint authorizes the purchase of 40,000 ounces of fine silver for use by the Philadelphia, New Orleans and San Francisco mints.
Rear Admiral Pierce Crosby, commanding the naval forces at Asiatic stations, telegraphs to the navy department asking to be relieved and placed on the retired list.
Exports of specie from New York for the week ending Oct. 6th, were \$339,900, making a total since January 1st of \$17,010,275, against \$43,215,640 for the same time last year.

Business failures for the week ending Oct. 6th throughout the United States and Canada were 185, as against 180 last week. In New York city failures were insignificant in numbers and amounts.
Hon. Charles Kreighton Haswell, for a quarter of a century connected with the editorial staff of the Boston Traveler and a writer of a review of the week, died October 6th, aged 62.
Minneapolis dispatch of October 6th says: The special train bearing 450 members of the Oregon Pioneer association is expected to reach this city to-morrow night on the Northern Pacific. The excursionists will go to Chicago Monday and thence east, returning via Chicago and Minneapolis within ninety days.

The national bank has brought suit against the postmaster general for \$100,000 for directing that money orders addressed to the bank, but intended for the lottery company, shall not be delivered. The bank contends that the order was intended to charge the bank with fraudulent practices and illegal action, and that it has seriously damaged its business.
At Northboro, Mass., recently, a man named Taylor, from Brookton, put on a visit with his wife to the home of Richard Eyleward, shot his wife and then blew out his brains. The woman was induced to go into a field, and while there the shots were fired. The woman expected to recover, but having entered the room, coming out through the roof of the mouth. The man died instantly.

At New York, October 6th, the Northern Pacific directors re-elected the old board of officers, and authorized the issue of \$20,000,000 second mortgage bonds, subject to the approval of the preferred stockholders. It will require the consent of three-fourths of these shareholders, and it is thought no serious objection will be made to the issue. The proceeds will wipe out the floating debt and will also be applied to the completion and equipment of the line.
An Austin, Tex., dispatch of October 7th says: A German alderman, Henry Pannkoek, and a French brick mason named Jette, near neighbors, raked up an old grudge this afternoon in a saloon, and in an encounter outside, the alderman drew a self-cocking revolver and fired a shot through Jette's bowels, the ball passing into the leg of a carpenter named Kelly. The alderman succeeded in cutting himself out of the saloon, and Jette, but the latter in falling, seized the weapon and shot the alderman himself in the bowels. Both will die.

A recent dispatch from Calvesville, Texas, says that near there, some time ago, a son-in-law of Mrs. Shaw lost his wife, and turned over his little two-year-old child to his grandmother, to care for. He married again, and was desirous of regaining possession of the child. Mrs. Shaw being unwilling to surrender the child, it was then taken by force. Aggravated by the loss she committed suicide by leaping herself into a most ingenious manner to a stone fence, having first attached her head and clothes with kerosene. She then struck a match and applied it. When struck, she was dead. The body was horribly burned.
A Memphis dispatch of Oct. 7th says: The afternoon at 3 o'clock, the large building on Main street, occupied by B. Lowenstein & Bros., retail dry goods, was discovered to be on fire. The entire building and contents were totally destroyed. Lowenstein & Bros., loss on the stock of the store, is \$150,000; insured for \$100,000. Loss on building, \$40,000; insured for \$24,000. H. Moystor, photographer, occupied a portion of the third floor. His loss is \$5000. The building to the south, occupied by S. Hall, retail clothing, was damaged \$27,000; insured. Other losses are about \$4500.

Director of the mint Burchard has prepared a statement showing the amount of silver coinage into silver dollars under the act of 1873, with the disposition made of the same, and showing also the profits on the coinage of silver dollars from the beginning of the fiscal year in which he became director of the mint, 1873, up to the 30th of June, 1883. From this statement it appears that silver on hand July 1, 1873, and purchased since then amounts to 123,447,459 ounces, of which 119,206,224 ounces have been used in the coinage of silver dollars and some subsidiary silver coin; 304,375 ounces have been wasted by the operative of the mint and sold in sweepings, leaving a balance on hand July 1, 1883, of 3,936,881 ounces. This remainder has been weighed and verified by the officers of the treasury department. The profits on the coinage of silver, including payments by Adams Express company, amount to \$17,342,113, of which \$15,581,713 have been deposited in the treasury of the United States, and \$368,399 have been paid for shipping silver dollars, \$51,025 for loss on sweepings sold, \$71,425 for wastages, and \$48 for loss for recoinage, leaving a balance in coinage since June 30, 1883, of \$1,278,599, all of which, since that date, has been turned into the treasury.

Results, so far as heard from, show that the Republicans carry over the large majority of the towns in Connecticut, making gains apparently on the figures of a year ago.
General George W. Getty, in command of artillery at Fort Monroe, was placed on the retired list. He will be picked up by Colonel John C. Tidball, of General Sherman's staff.
A Dayton, Ohio, dispatch of Oct. 4th says: A frightened horse plunged in front of a train to-day, with a carriage, causing the death of Mrs. George Trimback, and seriously injuring Miss Newcomb.
At a campmeeting near Kingston, N. C., recently, a large number of moccasin snakes suddenly appeared among the congregation. Over fifty females fainting and several persons were bitten, but not fatally. The men finally killed the snakes, but the meeting was completely broken up.

A singular and most painful accident occurred at Lake Tahoe recently. A man named Stackhouse was engaged with others in wedging lumber, when a sharp splinter of the steel wedge in use flew off, cut through his left eyelid, penetrated entirely through the eyeball, and lodged underneath the facial bone. He was at once sent to Truckee for medical treatment, but there is no hope of saving his sight, and the eye will have to be cut out.
A special correspondent of the New York Post has gone over the country of the west and northwest, from Chicago as far as St. Paul, in the last week, and gives it as an opinion of the farmers and merchants that the damage to the corn crop is largely overestimated—that corn does not actually freeze and that it does not; that there will be an abundant crop, even if the frosted districts, and also that there is a very large supply of old corn in the country.

Inquiries from many persons whether they could be compelled to pay for newspapers sent to their address without authority, have called forth the following ruling from the postoffice department: The liability of a party to pay for a newspaper must be determined by rules applicable to other contracts. When a publisher, without request from the party, either expressed or implied, sends a paper, the publisher is held to be liable for the paper from the postoffice does, of itself, create an implied agreement.
A Vicksburg, Miss., dispatch of Oct. 3d says: In the interstate levee convention at three states—Arkansas, Louisiana and Mississippi—only one resolution was adopted. Resolutions were adopted declaring it to be the imperative duty of congress to improve the navigation of the Mississippi and its tributaries, so as to facilitate commerce by cheapening transportation for the people, and to protect from destructive floods territory now subject to annual overflow. It was further resolved to continue the agitation until action was taken by congress.

Application has been made to the war department by the survivors of a confederate brig-deading at Norfolk, Va., for permission to use their old battle flags, now in possession of the war department, on the occasion of a reunion to take place in a few weeks. There are several hundred confederate battle flags stored in the war department. Adjutant General Drum said that the application would have to be granted, as the secretary of war nor the president can give or lend those flags without the sanction of congress.
A conference of representatives of various free trade organizations of the country was held at St. Louis, October 2d. Ex-Gov. Phelps soon appeared to preside over the gathering. He spoke of the necessity of thorough organization, and outlined the object of free trade. He said free trade was necessary, and in giving a history of protection said that the political parties had always urged temporary measures. The whig party thought that it was ephemeral, but protection still existed; and still the cry was, "In a few years longer its object will be accomplished." He deprecated the fact that tariff on tobacco be levied to the detriment of necessity. Speeches were made by other advocates of the organization of a northwestern and Mississippi valley free trade league.

The cigar manufacturers' association of New York city has issued an address to its members, relating to the new law which went into effect Oct. 2d. The law relates only to the city of New York, and makes it a misdemeanor, subject to fine for the first penalty, to manufacture cigars in living rooms of tenement houses. For many years millions of cigars have been made in the very rooms where workmen and their wives and children ate and slept. There are now 19,200 families living in tenement houses in New York, engaged in this business. These families number over 65,000 persons. The cigar manufacturer's association notifies all landlords of tenement houses used for that purpose that special rooms must be set apart in each building, free of rent, for the manufacture of cigars; that no tobacco will be delivered at the premises if necessary. This is being forced by the action of a few energetic citizens, who have begun the war against keepers of tenement houses.

The state statistician of Minnesota, in his crop report just issued, states that wheat has turned out to be a sensible crop. There was a shorter transfer of stocks from the field than last year, but on threshing it is reported that the yield is for the most part in excess of last year. The acreage in which, reported in June, 2,716,370, and from returns received this year, the average yield will be 14.83 bushels per acre, giving a crop of 38,305,400 bushels. As much as 3 per cent, however, was destroyed by the storm, which reduces the average per acre to 14.45 bushels per acre, or an aggregate of 37,156,230 bushels. Returns show a greater area in wheat. By the statement of the statistician this difference was caused by land seeding. It is reported there are 922,813 acres in oats. The crop is generally good, although the average is not up to that of last year, being only 38.33 bushels per acre, or an aggregate of 34,486,090 bushels. This is due to late seeding and drought.

HOME.
Oh! what is home? that sweet companionship
In life the better part,
The happy smile of welcome on the lip,
Upspringing from the heart.
It is the eager grasp of kindly hands,
The sage remembrance of
The ready sympathy which understands
All feelings by its own.
The ray which glows in children's eyes
The presence of our dearest and our best,
No matter where we be.
And, falling thus, a price may homeless live,
"Thoughts of home" are high;
And, having it, a desert home may give
The joy which cannot buy.
Far-reaching as earth's remotest span,
Wide-spread as ocean fairs,
One thought is sacred in the breast of man—
It is the thought of home.
That little word his human fate shall bind
To all the loves he has;
For there the home of his immortal soul
Is in God's wider love.

A SHOT IN THE DARK.
It was a .25 calibre, and carried a leaden pellet no larger than a pea. It did not look very formidable, and, in fact, was not, but when Eva put it in what she was pleased to call her pistol-pocket, in the rear of her dress, she felt as safe as if she had the escort of a regiment.
"What are you doing with that pop-gun?" said Cousin Jack to her one morning, as he observed her putting her armory in her pocket preparatory to going out.
"That's my beau, if you please, sir; he sees me safely along those four dark blocks when I come home at night."
"Just let me look at that gun, will you?" said Jack. "Pshaw! you couldn't hurt a mouse. Come, I'll let you shoot at me all day for a nickel and a shot. Hurt me? Not a bit. But why in the name of the guardian angel of all young women do you want to carry a pistol?"
"Well, Cousin Jack, you know that it is late when I leave the store, and I can't always have company. It's a dark walk from the cars over here, and I thought I saw a sneaking fellow follow me on the corner, and I was ready for him the next time. I don't intend to be bothered or robbed if I can help it. Don't think I can't shoot. I have been practising a little, and shall make it very uncomfortable for the coming sand-bagging course at the academy."
"But you couldn't hurt anybody with that thing, you know."
"Couldn't I? Don't you get in front of it, that's all. Good-bye, I must hurry along."

Jack looked after her as she tripped down the steps, and laughing, said: "She's a dandy, and no mistake." Then as he caught sight of a dainty boot with a little glint of white above it, as she crossed the street, he repeated: "A dandy, well, I should say she was, and as pretty a figure as you shall see." Eva Barton was twenty-three, and a saleswoman in the great establishment of Herschell, Shield & Co. She was rather under than over the medium size, somewhat slight in figure, but competently furnished with every movement denoting energy and character. Her cheeks were like lilies, and her eyes of limpid blue, such as Solomon would have described as being "like the fish pools of Heshbon by the gate of Bath-rabbim"; that divine blue, capable of expressing every passion of the soul.

It was more in her expression than in her features that she was beautiful. She knew how to dress, and the art of bestowing the simplest ribbon or her neck or hair in such a way as to lend elegance and refinement to her toilet. If she had been French they would have said she had chic. No English phrase can exactly describe what a chic is, but we know it when we see it. It is style and some thing more. It is the cause of doing or being in the best form. It is not fashion, but it is to fashion what poetry is to prose. It is entirely a feminine attribute, but all women do not possess it. When a woman has chic, age can not wither her, nor custom dull her, and the admiration of other women does the appetite they feed; but she makes hungry whom she satisfies.
Eva had chic.

She had come to the great city to make her home, and she had not that she was obliged to, but because she wanted to. Her mother was dead. Her father's second wife was her schoolmate. Her home was pleasant enough after a fashion, but a glimpse of the great world of business was good for a sensible girl. So Eva had come and took up quarters with Aunt Biscom. Having some knowledge of ribbons and dry goods she got a place in Hepschield, Shield & Co's, commencing at five dollars a week. She was now getting two, and was considered the best saleswoman in the store. She had such an art of displaying goods, of throwing them over her arm or shoulders that the ladies were obliged to buy. The could not help it.
Cousin Jack, or more properly, John Bascom, was taller in the Southwest National. He was 25 and was perfectly loyal to one woman, and that was his mother. Whatever he did he did for her.

"I don't think I shall ever get married," Jack said to himself. "They come too high, and, besides, I don't see any like my mother." Toward his cousin Eva he had always felt in a paternal sort of sort of way, and he would deal out to her large chunks of fatherly advice, fitted for almost any occasion. The night of the pistol episode amused Jack not a little. Every now and then he would mutter through the day, "She is a dandy, but I guess I shall have to give her a lesson of some kind," and inward paroxysm of suppressed mirth would almost choke him. He went to bed that night with his head full of undefined practical jokes, but all having a sort of center-piece in Eva and her pistol.

It was only at the breakfast table that the family met, for Eva took her lunch at the store and was always late to dinner.
The next morning, Jack commenced on Eva:
"Well, my Amazonian little saleslady, did you slay any sand-baggers last night?"
"I am not a saleslady, I want you to know, Cousin Jack."
"What he promoted again?"

"No, I am not promoted and I am not a saleslady. I am a saleswoman. If there were more I despise more than another it is saleslady. Do you say sales gentleman? I suppose you are a tall-gentleman in the Southwestern."
"No," said Jack, "I am a gentlemanly teller."
"You may joke, but I tell you I abominate saleslady. Why can't girls and women have as much sense as men? Are we to say kitchenlady, cooklady?"
"Every woman is a lady by her right of sex," said Jack.
"Doubtless that's true, but why should we American girls be so distrustful as to be constantly announcing ourselves as ladies? We are ladies if we act suitably to whatever place we are in. Others may call themselves salesladies, if they choose, but for myself, I am a saleswoman, and when it is necessary to refer to me in that capacity, I prefer to be called so. Think of a man advertising for a place as salesgentleman! He would get it, I guess!"

Bravo! bravo! my belle cousin. Another departure. Here is a saleswoman, armed cap-a-pie. Well may the philosopher ask, whether are we tending? Are there any more young women in your store of your mind?"
"Yes, a few; but the great majority are not salesladies."
"I hope, coz, you don't consider yourself a woman with a mission?"
"No, sir, I am not a woman with a mission. The strongest points about my sex are their weaknesses, and one of their weaknesses is to be called salesladies. I don't believe I could reform that out of them if I tried. I like the name lady. It implies dignity, refinement and good breeding. Don't let us drag it in a mission. Every saleswoman can be a lady if she chooses, but she is not a lady because she stands behind a counter and sells goods to customers. Saleslady! fiddlestick! and Eva started up and off with an energy that almost made Jack's head swim.
"My opinion is that she is a dandy," soliloquized Jack.
"But the pistol is not a good one. She must give that up. She'll hurt herself sometime, and I should reproach myself. I can't argue her out of it, that's certain, but I shall find a way."
For continued a brown study nearly all day. In the evening he came home to dinner, but strolled out immediately after. He had an idea and was going to work it out.

Eva left the store as night was falling. She had a long ride in a street car, and by the time she reached her crossing it was pitch dark, and the scattered gas-lamps only tended to make the darkness more visible. She was not a timid girl, but she never did like that long walk alone at night. Quietly adjusting her dress, and putting her hand in her pistol-pocket, she started forward. As she did so she saw a figure stealing along the opposite side of the street and then crossing toward the path she must take. She hurried along, and so did the figure, but she was not alone. When she reached her pace so did the figure. The street was deserted, but Eva gave her pistol a tighter grip and moved on courageously. Just as they got in the middle of the darkest block a figure turned and came toward her. It loomed up in the darkness like a giant. She spoke quickly. "Out of my way, sir!" No answer.
Crack went the little pistol.
The figure never heeded it.
Crack again.
"Great Scott, Eva, do you want to kill me?" howled Jack, as he felt a sharp pain rush through his upper arm.
"Great Scott! Put up that gun. Don't you know me? Jerusalem, Whew! You've got my arm off. Don't you know me? And I'm capered around on the sidewalk holding his arm, while the warm blood commenced to trickle out of his cuff.
Eva stood almost dazed.
"Oh, John, why did you not speak? Why did you set off? Have I hurt you?"
"Great Scott, are you lying? What shall I do? Come, hurry home; don't die here in the street; let me carry you; let me support you. It's only a short way home. Here, lean on me."
Eva clasped him around the body and rushed him forward. Jack felt as if he was being waded through the air by fairies. They hurried up the steps and into the house. Mrs. Bascom met them.
"Why children, what is the matter? John is as pale as a ghost. What is it, Eva? Look at John's hand! All covered with blood! Where have you been, and what has happened?"
They jerked off Jack's coat and rolled up his sleeves. Sure enough there was a little bullet-hole in the fleshy part of the upper arm. It had gone through, but touched no bones. It was not very serious, and Mrs. Bascom soon dressed and bound it up. As Jack marched off to his room he looked at Eva humorously and said:
"You are a dandy, and no mistake. But you can now see that pistol is no account."
"There were four more charges in it, Cousin Jack."
"I believe I don't want any more of them to-night. I hope I can use my arm to-morrow."
Jack lay awake a long time thinking over the matter. He had been very stupid. He felt that. What would Eva think of him. And what a girl she was! What intrepidity and character! That girl is a treasure, thought Jack, as he flopped off into the land of noddreams.
As for Eva, she did not sleep a wink. She could hardly accuse herself of wrong, and yet she could not excuse herself. To think that she had wounded Jack was terrible. She might have killed him. Even now he might lose his arm. How dreadful! And on her sleepless pillow she upbraided herself the whole night through. One thing she determined to do. As soon as it appeared that Jack's arm was all right she would return home.

Jack appeared at the breakfast table, his arm somewhat stiff and sore, but not much more painful than usual. He was newly vaccinated. He tried a feeble joke or two, but both Eva and Mrs. Bascom felt too serious for much conversation.
"Eva thinks she will go home," said Mrs. Bascom.
"What?" said Jack, a sharp pain running quickly through his breast, sharper than the pain in his arm.

"Eva says she will return to Black-water in a day or two."
"I don't think you ought to, Cousin Eva."
"Yes, John, I think I must."
A little later Jack and Eva were standing side by side in the parlor.
"I suppose, Eva, it may be best for you to return home for the present; but do you know I am wounded incurably?"
"Don't say that! Oh, it can't be so!"
"Not in my arm, dearest, but in my heart."
"Oh! Jack."
"And if you go home now, may I come for you soon and make this your home?"
Eva looked up into Jack's eyes, her own full of light and love, and gently whispered:
"Yes, John."
"Yes, John," said Jack, as he clasped her in his arms, "it was the luckiest shot in the dark I ever heard of."
Some Causes of Headache.

Derangements of the heart and digestive apparatus are quite common causes of pain in the head. Headache is also provoked by changes in other organs, quite distant from the head. A characteristic headache is that in which the pain is felt most severely upon the top of the head. Reflex headache is a very good name for this pain. The way in which heart troubles cause headache is purely mechanical. An enlarged heart or one temporarily over-taxed from some cause pumps an undue quantity of blood into the cranial cavity, which is an unyielding space. The unusual amount of blood now present in this space pressing upon the sensitive parts of the brain produces a pain in the head, which is called a congestive headache. This pain is made worse by any excitement, or by stooping, a fact that helps to indicate the nature of the case. The pain felt in the head after unusual libations, and also after some undue mental effort, is probably of this nature. Headache from derangement of the digestive apparatus is probably the most frequent of all. Atrocious headaches these are. They generally happen like this: The victim rises from bed in the morning feeling a trifle off, with perhaps a sense of uneasiness in the stomach and a slight pain in one temple. As the day advances the pain in the head and general distress increase, and by afternoon the individual recognizes that his head is fit to burst and doesn't care very much if it would do so; presently an attack of vomiting and perhaps a slight diarrhoea occurs, and then the pain gradually disappears, to return again, however, when the necessary conditions are present for its existence. These are the typical sick headaches, some of the victims of which declare they have inherited the trouble. There is considerable likeness between the condition just described and seasickness.

The pain in the head very usually coincident with the onset of some febrile complaint is a very good example of headache from general systematic conditions. In this case the circulation of vitiated blood probably prevails, and a neuralgic character. Individuals who have inherited strongly marked nervous tendencies and who from any cause may be in poor general health are very liable to have pains shooting up through the temples and back of the head. The pains are often followed with soreness of the scalp. They also are neuralgic in character, and are especially obstinate in the aged. Coincident plumbic (lead) or mercurial poisoning increases the susceptibility of individuals to these pains.—Philadelphia Times.

Defrauding the Poor.
"Many of the money-lenders are as bad as ever," said the secretary of the society for organizing charity in St. Louis, referring to the men who lend money in small amounts on chattel securities. "Not long ago a poor woman on the west side fell sick and was unable to pay her rent. She went to a money-lender and borrowed \$10 on her furniture. The money-lender drew up the note for \$15, charging \$5 for writing the premises and making out the papers. The poor woman toiled night and day, and managed to rake together \$12, which she paid on the mortgage, leaving a balance of \$3. Her child fell sick, and unable to pay the balance as soon as she expected. While she was struggling to keep her head above water, she received from a man who had purchased the mortgage against her a letter, stating that unless she came forward and paid a mortgage of \$15, which he held on her furniture, he would be obliged to take the furniture for foreclosure. The poor woman had no receipt for the \$12 paid on the mortgage and could not prove that she had paid it. She came to me well wigh distressed. I gave her \$3 and a note to the holder of the mortgage, setting forth the facts, and telling him that unless he accepted the \$3 in payment as full and delivered the mortgage to the woman, I should have both him and the party of whom he purchased the mortgage arrested. The woman came back with the mortgage."
Literary Gleanings.

A copy of Mr. Ruskin's volume of "Poems" recently brought over \$100 at a London sale.
It is generally announced that Colonel Mike Sheridan will write a book on the Yellowstone park excursion.
Charles Dudley Warner will soon publish a record of his recent travels in Europe under the title "A Roundabout Journey."
Mr. Cross has made little progress with the biography of his dead wife, George Eliot, having been greatly interrupted by illness.
Miss Eleanor Arnold, the daughter of the poet, has shown her filial devotion in the preparation of "The Matthew Arnold Birthday Book."
Five additions of Bosworth Smith's "Life of Lord Lawrence" have already appeared, and a sixth—a popular edition of one volume—is on the way to publication.

Praise never eyes as much pleasure unless it comes with our own opinion, and extol us for those qualities in which we chiefly excel.

"Eva says she will return to Black-water in a day or two."
"I don't think you ought to, Cousin Eva."
"Yes, John, I think I must."
A little later Jack and Eva were standing side by side in the parlor.
"I suppose, Eva, it may be best for you to return home for the present; but do you know I am wounded incurably?"
"Don't say that! Oh, it can't be so!"
"Not in my arm, dearest, but in my heart."
"Oh! Jack."
"And if you go home now, may I come for you soon and make this your home?"
Eva looked up into Jack's eyes, her own full of light and love, and gently whispered:
"Yes, John."
"Yes, John," said Jack, as he clasped her in his arms, "it was the luckiest shot in the dark I ever heard of."
Some Causes of Headache.

Derangements of the heart and digestive apparatus are quite common causes of pain in the head. Headache is also provoked by changes in other organs, quite distant from the head. A characteristic headache is that in which the pain is felt most severely upon the top of the head. Reflex headache is a very good name for this pain. The way in which heart troubles cause headache is purely mechanical. An enlarged heart or one temporarily over-taxed from some cause pumps an undue quantity of blood into the cranial cavity, which is an unyielding space. The unusual amount of blood now present in this space pressing upon the sensitive parts of the brain produces a pain in the head, which is called a congestive headache. This pain is made worse by any excitement, or by stooping, a fact that helps to indicate the nature of the case. The pain felt in the head after unusual libations, and also after some undue mental effort, is probably of this nature. Headache from derangement of the digestive apparatus is probably the most frequent of all. Atrocious headaches these are. They generally happen like this: The victim rises from bed in the morning feeling a trifle off, with perhaps a sense of uneasiness in the stomach and a slight pain in one temple. As the day advances the pain in the head and general distress increase, and by afternoon the individual recognizes that his head is fit to burst and doesn't care very much if it would do so; presently an attack of vomiting and perhaps a slight diarrhoea occurs, and then the pain gradually disappears, to return again, however, when the necessary conditions are present for its existence. These are the typical sick headaches, some of the victims of which declare they have inherited the trouble. There is considerable likeness between the condition just described and seasickness.

The pain in the head very usually coincident with the onset of some febrile complaint is a very good example of headache from general systematic conditions. In this case the circulation of vitiated blood probably prevails, and a neuralgic character. Individuals who have inherited strongly marked nervous tendencies and who from any cause may be in poor general health are very liable to have pains shooting up through the temples and back of the head. The pains are often followed with soreness of the scalp. They also are neuralgic in character, and are especially obstinate in the aged. Coincident plumbic (lead) or mercurial poisoning increases the susceptibility of individuals to these pains.—Philadelphia Times.

Defrauding the Poor.
"Many of the money-lenders are as bad as ever," said the secretary of the society for organizing charity in St. Louis, referring to the men who lend money in small amounts on chattel securities. "Not long ago a poor woman on the west side fell sick and was unable to pay her rent. She went to a money-lender and borrowed \$10 on her furniture. The money-lender drew up the note for \$15, charging \$5 for writing the premises and making out the papers. The poor woman toiled night and day, and managed to rake together \$12, which she paid on the mortgage, leaving a balance of \$3. Her child fell sick, and unable to pay the balance as soon as she expected. While she was struggling to keep her head above water, she received from a man who had purchased the mortgage against her a letter, stating that unless she came forward and paid a mortgage of \$15, which he held on her furniture, he would be obliged to take the furniture for foreclosure. The poor woman had no receipt for the \$12 paid on the mortgage and could not prove that she had paid it. She came to me well wigh distressed. I gave her \$3 and a note to the holder of the mortgage, setting forth the facts, and telling him that unless he accepted the \$3 in payment as full and delivered the mortgage to the woman, I should have both him and the party of whom he purchased the mortgage arrested. The woman came back with the mortgage."
Literary Gleanings.

A copy of Mr. Ruskin's volume of "Poems" recently brought over \$100 at a London sale.
It is generally announced that Colonel Mike Sheridan will write a book on the Yellowstone park excursion.
Charles Dudley Warner will soon publish a record of his recent travels in Europe under the title "A Roundabout Journey."
Mr. Cross has made little progress with the biography of his dead wife, George Eliot, having been greatly interrupted by illness.
Miss Eleanor Arnold, the daughter of the poet, has shown her filial devotion in the preparation of "The Matthew Arnold Birthday Book."
Five additions of Bosworth Smith's "Life of Lord Lawrence" have already appeared, and a sixth—a popular edition of one volume—is on the way to publication.

Praise never eyes as much pleasure unless it comes with our own opinion, and extol us for those qualities in which we chiefly excel.

"Eva says she will return to Black-water in a day or two."
"I don't think you ought to, Cousin Eva."
"Yes, John, I think I must."
A little later Jack and Eva were standing side by side in the parlor.
"I suppose, Eva, it may be best for you to return home for the present; but do you know I am wounded incurably?"
"Don't say that! Oh, it can't be so!"
"Not in my arm, dearest, but in my heart."
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