

BETWEEN OURSELVES.

From the Philadelphia Call.
Beauteous eyes to me and you
The brightest are and bluest,

MR. BARGER'S INSECTS.

There is a quaint hamlet a few miles inland from the Long Island sound coast, known as Dumpling Ponds,

When he was 21, though he had never been to school in his life, Oscar astonished the school committee at Peck's Patent by walking in one day when they had met to decide upon the teacher for the winter's school.

"Are you going to examine the teachers?" he asked.
"That's what brought us together."

"And will the one that has passed the examination get the place?"
"If he is a respectable character he will," said the minister.

"Then I am a candidate," said Oscar, as he shielded his big felt hat in the corner.

"Where were you educated, Mr. Barger?" was the first question put to him.

"Whenever I had the luck to get a spare half-hour and the fortune to get a book."

"No, but what school have you been to?"
"My own. I have been my own teacher and scholar."

"Never been to school?"
"Never, except as I taught myself."

The school committee whispered among themselves for a while, and then the chairman, a man of importance who had been three times to the legislature, said: "Mr. Barger, it's the custom to hire only educated teachers. If you want a job of work I call late I can give you one over to my place."

"But you don't know whether I am educated or not. You haven't tried me. Examine me."

"Very well, since you insist upon it," said the minister, opening a book. "What is the square root of 76,942?"

Quick as a flash Mr. Barger gave the correct answer. The committee was astonished.

"You haven't got this arithmetic hidden close by you, have you?" asked the chairman.

Oscar stepped out in the middle of the room, right in front of the committee.

"If you think I'm cheating make up a sum yourselves and ask me to do it."

Then they took a turn at Geography, and before many minutes the committee found that Mr. Barger was telling them things they never knew about the geography of their own country, and presenting the picture of the world beyond the confines of their own town with such vividness as to cause for the first time something like a concrete conception of the fact that there did exist a land with millions of acres without a rock and hill, of thousands of miles of mountain ranges 5,000 to 15,000 feet high, of rivers that would bear bigger ships than ever came up Mianus river 2,000 miles inland.

Had Erasmus himself suddenly appeared among them with all his learning the Peck's Landing school committee could not have been more amazed.

Mr. Barger taught the Peck's Landing school for three winters with great success. At the end of that time he had \$300, a fair supply of books, and a wife. He had married one of his scholars, a bright girl, who looked upon him as a prodigy of learning.

to take care of us all. Call your mother."
The mother came. "Can you get along without me for a year? I have made a great discovery, and am going to utilize it."

"What is it, Oscar?" She had faith in him.
"A discovery that will put an end to prospecting. I have discovered that in the neighborhood of all true veins of outcropping gold there may be found a microscopic insect that can be found nowhere else. I will go to Nevada and search for these animals, not to learn their habits but to find gold. I shall find it." He laughed heartily. "Then, with plenty of money we could do all we want to do."

The wife encourages him. Surely her learned Oscar would find gold. Behold him, then, compounding many gross of the Gall of the Ground, and teaching his wife how to compound them, too, that support might be had during his absence.

Three months later Oscar Barger appeared in the mountains of Nevada, and he speedily won the favor of the miners, for many of them hephysicked with his Gall of the Ground and nursed them from sickness to health.

By and by it spread through the camp about that Mr. Barger was a good way "off" on the subject of bugs, but there wasn't a revolver in camp that would not have been cocked on the instant in defense of him, and the "heap of learning" that he soon showed of himself master of brought him respect despite his being "off."

One day Mr. Barger crawled along dangerously near the edge of a ravine which he did not see. With his microscope close to the ground he drew closer and closer to it, edging as he did a little to one side.

"Hi, thar!" shouted Jack Thompson, an old miner, who was prospecting not far away.

Mr. Barger looked up and saw Thompson gestulating furiously, as though warning him to get away.

"It's a rattlesnake," thought Mr. Barger, and he sprang to one side and over his head.

Mr. Thompson threw away his pick, rushed to the edge of the precipice, and looked over. Looking over, there just below him, was Mr. Barger—not dead—very much alive, and excited, running his microscope up and down the rock in front of him. He had fallen safely and unhurt upon a broad ledge below, and had evidently at once resumption operations with the microscope.

"Hi thar!" shouted Thompson. "Why didn't you break your neck? How are yer going to get up out'en thar?"

"Thompson, bring your pick."
"Whar fer?"
"You shall have half the claim. I've found it."

"Found what? Keep your head cool, pard."

"Gold! Gold! Bring the pick."
In ten minutes Mr. Thompson had reached Mr. Barger's side.

"There—there; just about there," said Mr. Barger, and Thompson in a moment had a piece of quartz in his hand.

He looked up curiously at Mr. Barger.

"That's gold," said Mr. Barger.
"Not much," said Mr. Thompson.
"It must be."

"But it ain't."
"Well, try again; there's gold here."
"Not a d—n bit; I know the rock."

"I can't be mistaken."
"You are. But are you observing that I ain't throwing the rock away? Are you observing that my eyes shine? Are you observing that my hand shakes? Are you remembering that you remarked that I was your pard in this claim? Big or little, share and share alike."

"What do you mean, Mr. Thompson?"
"Simply that you struck the richest silver field in the Rockies. Silver. Do you hear that pard? Silver—tons of it. We've struck it rich that's all. See here, pard. You don't know nothing 'bout this ore business. Can you trust me? I'll handle it, share and share alike. G—d, I will, and then we won't get cheated."

"I trust you, Mr. Thompson."
"Your gripper on it."
They shook hands.

PRESENTED AT COURT.

A Woman's Story of a Presentation at a Royal Drawing Room.

Do you think you can go to a "drawing room" without learning how to make a proper reverence? No, indeed. You must go to a cozy little house in the West End, where a very elegant and quaint little old French lady will show you all you have to do for a guinea a lesson, and then on the afternoon before the great day you go to see the lady who is to present you to get the important tickets, and to receive explicit instructions as to your line of conduct, for, as the lady belongs to the diplomatic circle, she will be in the room with her royal highness, and you must enter alone. At her house you meet some gentlemen, and one tells you that when he was presented was the only moment in his life that he has known what fear was, and that he was in agony lest he should trip over his sword, and you think of your three or four yards of train, and you are sure that it will be much worse than a sword. And another tells you that the young ladies usually are white and trembling with fear, and that often they make a terrible fiasco; they tell you of one poor unfortunate, who, instead of kissing the queen's hand when it was extended to her, shook it vigorously, then realizing what she had done, lost her head completely, and, forgetting all the great line of personages, turned her back and incontinently fled.

By the time you leave your instructor's house, you are trembling in every limb, and you spend all the rest of the evening making courtesies to the chairs and sofas, and fervently hoping that you may not disgrace your country on the morrow.

Your landlord's daughter devotes herself to you for the next day, and makes the most helpful and obliging of little dressing-maids, and at last you are ready, all pearls, lace and shining silk. It is quite a long drive to the park, but suddenly you see the Horse Guards and then you know you have arrived, and inside the gates you find hundreds and hundreds of people waiting to see the carriages pass and standing on tiptoe to catch a glimpse of you. All the way up the long drive the Horse Guards, in their long plumes and brilliant scarlet, are stationed at right and left, and inside the palace gates is a long row of horsemen standing close together, and you alight to the sound of martial music. When you have left your wrap in a room near the entrance you go up a very grand staircase, past men with spears called "bed-eaters," dressed in red and yellow; you hand one of your tickets to the queen's page, and are ushered with a great many ladies into a huge room, all red and gold, and there you sit for quite a long time gazing at the lovely views of the park through the wide windows, and studying the dresses.

As you pass the door to the presence chamber you drop your train from your arm, and the two chamberlains—or whatever they are called—quickly and deftly straighten it to its full length as you walk slowly forward, at the door of the throne room some one takes your second card, and then you hear the lord chamberlain's announcing your name in a very loud voice, and now you are bowing to the princess, you wish the ladies behind you would not come quite so fast, for you feel hurried and are conscious you are not making your reverence the way you were taught; you courtesy to the ladies next the princess; but how many there are, or what they look like, you haven't the least idea; you see the prince quite distinctly, and you walk sideways and make a series of little diminishing bows to the row of dukes or princes or whatever they may be, but of them you retain not the faintest impression. Suddenly you feel your train hustled on to your arm, for in your confusion you have forgotten to hold your arm out properly, and the great deed is done! It has lasted in all about fifteen seconds; you haven't seen anything very distinctly, and you retain only one idea, that her royal highness was dressed in light yellow—but you have been presented at court, and surely ought to be satisfied. The next day your name appears in the Court Circular.—Christian Union.

A Thundering Big Organ.

Letter in San Francisco Alta.
The organ has 2,704 pipes and fifty-seven stops. Some of the pipes are thirty-two feet long and large enough to admit the bodies of three men, the towers that rise on either side are forty-eight feet high, with a niche left between them for the Goddess of Music. This immense temple of music, which is nearly as large as a cottage, is elaborately carved by hand.

It is impossible to estimate the cost of it, as it was built in early days, when freighting was done by ox teams across the plains, and many of the workmen only received provisions for their labor. But they are a people who will not be outdone, and when the Episcopal Church built their beautiful organ here the Mormons at once began to improve theirs, which was all show and framework, and have already expended \$10,000 on it. Sitting in that vast auditorium, 200 feet long by 150 wide, where the acoustics are so perfect you can hear a pin drop from one end to the other, amid the cool and silence and solemnity of the vast amphitheater—for it is circular in its formation, with the melodious, rhythmic, silver-toned strains of that powerful organ, under the master hand, one is exalted for the time being, and feel, as I imagine he will when brought to face the great Master. When listening to the grand offertory (in D) by Beethoven I imagined I knew what Dante's "Inferno" was; pandemonium seemed to loose, when a low voice in a minor strain began to sing, and one could only think of the wail of a lost soul, and the tears unbidden start—and, so sweet, so far away is this voice, which after all is no voice at all, but only the effect of the organ. Then comes a burst of melody, like a

hallelujah chorus from a thousand seraphim and cherubim. The effect of the "Cornelius March," by Mendelssohn, on this superb organ, played by this brilliant performer, can be more easily imagined than described.

Deaths of Distinguished Men.

The Boston Herald has collected accounts of the deaths of several eminent men which are peculiarly interesting at this time.

Napoleon I. died of a cancer in the stomach. He underwent all the rise and fall of health and hope, depression and despair which have marked Grant's illness. But the cancer, being in the stomach, caused much severer pain than Grant's. Toward the last he could not digest his food. He was tormented by a constant thirst. His pulse beat with feverish quickness. He was fully aware of his fate. "The monarchs who persecute me," he said, "may set their minds at rest. I shall soon remove all cause for fear." His days were almost given over to spasms of pain, to vomiting and intolerable thirst. During the intervals of rest he would talk occasionally. He said he was going to meet his subordinate generals. "They will experience once more the intoxication of human glory. We shall talk of what we have done with Frederick, Caesar and Hannibal, unless," he added with a peculiar smile after a pause, "unless there should be as great an objection in the upper spheres as there is here below to see a number of soldiers together." On the 3d of May he became delirious, and amid his ravings these words were distinguishable. "My son. The army. Desaix." His sufferings continued until almost the last moment when he sunk into unconsciousness. The day before the death of Frederick the great, although feeble and confined to his bed, he went through with all his cabinet work, dictating to his clerks clearly and intelligently, but with feeble voice. The next day was spent in a stupor and occasional opening of the eyes. He knew, however, of his condition, as he asked what the doctors had said about him. In the night he asked what o'clock it was, said he should rise at 4, told an attendant to throw a quilt over one of his dogs that was shivering with the cold, and after coughing and clearing his throat said, "We are over the hill. We shall be better now." This was his last speech and two hours after he was dead.

Oliver Cromwell struggled with his last illness for ten days. Toward the last he was heard to say among other things: "I think I am the poorest wretch that lives; but I love God, or rather, am beloved of God. I am a conqueror, and more than a conqueror, through Christ that strengtheneth me." But most of the time he was speechless. Blucher, who saved Wellington at Waterloo, said to the King of Prussia, who visited him during his last illness, "I know I shall die. I am not sorry for it, seeing that I am no longer of any use."

General Grant's Last Speech.

At the annual meeting of the Sanitary and Christian commissions, at Ocean Grove, August 2, 1884, General Grant was present. He was introduced to the large audience and said: "Ladies and Gentlemen: Under all circumstances it is a difficult matter for me to speak, and how much more difficult under the present circumstances. An hour ago I might have said something about the Sanitary and Christian commissions. I witnessed the good done. They did a great deal by way of consolation, writing letters to friends at home for the sick and wounded, and found where their dead were buried. I hope you are all having a good time here, today. I appreciate \* \* \*," and here the voice of the great general was hushed in sobs, and he sank into his chair weeping profusely. He was still a great sufferer from the broken tendon of his leg, and the financial crash on Wall street, which had just swept away all of his life's savings and imperiled his good name, and this his first cordial greeting since his calamities was too much for the manly heart to endure without tears of gratitude. It was the only time the "hero of many battles" was known to shed tears before an audience though often called to speak. The audience's silent brooded over the vast assembly.

This was General U. S. Grant's last speech before a large public assembly. It will be remembered by thousands for years to come.

Tasted of the Staves.

I like to talk with boys about 60 years of age and get them to telling their reminiscences. By boys I mean those hearty old fellows who, though their hair has turned gray, have as much young blood in their veins as they had when they were one-and-twenty. "I suppose you all have heard of old Farmer Allen," said one of these jolly patriarchs the other day. "He was a great temperance man, you know. Well, thirteen years ago we all went to camp at Portland, and Farmer Allen belonged to my command. One terribly hot day we had a clambake, and in the tent was a big barrel of champagne punch, strong punch, too. Allen came along very hot and very thirsty, and looking in the tent saw the barrel of punch. 'Hello, boys! got some lemonade, haven't you?' said the old man. 'Yes,' replied the boys, winking at each other, 'help yourself.' The farmer went in, took one glass, smacked his lips, took another, and liked it so well that he wanted more. In a little while he came out of the tent looking very rosy and very unsteady in his movements. He reflected a moment, and then said: 'stave, boys (hic), stave almighty fine (hic) lem made in thash bar (hic)-rel; but (hic) don't you think (hic) it tash (hic) a leste mite of the staves?'" —Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

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