

GOSSIP ABOUT PRETTY GIRLS.

How They Endeavor to Make Themselves More Attractive.

Every girl knows the value of beauty and seeks to make herself as attractive as possible, and strives hard to preserve these attractive qualities, but artificial devices only can conceal the ravages of time and dissipation. Still, without true regard to the laws of health, even the powder box, rouge pallet and pencil prove a shallow resource. In aiming to please it is not always without a purpose beyond being considered charming in social circles. Most young ladies are given to understand from headquarters that husbands and homes are to be won, with but themselves to offer, and no paternal purse for bait.

While in many it is proper, even a duty, to avail themselves of art, which has been a salvation to those not absolutely deformed, others show lack of good sense in interfering with nature when she has showered extra favors. The maid with a spirituelle cast of features and complexion clogs the pores of her fair skin with paint, while the vigorous, plump, rosy beauty tortures her digestive apparatus with acids and chalks; each persists in possessing attributes foreign to her constitution. Oh, the modus operandi is varied, interesting and edifying. A ruddy blonde of Washington boulevard fastens her fat little hands to the headboard on retiring so as to reduce the supply of blood and produce the delicate complexion of an invalid friend. To allow the mouth to be open in sleep is simply outrageous, so to assure an avoidance many a dainty miss woos Morpheus with her lower jaw and head closely bound with a skate strap or garter. A narrow pillow placed vertically under the back and between the shoulders encourages a perfect posture, so the good old bolster is consigned to the comfort of retired belles and beaux. Disregarding the fair, fresh skin, classical mold, and every law of proportion, and in deference to an arbitrary fashion, which can not but prove fatal to beauty and health, our wasp-waisted belles claim the necessity of slumber corsets to retain their aerie of shapeliness. A mask of moist rye flour or coating of cold cream is as regularly assumed as the night robe, and the feminine head frooped pillow-ward minus curl papers or leads is exceptional. Hot foot baths are a regular feature of the toilet, as they tend to draw the blood from hands and face.

Attentive mamma impress the necessity of suppressing the animal nature and allow little of any meat. The skin is like a piece of satin and has a grain, and the faintest feature of the toilet is the preparation of the same. Each side, beginning with the middle of the forehead, is treated separately with a soft handkerchief dipped in rose glycerine and then powdered. Every lady desirous of social recognition knows the value of an agreeable ensemble largely dependent on harmonious drapery, becoming coiffure and stylish carriage. Dame Nature may have made the ordinary endowment of passably regular features, intelligent or expressive eyes, a complexion not impervious to exposure, dissipation or indigestion. These qualities may pass muster, but then the aim to please is so much more readily gratified by toning the unctuous condition of countenance with a delicate powder puff and shading with the harmless burnt match the outline of eyebrow and lash.

The amenities of social intercourse demand close attention and practice from those who would please, and the detail at present engrossing close inspection is the handling of the eyes and goblet.

One who knows, or ought to know, thus advises: Grasp the handle of the cup with the thumb and index finger, the latter thrust just through against the thumb and the other fingers open and hold out any way from the cup, save the second, which should press against the side to steady it. This gives a graceful appearance to the hand. In holding a goblet it should be grasped by the thumb and the two first fingers around the smallest portion of the standard, between the bowl and the bottom, throwing the last two fingers out well. Get through this ordeal successfully—no trifling matter—and your reputation is assured.—Chicago Mail.

Beautiful Star.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star, How I wonder who you are! In the footlights blazing high, Shine the diamonds that you buy.

When the glittering stage is set, Bouquets and applause you get; Benefits most every night, Suppers where you can get all you want to eat.

When you go out upon the road And in drifted cuts get snowed; Somewhat dimmed by frost and rain, Twinkle faintly on the train.

When the wintry snows have fled And the troupe is disband dead, When the spring begins to dawn, And the treasurer is gone.

Down the railway's weary track We can see you coming back; On the ties you gleam afar— Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

—Brooklyn Eagle.

This is an unusually favorable season for Arizona stockmen.

LAFAGAN'S LOGIC.

LOVE.

Love is cheap, and I enjoy it. It is another name for godliness. It is the only modern swindle easily forgiven.

It is the ingredient that greases the saw of life.

It is a nice cross between religion and happiness.

Like the olive tree, it fertilizes the surrounding soil.

Self-love is selfish. It won't wash and hold its color.

It lifts fifteen ounces off from every pound of sorrow.

It is the first virtue weaned, and begins to root early in life.

Like the small-pox in bad cases, the only way to cure it is to die.

Some natures never succeed in loving anything but new cider.

The love that comes from heaven is that of a son for his mother.

It is just as natural for humanity to love as it is for a frog to jump.

"Unspoken love" is a good deal like sea-sickness—pretty sick, but can't vomit.

It is charity's best substitute, as love is charity, with a pedigree from heaven.

It is the second law of nature, and plays second fiddle only to the law of self-preservation.

Love dates from the beginning of the world, and is therefore the grandmother of creation.

Next to hot whisky, it has probably done more to make a fool of man than any other one thing.

When pure love is the traces to which husband and wife are hitched they make a bully team.

To many love is like measles. It never catches either but once, and that seems to satisfy them.

It has never been truthfully defined. Like the smell of limberger cheese it is hard to describe.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself" is a divine injunction, but it isn't every fool that can follow it.

I have read somewhere that whisky is man's only enemy that he ever succeeds in loving to any extent, and I believe it.

Some people are not constituted to love anything, and I pity them as much as I do a spoilt child. They were made in vain.

If constitutional, love would not be any more of a virtue than the itch, but that's just it—it requires more or less self-denial and some charity to succeed.

There is the common sense love; the kind that, when its lavished affections are not reciprocated, apparently, throws up the claim and makes love to the younger sister.

"Love at first sight" is generally about as long-lived as a bottle of ginger-pop with the cork out: It is all right enough for poets, but when we get down to common life I advise a second look.

There is a species of love that never comes out of its hole, and is of no more use in adversity than a pump handle in the Sahara Desert. For relieving the pain of the unfortunate it is about as much account as a weak poultice.

Transient love, when the object of adoration is away, is like a bottle of cologne water—pull the cork and in a few days the best part of it is gone. Such natures love for the time being just as pullet hens lay small eggs—because they can't help it.

Young love lives at least twenty-four months each year; but as it is natural for young people, if the object is worthy of love, loving it a good deal won't hurt either of them, for in youth love is generally as harmless as spruce gum, and has no more care for the future than a last year's grasshopper. And I never yet knew young lovers to care for the substantial of life. Bonbons and oranges are generally good enough for them. The pork and beans of everyday life knocks all the romance out of the affair.—Chicago Ledger.

A Mistaken Young Man.

"I desiah to explain a trag-dy, sah," said a very intelligent-looking colored man to Capt. Starkweather at police headquarters yesterday.

"What is it?"

"About an hour ago, sah, I was proceeding along Hastings street. A young man who was drivin' a delivery wagin looked at me wid a very open countenance and remarked dat dere was a new coon in town. De reflexshun was intended to reflect on me, sah."

"No doubt of it."

"De young man was entirely mistaken, sah. Ise lib'd in Detroit twelve years. Dar's nuffin new 'bout me, sah—not eben any new chilblains."

"But what about the tragedy?"

"Well, sah, we collided. I speeks I collided a leetle mo' wid him dan he did wid me. He cum down off dat wagin, an' he rolled around in de snow, an' when I got frew wid him he bore de appearance of a blasted rose."

"And what do you want done?"

"Nuffin," sah, 'cept if I'm wanted fur do tragedy I want you to know whar' you kin find me. Jist send an officer to Mrs. Smith's, on Hastings street, and hev him inqur' fur Professor Babcock Sharp, de gem'lan who imitates a mocking-bird to perfectshun, an' who am an old coon in town."—Detroit Free Press.

Among some antique furniture and bric-a-brac sold at auction in Philadelphia the other day was a table said to have once been the property of George Washington. It fetched \$22.

THE FIELD OF SCIENCE.

According to Professor Langley the inherent temperature of the moon is below that of melting ice.

The exact meaning of "horse-power" is the raising of 33,000 pounds one foot high in one minute of time.

Dechinite, or vandate of lead and zinc, has been discovered in Montana. Ore of this nature is worth \$10,000 a pound.

Had we a railway to the moon it would take but about a year to reach it, traveling at the rate of twenty-seven miles an hour.

Astronomers promise that a bright comet will be visible just before sunrise during the latter part of May. It is the comet "1886," discovered lately by Professor Barnard.

Professor C. Pritchard is about to publish a photometric determination of the magnitude of all stars visible to the naked eye from the pole to 10 degrees south of the equator.

The popular Science News asserts that the average length of life is constantly increasing and the time may yet come when persons 100 years of age will excite no more curiosity than one of 80 years at the present time.

Professor Young, in a lecture in Boston, remarked that there is no patch of the moon's surface of half a mile square that is not accurately mapped, while there are immense tracts in Central Africa and the northern part of this hemisphere which have never been surveyed.

The statement is made that all the varied machinery of Great Britain now operated by steam power is capable of performing more work, and hence of creating more products than could be produced by the labor of 400,000,000 able-bodied men, a greater number than all the able-bodied men on earth.

Senator Beck on Burns.

I happened to sit at the table with Senator Beck, of Kentucky, and it occurred to me to ask him in what town in Scotland he was born. Beck has been in the Senate eight years; he came in at the same time with Voorhees of Indiana, and there are only three or four Democratic Senators of his seniority, such as Maxey, of Texas, and Saulsbury, of Delaware.

"I came from old Dumfries," said Mr. Beck.

"Why, that is the town in which Robert Burns died!"

"Yes," said Mr. Beck, "and I often saw before I left there Jean Armour, his wife. She did not die till 1834. Burns himself died before the close of the last century. I went to school with Burns' grand-children. Jean Armour was a rather gypsy-looking woman, with a black, sharp eye, dark skin, and she had fine arms, and when she was an old woman would roll up her sleeves, and you could see the muscle left in her arms."

"How queer it is," said I "that you should be before me a United States Senator near the close of the nineteenth century, and have seen Robert Burns' wife—that Burns who would like to have extolled both the French and the American revolutions, and did make a feeble strain that way, till the British Government sat down on him as an excise man!"

"Ah," said Mr. Beck, "Burns got his power from his manly indignation. He hated to be patronized, to be considered as something inferior, who might be encouraged and introduced to somebody. The reason that he takes his rank in the world is that he drew the character of the natural man. Walter Scott never made a poor man manly. All his poor people are willing serfs or common folks. He never drew but one character among the poor which had any self-assertion—and that not much—and that was Jennie Deans. Shakspeare's poor people are all louts.

The literature of Great Britain had never measured a man for his natural worth and equal claims till Burns set him up from the contents of his own mind and spirit."

Said I, "What do you think of the Scotch of whom you once were one?"

"The Scotch race," said Senator Beck, "are a kind of Western Jews. Some one said of them that they kept the Sabbath and everything else they could get."

Mr. Beck said of Burns that he had done more to destroy the old, fierce Calvinism of Scotland than anybody else, and he wondered if any other person had accomplished anything against it. In the first stanza of "Holy Willie's Prayer" he threw a bomb-shell into the whole Calvinistic doctrine.

Said I: "Mr. Beck, John Knox, however, created the Scotch character, did he not?"

"Yes; I suppose he did. Burns was a universal character, who spoke for man and his rights, but Knox gave the Scottish people their education. He made them believe that every one of them—man, woman and child—was the special creation of God, governed by God through the mind and soul, and that, therefore, they must get to work and learn to read and to write, and the race was very far advanced in the sixteenth century, when it gave the ruling dynasty to England, and has produced a long line of poets, philosophers, reviewers and inventors. The Scotch race is hard of itself," said Mr. Beck, "but it's influence in our day is due to old John Knox making them individuals and not a mere herd."—Correspondence of Boston Globe.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

CHICKEN JELLY FOR INVALIDS.—To a quart of cold water put half a raw chicken cut up fine; let it stand an hour, then boil it slowly till it is reduced to half the quantity; season with salt and pepper, if allowed by the doctor. Strain it through a colander first, then through a cloth into a mold.

MINCED MUTTON.—What to do with the cold roast mutton is often a query with the housekeeper. Here is one way of preparing it. Brown some flour in butter, moisten with the gravy, season with salt and pepper, and let it simmer about ten minutes; then add more butter, and a little marjoram, and the minced meat, and let it heat without boiling. Serve with turnips.

NOODLES.—Noodles fried instead of boiled in soup, are very appetizing with roasted meats. This is the Chinese mode of frying them. Take three eggs, thicken with flour, and roll very thin, cut in fine strips with a sharp knife. Drop all the tiny strips in a kettle of salted, boiling water. Cook for a few minutes, then take and drain. Put several large "spoonfuls," i. e., a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan and while heating crumble up dry bread, then fry the crumbs brown in the heated butter, and stir the crumbs in the dish of noodles, and serve at once.

BRAIN FRITTERS.—After washing and ridding the brains of fibres and skin, drop them into boiling water and cook gently for fifteen minutes, then throw into ice-cold water. When they are stiff and white, wipe and mash them into a batter with a wooden spoon, seasoning with salt and pepper. Beat into this egg half a cup of milk and two or three tablespoonfuls of prepared flour. Fry a little in the boiling fat before venturing more, drop in by the tablespoonful, frying quickly, shake in a heated colander, to free them of fat, and serve hot. They are nice.

STEAMED CHICKENS, STUFFED.—Clean and dress as for roasting. Make a stuffing of crumbs seasoned with pepper, salt and butter, then mix with a dozen oysters, each cut into three pieces. Bind legs and wings to the body with tape and put into steamer with closely fitting lid. If you have no steamer (which is a pity), put the fowl into a tin pail with a good top and set in a pot of cold water. Heat gradually to a boil and, if the fowl be full grown, cook steadily for two hours after the boil begins. Open the steamer at the end of the second hour for the first time and try the breast with a fork. If tender, remove the chicken to a hot water dish and keep covered while you make the gravy. Strain the gravy from the steamer or pail into a saucepan; stir in two tablespoonfuls of butter, four of oyster liquor (also strained), a tablespoonful of flour wet up in three tablespoonfuls of cream and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Bring to a boil, stir in quickly a beaten egg, season to taste and pour some of it over the fowl, the rest into a boat. This is so savory a dish that it should be better known.

BECHAMEL SAUCE.—This sauce, which has long been so popular at the best restaurants, is so easy to make that its use may readily be extended to private families. In making it, if you have no rich, white stock, cut up some lean veal, free from fat, into 3-inch cubes and put them into a stew pan. Add one moderate sized onion, 2 1/2 inches in diameter, one small carrot cut into pieces, and 6 ounces of butter. Fry the vegetables in the butter 10 minutes, without coloring, then stir in 3 ounces of flour, and continue stirring 5 minutes longer. Add 3 pints of stock, one pint of cream, 5 ounces of sliced mushrooms, a small bouquet garni, which is a preparation of dried herbs, half tablespoonful of salt and a pinch of white pepper. Stir till it comes to a boil, skim occasionally to remove the fat, and simmer for two hours. Strain through a cloth or fine sieve into an enamelled or porcelain stew pan with a gill of cream. Simmer over the fire till it coats the spoon, strain again through a cloth or fine sieve into a basin, and set till the sauce is cold. This sauce requires the cook's utmost attention.

Photographing the Eyes of the Dead. A Paris physician calls attention to an account of a recent attempt to observe in the retina of a murdered girl's eye the image of her unknown slayer. He said: "It's all nonsense to expect that this thing can be done. I have known of a dozen experiments, all of which failed from the very nature of the thing. All there is to it is this: The brilliant coat of the retina has a color due to what is known as visual purple, and this color is to some extent visibly impressed by light. When in college we tried a careful experiment on a horse. We gave the animal atropine and placed a negative of my own photograph over his eye. It was then kept in a dark room for six hours. This was followed by exposing the retina to the picture in broad daylight for a few moments. The result consisted of three dark patches representing my chin, nose and forehead. It was an absolute failure as far as producing a recognizable likeness is concerned.

The county commissioners of Grant county, New Mexico, have published a card in The Southwest Sentinel offering \$250 reward to "any citizen of said county for each and every hostile renegade Apache killed by such citizen, on presentation to said board of the scalp of such Indian."

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