

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.

EUGENE, OREGON.

Perhaps the salt trust was salted.

If procrastination is the thief of time, what does he do with the stolen goods?

If our returning Arctic explorers will kindly cut out the lecture sequel all will be forgiven.

"Would you for Five Million" is the name of one of the new plays. Is it necessary to ask?

The Isthmus of Panama is the vermiform appendix of North America. An operation for appendicitis might help matters.

Those ministers who are using moving pictures, professional whistlers and other devices to attract congregations should try the gospel occasionally.

Word comes from South America that a new volcano has been discovered in Peru. It really was not needed. There were craters enough and to spare already.

Who can blame King Alfonso for getting mad when his mother goes and gets married to her Master of Horse—a sort of livery stable fellow, as we understand it?

A Chicago advertiser wants "young man with rising qualities for mercantile establishment." Probably a euphemistic way of saying that the youth will be required to run the elevator.

"Books do not make men," declares President Hadley of Yale, and that is true. Most men are making books, however, if we may judge from the publishers' advertisements of new novels.

One of Mr. Carnegie's employees is charged with the theft of about \$100,000 from his employer. It speaks well for Mr. Carnegie's Scotch thrift that he nuzzled so insignificant an amount from the cash drawer.

The official figures of Canadian immigration for the fiscal year ended June 30 last show a total of about 70,000 immigrants for the year, of whom 22,000 were from the United States. It is noteworthy that this movement of our people into Canada is increasing rather than diminishing.

A few years ago we wore all wearing stiff, flat-brimmed straw hats. Then came an era of flexible ones, later narrow-brimmed, thick and rough ones appeared. Last spring there was a sudden appearance of imitation Panama hats as sudden and unaccountable as the coming of seventeen-year-old locusts. Whence did these hats come? What was the ultimate cause of their being and why did so many people buy them? These are questions which no social philosophy can fathom. They constitute part of the deep mystery of life.

An English wit made an epigram to describe the climate of London: "In a fine day, looking up a chimney; in a foul day, looking down one." Quite as clever was the remark of a London "cobby," when informed by a brother driver that he had as a passenger "a pal of the Shah's—what they call a sun-worshiper." "I suppose he's come over for a holiday." The coronation days had their humorous side, as the cabmen could testify, and even the Oriental, hunting for the sun in a London fog, might forget his befuddled desire to worship if he heard himself called a "pal."

Americans are plunging ahead in business channels with amazing energy and rapidly and are restless unless engaged in stupendous enterprises which monopolize all their time, brains and money. This extraordinary activity is rapidly developing the resources of the country, but it certainly is not conducive to long life among the people. Conscientious physicians are becoming tired of warning business men that they are exhausting their vital energies too early in life and are calmly pocketing the fees which are given to keep wrecked constitutions working a little longer.

A student of the Chinese in New York City notes the fact that when a Chinese sues an American he must perforce take the case into the regular civil courts, but that when one Chinese sues another the general public hears nothing of the litigation. It is settled by Chinatown's own mayor, who, although he has no legal means of enforcing his judgments, is so backed up by Chinese public sentiment that any man who fails to abide by his decision is ostracized. This seems an odd situation in an American city, but it is, after all, but an application of the doctrine of "extraterritoriality" by which Americans or other foreigners in China may settle their disputes before their own consular courts.

A memorial bell is to hang in the belfry of the Congregational Church in Harpswell, Me., where the late Rev. Elijah Kellogg ministered for half a century. The young people who read his stories or declaim his "Spartacus" have their own way of remembering him. Those who heard his striking sermons or profited by his helpful pastorate will welcome the sound of the bell—a call to prayer and praise—whether the tones reach the natural ear, or only charm the inner sense born of the imagination. The sea and shore lines of his parish, the environment of a typical pastorate, did not limit his ministry; and the bell which is to send forth its message of bidding and benediction from its home on Casco Bay will have its mission for dwellers in far distant parts of the country.

"The corn crop," remarked the other day an old employee of the Treasury, who has been dealing all his life with the great movements of currency throughout the country, "has more to do with the finances than any other American product. To see how things

are coming out, I always watch the corn reports." The reason that this cereal has so important an influence upon the national prosperity is not hard to find. No other crop enters so largely as does this into other things, and so diffuses its influence. Millions of bushels of corn never leave the farms on which they are raised. Nearly all the domestic animals depend upon it. Moreover, the commercial uses to which it is now put are wonderful and diverse. When the wheat crop is light, it is a comparatively easy matter to push up corn—a less expensive product—into some of its places; on the other hand, if the corn crop is deficient, its substitutes entail extra cost, and so derange the agricultural markets. Thus the question arising each year as to the probable magnitude of the corn crop is one of the utmost importance. The yield of the cornfields of the United States, ordinarily three-quarters of the world's harvest, has five times exceeded two billion bushels. Last year it was only about three-fourths of that amount. Its highest point, reached in 1896, exceeded the two billion mark by nearly three hundred million bushels. This year's crop is expected to be still larger. It would doubtless be gratifying to the agriculturists who brought their little baskets of corn to the early English settlers if they could but know that, in spite of the white man's boasted progress of three centuries, their simple cereal is still the basis of his abounding commercial life.

The staid London Chronicle is solemnly discussing the question, "Should Women Work?" just as if women had not been doing the world's work since creation. The first suggestion of labor in all history is in the securing of the apple eaten by Adam and Eve, and it was Eve who picked that. The example then set has been pretty well followed ever since. The Eves are the apple pickers yet. It is true a few women play the role of idle butterflies—but what of it? These are the exceptions that mark the rule. The great majority of women toil unceasingly and with little direct reward. Man at the end of his day's work can count up the money he has made and means the result. Woman's day's work has no end and no tangible profits. Her only payment as she goes weary-handed and empty-handed to rest is in the heart-satisfaction of having done well a little more of her unending labor of love. There is nothing more pathetic, were it not so common, than the sight—so often seen—of the hard-working, conscientious mother who literally wears out her life in unheralded toil, thankless and not expecting thanks. She has no "eight-hour day." Even a twelve-hour day would be a boon to most wives who in the care of the house and children are always "doing overtime," without thought of extra pay. Among the savages the women do all the work, their lords employing themselves only in the chase and in war. The progress of civilization has consisted largely in getting man to do something for a living, and this progress has come through mothers' training of the sons to share a part of their burdens. Man has devoted much inventive genius to labor-saving devices that render more easy the various departments of production that have become fixed upon man. But woman's work still remains and must ever remain much the same endless round of labor by hand and brain. No machine can do her work—no; no; her work requires a heart in it. Her work is to make the home a haven of rest—for all but herself, who knows no rest this side of heaven. Her work is to implant and nurture the seeds of manhood and womanhood in the souls of her children, that fruits may be borne long after she is gone. Should woman work? Well, when she ceases to work civilization will shrivel and disappear like a sheet of tissue in a flame.

HOW TO PRONOUNCE THEM. Names of Cities that Are Variouslly Sound by the Public. The suggestion has been made that the proper pronunciation of the name St. Louis should be finally determined before the opening of the Louisiana purchase fair in that city, and it is urged the council of St. Louis or even the Legislature of Missouri, should pass upon the question. It is pointed out that an immemorial dispute over the proper pronunciation of Arkansas was settled by the Legislature of that State in 1851, when it was enacted that the pronunciation should be "Arkansaw," and the State lived happily ever after. The name St. Louis was bestowed by the French when the place was settled, and the French pronunciation is Loo-ee, to rhyme with the name of Admiral Dewey. The English pronunciation is "Lewis," practically rhyming with the word Jewess. The suggestion, once made, does not, of course, fall lamely at St. Louis. When the dispute is settled there it is proposed to ask Kentucky to declare whether the name of that Commonwealth's chief city shall be Loo-eeville or Lewisville. And Illinois might settle the point whether the name of the thriving city of Joliet shall be pronounced as the French ex-Zho-le-ya—or whether it shall be called Jolly-yeet. All this is exceedingly stimulating to the mind, which keeps reaching out for wider fields, like the mine of a man afflicted with the habit of indiscriminate punning. There are plenty of other towns which need attention. The name of the city of Beaufort, in France, is pronounced Bow-for. A town in North Carolina, named after it, is known as Bowfort, while one in South Carolina is called Bu-fer-t. A noted French seaport, Calais, is pronounced Kal-lay, while its namesake up in Maine is called Kal-lis.

Where Women Are Favored. At the old-fashioned inns and restaurants Sweden it is customary to charge less for women than for men, on the theory that they do not eat so much. At some hotels in Sweden a man and a woman if they occupy the same room are charged as one and one-half persons if they occupy the same room. A husband and wife may travel as one and one-half persons by railway and also by the post routes, furnishing their own carriage.

There ought to be a law against whitening.

EYE-STRAIN HEADACHES.

A Trained Oculist Alone Should Be Asked to Fit Glasses.

Reference has been made more than once, says the Youth's Companion, to the headaches resulting from eye-strain—either overwork with practically normal eyes, or any work with imperfect eyes; but so much suffering results from the neglect or ignorance of this fact that no apology is needed for frequent return to the subject.

The causes of headache are legion—bad stomach, nasal disease, "uric-acid diathesis," and other things; but it is not an exaggeration to say that eye-strain is more frequently the fault than all the other causes combined, yet it is perhaps the most frequently overlooked, not only by the sufferers themselves, but also by their medical advisers. Many and many a person who had been a martyr for years to periodical sick headaches, had consulted physician after physician, and had dieted, taken "headache cures," and done everything but the right thing, has finally had his eyes tested and fitted with proper glasses and then found the headaches disappear as if by a miracle.

Usually these sufferers are people who use their eyes a good deal—they are students, seamstresses, watchmakers, bookkeepers, literary workers, or merely great readers or women given to fine embroidery or lace work.

The eye-strain headache is of no special type, and perhaps this is why it is so often unrecognized. It may be only an occasional dull pain in the forehead or temples, it may be a general soreness, or it may be a throbbing, racking headache which the slightest noise or a bright light makes unbearable. It may be constant, it may be irregular, or it may recur with the regularity of a malarial attack. Sometimes the pain is worse at night; sometimes the patient wakes with a headache, which disappears after a cup of coffee. The only characteristic of eye-strain headache is that it is persistent, and does not yield, at least permanently, to any course of dieting, medication, or hygienic living.

The only effective treatment is removal of the strain by correction of any imperfection in the eyes, and by reform of bad eye habits, such as reading very fine print or reading in a poor light or on a railroad train.

But a word of caution is most necessary here. The glasses must be fitted by a skilled oculist after a careful examination of the eyes, for badly fitted glasses will only make matters worse, and by leading the patient to think that the eyes are not in fault, cut off all hope of a cure by a competent oculist.

DINED IN THE KITCHEN.

"When General Grant stopped at the Palmer House in Chicago on his return from his tour of the world," said a man who was there at the time, "the steward was all but stupefied one moon at seeing the ex-president slide in at the kitchen door as though escaping from some one."

"I'm sorry to trouble you," he said, as though asking a great favor, "but may I have a little corned beef and cabbage?"

"Why, certainly," the steward replied; "but shouldn't I send it out to you in the dining room?"

"No," he answered; "I'll eat it right here if you'll let me sit down."

"So a place on a rough board table, where the cook had been fixing the meat was cleared, and Grant drew up a stool and set to, and the way he got away with that corned beef and cabbage was a caution. When he had finished, he laid down his knife and fork with a funny sigh of satisfaction, put one hand on the steward's shoulder and said:

"Young man, I don't suppose you care for that at all, but if you had had to eat what I have for the past few months it would taste like a dinner for the gods. It tastes homey."

A STUDY IN SCARLET BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

PART II—Chapter VI—Continued.

"He gazed at me with bleared, drunken eyes for a moment, and then I saw a horror spring up in them and convulse his whole features, which showed me that he knew me."

"I had always known that vengeance would be sweet, but had never hoped for the contentment of soul which now possessed me."

"You dog!" I said, "I have hunted you from Salt Lake City to St. Petersburg, and you have always escaped me. Now at last your wanderings have come to an end, for either you or I shall never see tomorrow's sun rise."

"What do you think of Lucy Ferrier now?" I cried, locking the door and shaking the key in his face. "Punishment has been slow in coming, but it has overtaken you at last."

"I saw his coward lips tremble as I spoke. He would have begged for his life, but he knew well that it was useless."

"There is no murder," I answered. "Who talks of murdering a mad dog? What mercy had you upon my poor friend when you dragged her from her slaughtered father and bore her away to your accursed and shameless harem?"

"It was not I who killed her father," he cried.

"But it was you who broke her fragile neck," I shrieked, thrusting the box before him. "Let the high God judge between us. Choose and eat. There is death in one and life in the other. I shall take what you leave. Let us see if there is justice upon the earth, or if we are ruled by chance."

"I turned him over with my foot and placed my hand upon his heart. There was no movement. He was dead!"

"The blood had been streaming from my nose, but I had taken no notice of it. I don't know what it was that put it into my head to write upon the wall with it."

"I confess," said I, "that I do not quite follow you."

"So thrilling had the man's narrative been, and his manner was so impressive, that we had sat silent and absorbed."

"Even the professional detectives, whose names were in every detail of crime, appeared to be keenly interested in the man's story."

"I can tell my own secrets," he said, "but I don't get other people in to trouble. I saw your advertisement, and I thought it might be a plant, or a pounce, or a ring I wanted. My friend volunteered to go and see. I might've told you he did smartly."

"Not a doubt of that," said Holmes, heartily.

"Now, gentlemen," the inspector remarked, gravely, "the forms of the law must be complied with. On Thursday the prisoners will be brought before the magistrates, and your attendance will be required. Until then I will be responsible for him."

"I had already come to the conclusion, since there were no signs of a struggle, that the blood which covered the floor had burst from the murderer's nose in his excitement. When I could perceive that the track of blood coincided with the track of his feet, it is seldom that any man, unless he is very full-blooded, breaks out in this way through emotion, so I hazarded the opinion that the criminal was probably a robust and ruddy-faced man. Even so proved that I judged correctly."

"Having left the house, I proceeded to do what Gregson had neglected. I telegraphed to the head of the police at Cleveland, limiting my inquiry to the circumstances connected with the marriage of Enoch Drebber. The answer was conclusive."

"I told me that Drebber had applied for the protection of the law against an old rival in love, named Jefferson Hope, and that this same Hope was at present in Europe. I knew now that I held the clew to the mystery in my hand, and all that remained was to secure the murderer."

"I had already determined in my own mind that the man who had walked into the house with Drebber was not other than the man who had driven the cab."

"The marks in the road showed me that the horse had wandered on in a way which would have been impossible had there been any one in charge of it."

"Where, then, could the driver be, unless he were hiding the house? Again, it is absurd to suppose that any sane man would carry out a deliberate crime under the very eyes, as it were, of a third person, who was sure to betray him."

cause never by any chance exhibit agitation upon their features.

"Having sniffed the dead man's lips, I detected a slightly sour smell, and I came to the conclusion that he had had poison forced upon him. Again I argued that it had been forced upon him, from the hatred and fear expressed upon his face."

"By the method of exclusion I arrived at this result, for no other hypothesis would meet the facts. Do not imagine that it was a very unheard-of idea. The forcible administration of poison is by no means a new thing in criminal annals. The cases of Dolsey, in Odessa, and of Leturier, in Montpellier, will occur at once to any toxicologist."

"And now came the great question as to the reason why Robbery had not been the object of the murder, for nothing was taken. Was it politics, then, or was it a woman?"

"That was the question which confronted me. I was inclined from the first to the latter supposition. Political assassins are only too glad to do their work and to fly."

"It must have been a private wrong, and not a political one, which called for such a methodical revenge. When the inscription was discovered upon the wall I was more inclined than ever to my opinion."

"The thing was too evidently a blind. When the ring was found, however, it settled the question. Clearly the murderer has used it to remind his victim of some dead or absent woman."

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OLD FAVORITES

Way down upon de Suwanee river, Far, far away— Dere's wha my heart is turning eber All up and down de wiple creation Sady I roam, Still longing for de old plantation, And for de old folks at home.

All de world am sad and dreary Eb'rywhere I roam; Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home!

All 'round de little farm I wander When I was young; Den many happy days I squander— Many de song I sung. When I was playing wid my brudder, Oh, take me to my kind old mudder! Dere let me live and die!

All de world am sad and dreary Eb'rywhere I roam; Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home! —Stephen C. Foster.

Antony and Cleopatra, I am dying, Egypt, dying! Ebs the crimson life-life fast, Ais de dark Plutonian shadows Githter on de evening blast. Let thine arms, O queen, enfold me; Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear; Listen to de great heart secrets, Thou, and thou alone, must bear.

Though my scarred and veteran leggs Bear their eagles high to me, And my wrecked and cold bones galley Strew dark Actium's fatal shreds, Though no glittering glances surround me, Prompt to do your master's will, I must perish like a Roman— Die de great Triumvir still!

Let not Caesar's servile minions, Mock the lion thus laid low; 'Twas to foeman's arm that felled him; 'Twas his own that struck the blow— His who, pilloved on thy bosom, Turned aside from glory's ray— His who, drunk with thy caresses, Madly threw de wild away.

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian! Glorious sorceress of the Nile! Light the path to Stygian horrors 'Mid the splendors of thy smile. Give to Caesar crowns and accolades, Let his brow the laurel twine; I can surmount the senate's triumph, Triumphant in love like thine. —Gen. William H. Lytle.

REMARKABLE INCREASE IN THE CONSUMPTION OF SUGAR. Medical men, if not psychologists, might find an interesting subject of study in the largely increased consumption of sugar in the last 100 years. In the first quarters of the last century the average per capita in the United States was eight pounds, and in the last decade it ranged from sixty to sixty-eight pounds. In Great Britain it rose to about ninety pounds per year before the century's end.

The cause of this advance was purely economic. Time was when sugar was a costly luxury, indulged in only by the rich or decidedly well-to-do, but that was because it was scarce, for all mankind have a sweet tooth. The production has increased so enormously that the saccharine product has become cheap, and is consequently rated as a necessary of life. Moreover, the mass of people in civilized countries have become so much better off as the result of industrial progress that their standard of living is much higher than 100 years ago, though they may be no more contented with it.

The growing plenty caused cheaper and consumption kept steady pace with production. Appetite for sweets grew with what it fed on. Of course, it is not plain sugar alone in which the people now indulge so freely, but all manner of confections and preserves, and what is set down as the consumption of a country includes what it puts up in one combination or another and sends abroad.

But the question with which we began is, What is the effect upon health, or upon mind and morals, of this vastly increased consumption of material sweetness? Has it anything to do with the rise or fall of prevalent diseases, or the death rate or upon the general influence of civilization? Now that philosophy is seeking a physical basis for everything in human nature, it might inquire whether the sugar habit has anything to do with the "sweetness and light" of humanity.—New York Mail and Express.

Bank Note Forgery. An extraordinary method of fabricating bogus bank notes has just been detected in Brussels. The operators cut small pieces from real notes, and put them together with infinite dexterity on a tissue paper so fine that the fraud could only be with difficulty detected when the bogus note was held up against a strong light. From an good notes an elevation of higher denomination was manufactured in this way.

Ancient Manuscript. The oldest piece of writing in the world is on a fragment of a vase found at Nippur. It is an inscription in picture writing and dates 4500 years before Christ. The University of Pennsylvania has obtained it.

Evidence of Wealth. "America is a country of rich authors," says a literary exchange. To which the Billville Banner replies: "Yes; we saw one going home with a whole ham the other day"—Atlanta Constitution.

Honestly, now, you get mad at some very little things, don't you?