FROM GRAFTON AND BACK

By CECILY ALLEN

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When the news spread through Grafton that Frank Wilson had given Jennie Holmes a position as clerk in his store, the gossips of that self important little county seat were thrown into a fine flutter. The women shook their heads over their teacups and prophesied that no good thing could come out of such an innovation. The men encircling the stove in the store of Frank's only competitor in "groceries, dry goods, crockery and general merchandise" decided that "ef ol' Sam White knowed there was a gal swishin' her skirts roun' his flour barrels an' sugar sacks he'd just natu'ly turn over in his grave." And the whole town and surrounding farming district announced that it was all due to Frank Wilson's having attended a business college in the city for three months.

But in due time the women on "trading trips" gravitated toward Jennie. She had an eye for colors and knew just how much it would take for baby's first short dress or Martha Jane's pinafores. The bluff farmers liked her, too, because she seemed to read aright the mysterious instructions intrusted to them by busy wives at home. There was no complaint about the calicoes and ginghams matched at Wilson's store, and Jennie always threw in a stick of candy for the littlest one, to say nothing of smiles and friendly glances.

And, the strangest of all, she did not spill sugar nor drop the cracker box nor leave the molasses faucet running, as her employer's competitor had foretold. In fact, she fitted into the niche so admirably that on two occasions Frank saw fit to raise her salary.

At this last piece of good fortune she bought an organ on the installment plan, and the wee front room at her aunt's home was thereby transformed into a veritable paradise.

Enter then the proverbial serpent in the form of a demonstrator whose mission was to teach stolid wives of farmers the gentle art of warming up canned baked beans. She wore a striped silk waist, very long and very pointed in the front, very high as to collar and very tight as to sleeve—she had a pretty arm—and her silk lined skirt gracefully swept up the sawdust on Frank Wilson's floor.

The demonstrator first patronized and then really liked Jennie. She told the winsome little clerk that her energy and talent were wasted in such a narrow sphere. She really ought to be in the city, where her ability would command a good salary and where she might in time rise to be head of a department. Jennie was not quite sure what the latter elevation implied, but she was properly dazzled by the fair words of her new found acquaintance, and when the latter suggested that she had a friend who had the necessary influence to secure a position for "any one," particularly any one she might recommend, Jennie was duly grateful.

So when a month later she received a few lines written in a sprawling attempt at English angular penmanship announcing that an opening awaited her in the great city Jennie was wildly excited. So great was her excitement that she did not notice the expression on Frank's face when she offered her resignation and told him the good news. Yet he went with her to the train, saw her comfortably fixed for the day's journey and tried not to look wistfully into the sweet face, fairly shining now with happy anticipations. Then he went back to the store, the new clerk and a realization that it was not the girl's sales, but her gentle personality, which had roused his interest—and something more.

The demonstrator, clad in a new tailor made suit and a silk waist even more gorgeous than the one which had dazzled Jennie and Grafton in general, met her at the depot and piloted her to the boarding house where she had, with all good intentions, selected a tiny hall room "with running water, dear, and you don't often get that in a hall room."

"I'll be around in the morning, my dear, and take you to the store. My friend will be expecting you, of course; but my being with you will make it pleasanter. Then I shall not see you for a week or ten days. I'm going out on the M. and C. R. for a trip. But you'll be so busy you won't be lonesome."

Lonesome? Oh, no. Jennie was not lonesome. She was simply sick from the tip of her new tan shoes to the crown of her new sailor hat with a strange, vague illness which is not defined in medical publications. She was glad when the well meaning but chattering demonstrator took herself off.

The next day found her installed in a bargain square of the big department store. The rush of people made her head swim, the rude, captious bargain seekers terrified her, the thick air stifled her and the cold, wary glance of the floorwalker, always suspicious of new clerks, made her long for the friendly if unspoken approval of her former employer. That night as she walked home she was only too glad to avoid crowded cars, for the thought of a crowd was hateful to her now. She wondered if every day would be like this, so long, so dreary.

Days that dragged into weeks and that meant only nerve racking hours in the bargain square and grim, silent evenings in the hall bedroom taught Jennie Holmes many lessons. No one seemed to "appreciate" her as the demonstrator had predicted. The same faces seldom appeared twice in front of her counter, and she was actually starving for the sight of one familiar face, the sound of a familiar voice. Sometimes she caught herself wondering what was going on in Frank's store, whether he had saved the piece of red henrietta cloth for Mrs. Morrison, who came to town only once a month. She was almost tempted to write and remind him of it, but she did not.

Jennie and the demonstrator drifted apart. The latter during her brief sojourns in town was busy laying in fresh supplies of clothes. Fine raiment palled upon Jennie, and when the voluble demonstrator took her departure Jennie turned to her magazines, papers and home letters with a feeling of relief.

Then came her promotion at the store and with it a friendship worth having—a friendship which represented rescue from the desolation of a hall bedroom and the horrors of cheap boarding house fare. For the trio of girls took furnished rooms and cooked those things which were at least wholesome and of good quality if not elaborately prepared. Her salesbook each day showed a steady advance. Placed now in a regular department, she had her regular customers. Dim visions of being head of a department loomed up before her, and yet—

* * * * * * *

They had been to a fashionable theater. They had worn their "very best," these three busy women, and had treated themselves to seats in the front row of the balcony. Between the acts from this point of vantage Jennie had leaned over to watch the gay assemblage.

When she reached her room, she turned the gas on full head, and, tilting her mirror, she studied her face. It was not an unpleasant task. Indeed the floorwalker in her department had remarked to one of his friends that the little country girl was "devilish pretty, by Jove." She shuddered as she recalled his words and his foppish appearance, even to the plated fob which swung from his silk embroidered vest.

Then, strangely enough, her thoughts went back to Frank Wilson, with his strong, resolute face, his square, determined shoulders, his keen blue eyes, which could be wonderfully friendly without a gleam of impertinence in their clear depths. She brushed her hair vigorously as she berated herself thus:

"Jennie Holmes, you're a goose. You thought that when you came to town you'd actually be a part of the life of this great, bustling city—a part of the gay world you saw at the theater tonight. And a pretty figure you cut, working in a store with hundreds of other girls at $10 a week. You're getting pale and ugly, too, and I have a good mind to send you back home to Grafton."

Then she thought of Thanksgiving day, only two weeks off, and her aunt's little front room with the organ, never opened now, and—the store. Oh, dear, the ribbon boxes must be in a shocking mess by this time! And she cried herself to sleep.

The next morning she was late at the store for the first time. The girls left her writing. It was a meek little letter telling Frank that she did not like her work and asking very prettily for her old position if the opening could be made.

The reply came by wire:

Position open. Will expect you Monday.

The trio in the furnished rooms resolved itself into a duet. The other girls were sorry to lose their bright faced companion and secretly envied her the beatific expression with which she made her preparations for departure. They received one postal card announcing her safe arrival at Grafton. Then ensued a long silence.

"I guess she found the store in as bad shape as she anticipated. I can just picture her straightening up ribbon boxes and sorting trimmings," laughed one of the girls. And then she sighed and went back to such realities as bargain hunters and "cash."

And the next day came the letter:

I did not take my old position, but I think I will like the new one just as well, perhaps even better. Frank and I will be married Christmas day. Can't you come up? It will be a very quiet affair, but I'd love to have you. If you can't come, of course I'll send you some of the cake. Give my love to the girls I liked. You know which ones I mean. I am too busy to write more now, but come if you can. JENNIE.

The two girls looked at each other and pushed back their untasted lunch. Said one:

"We might have known it. She never was meant for business life. Come on. We've just fifteen minutes left, but we can get a set of that hemstitched table linen. I wonder which express company goes to Grafton."

The other girl stopped to kiss a photograph on the mantel.

"Little girl, we miss you, but not half so much as he probably did when you came to us."

And there were tears in her eyes when she looked in her purse for a certain five dollar bill.

Handsome Picture Mouldings.

The Overton Wall Paper & Paint Co have just received a complete stock of the latest, up-to-date artistic designs in picture moldings and are now rushed with orders for up-to-date picture frames. The framing department is already working overtime to meet the demand of the trade. If you want work done in this line don't delay but rush in your order at once. Don't forget the place. Overton, Wall Paper & Paint Co No. 40 West Eighth street.

The Shepherd's Purse.

A valuable little plant that goes to waste by roadsides and vacant lots is the shepherd's purse, whose tiny seed pods are known by everybody at sight, though not by name. The green seeds stripped from the stems and strewn over lettuce or endive are a piquant addition to salads of which no epicure will need to taste twice to be assured. The fresh peppery taste suggested in one of its names, "wayside cress," is yet finer than common cress. But its curative qualities need dwelling upon, for it is said to be one of the surest remedies for a disordered digestion. The seed is eaten green. When the lower pods are set and the top still in flower is the best time, but it can be used any time. The pleasant, warming, clearing, purifying effect is felt at once, and the only directions are to eat the seeds often and as much as is agreeable. For croupy children it may be boiled in milk, but for elderly persons this is unnecessary.—New York Tribune.

Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing under the firm name of Paine & Kay, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, R. D. Paine retiring. All accounts held by the firm are due and payable at the store to either party.

Dated at Eugene, Dec. 27, 1902.

R. D. PAINE,
W. H. KAY.

THREE QUEER DISEASES.

Two of Them Abide In the Kongo Region and One In Peru.

There are two remarkable diseases, either or both of which may attack you if you elect to reside within the Congo basin, but you need have no dread of them if you live in any other part of the world. One is the sleeping sickness, a terrible, mysterious and invariably fatal malady. The patient is at first only drowsy, but ends by sleeping almost continually, waking only for meals or when forcibly roused. Finally the torpor becomes complete. He cannot be roused even to take food, and dies of starvation.

The other disease alluded to is even more curious, although fortunately not nearly so deadly, and is known to specialists in tropical diseases as aiuhum, from a negro word meaning a saw, a very apposite name, for the typical feature of the ailment consists in the slow amputation of one or more of the victim's toes by means of a serrated bony ligature which grows around the joint of the affected member just where it joins the foot. As soon as the ligature is completely formed it begins to contract, and off comes the toe as effectually, if not quite so quickly, as if it had been severed by the surgeon's knife.

In the province of Cerro de Pasco, in Peru, may be contracted a strange malady which consigns its victim to certain and lingering death. The ailment in question is termed verrugas (Spanish, a wart), and it occurs only in certain deep valleys in the highlands of that province. There, however, it is endemic and frightfully fatal, especially to the unacclimatized white man. The whole surface of the body in bad cases becomes entirely covered with spongy, wartlike excrescences, varying from the size of a raspberry to that of a pigeon's egg, and from every one of these the patient's life blood oozes out continually until he perishes of inanition.—Chambers' Journal.

FIGHT SICKNESS.

Fear Will Harm and Courage Help You When Disease Comes.

Illness is most like a cowardly cur which gives chase if you flee from it, but goes on about its business, that of seeking the fearful ones, if you pass on unnoticing, but courageous. The reasons for the ability of brave men to go unharmed through pest hospitals, as did Napoleon and as physicians do every day, are not only psychological, but physiological.

The quality of mere courage seems to have a sort of pickling and hardening effect upon the tissues of the body, like the plunge in brine, steeling them against infection, while fear, by "unstringing" the nerves, weakens the whole resisting power of the body, inviting the very evil feared most.

The scientific health journals have been discussing this potent fact in hygienic laws to a great extent and urging its recognition by the masses.

"Fear weakens the heart's action," says Health in an article on this subject, "induces congestion, invites indigestion, produces poison through decomposing foods and is thus the mother of autopoisoning, which either directly causes or greatly aids in the production of quite 90 per cent of all our diseases."

In recognizing this law, however, it is just as well to carry in a small pocket of one's memory the old adage, "Discretion is the better part of valor," and to avoid running needless dangers. But it is a well known fact that smallpox and like contagions will attack first those who are trembling for fear of it, often leaving unscathed the brave ones who are in the thickest of it nursing, tending and even burying the plague stricken.

With an armor welded of equal quantities of precaution and courage one stands a good chance of immunity from the attacking hordes of disease microbes.—New York Herald.

The Least of the Lot.

Mother—And so your friend Clara is soon to be married?

Daughter (just returned from a long absence)—Yes. Doesn't it seem strange? I hadn't heard a word about it until I called to see her this morning. She showed me her trousseau. It's perfectly lovely, just from Paris, and she has the handsomest ring I ever saw, and she showed me the house she is to live in and the furniture she has selected and the horses and carriages she is to have. She showed me everything except the man she is going to marry. I suppose she forgot about him.—London Answers.

Lake Colors.

Some lakes are distinctly blue, others present various shades of green, so that in some cases they are distinguishable from their level, grass covered banks, and a few are almost black. The Lake of Geneva is azure hued, the Lake of Constance and the Lake of Lucerne are green, and the color of the Mediterranean has been called indigo. The Lake of Brienz is greenish yellow, and its neighbor, Lake Thun, is blue.—London Spectator.

Alternative of Education.

"Education," said the impassioned orator, "begins at home."

"That's where you're off," said the calm spectator. "It begins in the kindergarten, is continued in the boarding school, football field, Paris, London and Wall street and ends in either Sing Sing or Newport."—Life.

At the Horse Show.

McBrier—Did yez ever see a horse jump foive feet over a fince?

McSwatt—Oi've seen 'em jump four feet over. I didn't know that a horse had foive feet!—Indianapolis News.

A message travels over an ocean cable at about 700 miles a second.

If Unwell.

Try a 50c bottle of Herbine, notice the improvement speedily effected in your Appetite, Energy, Strength and Vigor. Watch how it brightens the spirits, gives freedom from Indigestion and Debility!

Isaac Story, Ava, Mo., writes, Sept. 10th, 1900. "I was in bad health, I had stomach trouble for 12 months, also chills. Dr. J. W. Mory prescribed Herbine, it cured me in two weeks. I cannot recommend it too highly, it will do all you claim for it." Sold by Vincent Drug Co.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE JOSS

By JESSIE JULIET KNOX

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A shower of almond blossoms, a low, musical laugh, and the world had just begun for the young Ah Gong.

It was the week of the Chinese New Year, the time when every heart Celestial beats with joy, and the heart of the handsome young Chinaman beat with more than the usual allotment of joy as he glanced upward to find the source of the snowy shower of the omnipresent almond blossom. Was it a woman who had dared? In that glance upward his whole soul went out to the owner of the sweet, piquant face as it leaned far out over a mass of Chinese lilies and almond blossoms, and his young heart thrilled with something that went straight to the heart of the fair one, the one who dared.

With all the coquetry of her sex, she smiled upon him in a sweet, shy way not to be resisted by one of the temperament of Ah Gong. Who could wonder that in the sweet intoxication of that glance he forgot that he had a wife? A wife who was old and ugly and like a piece of parchment, not a sweet, dimpled, perfumed thing like this!

The fair one, Ah Leen, had been burning her incense before the good Joss and had bowed her pretty head, glistening with jewels, so many times upon the rugs and waved her sandalwood sticks so dutifully. And while doing this it had seemed to her maiden heart that it must be lovely to be good, as good as joss would like one to be, and after her devotions she had stepped out upon the long balcony overlooking the streets in order to gaze upon the ever changing crowd.

The narrow streets were lined with almond blossoms and lilies, and in front of every door and on all the picturesque balconies, swayed by the breeze, glowed the great, round lanterns, and in every doorway were the little bowls of burning incense and the red papers to scare away the devil. Far up in the latticed windows burned large red candles and from these same windows peeped happy faces.

Ah Gong looked again, and the more he looked the more was he convinced that his soul was in great peril and that it was absolutely imperative that he should at once repair to the josshouse and supplicate the gods. He suddenly remembered that he had been very lax in that respect lately, and with a boldness quite remarkable for one who cared nothing for these things he mounted the stairway and—well—"hearts are hearts the weary world over." There comes a time to every one when the sound of one voice and the glance from two eyes have the power to thrill our heartstrings and make one forget everything except the intoxication of being loved. That time had come for the aristocratic little Chinese maiden, and through no fault of hers. It was fate—that was all.

She said to the maid: "Ah, Suey, look! You think bimeby he come? My hair—is it pretty? My lips—are they red? What makes me feel so strange? Will the good joss be angry?"

"No, no. You are beautiful; more beautiful than the almond flower! Your eyes are stars, your mouth a rose, your heart speaks—listen!"

And, listening, she heard and saw with the eyes of her soul, and then—he came, and with his coming life was changed.

First, as the maid reported through the chinks of the carved woodwork, he burned his incense sticks and little red papers before the great joss, his silken robes clinging gracefully to his lithe form the while, and then he placed his New Year's card, a long slip of red paper with his name in Chinese letters, on the carved table.

His devotions over, what more natural than that he, too, should repair to the balcony to look down upon the crowd? What more natural than that the little Ah Leen should drop her fan at that precise moment? She really did not mean to do it, but she was so startled by the appearance of the one upon whom she had showered her almond blossoms. He was not like any one she had ever seen. He was so strong and handsome and young, not in the least like the vicious old Gum Ching, the highbinder to whom her father had promised her in marriage.

It was also quite natural that Ah Gong should pick up the perfumed fan and return it to the fair unknown with a light pressure of the hand and a thrilling glance from his dark eyes.

Ah Suey might have been deaf, dumb and blind for aught one could notice to the contrary. Like the well trained little maid she was, she saw and heard nothing. The two conversed as readily as if they had known each other forever, and for a time Ah Leen forgot that she was promised to old Gum Ching. She meant no harm. She was only a young thing and human, and she had a tender, innocent heart which had never before been touched. But tonight she knew as she looked into the eyes of this man that life would never again be the same.

After hearing her sad story he mentally registered a vow that she should never wed the highbinder.

They must meet again, but how and where? It was the deaf and dumb Ah Suey who spoke at this moment and suggested the theater. The theater—ah, yes! As this was only the first night of the New Year she would be allowed her liberty for a week. A week of bliss was before her if only she could play well her cards. And he did not remember until he had left her that he did not think to tell her he was married.

She and her maid leisurely took their departure from the place, with a guilty look at the joss as they passed, and toddled along through the narrow, blossom lined streets to their home. She slept that night with her lips on the dainty sandalwood fan he had touched, and no premonition of evil disturbed her slumbers.

Next day she was happy in the thought that she was to see him again. Was ever a day so long? The maid dressed her hair more gorgeously than she had ever done before and covered it with jeweled ornaments. The pretty lips were dyed a vivid red, the cheeks were tinted and the eyes blackened. The long finger nails were manicured most carefully, and when at last she was ready a more beautiful picture cannot be imagined.

With loudly beating hearts the two girls wended their way to the large theater. Pushing through the mass of Celestials who were literally packed into every available niche of the place, they ascended with hundreds of other women and children to the balcony near the roof.

They could look down on the stage. The tomtoms were clanging noisily and the shrill notes of the stringed instruments rose high in unison with the sharp falsetto of the men who were impersonating women. The air was heavy with the ever present odor of opium, but Ah Leen hardly knew what was going on about her. She had told him that she would remain only long enough to be seen at the theater, so soon the two girls slipped out unnoticed in the crowd and met Ah Gong in a little dressing room back of the stage. Passing on, down some narrow steps, they found themselves winding through tortuous underground corridors.

Ah Leen was completely mystified, but she had no fear of anything, even separation from this wonderful being. At last they slipped into one of the small compartments on either side of the opium scented passageway, and there, chaperoned by the little maid, they enjoyed several hours of almost rapt bliss.

Ere they had parted they had agreed to meet again the next night at the josshouse. When the young Ah Gong stepped out into the pure air, he felt something pushed forcibly into his hand. A horrible fear stole upon him. He glanced quickly in every direction but could see no one who looked as if he had done this thing. The Celestials toddled along just the same, the almond blossoms still retained their fragrance and yet—this man had just received his death warrant. On the little slip of red paper in his trembling hand he read: "You shall die like a dog; the reason, Ah Leen."

Knowing well that the highbinders always kept their vows, all hope died within him.

"To die," he groaned, "when she loves me! I must see her! Perhaps we can escape if we hasten!"

Ah Leen had gone home another way. He could not warn her.

"I will see her tomorrow night. Perhaps we can escape!"

Meanwhile Ah Leen was happy.

Again fell the night. Ah Leen was first at the rendezvous, and the dutiful Ah Suey was quietly watching through the chinks of the carved wood.

"He comes! He comes! He is fairer than the sun! See! He kneels before the joss! He burns the incense! He"—

Just then sudden darkness fell on the place. They could not understand. They were afraid.

It lasted only a moment. The tapers were relighted, and before the trembling Ah Leen could realize what had happened she felt her tender little body seized in the rough grasp of some one and felt his hot breath on her pretty face. With a scream of horror she looked into the yellow face, and then all hope died within her, for it was Gum Ching, the highbinder. Forcing her upon her knees, for a moment while Ah Suey was made prisoner by one of his accomplices, he brought her out into the temple, saying:

"You mine now. I never let you go! You go no more to meet Ah Gong!"

And then she beheld the brave and handsome one, the one whose warm lips had so lately clung to hers, lying dead in the shadow of the joss.

Wouldn't Do For a Minister.

A carping old Scotchwoman said to her pastor one day:

"Dear me, meenisters mak' mucklе ado about their hard work. But what's twa bits o' sermons in the week tae mak' up? I could do it mysel'."

"Weel, Janet," said the minister, "let's hear ye."

"Come awa' wi' a text, then," quoth she.

He repeated, with emphasis:

"It is better to dwell in the corner of the housetop than with a brawling woman and in a wide house."

Janet fired up instantly.

"What's that ye say, sir? Dae ye intend onything personal?"

"Stop, stop!" Broke in her pastor. "You wud never dae for a meenister."

"An' what for no?" asked she sharply.

"Because, Janet, you come over soon tae the application!"

Durability of Wood.

In some tests made with small squares of various woods buried one inch in the ground the following results were obtained: Birch and aspen decayed in three years, willow and horse chestnut in four years, maple and red beech in five years, elm, ash, hornbeam and Lombardy poplar in seven years; oak, Scotch fir, Weymouth pine and silver fir decayed to a depth of half an inch in seven years; larch, juniper and arbor vitæ were uninjured at the expiration of the seven years.

For a bad taste in the mouth take a few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Price 25 cents. Warranted to cure. For sale by W. L. DeLano.

To My Friends and Patrons.

I am now comfortably located in my new office in the McClung building, corner of Eighth and Willamette streets, where I shall be glad to see you at any time.

DR. A. G. ATWOOD, Dentist.

INDIGESTION

is the cause of more discomfort than any other ailment. If you eat the things that you want, and that are good for you, you are distressed. Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets will make your digestion perfect and prevent Dyspepsia and its attendant disagreeable symptoms. You can safely eat anything, at any time, if you take one of these Tablets afterward. Sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee. 25cts. Money refunded if you are not satisfied. Send to us for a free sample. W. H. HOOKER & Co Buffalo, N. Y.—Vincent & Co.

A CHEWING GUM ROMANCE.

When first he met her, she was fair
And chewing
Chewing
Gum.
A rosebud nestled in her hair;
He breathed his love unto her there,
But she—she smiled a smile so rare—
While chewing
Chewing
Gum.

She listened while he urged his suit,
Still chewing
Chewing
Gum,
He vowed her charms had made him mute
And tuned his passion on a lute,
And she declared that it was "cute"—
Still chewing
Chewing
Gum.

At last she blushed and murmured, "Yes!"
Still chewing
Chewing
Gum.
He wrapped her in a fond caress,
And she remarked, "'Tis time, I guess,
I saw about my wedding dress"—
Still chewing
Chewing
Gum.

She strode in state adown the aisle,
Still chewing
Chewing
Gum.
He met her with a happy smile,
And they were wedded there, the while
She wept in pretty, bridey style—
Still chewing
Chewing
Gum.

Today I saw her down the way,
Still chewing
Chewing
Gum.
Three children, joyous, blithe and gay,
Were shouting in their happy play,
And they were hers, I know, for they
Were chewing
Chewing
Gum.

—Baltimore American.

Professional Tip.

Patient—What would you advise me to do for dyspepsia, doctor?

Dr. de Quack—Well, if you want it real bad, hire a cheap cook and eat irregularly. Two dollars, please!

Refined Cruelty.

"I have spent a great deal of thought over this poem," said the long haired young man as he placed his neatly rolled manuscript before the editor.

"Ah!" said the mean man who was toying with the blue pencil. "Thought hard over it, did you?"

"Yes, I thought long and deeply over every line of it."

"Well, go back and write one without thinking. You may be able to improve."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Physician's Advice.

"What would you recommend for indigestion, doctor?"

"Pingpong."

"Is that good exercise?"

"It isn't that, but indigestion is usually caused by people eating too much, and they can't do it if the dining room table is used for pingpong."—New York Times.

Used Quite Frequently.

"When I was abroad," said the recently returned, "I was surprised to observe that persons over there do not use their hands in conversation as much as we do. Now, look at that young man and young woman"—

"Yes; they are deaf and dumb."—Indianapolis News.

Quite Strenuous.

Summer Hotel Proprietor (proudly)—Nearly all of my waiters are college men who are working their way through college.

Guest—Well, judging by the way they work your guests, they'll all be graduated with honors.—Brooklyn Life.

To Guard the Treasure.

Customer—What! You charge $5 extra for delivering a load of coal?

Dealer—Certainly. But, then, we always send an armed guard along to guarantee safe delivery.—New York Journal.

Hot and Cold.

Tom—Yes, I should call that a real love letter, hot from her heart.

Charles—But, say, suppose it is only part of a cold plot to arouse the other fellow's jealousy?—Town Topics.

Might Be Worse.

Mrs. Parvenu—And then the whole awful story got into the papers.

Mrs. Beenthere—Oh, well, matters might be still worse. It might have been dramatized.—Judge.

Belonging to the Just.

"Do you believe that the rain falls alike on the just and unjust?"

"Not a bit of it. The unjust have the umbrellas."—Detroit Free Press.

His Faith.

Hazel—Do you believe things can be inherited?

Tom—Well, if I didn't I wouldn't be engaged.—Philadelphia Times.

City Property for Sale.

I have just laid out a second addition to Eugene.

I now have about 300 lots for sale in seven different additions to the city. Lots from $50 up. I employ no agents and I sell no lots but my own. Any one wanting a bargain in city property will do well to call on me soon as these lots are going fast. I might exchange some of these lots for good timber land.

Sept 1 3mo T. G. HENDRICKS.

CLUBS FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Queer Organizations In Several American Cities.

"Courtship without matrimony" is the motto of a club just formed in New York, says the Philadelphia North American. The members are sworn to make love only to damsels who are content with platonic affection and who will understand that no offer of marriage will ever come from the friendship. The members of the club are to take their chosen friends of the other sex to the theaters and places of amusement, make them presents and act in every way as an enamored swain should who intends to marry the girl of his choice in due time, but no marriage is to follow.

Should the couple decide that only by marriage can the principle of human happiness be attained a fine of $50 is to be paid before the wedding can take place. With this money the members who have remained true to their vows dine together as sumptuously as the money will permit.

Chicago has an even more curious club. It is composed of young men whose Christian name is John, and every John is pledged to marry no girl other than one whose first name is Mary. The way the club originated is this: One day a number of young couples who were on a jaunt in the country compared notes concerning the Christian names of those present, and it turned out that all the males were Johns and all the girls Marys. The club was started then and there.

At Aurora, Ill., the young men of the town have formed a club for the protection of the girls against the attentions of outsiders. Several brutal outrages have been credited to the members of this queer organization, who have assaulted young men who came poaching on their preserves and in some instances sent them back to their native villages more dead than alive.

The Heir Presumptive.

Most people have got the technique of things dynastic at their fingers' ends this year. Nevertheless our old friend the heir presumptive has again made his incorrect appearance, this time in the leading illustrated paper. The eldest son of the Prince of Wales is thus called in the underline of a first page illustration, says the London Chronicle. The prince in question is nobody's heir presumptive. If his heredity is to be mentioned at all, he must be called the heir apparent of the heir apparent. An heir presumptive is heir pending the possible birth of an heir in the direct line.

There is only one person more generally misunderstood than the heir presumptive, and that is the morganatic wife. This irreproachable lady is generally alluded to by English journalists as though her title were a euphemism for some name of much more common kind and as though an alliance with her were not exclusive.

"Franking" In Australia.

Some old discoveries are being made by the postmaster general of Australia in regard to the freedom and laxity with which "franked" stamps have been used. All the state parliaments and departments have been permitted to use rubber stamps, which frank all their correspondence from end to end of Australia. The understanding was that only official correspondence should be so franked, but the interpretation of "official" has been elastic. It has covered letters canvassing for church bazaars and convening meetings of cricket, football and rifle clubs. Even the department messenger boys have had free access to the rubber stamps and have used them freely. One member of parliament had the coolness to ask this to be sent as a franked telegraphic message: "Have engaged a barmaid; am sending her by the 7:40 train."

Fox Farming In Alaska.

Within the last fifteen years the new industry of "fox farming" has been developed in Alaska. It originated in the desire to preserve the valuable blue fox from extermination. The experiment was begun by placing twenty foxes on an unoccupied island. In the course of a few years some thirty islands were thus turned into fox ranches. It was found that the animals soon became sufficiently domesticated to cease fearing their keepers and to assemble at feeding places. Eight hundred or a thousand foxes are included in a ranch. At the proper age a certain number are killed for their pelts. The business appears to pay well, and it is suggested that other fur bearing animals might be domesticated and propagated in a similar manner.

Strange Banquet.

Very shrewd in their business transactions are the people of Turin, and, as the following incident shows, the sense of humor is also strongly developed in them.

In the local journals recently appeared an announcement that a large banquet would soon be given at which the only guests would be those husbands in Turin who did not live happily with their wives.

The banquet, in a word, is to be a sort of consolation feast, and the utmost care will be taken that, while it is in progress, the unfortunate spouses shall not be interrupted.

An Ancient Chessboard.

What is described as an "ancient draught board" has been discovered in Crete. It must by all accounts be a fine piece of work, since it is composed of natural crystal, ivory, gold and silver, but it is by no means unique. Chess, draughts, or the game from which both are derived, was known to nearly all the ancient civilizations, and Greek and Egyptian boards are by no means uncommon.

One Hundred Dollars A Box

is the value H. A. Tisdale, Summerton, S. C., places on DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. He says: "I had the piles for 20 years. I tried many doctors and medicines, but all failed except DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It cured me." It is a combination of the healing properties of Witch Hazel with antiseptics and emollients; relieves and permanently cures blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles, sores, cuts, bruises, eczema, salt rheum and all skin diseases.—Corner Drug Store.