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 Insist upon having the genuine.
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NEW LIFE
 Dr. J. W. Harris and Dr. G. W. Biddle
 Druggists and sole agents, Eugene, Oregon.

GOING ABROAD.
 The other shore
 And leaves me
 I wish to visit
 Slip down my
 However, still
 The old stand
 Up there and
 I much rely
 The
 Ah, me, I
 When I
 And still
 And hope
 Yet if I
 T

THE RAY'S WORK.

Of all the beautiful things in this world there was none that loved so well as the summer sea. He and his comrades would play together with the rippling wavelets, darting from one to another in gaudy flashes of light, spreading themselves over the waters, a sheet of gold, till a touch of the wind's light lips broke it up into a thousand shimmering fragments. And the waves loved their playmates, too, and such, as the rays kissed it, became itself a little golden sun, sending forth its light in a radiant air, for the sea, like a fickle, lovable woman, answers back to all in their own moods and is loved just because she cannot be trusted. Then, where the waves broke on the golden sands or round the clean, dark rocks, the little rays would fill their foam with light till it shone more brightly white than the Jungfrau's crest, and the music of the waves breaking was a joy song for their own loveliness. Laughing, they ran up the smooth sand and embraced with teasing play the small pink feet which scampers away before them, while the sun's rays flashed from their surface to meet the light, brighter still, which shone from children's eyes. Oh, those were happy days, and as the little ray danced along over the waters he hoped that they never might end.

But a time came when the voice of the wind sounded from afar. The sea heard it and was troubled to its depths at the new life of power and strength which was tearing within it, while the wavelets far and wide raised their tiny crests, and in ripples of white foam whispered the news one to another. The clouds, too, heard the voice and gathered together at its bidding to spread themselves a thick, dark curtain over the sea and hide from the sun's face the things which were to be. And so the little ray could visit the sea no longer nor join any more in sport with his favorite playmates. At this his heart was very sad, and he took no delight in the other pleasures to which his comrades called him. They told him of the wild games they played with the wind shaken leaves of the forest; of the snow cold peaks which they crowned with dazzling splendor of jewels; of fog laden valleys filled with dream forms of weirdest, strangest loveliness; of mysteries of beauty revealed midst the world's most squalid dreariness. But it was all in vain. The little ray longed for his lost playmates and would care for none of these things.

As he wandered sadly among the heavy, driving clouds, losing himself in their sullen masses, searching for some crevice through which he might penetrate, one of them pitied him. "Since you will it so," said she, "I will let you through, though I fear you will find that dreams that are past can never be dreamed again." Then she shrank back from her neighbor, and with one swift word of thanks the little ray darted down through the opening she had made.

Down he went to the sea below and there lay quivering and lost in its black gulf. Oh, what a changed world it was! Above him the tempest hurried along and shouted to the waves as it went, and the waves threw their white heads up and answered back in crashing thunders. "Death, death, and the end of all things!" passionately yelled the tempest. "Ruin!" roared the waves. "Naught is that can withstand us!" a world of darkness and tumult and terrible unrest. The little ray lay where he had lighted, tremulous and afraid, now glimmering for an instant among outcrops of rushing foam and then lost again in the dark depths of the water. "Ha!" cried the waves when they saw him. "So you are here, little ray. The world is changed since you saw it last." "Changed indeed," said the ray. "Oh, why cannot you be as you were before, my playmates?" But the waves laughed, shaking spray from their crests till the tempest caught it and whirled it mountain high in the air. "Give us the winds for playmates," they cried, "and the men's lives for our sport. Talk to us not of the wretched, spiritless days that are past. The world is worth living in now." "But you were happy then. You rejoiced in the earth's beauty and were happy," said the little ray wistfully. "Because we know no better," they answered. "We have learned since then that there is something fairer than beauty, more glorious than joy. Oh, the rapture of fury when we raise the ship high in the air to hurl her down on the rocks beneath—the cruel rocks whom we love and linger to kiss and in fold in our soft white arms even then in the joy of that moment of power. To crush into pieces the mighty vessel with all its wealth and labor of workmanship; to scatter abroad the heavy fragments, flinging them to and fro in the very scorn of our sovereign strength; to watch men gasp in their death agony as we lift ourselves above their writhing bodies, and then to crash down and dash the life from their lips—this is power, little friend; this is power, and there is no glory in the world like the glory of power."

The ray grew chill and wan and trembled as he listened. "Is there nothing, then, left which is fair to look upon in all this waste of waters?" he cried, and he wandered dully on. Everywhere the same dark gulfs and white crested mountains mingling together in tumul-

tuons chaos; everywhere floating fragments of wreck and the stain of earth torn from its parent shore; ruin and destruction and nothing that was fair to look upon.

Far out to sea a woman, with a child in her arms, floated alone in a small open boat. Alone they had been saved from a wrecked and sunken ship—saved from drowning, as it seemed, but to die of hunger, and for hours they had tossed helplessly at the mercy of the waves. Many a ship had come near them, but the woman's cries were not heard in the howling of the tempest, and beneath the darkened sky the fluttering rag she waved was lost in the spray which enveloped her. So the ships went on. The woman's voice grew faint, and despair was in her heart. "Let death but come quickly," she cried, "and but for my child it would be welcome—but for my child and for his father awaiting him at home. I have cried. I have prayed in vain. No help is left in earth or in heaven."

But the little ray wandered on toward her over the sea, and the woman, lifting her heavy lids, saw the coming glimmer on the water. Her breath came quicker, her pale lips trembled, her glance followed swiftly up to the patch of blue sky above, while over her death-like face and in her dulled eyes there broke a light such as the ray had never seen before. At the sight of it now he flashed back up to the heavens beyond the clouds. "Come," he cried to his comrades, "come and see, for there is something fairer than aught that has been before, fairer than the sunlit sea or than the laughter on children's lips." His comrades flocked to his call and poured down through the crevice in the clouds, widening it as they went. Then they stretched themselves, a broad path of light, from the sky above to the lonely boat, which they bathed in their soft radiance.

Across the storm driven sea, cleaving the waves asunder with stately motion, a great ship came. The eyes of those on board her, wearied with gloom, turned gladly to that bright spot on sky and sea, and turning saw the boat, saw the white face of the woman and her waving signal. So the ship altered her course, and soon the mother and her burden stood safe upon the decks.

Evening drew near. The tempest had fled now, and thus left alone the tired, gray waves, their strength falling and their fury spent, were heaving in sullen impotence to rest. The clouds, falling away from the sky, gathered themselves in soft, changing masses of vapor around the edge of the sea. The sun, sinking lower and lower, called to the rays to come. Sadly they heard the call. They bade farewell to their beloved earth in a passion of fervid color. Upon wave and cliff, mountain and cloud, they rained their glowing kisses, and earth's beauty quivered into new glory, as does a maiden's in her lover's embrace. Then they drew together, a road of golden splendor on the sea as they crowded westward after their departing king. With slow, majestic motion he sank to rest.

But the little ray hung back. He had found the cloud who had stood his friend that morning, and he waited to give her goodbye. He was filling her now with his own golden glory of light as he whispered to her of all the beauty which was in the world. Alas, she would stay with it still in the wonder of the night, the great dark peace which he never might know. He thanked her, too, in loving words and kisses till she blushed red with pleasure, and then with tender, slow reluctance he drew away from her. As he went the flush faded, passing in gentle change through every shade of russet and purple till the cloud was left alone, resting soft and gray on her twilight couch.

But the little ray was thinking of the light of hope which he had seen in the woman's eyes that day. "Ah," said he to himself, "if I could only shine like that!" And with this wish in him he lingered still in the sky beneath, coloring it a green so pure and so tender that to the woman watching from the ship's deck it seemed as if heaven's own spring were bursting into blossom in her sight. But the light lessened, and the color faded, and she remembered that it was but sun tinted vapor after all. She sighed, but the sigh left her lips in a smile, for the child laughing stretched his hands to her face. Lovingly she pressed him closer to her and drew her shawl more warmly round him. "Good night, little one," she whispered. "You must sleep now, for the day is ended. Tomorrow, when the light comes back, you shall wake again." Then she bent her head down toward his face and mingled her smiles with his in a long, soft kiss.

That was the last thing which the little ray saw before he, too, followed the sun to rest.—Pall Mall Magazine.

SECRET OF THE ARK.

IT WAS REALLY CONSTRUCTED JUST LIKE A LEYDEN JAR.

The Fire That Came Out of It Was Electrical—Aaron's Sons Were Electrocuted, Edison and Tesla, Had They Lived at That Time, Could Not Have Surpassed Aaron.

There is nothing new on the face of the earth, and there is no doubt that electricity was well known to the Israelites and probably to the Phoenicians. The first record of electrical phenomena is as old as the Ten Commandments. Moses, when he received the stone tablets on which the Ten Commandments were written the second time, built a box out of fir—not the common cedar or any other native woods, but firwood, which had to be imported by Phoenician merchants from the southern part of Europe. Was this choice accidental on account of the great value of the resinous wood, or was it the choice of the best known nonconductor among the great number of various timbers?

Moses had the fir box lined inside and outside with beaten gold, which converted the ark of the covenant into a very expensive but very perfect leyden jar or storage battery for electricity. As gold is by 50 per cent a better conductor of electricity than copper, was the choice of gold again on account of its value, or was it an inspiration or revelation? So much is certain—that if Edison or Tesla had lived in those days they could not have improved on the choice of material, and the result was a powerful leyden jar.

How was this leyden jar charged, was the next problem. A fire of material rich in carbon was kept burning on top of the ark of the covenant, and during daytime a tall column of smoke guided the 12 tribes of Israel through their wanderings, and at night a tall flame was equally well seen by them. Now carbon is a good conductor of electricity, and the particles of carbon floating in the smoke would conduct sufficient electricity to highly charge the leyden jar. At least the current of electricity would be amply strong, so that if a hand were held toward the ark of the covenant sparks would result. That this was done by Moses at different times is a matter of record, and that he could always depend that his faithful Levites would obey his instructions to the letter and have the jar always charged.

After Moses' death his brother Aaron took the matter in hand and greatly improved the electrical power of the strange battery. He had the ark of the covenant placed in the temple and had it surrounded by poles 50 ells high, or 150 feet. These poles were covered with beaten gold, and gold chains were hung from poles to the ark of the covenant, which made a very expensive but very complete and powerful electrical connection. In a country where electrical storms are as frequent and as powerful as in Palestine at an elevation of 600 feet and a reach of 150 feet of the best conductor an abundant supply of Franklin's electricity would necessarily always be on hand.

It is very likely that Aaron knew nothing of amperes, ohms or volts; otherwise his two sons never would have monkeyed with this powerful apparatus, and they would not have been killed by fire breaking out of the ark of the covenant and killing them without any wounds or burns appearing on their bodies.

Any coroner's jury of today, if it were to sit on an inquest over the body of Aaron's sons, would at once bring a verdict of death by a discharge of electricity.

Aaron knew this power, and to make it effective all he had to do to deal death from his apparatus was to remove the costly camel's hair carpets, which are almost perfect nonconductors of electricity, and make the culprit stand on terra firma. Death would result instantly by fire breaking out and leave no wounds or burns to account for his death. That several members of revolting tribes of Israelites were thus electrocuted is also a matter of record in the Bible.

Solomon in building his temple advanced one step further. He found that copper would do as well as gold. He had the temple covered with copper, and copper water pipes led into the cisterns inside the temple.

On the temple, or rather on its roof, a number of gilt spears were placed in vertical positions, ostensibly to scare off the birds and to keep them from defiling the temple, but these spears were several cords high, or from 10 to 24 feet. Such a height would hardly be necessary for scarecrows, but it was ample to load the roof, water pipes, etc., with a powerful current of electricity.

Franklin, the electric chair in the state of New York and the discovery of the leyden jar itself in Leyden, Germany, are all back numbers. History only repeats itself, whether recorded or not.—C. B. Warrand in Savannah News.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.
 REAL PROPERTY.
 Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order of the County Court, of Lane County, Oregon, I will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, at the Court House door in Eugene Oregon, on Saturday January 12th, 1895, the following described real property, to-wit: Lots Nos. 9 and 10 in Blk No 3, in Skinner's addition to Eugene, Oregon, so as to divide said lots 9 and 10 as follows: Beginning at the NW corner of Lot No. 10, in block 9, said addition, thence South 80 feet; thence East 133 and 1-30 feet; thence North 80 feet; thence West 133 and 1-30 feet to place of beginning and remaining parts of the said lots 9 and 10. Sold together or to suit bidders. Said property is situated immediately west of the Presbyterian church. The said sale is for the purpose of paying the claims against the Estate of John Brown deceased. Terms of sale cash. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock of said day. J. H. McCLEUNG, E. B. SEIBWORTH and J. J. WALTON, Administrators.

Wim: whatn Encampment No. 61
 O. O. F., meets in Odd Fellows Temple, Eugene, the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of each month. Visiting Patriarchs cordially invited.
 F. R. RICH, C. P.
 J. C. GRAY, Scribe.

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