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"...ven years ago, my wife had a ... attack of lung trouble which ...ysicians pronounced consumption. ...ough was extremely distressing, ...ally at night, and was frequently ...ed with the spitting of blood. ...octors being unable to help her, ...ced her to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and was surprised at the great ...it gave. Before using one whole ... she was cured, so that now she is strong and healthy. That this ...ne saved my wife's life, I have not ...st doubt."—K. MORRIS, Mem-... Tenn.

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When man knows how to match a ribbon,
When woman learns to drive a nail,
When man can thread a needle deftly,
When mice don't make a woman pale,
When woman gets off right from street cars,
Instead of facing toward the rear,
When man stops smoking bad tobacco
And drinking sour smelling beer,
When woman doesn't block the sidewalk
With spreading skirts and puffed out sleeves,
When man stops flirting with new charmers
And to his lawful darling cleaves,
When man can understand the baby
And woman petting it talks sense,
When man proposes a new bonnet
And woman shies at the expense—

Phenomena like these and others
May strike surprised observers dumb,
But they will know by these same tokens
That the millennium has come.

—Somerville Journal.

IN THE SUBURBS.

"It isn't because I am tired of our flat that I want to live in the suburbs, but the doctor says we both need change," concluded Mrs. Perry Thorne, who was making her first plea for country life.

"I agree with the doctor that we need change, of one sort, at least," answered her husband.

"Don't be flippant, dear. I am in dead dearest, and, oh, Perry, I know of such a dear cottage, one of a row."

"I dislike rows," said Perry. "However, if you are determined to be a suburbanite and with the suburbanites stand, I may as well agree to go. I will at once take lessons on the flying trapeze so that I may sometimes be able to catch a train. I shall study to acquire that dazed suburban stare that people who eat their breakfast and dinners by lamplight assume, assisted by catching their quota of sleep in depots after they have missed their train."

"Oh, we won't be there long enough for that," said his wife, "and, Perry, the air is just heavenly—so sustaining."

"That's good, as we shall probably be 12 miles or more from a grocery store. Have you caught your house yet, Maud?"

"Oh, yes. Mrs. Smead has one in the same row, and she told me about ours. It is the southwest corner house, while hers is the southeast. Isn't it strange, Perry, that I have never been introduced to Mr. Smead? I wouldn't believe there was any such person if I had not seen him."

"Nothing strange about it," growled Perry, in what his wife called his "bull-dog" voice. "I suppose you want to know him because he has the reputation of being a lady killer."

"Perry!"

"I am told by fellows we both know that he prides himself on his beauty."

"I hate beauty men," said Maud soothingly, "they are all vain, conceited creatures. I never would marry a handsome man."

Perry mumbled something and went away, first giving his wife permission to do as she pleased about taking the suburban house.

* * * * * * *

A week later both families were settled in the row which fronted a street and a railroad track and was equidistant from two depots.

Mr. Smead did not take as kindly to the change as Perry Thorne did, but he told his wife thoughtlessly that one good feature of suburban life was having the Thornes for neighbors.

"Where have you ever met Mrs. Thorne?" asked his wife suspiciously.

"Don't know her from Adam, my dear, but isn't she your friend, and haven't I heard her praises sung ever since we were married?"

"H'm! We have a calling acquaintance, and now that we are to be neighbors I suppose you will meet. But you are so susceptible and she is so giddy I just know you will set people talking."

"Great Cæsar, Laura! You give your best friend a great send off. I susceptible and she giddy? We must be made for each other."

Mrs. Smead looked volumes at her handsome husband, but where is the man who does not enjoy being a bone of contention among his women folk, and if Smead had a special and particular virtue it was that of being good natured.

Mrs. Smead, like the woman of history, had two treasures—her sewing machine and her husband—and she drew the line at lending either, and if people wanted to call her selfish they might. Fortified by this law, she rented the southwest cottage.

* * * * * * *

Saturday night! The invisible bridge spans the distance between the world of labor and the world of rest. The tranquil air gave back no murmur of the multitudinous voices that had filled it with cries of sorrow, anger or gladness during the work days of the past week. It was the antechamber of the Sabbath, a time so sacred to our ancestors that all work and all pleasure was suspended that the soul itself might rest.

A great throng of people was hurrying homeward, and all bore the happy burdens of Saturday night—new shoes for the feet of the little burden bearers, a new bonnet for mother, the Sunday dinner—and among them Perry Thorne and Amos Smead, who had struck up a neighborly acquaintance and were now hastening to the same train, going out to their suburban homes for their first Sabbath of rest. They were both laden to the ears with brown paper packages and had just time to make the train, after purchasing their commutation tickets. They went loping through the gates in approved suburban style and caught on just as the train moved out, and then Perry shouted in a voice that sounded above the roar of escaping steam:

"We've left our Sunday dinners on the window stand of the ticket office. You go on, Smead, and I'll take the next train out."

He swung himself clear off the train, turned a somersault and waved "all right" to Smead, who mopped the cinders and perspiration from his face and remarked to the man standing next to him, in a friendly way:

"Nice way to spend the summer living in the suburbs?"

"Yes, if you don't care what you say," growled the man.

Then Smead took a bit of pasteboard from his pocket and began to study it.

"Southeast corner, Terrace row, Oakland."

Smead asked his gruff neighbor if he got off at that station.

"No, I don't," said the man. "You couldn't hire me to live in that swamp. I go out ten miles farther where you don't have to sift the atmosphere to keep the mosquitoes from choking you."

That sounded discouraging, but Smead was not anxious to ride ten miles farther on an accommodation train that slowed up for every cow on the track, and he wrapped himself in a speculative reverie until the brakeman called "O-a-k-l-a-n-d!" as if ... the deaf lived at that station.

Mrs. Smead was waiting for her husband, ... expected on the 6:30 train, but the train had come and gone, and instead of the handsome, well groomed Mr. Smead, a frantic woman, her neighbor, Mrs. Thorne, rushed into her cottage.

"I've caught him!" she gasped. "He's locked up in the library. Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"Caught whom?" asked the mystified woman. Then seeing that her distracted visitor was very near fainting, she collected restoratives and brought back Mrs. Thorne's scattered wits.

Maud explained as soon as she could speak that a desperate looking man—a burglar, she was certain, and a convict as well by the cut of his hair—had feloniously entered her house a moment before she came, and walking boldly into her library had been locked safely therein by herself.

"The windows are nailed down. I have been waiting for Perry to open them, so he cannot escape that way," she concluded.

"I expected Amos on the last train. I don't see what is keeping him," said Mrs. Smead, "but he has not come yet."

"Neither has Perry, but perhaps they will come together. Isn't it dreadful? I daren't go back with that man in the house. I know by his looks he is a murderer. Our girl hasn't come, and I'm all alone. Oh, if Mr. Smead were only here!"

"I guess I'll do just as well," said Mrs. Smead coldly. "I will take our revolver, and you can bring the stove lifter, and we will interview him through the door."

"But what good will that do? He may s-h-o-o-t first!"

"Come on," said Mrs. Smead contemptuously. She was only a young matron herself, but she was not going to be ignominiously routed by a one man army, and she led the way to her neighbor's cottage. No other people lived in the row, so they had all the fun to themselves.

But at that identical moment the 7:40 train, sometimes called the husbands' train, so many of them went out to spend the week's interval with their families, stopped at the nearest depot, and Perry Thorne, with his double load of packages, hove in sight. Both women were overjoyed to see him.

"What's the row?" he asked, dropping his bundles on the veranda.

"A man!" said both women at once.

"Where is Smead?"

"That is what I would like to know," said Mrs. Smead. "I expected him on this train."

"I haven't seen him. Who is the man?"

"A burglar, and he's locked up in the library. Don't you think I was brave?" asked Maud, who, now that her husband had come, felt that she might pose as a heroine.

"Burglars already? Ha, this is a diversion. Give me the key, Maud. I'll take your revolver, Mrs. Smead. Now, ladies, stand aside," and Perry made a valiant rush for the library door, which he unlocked and threw open, at the same time presenting arms according to the best manual practice.

"Don't shoot!" cried a familiar voice that trembled, not with fear, but merriment, as Mr. Smead stepped smilingly forward and bowed low to Maud. "I am Mrs. Thorne's captive," he said.

"What does this mean?" cried Perry, his face flaming.

"Yes, what does it mean?" demanded Mrs. Smead in the measured syllables of the divorce court.

"It means," explained Mr. Smead, "that my wife has not yet learned to box the compass. She gave me 'southwest,' and your wife locked me up in a room that has no ventilation and under a criminal ban. But I forgive her," he added, with gallant protest, whereat Maud's cheeks grew red with embarrassment, and Mrs. Smead said:

"Come home! After this I will meet you at the train and see that you don't get into the wrong house."

"Do forgive me, Mr. Smead," said Maud penitently, while Perry glared darkly like a jealous stage lover, "but you did look so —so"—

"She said you looked like a convict," remarked his wife.

"At least it has made us acquainted," observed Mr. Smead, true to his colors, and with this parting shot he followed his wife to the "southeast" cottage.—Detroit Free Press.

Gas and Electricity.

Notwithstanding the confessed imperfections of the system of coal gas making, the evil odors which attach to the works, the yet more offensive exhalations given off from streets through which the main pipes are laid, the destructive accidents which occasionally occur from gas explosions, and the heat and sulphurous fumes evolved during its combustion, not one of the numerous substitutes which have been proposed has been able to rival it in any large town or city where coal is a marketable commodity.

As against the system of electric lighting, which is now being brought into competition with it, it may be already demonstrated that for busy thoroughfares, almost, it may be said, for open air lighting generally, as also for large halls and inclosed spaces, electric lighting will in the near future supersede gas, but that it will be equally available for domestic purposes is not yet so certain, and, until it can be shown that a current may be subdivided practically without limit, that the supply can adapt itself to the demand with the same ease that the pressure of gas is regulated, and that the lights can be raised and lowered equally with gaslights, till these and other conditions are satisfied the disuse of gaslighting is still very remote.—Good Words.

Got Ahead of Providence.

"When I was farming in Carolina," says an old Connecticut fellow, "I got ahead of Providence in the hailstone business. After I had planted my crop of tobacco I rigged up a line of poles the entire length of the field, with ropes stretching from pole to pole, and to those ropes I attached a cloth material not so stiff as crinoline or so flexible as cambric. By a system of pulleys any one standing at the edge of the field could pull the main guy rope, and in five seconds the entire crop would be covered by this curtain or awning. I was taken ill about this time, and my physician told me I must go to California for my health, so I went, but before going I instructed my wife how to work my device and told her that whenever she saw a storm coming to cover the crop."

"And so the hail never damaged your tobacco?" inquired the little man with chin whiskers.

"No, sir; never touched it. But, then, you see," he added, leisurely taking a long pull at his cigar, "there wasn't any tobacco to ruin, for every time a storm came up my wife drew the curtains, and the crop died from drought."—New York Tribune.

Not the Expected Answer.

Jones asked his wife, "Why is a husband like dough?" He expected she would give it up, and he was going to tell her it was "because a woman needs him," but she said it was because he was "hard to get off her hands." Then the domestic entente cordiale was ruffled.—Boston Globe.

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SAVE THEIR MONEY.

Indians on the Nez Perce Reservation Put it in the Banks.

Pendleton E O: Kay Thompson, editor of the Lewiston Teller, who is in the city, a guest at the Golden Rule, said concerning the Nez Perce Indians who recently received from the government $600,000 in cash:

"People throughout the whole northwest country have been given an incorrect idea of how the Nez Perces conducted themselves after receiving the money from the government. It is true there were some who foolishly squandered it and acted in a manner indicating only a modicum of brains. But the great majority were prudent and far-seeing. They deposited their money in the banks and purchased only such articles as were needed during the summer and fall, when they are mostly in the mountains hunting and fishing.

"Lewiston has been given some more life by the distribution of this money. The city had not felt the hard times to as great an extent as this section, though it cannot be denied there was some effect from the depression. But we are all right up there now, and are not doing much complaining."

WAS WELL PLEASED. — Salem Statesman: J B Mattingly, of Moscow, Idaho, started for his home yesterday after a visit of a few days to his daughter, who has been a patient at the asylum the past seven years. Mr Mattingly did not know he was talking within ear-shot of a newspaper man when he was giving his impressions of the asylum on the depot platform, but his declarations are worth noting. He took pains to say that he had never seen a better managed institution of the kind during his life of nearly 70 years or a more agreeable, competent and humane set of officers and attendants. He could not speak too warmly in praise of the management, from the superintendent to the humblest employe he met and he goes home very much consoled that his daughter is in such hands.

In the Insane Asylum.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 18.—John Donnelly, one of the old Billy Emerson minstrel company, has been sent to the asylum for the insane at Ukiah at the suggestion of the committee from the B P O Elks, of which he is a member. He was suffering from that form of insanity known as melancholia, with occasional fits of violence.

Donnelly was a San Francisco boy and fell under Billy Emerson's eye at one of the variety theaters. Emerson took him into his troupe, where he performed with a partner in song and dance sketches and was very successful.

School Report.

Report of Twin Oak's school, district No 16. No of pupils enrolled, boys 12, girls 9, total 21; average attendence 16; times tardy 4. Those whose names are entitled to be placed upon the roll of honor are: Ethel and Mabel Applewhite, Emma, Edgar, Mina and Walter Smith, Ethel Herrington and Olive Perkins.

ADA B. MILLICAN, Teacher.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

NOTICE.

U. S. Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon. October 12, 1895.

Complaint having been entered at this office by Thomas L Gilliam again Richard T O'Reilly for abandoning his homestead entry No 7209, dated July 1, 1892, upon the n e ¼ sec 10, township 16 s, range 1 East, in Lane county, Oregon, with a view to the cancellation of said entry, the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at the office of Joel Ware, U S C C commissioner, at Eugene, Oregon, on the 29th day of November, 1895, at 10 o'clock a m to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment. Hearing at this office on the testimony so taken December 10, 1895. Sufficent evidence having been filed to show that personal service cannot be made, it is hereby ordered that service be made by publication in the GUARD, published at Eugene, Lane county, Oregon, according to law.

R. M. VEATCH, Register.
R. S. SHERIDAN, Receiver.

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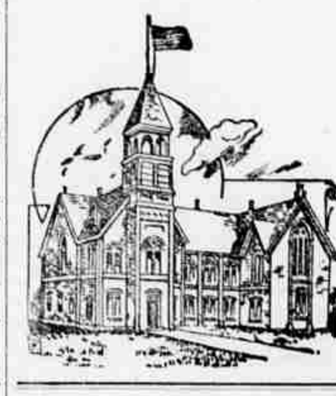
The Uniersity of Oregon, Eugene, Oregon, offers Free tuition to all studeets. Young men can obtain Board, Lodging, Heat and Light in the dormitory for $2.50 per week. Roomers furnish their own linen. Young women are provided with board in private families at $3.00 per week. Young women desiring board should address Prof. John Straub, Eugene, Oregon, or Secretary Young Women's Christian Association, Eugene. The University offers three baccalaureate degrees: Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science and Bachelor of Letters, with corresponding courses of study. The following shorter courses are also offered. An English course leading in two years to a Business diploma, and in three years to the title graduate in English; and advanced course for graduates of normal schools leading to the degree of Master of Pedagogy; a three years' course in civil engineering leading to the degree of Civil Engineer; a course of two years for teachers of physical education leading to a diploma and the title director of Physical Education. The University charges an incidental fee of $10 which is payable in advance by all students. Students holding diplomas from the public schools and those having teachers certificates are admitted to the preparatory department without examination. Those desiring information regarding the preparatory department should address the Dean N. L. Narregan, Eugene.

For catalogues and further information address C. H. Chapman, President or J. J. Walton, Secretary, Eugene, Oregon.



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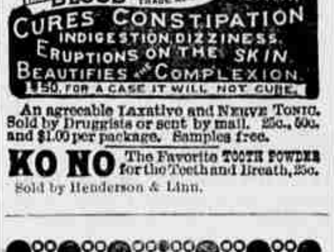

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