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AFTER THE BALL.

In October last an ancient Boston bluestocking, who signed her name (Miss) Philo Math, entered the geology class of the university at Ann Arbor and soon after became a member of the Women's club in that city. Miss Philo Math was tall, slight and angular and carried her head magisterially tilted back, which gave undue prominence to a short nose and a long chin, both of which were heavenly in their inclinations.

By a strange coincidence there was at the same time another Miss Philo Math in the city, a graduate of the university and also a member of the Women's club. She was young and pretty, and, although her eyes, peeping out mischievously from a mass of silky brown hair, were a source of distraction to many, she was a general favorite.

The graduates easily distinguished these ladies, for in an hour the senior was know as Philo the Great and the junior as Philo the Good, which was abbreviated to "Magnus" and "Bonus" respectively. In this way the graduates escaped confusion, and if the professors had followed their example this incident of the leap year ball would never have been written.

The Women's club and the university classes were very closely allied and the red letter days of the one were known and observed by the other. When the Women's club announced its leap year ball for Feb. 29 there was excitement in both institutions and for some days many a pretty little billet doux went forth from both class and club. Each member of the Women's club was expected to invite and escort a gentleman to the ball, and the majority had no difficulty in the selection. Philo the Great was fortunate. She had a younger brother who was only 40, but Philo the Good had no brother.

It is true that there were many aspirants to the honor of Philo the Good's invitation, but she took time and care in her selection. She looked the list over mentally, and as each was presented she dismissed him somewhat in this way: "Brown? No; I have given up dolls years ago. Jones? No; a man that carries perfume and a pocket mirror is a contradiction. Then Robinson? No; certainly not Robinson. It would take fully six months to convince him that I was not deeply in love with him."

Philo the Good was at her wits' end when a happy thought came to her and developed itself so quickly that in ten minutes she had written an invitation to Professor Mica Felspar, Ph. D., the University, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Dr. Felspar was a busy and energetic man, 47 years old, and, although his dark hair was silvered, he looked younger. He was tall and military in appearance and possessed the dignity and command so essential to a professor. He took a deep interest in every member of his class and encouraged them to write to him and ask such questions or make such suggestions as were relevant to their geological studies.

The doctor had but little time for his extensive correspondence, and on Feb. 25 the questions and suggestions he received were as extensive as the science of geology itself. Two letters that morning attracted the doctor's attention particularly, and he decided to answer them at once.

They first requested him to demonstrate, in his next popular lecture, the harmony of Biblical teaching and scientific knowledge to reconcile geology and Genesis and to silence forever the agnostic and the scoffer.

This suggestion was from Philo the Great, and the doctor decided to comply, but the other, an invitation to the ball, he would certainly decline.

The next day Magnus was astounded when she received the following:

"Many thanks, but I must decline. I am too old, the duties too laborious, and I do not care to be laughed at. Try the athletic club. You will find them, like Barkis, willing."

Magnus read the letter several times. Was the professor afraid of the subject? Did he realize its importance? To say he was too old was a feeble excuse, and to refer her to the muscular club swingers was an insult. Philo the Great was indignant.

When Bonus reached the Women's club that day, she was very anxious, but a note was waiting for her which calmed her fears. It read: "I shall be most happy to comply with your wishes. Your note came like an angel's whisper. I shall go prepared to do my duty and waltz over every obstacle. The age is progressive, and in the grand march science should hold the foremost place."

Bonus was overjoyed. How kind of the doctor to accept, and even to call the invitation an "angel's whisper!" Philo the Good was happy.

For a week Magnus did not attend the geology class, but Bonus continued her studies and stood facile princeps in her class, while, in happy ignorance of his blunder, the professor prepared his lecture on "Genesis and Geology." On the eve of the ball Bonus called on the doctor, as his escort, to make final arrangements. Then, as he held the "angel's whisper" in his hand, he discovered his mistake. He would not disappoint the fair young graduate, nor even disturb her by an explanation, and the arrangements were made.

The leap year ball was a success, and none was more admired than were the dignified doctor and the graceful Bonus. After leaving the ballroom the doctor told Bonus of his blunder. "I am not sorry now," he said, "that it happened. Every one blunders sometimes, but very few blunder into such happy results as I have done. The invitation was indeed as angel's whisper to me." As the doctor continued Bonus blushed. "I want that angel to be always near me and to whisper often."

The professor explained his error to Philo the Great and delivered his lecture on "Genesis and Geology" to the most appreciative audience that has been seen in Ann Arbor for years.

The members of the Women's club say that before the Easter lilies fade there will be a notice in the papers which will be read with pleasure by Philo the Good's many friends. "It's all due," the doctor says, "to Bonus and the angel's whisper."—M. J. Kelly in Chicago Times-Herald.

A Question of Avoirdupois.

Madam—Well, Nanette, I think you will suit me. Your recommendations are good.

Nanette—Thank you, madam, but I am sorry to say that I cannot accept the position.

Madam—Why not, pray? Do I not offer enough?

Nanette—Oh, yes, madam. But we are not the same size. Madam's gowns would be much too large for me.—New York Journal.

Don't Argue.

"Ef yoh argifies wif er smaht man," said Uncle Eben, "yoh done git de wust ob it, and if yoh argies wif er fool yoh done was'e yoh time."—Washington Star.

AN HOUR OF TORTURE

Napoleon Whiffles was a happy man. Napoleon was a shining light in Morningdale. He had studied law, he had studied theology, and he had studied medicine, but as his father had left him in possession of a goodly estate he had not yet decided to which of the grand professions he should lend the glory of his name.

But one thing Napoleon Whiffles had done—he had married.

Like a star of the first magnitude had Amantha Jessup dawned upon the social horizon of Morningdale. None had known her previous to her advent, but there were those who had known her progenitors in the other years.

His heart had been offered up, and the offering had been accepted, and, moreover, Amantha had given her own heart in exchange.

Napoleon sat in his studio. It was a large room on the lower floor, overlooking a broad garden. Napoleon sat there, smoking a richly colored meerschaum, his mind busy in framing castles in the clouds of smoke, when Amantha entered.

"My angel is going out!" he said, when she had kissed him.

"Yes, darling, but not for long. I shall soon return, and when I come back you must let me come and sit with you here. I am only perfectly happy when I am with my love."

Amantha went away, and Napoleon pushed his pipe aside.

"Poor fools!" he muttered to himself. "They would have cast suspicions upon my angel's character! They would have made me doubt her! Verily, they have their reward, and I have mine."

He had spoken thus, when the door communicating with the hall was unceremoniously opened and a stranger entered. Napoleon arose. There was something in the appearance of the stranger that filled him with awe.

"Pardon me, sir, for this intrusion! My business is of importance. Your name, sir"—

"Napoleon Whiffles."

"Ah, I thought so! But be seated—be seated."

"Mr. Whiffles, you wonder why I am here? I saw a lady leave this house—a lady beautiful—beautiful without, but, alas, within"—

"Hold!" interrupted Napoleon. "My wife has but just left me."

"I feared it. Her dress was of blue, her mantle of white crape, her bonnet a gossamer spray, her tresses golden, her eyes a heavenly blue, her"—

"Enough!" again interrupted Napoleon. "You have described my Amantha."

The stranger wrung his hands.

"Alas, another unfortunate duped and betrayed!"

Napoleon started to his feet.

"Mr. Whiffles, I seek no vengeance on you. Behold in me Emil Blenheim. Once I was for a time withdrawn from the realms of science, attracted by an earthly spirit. That earthly spirit dwelt in the form of Amantha Jessup. I told her of my love, and she reciprocated it. We were married. A few short months of bliss—a few ecstatic months—and she left me—bore away my jewels—broke my heart. I don't blame you. Nor shall my hand rend the fair flesh of the woman who has betrayed us both. But the law shall decide between us."

Full half an hour Whiffles sat in his chair with his head bent forward upon the table. Finally he arose and went with tottering steps to his cabinet and from one of the drawers took a pistol. He cocked it, but he hesitated.

"No. This is too ghastly a work. It shall be more quiet."

He put back the pistol and from another drawer he took a morocco case in which were a score of tiny vials.

He went to the sideboard, and into a goblet poured a generous measure of wine, and into the wine he poured half the contents of the vial, then set the goblet upon the table before him.

He had grasped the goblet, when the door of his room was a second time unceremoniously opened. He looked up and beheld an elderly gentleman with a benevolent aspect accompanied by two stout serving men.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the elderly gentleman, "but this intrusion is not without cause. You have had a visitor within an hour?"

"Blenheim?" suggested Napoleon.

The elderly gentleman smiled, and the two stout serving men nodded.

"My dear Mr. Whiffles, by that name I recognize my patient, though he has no legal claim to it. Can you tell me whither he has gone?"

"He left me half an hour ago. What of him? Who is he?"

"A patient escaped from our insane asylum at Worcester. His name is Jarvis Thornburn. A railroad accident, by which he was seriously injured, and his wife, whom he devotedly loved, was killed, coming upon him at a time when his mental powers had been strained to their utmost, completely unseated his reason. Poor fellow! His greatest suffering consists in the impression that his wife has deserted him."

"And," ventured Napoleon, "he sometimes takes other men's wives for his?"

"Yes, and that phase of his insanity is the one we have chiefly to guard against. He never sees a beautiful woman that he does not claim her as his wife."

He had just poured the fatal contents of the goblet out of the window when the door was opened for the third time, and Amantha, radiant in her loveliness, stood before him.—New York News.

Where the Joke Came In.

Wiggins was harassed by the possession of expensive tastes and the nonpossession of means to gratify them, a combination of circumstances which, being known, made it extremely difficult for him to negotiate even a loan of 10 shillings from his associates. Parkin in particular used to congratulate himself on the fact that Wiggins had never been in his books for ever so small an amount and steadfastly purposed that he never should.

Unfortunately for Parkin, however, he was fond of a practical joke, and it was this fact that interfered with the success of his prudent determination. A number of them were sitting in the club reading room one day, when Wiggins whispered to Parkin:

"Let me have a fiver for a few minutes, till I put up a joke on one of the fellows."

Parkin, ready for some fun and suspecting nothing, handed him a £5 note, and was surprised a few minutes afterward to see Wiggins using it to pay sundry little losses at cards, including a sovereign to Diggins, evidently borrowed.

"I say, Wiggins," he cried in amazement, "I thought you were going to raise a laugh on one of the fellows with that £5 note!"

"So I am," explained Wiggins. "You are the fellow!"—Pearson's Weekly.

The Secret of a Beautiful Skin

Soft, white hands, shapely nails, and luxuriant hair, with clean wholesome scalp, is found in the perfect action of the POREs, produced by CUTICURA SOAP, the most effective skin purifier, and beautifier in the world.

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W A Buchanan, manager for Honeyman, DeHart & Co, contractors for the line of railroad from Astoria to Goble, says there are 200 men at work on the line, and that more will be put on as fast as they can be secured, says the Astorian. He says that it is expected soon to run a force of from 800 to 1000 men. Headquarters have been established at Rainier, in Columbia county.

We might tell you more about One Minute Cough Cure, but you probably know that it cures a cough. Every one does who has used it. It is a perfect remedy for coughs, colds, hoarseness. It is an especial favorite for children, being pleasant to take and quick in curing.

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Mrs Rhodie Noah, of this place, was taken in the night with cramping pains and the next day diarrhoea set in. She took half a bottle of blackberry cordial but got no relief. She then sent to me to see if I had anything that would help her. I sent her a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and the first dose relieved her. Another of our neighbors had been sick for about a week and had tried different remedies for diarrhoea but kept getting worse. I sent him this remedy. Only four doses of it were required to cure him. He says he owes his recovery to this wonderful remedy.—Mrs Mary Sibley, Sidney, Mich. For sale by Osburn & DeLano.

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.

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PORTLAND, OREGON

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,
July 22, 1896

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Joel Ware, U S C C Commissioner, at Eugene, Oregon, on September 19, 1896, viz: Samuel Burman on H E No 7314 for the w ½ of sec 10, tp 20 s, r 1 west.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

Isaac Higgins, O J Warbington and Henry S Tilton, all of Dexter, Oregon, and S D McGuire, of Eugene, Oregon.

R. M. VEATCH,
Register.

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No 11 Road Wagon (Portland Body) Lea Trim 40 00
4 Spring 2 Seat Mountain Wagon, Complete 80 00
4 " 3 " " " " 100 00
Canopy Tops $20 and $25 extra.
No 2 Combination Spring Wagon 2 Seat, former price $100 ..... 65 00

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"COAST" all Steel Gear Wagons.

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3x8½	2500 lbs	1½, Farm Bed	$ 60 00
3x9	3500 lbs	1¾, " "	62 50
3x10	4000 lbs	1¾, " "	65 00
3½x10	6000 lbs	1¾, " "	70 00
3½x11	7000 lbs	1¾, " "	80 00

3 inch tire $5.00 extra. California Rack bed $7.50, extra.

June 4th, 1896.

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EDWIN STONE, Manager. J. C. MAYO, Supt River Div.
GEORGE F. CRAW, Agent Eugene.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,
June 6, 1896.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Joel Ware, U. S. C. C. Commissioner, at Eugene, Oregon, on July 14, 1896, viz: Norman R Workman on homestead entry No. 7858 for the w ½ nw ¼, lot 11 of sec 18, tp 16 s, r 1 west.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land viz:

Columbus Cole, Clinton Arnel, Thomas Whitmore and Jefferson Waugh, all of Isabel, Oregon.

R. M. VEATCH,
Register

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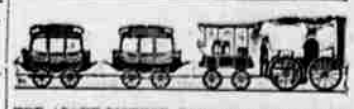

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