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Caked & Inflamed Udders,
Piles,
Rheumatic Pains,
Bruises and Strains,
Running Sores,
Inflammations,
Stiff Joints,
Harness & Saddle Sores,
Sciatica,
Lumbago.
Scalds,
Blisters,
Insect Bites,
All Cattle Ailments,
All Horse Ailments,
All Sheep Ailments,

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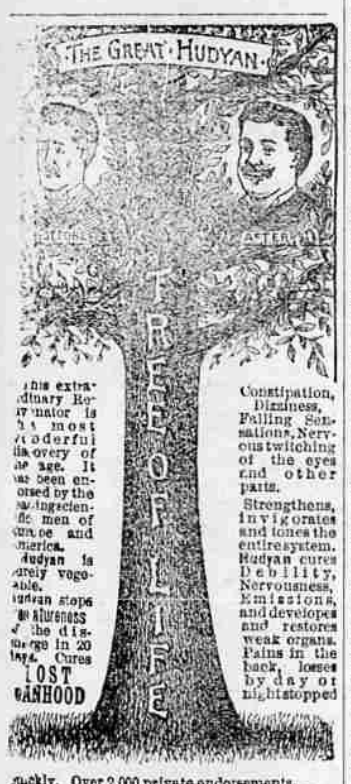

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EDWIN STONE, Manager. J. C. MAYO, Supt River Div
GEORGE F. CRAW, Agent Eugene

LIFE AND SONG.

If life were sung by a clarinet,
And a wild heart, throbbing in the reed,
Should thrill its joy and trill its fret
And utter its love to love's own deed;

This would this breathing clarinet,
To be what I would that I might be,
For some of the poets ever yet
Has wholly lived his minstrelsy.

Or wholly sung his true, true thought
Or utterly bodied forth his life,
Or made what God made when he wrought
One perfect self of man and wife;

Or lived and sung that life and song
Might each express the other's all,
Careless if life or art were long,
Since both were one, to stand or fall.

So that the wonder struck the crowd,
Who shouted it about the land,
His song was only a living aloud;
His work was a singing with his hand!

—Sidney Lanier.

WAS HE A HERO?

BY DAVID A. CURTIS

[Copyright, 1895, by American Press Association.]

"He hasn't many days to live," said the hospital surgeon in a matter of fact way, and yet not unkindly, when I happened across my old friend Halsey in ward 9.

"Does it seem hard to you?" he asked, still smiling. "I had two years of such happiness once that it has made all the rest of my life bright."

I pressed his hand. "But," I said, "it seems hard to die in a public hospital."

"Not to me," he replied. "It was in this very hospital that I found my happiness."

Then there was a long silence. Presently he smiled again and said: "I'll tell you the story. There isn't much to it, I suppose, but it seems to tell something about what love can do for a man, and for a woman, too, when it is honest and pure."

Then he told it. Not easily or smoothly, for he was very weak, but with long pauses, during which that happy smile would so light up his face that I, beginning to see what it meant, felt glad that he had found me worthy of being called his friend.

"I was an actor once," he said, "and I was, in my day, a favorite in the cheaper sort of theaters. You see I belonged to the same sort of people that sat in front, and I had enjoyed seeing the same parts on the stage that I was playing, so I put my whole heart into them. I had been a newsboy and had many a time gone without my supper to go to the theater, and I knew how to play to the newsboys. And then I was ambitious and used to study hard, for I thought, as all young actors do, that I was going to be a star and be famous. In fact, my head was full of almost all the nonsense that most young people's heads hold, if it is nonsense I don't know whether it is or not.

"One thing, though, didn't trouble me, as it did a good many of the men in the profession. My good old mother was alive, and I lived with her, and it made me so happy to make a good home for her after she had known sore trouble that I kept clear of all such alliances as lead men to destruction. I was thrown a good deal together with the women of the stage behind the scenes, of course, but I cared little about them. Some of them were good, true women, too, but none of them seemed to compare with what I thought a woman ought to be when I was with mother. So I had very little to do with them as long as I lived at home. But mother was old, and a large part of her life had been very hard, and at the time I was at the height of my prosperity she died. That has seemed a long time ago, but now it seems like yesterday.

"Perhaps if I had not felt so terribly lonely for a time after that my whole life would have been different. Who can tell? Such little things make such a great difference sometimes, and it was really a kind sentence, spoken with perfect tact, that first set me thinking of the only woman I ever loved. You see, I had no one in the world to care for, and just these few words came like 'dew from heaven.' She only meant to be friendly and courteous to a man she hardly knew, for I had only met her once or twice before, but to me the kindness was something almost beyond belief.

"However it was, it all came about in time. We were in the same company that season, and naturally saw a great deal of each other. I was attracted to her, as I said, and she liked me, as was perhaps to be expected. I hadn't this scar across my face then, and I was reckoned a good looking young fellow. Then I was doing well in the profession, and was in a position to do little favors for her from time to time, which she appreciated, for she was only playing small parts, and not doing very well with them either, so she was no favorite with the manager.

"And the more I saw of her the more I thought of her, until before I realized the situation I was in love. And it was not any trivial matter either, as I found out quickly enough when I tried to get the best of it, for I found I loved her so that I could not live without her—at least I thought then that I could not. I found out afterward that I could.

"It was an indescribable shock to me when I learned the truth about my own feelings, for at the same time that I knew I loved her I also recognized the fact that I could not trust her. It was not that she was really wicked, but she had never had any good groundwork of principle, and the life of the theater had done her no good. People talk a deal about the immorality of the stage, and much that they say is foolish and wrong, but actors live in an atmosphere that is so artificial that they lose sight of the importance of much that is good. Then, too, some of them seem to think they can be good and bad at different times, just as they play parts on the stage.

"It seems curious perhaps that a young man brought up as I was should have looked at matters just as I did, but aside from the home influence there was another thing that governed me. I loved Ada so much—I'll call her Ada, since you never can know her real name—that I could not think of her lightly. She would have to be all or nothing to me, and I was actually afraid to make her my wife. It isn't easy to describe the condition of mind I was in. When I try to realize it myself, I get confused.

"I can't even think how it would have ended if the end had not been brought about by a curious accident. While I was still struggling with myself, unable to decide one way or the other and almost worn out with the violence of my own emotions, fearing to go near Ada and yet utterly unable to keep away from her, I went one night after the play to a club that I belonged to.

"It was a bohemian sort of club, where there was great latitude allowed in the introduction of friends as guests of the club, so I was not surprised to find a group of men in the smoking room who were strangers to me. Neither did I notice at first what they were talking about, but as I was looking around to see who among my friends was present I caught her name in a most unmeasurably flippant sentence. The speaker was a big, handsome fellow, dressed in the height of fashion, whom I had never seen before, a fop, but by no means a gentleman in appearance.

"I spoke instantly, for I was furious. 'We do not call it good form here,' I said, 'to discuss a lady's name in a clubroom, and I shall insist that you make no further remarks about that particular lady.'

"He stared at me a moment, and then, with an insolent laugh, replied: 'You are greatly mistaken. I was not speaking of a lady. I mentioned a little actress at the Halsey theater.'

"I afterward learned that he was one of a class of men, more numerous 40 years ago than they are now, who were proud of their reputation as fighters, and who lost no opportunity for a brawl. But if I had known it at the time it would have made no difference, for I was mad with rage. I made a hot answer and stepped toward him, but he was quicker than I and struck me across the face with a loaded cane.

"I fell insensible and marked for life, as you see me now. Of course that ended my career as an actor. We did not know as much about makeup then as the actors do now, but nobody would try to fix up such a face as mine for the stage even now.

"That wasn't the worst of it. I was carried home and taken care of by my friends for two or three weeks before I was able to move around, for the injury was dangerous as well as painful. Ada had inquired about me when I was missed from the theater and at first had wanted to come and nurse me, but I wouldn't allow it. There were two or three reasons. I hoped at first that I wouldn't be so badly disfigured as I am, and I did not want her to be shocked at the sight. Then I wanted time to make up my own mind. I was not overconscientious, but she had given me every reason to believe she loved me, and it seemed certain that she would say yes if I asked her to marry me, and I was still afraid to do that. That sounds conceited certainly, but I felt sure I was right, and she told me long afterward that I was. She would have married me if I had asked before I was maimed, and I lived to thank God that I didn't, though that was years later.

"When I first came out I didn't feel that way, for my love for her was strong enough to conquer everything else, and I sought her eagerly. She had gone from the theater, and I could learn nothing of her at her lodgings, but it didn't take me long to find out that she had run away with the very man who had struck me down. She was poor, and he had tempted her with money. When I add that he had a wife living, I needn't say any more.

"If you had known me at any time in the next five years, I suppose I would not have called you wrong in speaking of my hard fate, for it certainly appeared hard to me then. I had no ties and no ambition. It was hard for me even to make a living, though I did after a time get a job as stage carpenter, and have done fairly well at that ever since.

"But the salt was all gone out of my life. I tried to forget Ada, and after a time I thought I had succeeded, though I had wild notions now and again of following him and her and killing them both. It seemed to me, though, that by doing that I would wrong myself more than either of them had wronged me, and I conquered the temptation in time. I am very glad of that, and I am glad, too, that I never had a serious thought of any other woman in all that time. It would have been foolish if I had, for my face would have barred the way, but I am glad because it proves to me that I did not really succeed in killing my love.

"I heard of her from time to time. In fact, I made it my business to, but I never tried to see her or send her any word, even after I heard that she had left the life she was leading and had entered a home. And even after that, when I learned that she had joined a sisterhood, and was devoting her life to works of charity and piety, I made no sign, for I remembered what a love of beauty she always had, and I could not forget my face. My trouble seemed greater than ever then, but I knew I still loved her because I was so happy in thinking of her new life.

"Then one night one of the sisters came to the stage door and told me that she was dying, or they feared she was, and that she wanted to see me. She had been hurt by an accident and brought to this very hospital.

"I cannot tell you much about our meeting. There was an almost divine sorrow in her beautiful eyes as she looked at me, and for an instant I thought it was pity, but only for an instant. It was sorrow for her own sin, not only against herself, but the wrong she had done me, and her first words were a plea for my forgiveness. And she seemed hardly able to believe me when I told her I had forgiven her long before. 'It was a long time before I knew my own heart,' she said, 'but when I did I knew it was you I had loved always, even when I was so weak and wicked.'

"She did not die then, as they thought she would, but she lived to get well enough to marry me. It was a strange wooing and very brief at the last, but she grew stronger for a time, and the next two years were those I told you of. They were so happy that all the rest of a long life seems short and unreal when I think of them."

And again that beautiful smile transformed poor Halsey's maimed face. It rested there when he lay in his coffin, two days later.

Dumas' Address to the Electors.

The elder Dumas stood in 1848 for the chamber of deputies, and this was his address to the electors: "I am a candidate for the office of deputy. I ask your votes. These are my reasons why you should give them to me: Not counting six years devoted to the acquirement of an education, four years passed in performing the duties of a notary and seven years as an employe of the government, I have worked ten hours a day for 20 years. That makes 73,000 hours. During these 20 years I wrote 400 volumes and 35 plays. Of each of the 400 volumes an average of 4,000 copies have been printed and sold at 5 francs each. The 35 plays have each been performed, on an average, 100 times. My books have produced 11,855,600 francs; my plays have produced 6,300,600 francs. Taking 3 francs a day as the average pay of a workingman, and as there are 365 working days in the year my books have paid for 60 years the wages of 692 people and my plays the wages for ten years of 347 people. But the last figure must be multiplied by 3 to include the provinces, making 1,041, and adding 79 for the actors, chiefs of the claque and cab drivers makes a total of 1,456. Plays and books, then, have paid the wages of 2,189 people for all those years, not counting Belgian pirates and foreign translators." Yet he was not elected.—Public Opinion.

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1:30 a m	Lv	Eugene	Lv 3:09 a m
11:15 am	Ar	San Francisco	Lv 7:00 p m

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8:30 a m	Lv	Portland	Ar 4:40 p m
2:04 p m	Lv	Eugene	Lv 11:20am
5:20 p m	Ar	Roseburg	Lv 8:00 am

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4:00 p m	Lv	Portland,	Ar 10:15 a m
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4:45 p m	Lv	Portland	Ar 8:25 a m
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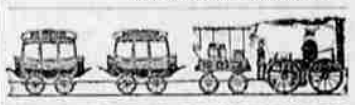

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