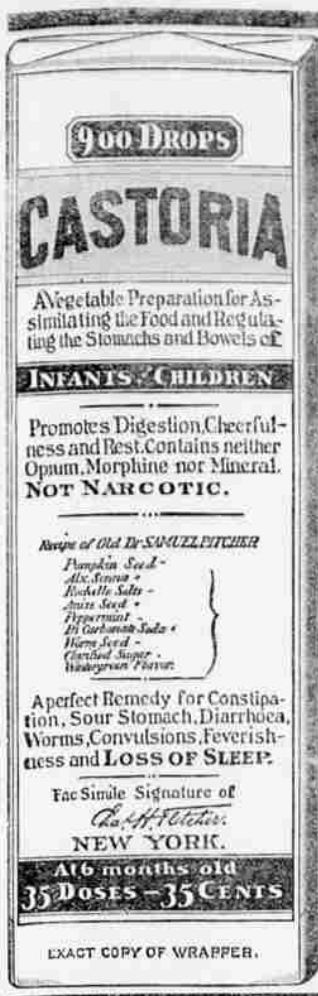

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Notice is hereby given that Geo B Dorris has been duly appointed executor of the estate of Sarah D. Fitch, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to the executor at his law office in Eugene City, within six months from the date of this notice.

Eugene, Oregon, Geo. B. Dorris.
January 4, 1894. Executor.

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THE SANDS O' DEE.

"Oh, Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee!"
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand
As far as eye could see.
The blinding mist came down and hid the land,
And never home came she.

"Oh, is it weed or fish or floating hair,
A tress o' golden hair,
O' drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea,
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands o' Dee.

—Kingsley.

"IT WAS THAT BOY."

A Story of the Success of One of the Waifs of the World.

Among the callers at the house of refuge recently was a gentleman whose striking appearance would have attracted attention anywhere. His clean shaven face, expansive forehead and piercing black eyes attested the man of intellectuality, the small, well kept hands the man of refinement, and his shining silk hat, black broadcloth suit and white tie his profession. His urbanity betrayed the man of good breeding.

"I am a clergyman from the south," began the stranger as he entered the boys' dormitory. "I am fond of visiting institutions of this kind. Ah, here's a bright little fellow," he continued as one of the little ones, less bashful than his fellows, approached, and stroking his blond curls the suave minister spoke kindly words. Soon the others crowded about him, and for one and all he had a smile. Thus he passed from dormitory to dormitory, from schoolroom to playground, seemingly interested in everything he saw and commenting upon the excellent provision made for the comfort, education and training of the waifs rudely tossed on life's ocean who have found a haven and refuge in an asylum so fittingly named.

At last the workshops were reached, and entering the large apartment devoted to the manufacture of shoes the visitor looked long and silently about him. His glance at last fell upon an indentation on the wall near the ceiling.

"How was that dent made?" he asked President Thomas, pointing to the wall.

"That—oh, that," replied Mr. Thomas, looking at the mark, "was made by a boy—an inmate—many years ago."

"Tell me about it."

"There isn't much to tell. You see, two boys were quarreling, and one of them, a lad of high temper, picked up a heavy tool and hurled it at his antagonist. The boy's aim was bad or it might have ended in murder. That's the dent the tool made."

"And did you punish the boy?"

"Only to the extent that we isolated him from the others and soon after had an opportunity of placing him with respectable people, who adopted him."

"Of course you never heard of him again?"

"I believe not. You see, it's so many years ago."

"Well, sir, I was that boy."

"You! You!" Mr. Thomas only managed to reiterate, looking at the card in his hand and then at the man before him.

"Yes," replied the stranger, smiling. "I was the boy, and from the day when I made that dent in the wall my reformation began. The people you placed me with, God bless them, gave me a liberal education. I studied for the ministry, and with his grace have become loved and respected by my people. You may tell my story. It may point a moral if it does not adorn a tale. But, of course, my reasons for withholding my name and identity when you tell it must be obvious to you."

Mr. Thomas readily acknowledged the justice of such a request, and when they parted it was with a promise on the part of the clergyman who graduated from the Cincinnati House of Refuge that he would revisit the scenes of his childhood.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Private View.

Miss Slimmer has been suffering from nervous prostration for the past week owing to a severe shock she received when she went to the photographer's.

Miss Slimmer is very thin, very prim and very proper, and Mr. Kammerer, the photographer, is the very pink of politeness in the opinion of most of his customers. But Miss Slimmer declares that he is a wretch.

This is how the difference of opinion came about: She wanted a clever photographer to take a view of her drawing room, so she went to Mr. Kammerer.

"Do you take interiors, Mr. Kammerer?" she asked, after the usual polite introductory remarks about the weather.

Mr. Kammerer looked troubled and hesitated, but finally he replied:

"Well, I—er—have not begun to do—er—that sort of thing yet. It takes a good time to—er—get a picture of the interior. But I shall have an X ray apparatus added to my outfit shortly, and"—here he spoke in some confusion—"if you wish to have a picture of your interior, I shall"—

But Miss Slimmer fainted on the spot — Strand Magazine.

Feeding the Angler.

There is just one fish in the aquarium that is actually fed like a child, and it is the very last fish that one would expect to see fed in that manner; it is the angler. The angler is voracious enough naturally, but it rarely feeds in captivity. Its feeding habits are peculiar. It will take in a fish for food, extract from it all the nutriment and then reject the remainder. Taking advantage of its habits in this respect to supply it with sustenance, the angler at the aquarium is lifted to the surface of the water in a big scoop net. Its capacious mouth is opened, and a fish, perhaps a herring weighing a pound, is put into it. The angler takes all the nutritive substance from a fish thus fed to it.—New York Sun.

London's Lungs.

"London's lungs," as applied to its open spaces, is a good and picturesque phrase, but it involves the pathetic consequence that on holidays London must suffer from congestion of the lungs.—Pick Me Up.

During the reign of Edward III a fashion was introduced in England of lacing the gowns of a woman at the side, the garments being in two separate pieces.

The thieves of Great Britain steal £8,000,000 worth of property every year.

CLARA MORRIS' SERMON.

Words of the Actress Which Brought Relief to Her Loyal Coachman.

Clara Morris, the well known actress, makes her appearance as an author in The Ladies' Home Journal presenting a grateful tribute to an old and loyal servant, "John Hickey, Coachman." In her maiden effort as a story teller she records the only sermon she has ever preached. It was delivered to relieve her faithful retainer's suffering—brought about through some fancied quarrel with his church (the Catholic church)—in response to his wail, "'It's hard, madam; it's hard that a man should be made to lose his soul.'

"'Never say that again, John,' I cried," writes the actress of the incident. "'There is just one man created who can lose your soul for you, and that man is John Hickey.'

"He looked at me a moment, then putting one forefinger on my arm he asked solemnly, 'Madam Clara, are you talking as a Catholic or as a Protestant now?'

"Laugh I had to, though I saw it hurt the poor, bewildered one before me and belied the tears in my own eyes. But I made answer quickly: 'I'm speaking neither as Catholic nor Protestant, but simply as a woman who, like yourself, has a soul and does not want to lose it. Don't look so unhappy. Your church is beautiful, great and powerful, but there is one who is greater, more beautiful and more powerful. In all the ages there has been but one who left the unspeakable joy of heaven to come to earth to suffer and toil, to love and lose, to hope and despair and finally to give up his perfect life to an ignominious death because his boundless love saw no other way to save us from the horror of eternal death. He paid too great a price for souls to cast them easily away. There is but one Saviour for us all, be we what we may. There is but one God whose smile makes heaven. We travel by different paths—oh, yes! We wear different liveries, some showing the gorgeous vestments of the stately Catholics, some the solemn drabs of the Quakers, others black robes. But the paths all lead to the same place, and the great questions are, Do we love the one we seek and have we loved and helped those we traveled with? John, make Christ your church and the mightiest cannot harm you,' and catching up the scant folds of my riding habit I fled from the only sermon I ever preached in my life."

FUN IN CONGRESS.

True History of a Little Squabble Among Members In 1794.

Previous to the coinage of silver dollars at the Philadelphia mint in 1794 the following amusing incidents occurred in congress while the emblems and devices proposed for their ornamentation were being discussed:

A member of the house from the south bitterly opposed the choice of the eagle on the ground of its being the "king of birds," and hence neither proper nor suitable to represent a nation whose institutions and interests were wholly inimical to monarchical forms of government. Judge Thatcher in reply playfully suggested that perhaps a goose might suit the gentleman, as it was rather a humble and republican bird and would also be serviceable in other respects, as the goslings would answer to place upon the dimes.

This reply created considerable merriment, and the irate southerner, considering the humorous rejoinder an insult, sent a challenge to the judge, who promptly declined it. The bearer, rather astonished, asked, "Will you be branded as a coward?" "Certainly, if he pleases," replied Thatcher. "I always was one, and he knew it or he would never have risked a challenge."

The affair occasioned much mirth, but finally cordial relations were restored, the irritable southerner concluding there was nothing to be gained in fighting one who fired nothing but jokes.—"History of the United States Mint."

Fought His Way to the Front.

"How did I get my title of colonel?" laughed the cheery old gentleman who has never married and regards the club as his home.

"It doesn't count for much in this sensible age, but down there in my old state our family was one of the first. Just across the street was another of the first families, and our relations were much like those which made so much unnecessary trouble for Romeo and Juliet. Dick Groomer, of my own age and attached to the adjacent enemy, had been urging me for some months to join a young military organization in which he wielded an almost autocratic power. One evening I induced his presence at my room and plainly told him that he was animated by some ulterior and unworthy motive in trying to enlist me. He declared with poorly concealed sarcasm a desire single to the promotion of military interests. I submitted that the truth was not in him.

"After we had washed up and made the wreckage of furniture as presentable as possible the conference was resumed. I held a wet towel over one eye while I glared upon him with the other. He had his coat buttoned to the chin in order to conceal his sanguinary contributions to the somewhat heated argument. Our muscular controversy seemed to clear the atmosphere. There was a warcloud present when he asked me if I thought my eye would close, and I showed like solicitude by asking if he thought it possible that any of the small bones in his nose were broken. But we showed the tact begotten of mutual respect. As soon as my usually handsome appearance had returned I joined his command. After Dick had beaten me out of my best girl we became fast chums, and he made me colonel."—Detroit Free Press.

What Mike Had.

"An how is Moike, Mrs. McGill," inquired one of the lady neighbors. "Pore b'y, phwat does the doether say to his loongs?"

"He says there's niver a thing the matter wid Moike's loongs now," replied Mrs. McGill, "but he ain't denyin they've got the laste mite av a tindincy."

"Wurra, wurra, an is that so," exclaimed the neighbor dolefully, and then after a short pause she asked deferentially, "an phwat is a tindincy, Mrs. McGill, dear?"

"A tindincy," responded Mrs. McGill with solemnity, "is a thing that ain't to be shpake av lightly. It's where what ain't so stiddy is laikely to come on ye unbeknownst at anny minut."

"Pore Moike, pore b'y," ejaculated the visitor with a dubious shake of her head, and she departed to spread the news of Moike's mysterious ailment.—New York Journal.

Weak.

"There's something wrong with this teapot, waiter. I can't get it to pour."

Waiter (with malicious grin)—It's not the fault of the teapot, sir, but the tea. They brew it so weak here it really has not strength to get up the spout.—London Tit-Bits

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Above trains stop at East Portland,Oregon City, Woodburn, Salem, Turner, Marion, Jefferson, Albany, Tangent, Shedds, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Eugene, Creswell, Cottage Grove, Drain, and all stations from Roseburg to Ashland inclusiv

ROSEBURG MAIL, DAILY.

8.30 a m	Lv	Portland	Ar	4.30 pm
2.04 p m	Lv	Eugene	Lv	10:50am
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7:30 a m	Lv	Portland	Ar	5:50 pm
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At Albany and Corvallis connect with train of Oregon Central & Eastern Railway.

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4:50 p m	Lv	Portland	Ar	8:25 a m
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8:30 p m	Ar	Independence	Lv	4:50am

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