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CASTORIA

THE CENTRAL COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

"THE HAND OF FATE"

[Original.]

Mr. Creswell had refused me his daughter because I had chosen literature for a profession. I left him dissatisfied, not only with him, but with my choice. Passing from the library to the drawing room, I informed Emma Creswell of my father's decision. Emma had no more confidence in the productiveness of literature than her father, but she loved me and wanted me, and she only, for her husband. She was wealthy in her own right, but I had no intention of marrying a girl who would feel when she married me that she would be obliged to support me.

"Abandon literature," she said to me, "take a position in father's office, and all will be well."

"I love literature, and so long as I have hopes of success I would not be satisfied to abandon it. You and I would both regret such a course."

"Perhaps you are right," she replied thoughtfully. "You had better test your ability. You had better."

I went away wishing that Emma was not so practical. Nevertheless I determined to abide by her wishes. I had finished a novel which I knew was as good a piece of work as I was capable of doing. It had the freshness of youth in it, and the plan afforded just such opportunities as my abilities most needed. I determined to use every effort to secure its publication and stand or fall in literature on its success or failure. I tried half a dozen publishers before my work, "The Hand of Fate," was accepted. Then I spent several weeks reading the proofs. By the time it was published I had spent a year writing it, six months revising it and the rest of two years getting it into print. It paid at the rate of \$150 a month for my labor, I would receive \$3,000. Should the work be a great success I might make as much as \$50,000. I had a strong conviction that it would be a success.

The book was finally launched. At the end of the first month I inquired of the publisher what the sales had been and was told that 1,500 copies had been disposed of. My royalty on the proceeds was \$225. I was very much encouraged. The second month the sales dropped to 500 copies. I was considerably cast down, but my publishers told me of a number of novels that had paid largely after lying on the shelves of bookstores for a year or more. Then came January and February, and my royalty for the first was \$150 and for the second 25 cents.

I went to Emma's place in profound grief, admitted my failure and was ready to take to the ignoble calling of business. Emma's eyes filled with tears.

"Wait," she said. "This is a very dull season for books, I hear. Perhaps the sales will be better in the spring, when people begin their light summer reading."

I was ready to catch at a straw and concluded to take her advice.

One day toward the end of March I was surprised to receive a note from my publishers that the sales of "The Hand of Fate" had suddenly picked up and a new edition had been ordered. In May I was informed that the second edition had been exhausted and a third was in press. I was delighted. "The Hand of Fate" is working out a career for me," I exclaimed. "I shall follow the profession I love."

One thing, however, I could not understand—while one edition after another was being sold and I was daily expecting to be pointed out in clubs and drawing rooms as the new literary light I went everywhere without exciting the least attention. On the 1st of July I received a check for \$1,243, being my royalties on 12,430 copies. I was wild with delight. Going to Emma, I waved the bit of paper over her head triumphantly.

Having done so well financially, I made up my mind to spend the summer in the mountains with Emma. After an enjoyable outing I returned to the city expecting to find some word from my publishers as to the sales of "The Hand of Fate." Among the numerous letters at my rooms there was nothing about the book. I called on the publishers, who looked the matter up for me and reported a sale of five copies since their last statement. The information acted upon me like a cold shower bath on a winter morning.

In November Emma returned. Before her arrival I wrote my publishers for information and received the following reply:

"There have been no sales of 'The Hand of Fate' since August. The very peculiar reception of this book by the public has puzzled us beyond measure. In the case of new novels we usually sell from one to two thousand copies when the work is issued. Then if the book gains in favor the sales are coincident with more or less talk about the book. In no case have we sold 12,430 copies of a novel without its becoming known and talked about by the public.

I took this letter to Emma. She read it and turned to me with a great deal of sympathy in her kind eyes. "I am at least glad that you tried the experiment. You will be the better fitted to work in another field."

I entered her father's counting room. That was fifteen years ago. He has retired, and I am at the head of the business. Recently my wife and I decided to move into a larger house. Making a preliminary tour over the house to see what could be disposed of I came upon a box of books. I called my wife.

"My dear," I asked, "what is in that box?"

"That is 'The Hand of Fate' that made a prosperous man of you. I couldn't bear that it should be all disappointed with you, so I bought 10,000 copies."

DENIS D. RODMAN.

Notice.

The Ladies of the G. A. R. have formed themselves into a sewing society and will do plain sewing, quilting, etc., at your home or at our room, the proceeds to go for charity purposes. Donations of clothing, scraps for quilts, etc., would be thankfully received. Your patronage desired. Address all communications to

MRS. ESTELLA DIMOND, City.

A BACHELOR'S ... COURTSHIP

[Original.]

Mark Winthrop was tired of bachelor life. Naturally a domestic man, he longed for a home to which he could go after a hard day's work at his office and find some one there in whom he could be interested instead of to a lonely apartment, where he changed his dress, and thence to his club. Sometimes he would dine with friends, but clubmen are not to be depended upon for dinner at clubs, as they often dine out, and he usually dined alone in the great dining room at a table by a window.

Winthrop resolved to end all this. He was not in love with any one, and he was no longer in the first flush of youth. He was thirty-four. He resolved to marry for convenience. Casting about among his acquaintances, he selected Miss Enderbury, aged thirty-five, and resolved to make her a proposition of marriage. He was wise enough to know that a bare domestic arrangement would not please a woman, and, not being in love, he would be unable to make love feelingly. He resolved, therefore, to propose by letter, for he was a fluent writer and in this form could counterfeited love admirably. Miss Enderbury was well spoken of by everybody. She needed a home and was old enough to know that opportunities for marriage would not be likely to come to her thereafter. Winthrop had met her in society only and made several calls upon her in the usual formal way. But, for the matter of that, he was intimate with no one but men.

Having made up his mind, he sat down in his room to write the letter, but threw down his pen, suddenly discovering that he did not remember the lady's Christian name. The matter must be deferred. The next day, meeting an acquaintance, a young man of twenty, hurrying along the street, he caught him by the sleeve and asked if he could tell him Miss Enderbury's Christian name. The man answered, "Adele." Winthrop made another effort that evening to write the letter and succeeded in producing a very delicate epistle, so charmingly expressed that it could not fail to touch the heart of any woman. He closed it by requesting that if Miss Enderbury would listen to his proposal he might be permitted to call the next evening and hear of his acceptance from her own sweet lips. After finishing the note he read it over, pronounced it a success, signed it and sent it to the Enderburys.

The next day he was rewarded with a little note, written in a feminine hand, acknowledging the receipt of his letter, the lady admitting that after his kindly attentions on the occasion of her debut in society she had gone home and dreamed of him. Winthrop tried to remember the meeting, which must have been some ten years before, but failed. The note was closed by an invitation to call in the evening.

"It is astonishing," he said to himself, "how long romance lasts in women and how sensitive they are to a little attention, especially when passing from girlhood to womanhood."

That evening Mark Winthrop walked up to the Enderburys' door as coolly as he would go to his office. His only dread was that he would not be able to talk as he had written. He was ushered into a small drawing room, where he sat waiting for Miss Enderbury. Presently he heard a rustle of skirts and an apparition stood in the doorway, a young girl of nineteen, covered with blushes and seemingly unable to cross the threshold from an intensity of feeling. Winthrop saw at once that there was some mistake, but had the presence of mind to await developments without showing embarrassment. Indeed, the sight of so much loveliness gave him a flutter about the heart. In her he recognized one whom a few months before he had met at her debut and had passed some time in her company. He had not caught her name on being introduced and, though he had met her several times since, was still ignorant of it. The explanation flashed upon him. This must be a younger sister of Miss Enderbury. The young man of whom he had asked the lady's Christian name doubtless thought only of one Miss Enderbury, about his own age. Winthrop remembered that the night after her debut he had dreamed of her and the next day regretted that he was too old to marry a rosebud.

Winthrop proved himself fully equal to the occasion. Advancing toward her, he took both her hands in his and gently drew her into the room.

"I am fully aware," he said feelingly, "of the presumption of an old fellow like myself aspiring to such loveliness, but I cannot help it. After that meeting when you made your entrance into society I dreamed of you, and I am enchanted to know that you dreamed of me."

He dropped into lovemaking with astounding ease. It was no trouble whatever. His words came to him easily, and he was able to express himself with a delicacy suited to this tender flower.

"Oh, Mr. Winthrop," said the girl, "what can you, a mature man of the world, see to admire, to love, in a mere child like myself?"

"Your modesty, little sweetheart, only renders you more lovely. From the moment I saw you on that evening—"

Why recount the lies Winthrop told? They were excusable, for he was so transported with rapture that he partly believed them. As in the case of the oath of Uncle Toby, the accusing angel must have blushed as he handed them in. By a mistake Winthrop had found a woman who could not only make a home, but who could throw over that home the enchantment of fairyland. There was a love that grew with each succeeding year.

NEIL VAN VACHDEN.

Newly Furnished Lodging House

New beds in newly painted and papered rooms at the Courthouse Lodging House. Only one block from the main business street, and a little more than two blocks from the postoffice. A very quiet locality. Outside rooms at rear corners, away from hall, splendid for day sleeping. Windows of these rooms under projecting roof, cutting off much of the dirt.

Looking with or without board as desired. Come and see the rooms and I will guarantee that you will be satisfied.

ED. HOWE.

CLASSIFIED COLUMN.

Notices under this head not to exceed five lines, 50 cents per week; \$1.50 a month; \$12 per year.

Help Wanted.

WANTED.—Apprentice girl wanted. Buckner & Clevenger.

GIRL WANTED.—Cooking and general housework. Apply to Professor Lachman's, No. 374 East Eleventh street.

WANTED.—First-class dining room girl wanted at Hotel Eugene at once. Apply at once.

WANTED.—Man and wife to work on a farm. Address Lock Box 347, Eugene, Oregon.

WANTED.—Intelligent young men from 17 to 19 years of age, having common school education, to learn mechanical trades. For full information apply or write to Union Iron Works, 222 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

WANTED.—Several persons of character and good reputation in each state (one in this county required) to represent and advertise old established wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary \$18.00 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash each Wednesday direct from head offices. Horse and carriage furnished, when necessary. References. Enclose self-addressed envelope. Manager, 306 Caxton Building, Chicago.

For Sale.

COW FOR SALE.—Fresh milk cow for sale. A fine bull, head of the herd. S. D. McGuire, north end of Madison street.

BUGGY FOR SALE.—A good second-hand buggy for sale cheap. Enquire of C. Marx, Jr., Eugene.

FOR SALE.—A good carriage or trade for buggy, horse or horses. R. Berger, Goodenow Boarding House. Apply next Saturday and Monday.

FOR SALE.—A good grain, hay and stock farm for sale, 1 mile from store, postoffice, school and church, 4 1/2 miles from railroad station, good buildings, well watered, level and good location, 120 acres plowed and part sown to wheat, on reasonable terms. A snap for the purchaser. Can be reached from Goshen by stage. Call on O. S. Richardson or C. A. Parker, 482 Jefferson street, Eugene, Oregon.

FOR SALE CHEAP.—A new upright piano. Inquire of Mrs. W. Gunton at the famous.

FOR SALE.—One of the choicest residences in Eugene on Willamette street. Call on T. N. Segar, Hotel Eugene, for further particulars.

For Rent.

FOR RENT.—Good comfortable house in Springfield with good barn and outbuildings. Inquire or address GUARD office, Eugene.

FOR RENT.—Six room house on Lincoln street between Ninth and Tenth. Apply at 640 Charnelton street.

HOUSE FOR RENT.—A dwelling house for rent on North Pearl street. Enquire at residence of I. L. Campbell.

TO LET.—Store room between 7th and 9th streets for rent. Inquire at GUARD office.

ROOMS FOR RENT.—Unfurnished rooms for rent, 308 Lincoln street, between West Fourth and West Fifth.

Lost and Found.

FOUND.—A lodge or society pin was picked up on the street Saturday. Owner can have same by calling at this office.

Rooms and Board.

ROOM AND BOARD.—Furnished rooms and board at reasonable terms. Call at 467 Oak street.

Miscellaneous.

GET YOUR HOUSE NUMBERED.—I have the agency for the enameled steelplate house numbers and will take your order and put the number up. M. C. Van Tyne, room 2 over McClung's store.

GENERAL REPAIRING.—F. A. Bliss will mend anything in the house except a watch. Leave orders at Monroe & Ray's second hand store in the new McClung block.

A Deep Mystery.

It is a mystery why women endure backache, headache, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, fainting and dizzy spells when thousands have proved that Electric Bitters will quickly cure such troubles. "I suffered for years with kidney trouble," writes Mrs. Phebe Cherley, of Peterson, Ia., "and a lame back pained me so I could not dress myself, but Electric Bitters wholly cured me, and, although 73 years old, I now am able to do all my housework." It overcomes constipation, improves appetite, gives perfect health. Only 50c at W. L. Delano's drug store.

M. A. WOLFORD, Architect.

Plans and specifications drawn at reasonable rates. All orders left at N. T. Wilson's grocery store, Eugene, will receive prompt attention. Phone Red 46-1.

SAVES LIFE

Willard, Ill., August 1, 1900.

I was in bad health this spring and could not sit up in bed for four weeks. When I began to sit up I felt so weak and had such terrible pains in my back and hips, I had kidney trouble and falling of the womb. I also had hysterical spells. I was in a bad condition when I received your "Ladies' Health Almanac" and read the advertisement of Wine of Cardui and Theodor's Black-Draught. Since April 20th, I have taken four bottles of Wine of Cardui and three packages of Theodor's Black-Draught. I feel like a new person now. I can do all my work and can walk out to see any of my neighbors. I believe I would have been in the grave had it not been for Wine of Cardui. IT SAVED MY LIFE.

Mrs. ALICE DAVIS.

It is well that women are more patient than men. Few men could bear the bitter pangs, the agony and distress that women endure. Thousands of women have come to look upon suffering as a duty of their sex. But there are many instances of this heroic fortitude which

WINE OF CARDUI

now renders unnecessary. Women need no longer suffer for modesty's sake. Wine of Cardui brings relief to modest women in the privacy of their homes. Many of the best homes in this city are never without this great medicine. It cures white and falling of the womb and completely eradicates these dragging periodical pains. Mrs. Davis' cure shows you conclusively what you may expect if you follow her example and take Wine of Cardui. Theodor's Black-Draught aids Wine of Cardui by regulating the stomach and bowels. When you ask your druggist for these medicines, be sure you get them. It was Wine of Cardui and Theodor's Black-Draught that saved Mrs. Davis' life. Never take a substitute.

For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Company, Chattanooga, Tenn.

SOUTH AND EAST VIA

Southern Pacific Co

SHASTA ROUTE

Trains leave Eugene for Portland and way stations at 8:05 a.m. and 1:42 p.m.

lv Portland	8:30 a.m.	8:30 p.m.
lv Eugene	2:48 p.m.	1:15 a.m.
Ar Ashland	12:30 a.m.	12:08 a.m.
Ar Sacramento	5:00 p.m.	4:25 a.m.
Ar San Francisco	7:45 p.m.	8:10 a.m.
Ar Ogden	5:45 a.m.	7:45 a.m.
Ar Denver	9:00 a.m.	9:41 a.m.
Ar Kansas City	7:25 a.m.	7:56 p.m.
Ar Chicago	7:45 a.m.	9:30 a.m.
Ar Los Angeles	1:30 p.m.	7:00 a.m.
Ar El Paso	6:00 p.m.	9:30 p.m.
Ar Fort Worth	6:30 a.m.	6:30 p.m.
Ar City of Mexico	9:55 a.m.	9:55 a.m.
Ar Houston	4:30 a.m.	4:30 a.m.
Ar New Orleans	6:25 p.m.	6:25 p.m.
Ar Washington	6:42 a.m.	6:42 a.m.
Ar New York	12:45 p.m.	12:45 p.m.

Pullman and Tourist cars on both trains. Chair cars Sacramento to Ogden and El Paso, and tourist cars to Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans and Washington. Connecting at San Francisco with several steamship lines for Honolulu, Japan, China, Philippines, Central and South America.

See Mr. L. G. Adair, Agent at Eugene or address R. B. MILLER, G. P. A. Portland, O.

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\$60.00

To St Paul and return, limit 60 days. Tickets on sale May 30th and June 7th.

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Buffalo and return, limit 30 days. Tickets on sale 1st and 3rd Tuesdays, commencing June.

For particulars apply to H. H. ABBOTT, Agent, 36 Third Street, 1 Portland, O.

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No. 2 for Yakima—

Train leaves Albany.....12:50 P. M.

Leaves Corvallis.....1:30 P. M.

Arrives Yakima.....9:45 P. M.

No. 1 Returning—

Leaves Yakima.....7:00 A. M.

Leaves Corvallis.....11:30 A. M.

Arrives Albany.....12:15 P. M.

No. 3 for Detroit—

Leaves Albany.....7:00 A. M.

Arrives Detroit.....12:15 P. M.

No. 4 from Detroit—

Leaves Detroit.....12:45 P. M.

Leaves Albany.....5:40 P. M.

Trains 1 and 4 arrive in Albany in time to connect with the S. P. south bound train, as well as giving two or three hours in Albany before departure of S. P. North bound train for Portland.

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Orders promptly delivered.

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Having a large and complete stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries, bought in the best markets, I can offer the public better CASH PRICES than any other house in Eugene

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Stage leaves Eugene for Florence daily except Sunday at 6 a.m.

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Arrives in Eugene at 3 p.m. the day following.

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Books opened, books converted from single to double entry. Instructions given in double entry. Adjustment of intricate and involved accounts a specialty.

Engage inquiries and orders addressed as above will have prompt attention.

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