THE AMERICAN GIRL.

MRS. LESLIE WRITES ABOUT HER AND ABOUT OTHER TYPES.

The Leading Traits of the Maidens of Various Lands Contrasted—The American Girl Said to Be a Una with a Fire Tipped Wand.

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WHO can help being fond of young girls? I don't mean in the way young men are fond of them, but as an observer of human nature and of Vanity Fair may well be. There is a certain freshness and sweetness and evanescence about them like the charm of flowers, butterflies and birds, and besides this a graciousness and attractiveness like that one feels in all frisky, confiding, fond young creatures like kittens and lambs and suchlike helpless, frolicsome and trustful creatures.

For myself I am devoted to girls wherever I may be, and I have been, I believe, in most parts of the habitable globe. Everywhere I have found girls, and everywhere there have been many traits of identity and some of difference. All were nice, and I do not know that if I would I could tell which I like the best.

Our own girls certainly have the most character; also, as a rule, they have the most beauty. But the question is, Are not they, so far at least as the great cities go—are not they more young women of the world than girls *pur et simple*? There has been a great deal said both at home and abroad upon this subject, but it is one that is always coming up again, and we should not blink the discussion of it.

Is the American girl not enough a girl, or is she too much of a girl?

It is certainly true that the American girl accepts, in fact assumes, responsibilities that no other girl in the world would dream of doing, and the consequence is that she sometimes appears lacking in that modest humility and timid appeal to her elders which is one of the charms of certain other girls; foreigners, in fact, are apt to mistake her calm self assertion for boldness and want of self respect, and acting upon this mistake they sometimes meet with rebuffs so startling that they rush into another mistake and set down the American girl as a shrewd, a sharp tongued and sharp tempered vixen, and please themselves by saying that no man in his senses would ever venture to marry her.

In fact, the American grape is for him a sour grape.

And yet how could we wish this freedom of action and speech or this capacity for self defense and aggressive warfare less, when we consider that these very traits are the foundation of American character, and that these very girls are to become the mothers of the men of the future?

An American girl fought through two years of the Revolution and gained among her associates a reputation most honorable to her modesty as a woman, although no one suspected her sex to the last. Grace Darling was an American girl, and more than one or two others have emulated her noble courage under similar circumstances. American girls have taken their fathers' places in command of ships, in the conduct of flight from Indians, in the saving of burning houses; in fact, I doubt not with a little research one could find an American girl in nearly every position of trust or of command which a man of her age and physical ability could fill. Shall we, then, desire to see her watered down to the level of the shrinking and blushing *ingenue* which is the French ideal of girlhood?

But on the other hand, the girls who are called to fight in the ranks, or to "man" lifeboats, or rescue their helpless mothers from Indians, or to save burning buildings, are a very small proportion of the whole, and this very courage and ability are apt in private life to make a restless and uncontrolled and perhaps assuming character. Our Grace Darlings in city society are very apt to get the name of being "fast" or "mannish" or "loud," just because they have such an amount of surplus energy and force of character. Besides this our girls have another splendid quality which is apt to lead foreigners to make mistakes about them. They are not afraid of men, because they feel themselves perfectly competent to control any circumstances in which they may be placed and to meet any attack that may be made. They are Unas who meet the lion with perfect tranquillity, because they know they can lead him whither they will. The lion's instinct generally leads him to the same conviction, but in case he is stupid and don't see it the American Una is quite capable of converting her lily stalk into a wand of white hot steel and giving Master Lion a lesson he does not soon forget. There is I suppose no girl in the world so perfectly capable of taking care of herself and doing it well as the American girl. In her womanly virtue she is next to the Irish girl, who, as is well known, is the most virtuous of her sex, and in judgment, coolness and knowledge of the world she is by far her superior.

In fact, I think we may honestly claim that the failings of our American girls are simply what the French call "the faults of their virtues;" that is, the somewhat troublesome excess of unemployed strength.

Daisy Miller has passed into a proverb. But is she a type? I never have forgiven Mr. James for some traits in his portraiture, and yet there is a great deal of truth in the innocent audacity, the fearless criticism and the simple carelessness of public opinion that stamp his heroine, and one cannot but feel a certain tenderness for the poor child, although one is so provoked at her, or rather at her author.

But fascinating as every one allows the American girl to be, her English cousins are dangerous rivals. The stately growth and clear complexion, the calm eyes and baby mouths, the well developed figures and honest simplicity of manner are in the eyes of many men more attractive than the independent vivacity of the American. Two types of maidenhood are not unlike the natural scenery amid which they have been perfected: the fragrant breath of western prairies, the graceful freedom of virgin forests, the sparkling rush of mighty rivers and the fearless beauty of airy waterfalls seem to have tempered the clay and infused the blood of the American girl, while her passive English cousin reminds one of stately parks and well ordered gardens, lawns of velvet and meads knee deep in clover where placid kine browse as if they were posing for Sir Edwin Landseer's brush.

In sauntering around England—and one can see neither a country nor its people except in sauntering—the predominant idea one receives is of long and patient culture. Every foot of arable ground has been turned over and over through a thousand years of husbandry; the grass is not so much grass as the elaboration of man's energies and the chemist's skill; the trees that shaded Elizabeth and the second Charles have been preserved and cared for to the last days of Victoria; everything, in fact, bears the mark of man's zealous improvement of natural advantages, and the girls are no exception to the rule.

Those of the upper class—that is to say, those of the landed gentry—whose fathers and mothers and ancestors for hundreds of years have been cultivated as assiduously as the grass, and the corn lands, and the trees, and show the effect of cultivation just as blood horses and Devon cows show it; the clear skins, the bright eyes and clean cut features and shapely limbs show breeding long and careful; and the conventional ideas, the narrow range of thought, the value of precedent and the importance of precedence, all show breeding too. They show the training of the mind in long established formulas and the molding of manners to long established traditions, so that the English baby is born artificial, and as a rule grows up in the same condition.

Of course there are exceptions to this rule, even among young girls, but these variants as a rule are neither understood nor admired in their own meridian; what is spontaneous independence of thought in an American girl is set down as suspicious eccentricity in an English girl, and in fact the latter never can possess that charm of unconsciousness which marks the vagaries of our own lassies; there are too many warning voices upraised, there is too much Saturday Reviewing for the English girl to step one foot outside the beaten track without knowing it, while our own girls follow their impulses very much as the wind does and generally come to as little harm.

But each type of girl has her charm, and we would not if we could change either for the other. There is charm in diversity and harmony in contrast.

Crossing the channel or the narrow seas, we come upon more girls and thoroughly new types, and yet are not prepared to set them in a place of inferiority.

The French girl is in a condition of slow transition; the *jeune fille* of the last century spent her infancy in the house of her foster mother, and her girlhood in a convent, whence she was summoned at sixteen or seventeen years old to be presented to her affianced husband. Perhaps she liked him and perhaps she did not; nobody inquired and nobody cared; the alliance was arranged by the parents on both sides, and the *jeune fille* at least acquiesced without choice or opinion.

In those days there was no such thing as a French girl, for she was repressed almost out of existence, and only began to live, and generally not very wisely, after her marriage. But the slow, sure tooth of Time has eaten away very much of tradition in France and done more than the many revolutions in setting the young women free. Liberty, that is to say the French idea of liberty, is in the air, and the women breathe it, as well as fathers and brothers. Women, even young girls, begin to realize that they are individuals and possess souls and minds as well as bodies, and the knowledge emboldens them to think, to speak and to act as once they never would have dreamed of doing.

Convents are a good deal out of fashion nowadays, and Adele ventures to form the opinion that Gustave is more to her than Adolphe, even though the former be a *bon parti* and the latter not. The *jeune fille* has looked over the fence at least, and the look is often preparatory to leaping, but the process of emancipation is sometimes a timid and hesitating one, and the French girl of our own day will never acquire the freedom of the American maiden, nor is it desirable that she should, for she cannot in one or in two generations be trained to use it with discretion. Liberty of speech and action must be based upon deep convictions of right and wrong; there must be a moral law to replace the loss of conventionality and tradition before it is safe to throw them aside, and perhaps in no country outside of America can a child be born into that atmosphere of self government and self protection that gives her peculiar nature to the American girl.

But turning for a moment to another great division of Christendom, let us glance at the German girl, who differs materially from each of those already mentioned. Of course we all know that the Teutonic damsel is trained to housewifery from her cradle; that even frauleins of high degree are forced to go through a course of pickling and preserving, of confectionery and cake making; are taught to look after the house linen and watch the movements of the servants with a diligence unknown to most housekeepers. But this utilitarianism is not to me the predominant trait of the German girl—I mean the daughters of the nobility, what we would call the society girls of Germany; the most salient point in the characters of such as I have met has been their pride.

We speak of Spanish pride, of English hauteur and of Russian arrogance, but to my mind not one of them equals the all pervading, all dominating and perfectly spontaneous pride of a German girl in her sixteen quarterings of nobility, and her firm conviction that no merit, no education, no natural gifts or acquired advantages can in any way fit a person not "well born" to stand upon an equality with herself, or above all to aspire to her hand. To make a *mesalliance* is in the mind of the German fraulein a little worse than to join the Mormons and become a thirteenth wife would be for an American, and so far as the former has strength and individuality of mind they show themselves in draping around her fair white shoulders the mantle of heraldic honor, which is to her the most valuable of all human possessions.

But the subject grows upon one so vividly that it becomes a hopeless task to exhaust its ramifications, and it must be dropped unfinished with only this one word in which I am sure every keen student of mankind will join:

Long life to the girl, *pur et simple*, for she is the just opened bud of the fairest flower in all this fair world.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

The prospectus of an Indian match factory has been issued in Calcutta. The promoters, who are all natives, have collected different kinds of wood suitable for matches from different parts of India, and have forwarded samples of them to experts in London and Hamburg.

One canning company of Salem, Or., has canned 50,000 cans of strawberries this season. Half a dozen other canneries at different points have been preserving nearly the same amount each.

A Philadelphia funeral team did service at a wedding a few days ago, and the dozing driver allowed the horse to carry the bridal couple into the cemetery.

Separated.

If desert sands my eager feet would journey,
Nor weary till I kissed the earth where thou shouldst stand;
If it were sea, I'd cross the waters over,
Nor fear the tempest till I reached thy land;

If it were death, I would not live without thee;
The weary hours could never solace know,
But gladly from the empty world about me,
Through death's dark way to seek thee, love, I'd go.

Not desert lands, nor sea, nor even death, dear,
Divides our lives and keeps our souls apart;
But distance wider than two worlds compute, love,
Hath its equator in thy silent heart.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Paris Fashions.

The new fall toilets bid fair to be the prettiest and most elegant of any that have ever been seen, both in color and make. The prevailing colors for early autumn will partake of the coloring in nature, and be russet, faded reds and purples, with warm browns and soft yellows. The new fall woolens are seen in those colors and in mixtures and also changeable effects. There is a pretty serge with the warp of pale blue, like the autumn sky, and a rich yellow, like the poplar leaves, for the woof and the

GOWNS FOR FALL WEAR.

tones blend and mingle so that in one light it is blue, in another yellow, and all together a delicate green. Trimmed as this was, with four narrow silk pinked ruffles around the bottom and a draped corsage of silk bearing the same shades, and with wrinkled sleeves bordered by three of the tiniest ruffles, it was most beautiful.

I saw one exquisite costume for the promenade made of faded leaf cashmere which was sublime. Around the bottom of the rather long skirt were two self, plain hemmed ruffles, headed by a rose plaiting pinked on both edges. There was a short wrap of the same material, with a ruffle five inches deep of cashmere embroidered in exactly the same shade and headed by a pinked out rose plaiting; the front laid in a plait, with long tabs, and the back gathered into a short Watteau plait. Plaits and pinking and much accordion plaiting will be seen on all the fall costumes.

Another beautiful dress for a young lady was of lilac and gray striped surah; the skirt was quite plain, with lace drapery across the bust and down the left side. I saw this same design in several other colors and materials.

A Southern Beauty.

Miss Carrie Cochran, daughter of the eminent southern jurist, Judge John Cochran, who died when she was an infant, was introduced in Washington society last season by her aunt, the beau-

CARRIE COCHRAN.

tiful wife of Representative Oates, of Alabama. She is quite tall, has quantities of hair so dark that it is almost black, well defined brows, clear cut features, fine dark eyes and complexion of the loveliest pink and white. She is a highly accomplished girl and is quite agreeable in conversation.

Cure for Cancer.

Two new remedies have recently been recommended for cancer, and should either one prove entirely successful the painful operation of removal would be no longer necessary. The first remedy is electricity, which is in reality no new idea. There is an army of statistics showing that it has been used by physicians for many years in cancer, but the new application of electricity will probably produce different results. The injections of alcohol in cases of cancer is a remedy, however, that is only of recent use. The needle of the syringe is pushed about an inch in the cancerous tissues, which causes some pain unless cocaine can be administered first.

The alcohol is then injected and the operation repeated daily until the growth of the cancer seems to be checked. In a similar way electricity is applied daily until beneficial results are obtained. Good results in checking the growth of cancer are obtained by both of these remedies, but it is uncertain yet how long the benefit may last.—Yankee Blade.

Bees as Detectives.

Some stolen money was recovered through a queer agency in Hallowell last week. When the loss of the bills was discovered the family at once started to look for the robbers. Two men were seen running down a lane across the farm just beyond Mr. Gilman's house, into which they attempted to break. As they ran, one of the men was seen suddenly to pull out a handkerchief and beat it about his neck, where some of the bees he and his partner had disturbed had alighted.

Judging from his antics, the little creatures got in some effective work. When the pursuers reached the spot at which the man had pulled out his handkerchief they were delighted to find the missing roll of bills, which the man had dropped.—Lewiston Journal.

A Brilliant Aurora.

One of the most brilliant auroral displays witnessed in this section since 1859 occurred Saturday night between 10 o'clock and midnight. It began in the north and spread to the northeast, at times reaching quite from the horizon to the zenith. The light flashes followed each other in quick succession, each more extended than the other and more brilliant until the climax had been reached.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

Her Experience.

A bright little Auburn girl, who is now passing her third summer, became oppressed by the hot weather and remarked, "I haven't known it so warm before for several years."—Bangor Commercial.

Robberies in Apartment Houses.

Flat robberies have become fashionable. In fact, ever since the average family took to "flat living" the burglar and his associates have been at their wits' ends to know how to "burgle" premises where so many eyes and ears were open. But either such tenants have grown careless in their seeming security or the clever thief has discovered the weak points in their armor, for a number of robberies have been attempted and carried out with more or less success. In apartment hotels, where the entrances are watched by elevator boys and janitors, there is much less risk for occupants, but in flat houses, so called, the opportunity to enter and rob, unless every precaution be taken by the tenant, is undoubtedly great.

It would not be wise to indicate by what means a very tyro of a burglar might enter half the flats in town, though perhaps the criminal gentry know it as well as other folks; but it is not amiss to remind absentees of the day or summer that New York is full of flat thieves, and what New York has Boston is bound to copy, even to its faults and sins. Valuables like silverware and jewelry are rarely left in any house during the summer by their owners; therefore it is not silver or jewelry these thieves are after. Rugs, bric-a-brac of a portable nature, furniture, even, have been taken out bodily from more than one New York flat, and in one instance, where the tenant had merely gone away for the day, every article of clothing, costly furs and silk gowns were packed up and carted off in a wagon.

The moral of this is never to leave home without some responsible person remains behind to take charge and prevent such disaster. But, according to the present style of living, this is almost impossible. There must come a time, however, when both mistress and maid wish to be "out," and only the cat can be made guardian of the little establishment. In that case the unostentatious abode is its own best protection, though the newly developed flat thief may have his own ideas in regard to the game being worth the candle.—Boston Herald.

Americans in London.

A woman just home from London comments on the constantly increasing size of the American colony in that city. "I suppose it is because living is cheaper there than in New York." She says: "A man told me that he can live better there for $3,000 than he can here for $5,000. The person who stays there only a short time does not discover this, often fancies indeed that London is a very dear place, but after a residence of a few months one learns the ropes, so to speak, and finds out how to manage.

"Then it is possible to live in good style much cheaper than in New York. Houserent is an important item that is fully a third lower; and, by the way, I found several women over there, Americans, who are making a fair living teaching these same ropes to would be Anglo-American householders. They find you an establishment according to your tastes and means in a suitable location, engage you servants, even negotiate for your carriage, if you want one, and keep an eye on the household for three months, or until you are able to manage things for yourself—all for a due consideration in pounds, shillings and pence."—New York Times.

Recent German Political Plays.

Some months after Bismarck's dismissal a historical play called "Der Neue Herr" was performed at Berlin. The subject was the glorification of the young elector of Brandenburg, known to history as the great elector, who, on ascending the throne of his fathers, dismissed his father's wicked minister. Of course nobody could fail to notice the singularly ill chosen historical parallel, but it did not end there. The emperor visited the performance night after night, applauding vociferously, and even went out of his way to confer marks of distinction on author and actors.

This episode was in general discreetly passed over by the press at the time; the fruit was not ripe, the cup not yet full. But for all that it wounded the feelings of many who, whatever their party, had retained unsullied the sentiments of chivalrous gentlemen. A more recent attempt to propagate political ideas by means of a stage play, which also found demonstrative patronage from the emperor, was choked at its birth by the apathy of the public, who sat on the half empty benches in disdainful silence amid the boisterous applause of the emperor.—Contemporary Review.

Communication with Stranded Ships.

Some months ago, when the Eider was stranded off the Isle of Wight, the proprietors of The Graphic offered a prize of £100 for the best invention for enabling ships to communicate with the shore. In all 2,200 competitors entered for the prize, and the award has just been given to Messrs. Thomson and Noble, of Southampton. The best means of communication is considered by the judges to be a rocket, and the prize winners' rocket has about it a novelty which has been proved to work admirably. It is fitted with a strong grapnel, and carries of course a rope, single or double, according to distance.

The grapnel remains closely shut while the rocket is in flight, but the moment the ground is reached it opens and clings on to whatever it touches. The rope may then be made taut from the ship, and the passengers and crew landed in the ordinary way. The advantage of this arrangement is that the work of rescue can be performed in the absence of assistance from the shore end.—London Tit-Bits.

Crops After the Recent Floods.

It seemed impossible two months ago for any corn to be raised on the flooded bottomlands of the Mississippi valley, but the indications now point to a very fair crop. As soon as the water receded most of the farmers lost no time in securing seed, and the extreme moisture in the soil is bringing on this corn very rapidly. Had the drought predicted for July set in early in the month, the gloomy predictions of the early part of June would have been more than fulfilled, but the very moderate weather has come to the rescue of the flooded farmer, who in many cases will be able to realize nearly as much from his crop as he could have hoped for had the river not left its channel at all.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Monument for Behring.

That lonely speck in Behring sea where Commander Behring, of the Russian navy, the first efficient explorer of those waters, lies buried beneath a rude cairn, will presently have a monument to the navigator's memory. The Russian man-of-war Aleoot recently visited the spot, and will return with a metal cross inscribed to the memory of Behring and his followers and proclaimed as the tribute of the Aleoot. Behring was wrecked on the island in 1741.—New York Sun.

Employment for the Wongoore.

It is proposed to introduce a new species of vermin into this country. The people of California are plagued with gophers, and they propose to bring the wongoore to war on the gopher.—Chicago Herald.

A Perpetual Memorial.

One hears so often in these days of other memorials than costly marbles one wonders if the fashion of piling dollars over the graves of our loved ones in the shape of rich carvings and polished shafts will not some day have gone out entirely. It is the persons of wealth who do these things and it is they who are finding a more satisfactory way to honor their dead.

In one of the beautiful homes of northern New York there lived until the morning of the 3d of July a dear little fair haired girl, whose Puritan name, Priscilla, fitted well with her quaint grace and demure daintiness. She was a joyous child despite her gentle ways, and the Fourth to her was full of delightful anticipations. As usual, fireworks had been ordered from New York and every preparation made for a specially gala day to celebrate the recovery of a younger brother from a serious and threatening illness. But on the Thursday before little Priscilla was suddenly stricken with malignant diphtheria and Sunday she died, her last prattle full of the glories of the Fourth which would never dawn for her.

Instead of lavishing money over the soulless body of her little daughter as it lies in the village graveyard, the stricken mother has taken another way to perpetuate her memory. There is in St. Christina Home for Sick and Convalescent Children in Saratoga a Priscilla room and a Priscilla bed, perpetually endowed. The little girl's playthings and belongings, her books and many of her little gowns have been taken there for the comfort and pleasure of its occupants as they come and go, some direct from the room to Priscilla's own home beyond the grave and others out again into the world for a time. And in coming pleasurings for the sister and brother which Priscilla has left, the share that would have been that little maiden's, were she here to claim it, is to be put aside for the young sufferer who will be in the Priscilla room at the home. Could any "storied urn" be so lasting and beautiful a monument as this?—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Efforts to Keep the Thames Clean.

It is against all the rules of chivalry to kick a man when he is down. The River Thames has been down—very far down—on its luck for a long time now. Its clear waters, which formerly inspired the poet to high flights of song, having become in recent years a huge tide of moving mud. And yet Edwin Horlock deliberately sets about to make this state of things worse, to metaphorically jump on the river in its present deplorable and helpless condition by shoveling heaps of straw into it.

A river constable saw a quantity of this refuse floating on the tide, and following its track for about half a mile he came upon Mr. Horlock industriously shoveling the refuse out of his barge into the water. "Hello!" cried the constable; "what are you doing that for? You are polluting the river." "Bless me," replied the shoveler, "is that possible? I couldn't have believed it." In fact, he went on to attempt to convince the policeman that the straw would rather improve the quality than otherwise; at any rate, that it was not possible to make the water any worse, just as it was a waste of time to gild refined gold or to paint the lily.

The faithful constable declined to argue any analogy not contained in the police handbook, but arranged an interview between Edwin Horlock and the magistrate at Greenwich, which resulted in the former leaving the courtroom a poorer man by twenty shillings, but with the fact impressed upon his memory that shoveling straw into a river does not conduce to its purity or transparency.—London News.

Chinese Twins.

"The only Chinese twins ever born in this country" have been on exhibition for the last week in a restaurant on State street, near Randolph. The tots, for they are extremely small, are five years old. They were born in San Francisco of high caste parents and they bear the names of Rose and Sophie Lee. The Misses Lee have not had their youthful minds filled with stories of the several hundred thousand josses whom the Celestials delight to worship, but every Sunday afternoon they turn their turned up toes in the direction of the University Sunday school, at Robey street and Warren avenue. If indications are not belied by the work of time, Rose and Sophie will be accomplished speakers of the English language.

They have become adepts in the art of giving out Chinese toothpicks to curious patrons of the restaurant, and Sophie inside of twenty-four hours learned to bestow a betwitching Celestial smile with every pick. Despite a certain pink tinge in their cheeks they bear the distinctive facial marks of the Mongolian race. Their black hair is done up in a fashion that would baffle the efforts of an American hairdresser. The dresses they wear will hardly become fashionable in this country but they are expensive, being of the finest silk, in spite of their peculiarity. The girls are taken to the restaurant every morning by their mother, she calling for them at night when the demand for toothpicks has ceased.—Chicago Tribune.

Foxes with Charmed Lives.

Mere foxes flourish in eastern Pennsylvania than can probably be found in any other early settled state. There is no question but that as many are now roaming the hills and ridges near Reading as there were a century ago. Nine have been shot this season already by young sportsmen near the village of Rock, and thirteen more have been killed in the vicinity of Pikeville. The foxes have grown so bold that they give the farmers a great deal of annoyance by their depredations. Frank H. Werner, a farmer residing near Epler's church, discovered on Wednesday a large red fox in his barn.

Before he could get his gun the animal had disappeared, carrying two fat hens. Members of the Morgantown Fox Hunting club captured three foxes—a large male and two females—alive the other day at the base of the Welsh mountains, near Cærnarvon, and are now keeping them confined until the next hunt. Three or four big foxes are seen almost every day in the neighborhood of Yellow House, but they all appear to bear charmed lives.—Reading Times.

Signs of Midsummer.

In the fields the farmers are working over the hay. Along by the stone walls the raspberries are falling off the briers for want of picking. By the wet and marshy places snapdragons go off like bombshells at the touch of the summer winds. The apples that a month and a half ago were dying blossoms are green and swelling into ripeness. Corn in the field is spindling and the potato is blossoming. It is midsummer.—Bangor Commercial.

Will Be Cut with a Buzzsaw.

The Fall River butchers and grocers have arranged for the making of an immense pie to be carried in their procession next month. It will weigh 2,000 pounds and be 8 feet long, 5 feet wide and 2 feet thick. It will contain 600 pounds of beef, 400 of mutton, 500 of fowl, 300 of potatoes, and a barrel of flour will be used in making the crust.—Boston Herald.

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It is very ungrateful of me that I have not sooner written how much good Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic has done me. I must say that every spoonful strengthened, and gave me refreshing sleep, and I feel better and healthier than ever before. Accept my heartfelt thanks. M. KERTZ.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

HERE IS A GOOD THING FOR YOU

A MAN, OR WOMAN,

of intelligence and quick-witted enough to know a "GOOD THING" at sight, but who has Lost the Most Precious Possession on Earth, viz. GOOD HEALTH, WILL NOT require a SECOND TELLING to be induced to become a purchaser

OF DR. GREGG'S ELECTRIC Belts and Appliances.

Do you know why? Because it is plain to be seen that the TRUTH ONCE TOLD is enough. The Surprising Promptness with which all classes of people respond to our announcements, and the increasing demand for Dr. Gregg's Goods wherever introduced is always recognized and the quality of merit takes care of itself. Metaphorically our statement is the Button—the Public Press it, and

Dr. Gregg's Electric Specialties "DO THE REST."

The extent of Pressure on the button and the success of Dr. Gregg's Eldctric Goods in "DOING the Rest," is most satisfactorily shown in the marvelous growth of our business the past 60 days.

Repeated and increasing demands for THE GREGG ELECTRIC "FOOT WARMER" are coming in from all parts of the country with profuse acknowledgements that so much comfort for $1 (the price) was like buying Gold Dollars for ten cents.

The Rugged Constitution of Man when once broken, becomes pitiable in the extreme, from which there is absolutely no escape without assistance. The Gregg Electric Belts and Appliances, in cases of this kind, have honestly won their title of KING OF REMEDIES.

Rheumatism is conquered, sufferers from obesity are speedily relieved, dropsy quickly yields, spinal difficulties and paralysis disappear, and many other diseases of Men and Women are permanently cured fully described in complete catalogue for 6c or elaborate circular free. We guarantee to forfeit twice the price of any of Dr. Gregg's Goods found to be not genuine. We make an elegant little $3 Electric Belt, which is selling very rapidly and which we will take in exchange for any Higher Power Belt (except $5 Belt) and credit $3 on the price of new order. Remember the electric "Foot Warmers" are $1 a pair, worth $10. Address

THE GREGG ELECTRIC CURE CO.,

501 Inter Ocean Building, Chicago, Ill. and mention this paper.

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For the treatment of Nervous Diseases especially those suffering from nervous exhaustion and prostration, chronic diseases, and all those who need quiet and rest, good nursing, massage and constant medical care. At Mt. Tabor will be found pure air, absolutely free from malaria, good water, beautiful surroundings and magnificent views. Ample references given if desired. For further particulars, address the physician in charge.

OSMON ROYAL, M. D., Ninth & Morrison Sts., Portland, Oregon.

Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administratrix (with the will annexed) of the estate of Samuel Turner, deceased, by the county court of Yamhill county state of Oregon; and has duly qualified as such administratrix. Therefore all persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present them with the proper vouchers therefor to me at my residence near North Yamhill, in said county, within six months from this date.

Dated July 28, 1892.

NANCY TURNER, Administratrix.

Ramsey & Fenton, Attorneys for Estate.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Yamhill County.

Stina Madson, Plaintiff,
vs
James R. Madson, Deft.

To James R. Madson, said defendant: In the name of the State of Oregon you are hereby notified and required to be and appear in the above named court in the above entitled suit by Monday, the 26th day of September, A. D., 1892, that being the first day of the next term of said court following the expiration of the six weeks' publication of this summons, and answer the plaintiff's complaint therein filed against you, and you will take notice that, that if you fail so to appear and answer, for the want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to said court for the relief prayed for in said complaint, which is, in brief, for a decree of said court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between the plaintiff and the defendant and for an order of said court giving the plaintiff the custody of the minor children of the parties and changing her name to Stina Nelson.

This summons is served by publication thereof, by virtue of an order of Hon. Geo. H. Burnett, judge of said court, bearing date of August 2nd, 1892.

A 11-33 RAMSEY & FENTON, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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It is the DINING CAR ROUTE. It runs Through VESTIBULED TRAINS Every Day in the Year to

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Express Trains Leave Portland Daily.

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Portland	7.00 p m	San Francisco	8.15 am
San Fran.	7:00 p m	Portland	7.35 am

Above trains stop only at following stations north of Roseburg: East Portland, Oregon City, Woodburn, Salem, Albany, Tangent, Shedds, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction city, Irving, Eugene

Roseburg Mail Daily.

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Portland	8:05 a m	Roseburg	5:40 p m
Roseburg	6:20 a m	Portland	4:00 p m

Albany Local, Daily, Except Sunday.

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Portland	5: p m	Albany	9: p m
Albany	5: a m	Portland	8:55 a m

Pullman Buffet Sleepers, Tourist Sleeping Cars,

For accommodation of second class passengers attached to express trains.

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Between Portland and Corvallis.

Mail Train Daily, except Sunday.

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Portland	7:30 a m	McMinn'	10:10 a m
McMinn'	10:10 a m	Corvallis	12:10 p m
Corvallis	12:55 p m	McMinn'	2:56 p m
McMinn'	2:56 p m	Portland	5:30 p m

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific.

Express Train Daily, except Sunday.

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Portland	4:40 p m	McMinn	7.25 p m
McMinn'	5:45 a m	Portland	8:20 a m

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FAT FOLKS REDUCED

Mrs. I. M. Campbell Argyle, Wis., says:

The accompanying statement of my weight and measurements will show the results of five months' treatment.

	Before.	After.	Loss.
Weight	230 lbs	155 lbs	75 lbs
Bust	47 in.	35 in.	10 in.
Waist	47 in.	35 in.	11 in.
Hips	55 in.	40 in.	15 in.

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"O. W. F. SNYDER, McVICKER'S THEATER, CHICAGO ILL.

$6000.00 a year is being made by John B. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more anon as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, devoting all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay MADE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.