THE EVENING JOURNAL. 50 Cents a Month: contains all the news.

EVENING.

[illegible] your garden dress on!
[illegible] how the winter hours
[illegible] you, sweet, a lesson
[illegible] the flowers.
[illegible] hold the spade with father,
[illegible] mother'd twigs that fall.
[illegible] leaves, or, if you'd rather,
[illegible] fingers small.

[illegible] 'neath woolen bonnet,
[illegible] coat of baby size,
[illegible] bound bone buttons on it,
[illegible] are your eyes;
[illegible] legs so trim and dainty,
[illegible] for muddy weather—
[illegible]dy. Kiss you, mayn't I?
[illegible] go together.

[illegible] yes, the rake I'll find you;
[illegible] you have it—off you trot,
[illegible] its length behind you,
[illegible] weed grown spot.
[illegible] basket next you're calling;
[illegible] I'll bring it; you're so strong,
[illegible] will you? Why, I'm hauling
[illegible] you along!

[illegible] I scrape from out the gravel,
[illegible] I'll carry one by one
[illegible] basket, far you travel
[illegible] small labor done!
[illegible] fall loudly uprooting
[illegible] soil with hoe I grope,
[illegible] basket stones you're putting—
[illegible] upon you, Hope!

[illegible] of this, I all unknowing,
[illegible] the garden bed you his
[illegible] chrysanthemums are growing.
[illegible] you gather sly—
[illegible] behold, my basket poses,
[illegible] about the rim with flowers,
[illegible] pumpkin crowned with roses
[illegible] Maypole hours!

[illegible] my little two-year maiden,
[illegible] knowing flowers from weeds,
[illegible] Time brings, with business laden,
[illegible] joys and needs,
[illegible] will accept as treasures
[illegible] things by nature given,
[illegible] labors into pleasures
[illegible]'d with light from heaven!
—W. T. Webb in London Spectator.

[illegible] Travers and Jay Gould.

[illegible] R. Travers, so celebrated [illegible] perpetrated a joke about [illegible] that the old time brokers [illegible]mber. One day, although [illegible] the street was filled with [illegible] and friends, business was [illegible] Mr. Travers strolled over to [illegible] and looked out. Of a [illegible] yelled loudly and excitedly: [illegible]-here, b-b-boys! L-look.

[illegible] rushed to the window, [illegible] each other in their eager [illegible] They looked, and saw noth[illegible] Jay Gould on the opposite [illegible] street whispering in the [illegible] of his brokers. But that [illegible]plain Travers' excitement. [illegible] what is it?" everybody [illegible] what are you raising such a [illegible] a row about?"

[illegible]ok, l-ook!" returned Travers; [illegible] don't y-you se-see? There's [illegible]-Ge-Gould with h-his h-hands [illegible] o-o-own per-per-pockets."—[illegible] York World.

A Clever Remark.

[illegible] think Mr. A. is so clever and [illegible]al," said a young hostess to a [illegible]y man, who was dining with [illegible] other day. "Do not you?" [illegible] he is a good fellow enough, [illegible] should hardly call him that," [illegible] answer. "But he really [illegible] very good things," she in[illegible] "For instance, yesterday [illegible] at Mrs. B.'s he made such [illegible]mark about tea. I forget [illegible] was, but it was something [illegible] up cheering one up."

[illegible] the cup which cheers, but [illegible]," suggested her neigh[illegible]. "Why," she exclaimed [illegible] "that was just what it [illegible] you there?"—New York [illegible]

[illegible]ing His Own Works.

[illegible] heard Thackeray allude [illegible]rks, and that in a serio[illegible]it, which amused both him [illegible] "I was traveling on the [illegible] he said (in company no [illegible]th "the Kicklebury"), "and [illegible] one of the hotels on the [illegible]hausted and weary, I went [illegible]alon and threw myself on a [illegible] was a book on a little [illegible] by, and I opened it to [illegible] 'Vanity Fair.' I had not [illegible]ce I corrected the proofs, [illegible] a chapter. Do you know [illegible] me very amusing?"—[illegible] "Memories."

[illegible]ders from a Well.

[illegible] 1890, workmen engaged [illegible] artesian well in Sandy [illegible]Miria, N. M., struck an [illegible] from which a cold [illegible] current of air rushed [illegible] force as to remove a 12- [illegible] that had been placed [illegible]ing. This current of [illegible]ged with millions of [illegible]ch having but two [illegible] and a small red circle [illegible] They lived but a short [illegible]ming into light and [illegible] Columbus Dispatch.

[illegible]ing His Share.

[illegible] said to the Emperor [illegible] "We are all the children [illegible] same parent," thus [illegible] to his benevolence. [illegible] gave him a small coin. [illegible] little for a monarch,"

[illegible] the emperor replied, [illegible] your brethren gave [illegible] you would be bet[illegible]."—Raccolta.

[illegible] Gentleman."

[illegible] what is due to the [illegible] misses a chance [illegible] gallantry. The [illegible] himself the sole [illegible] car. When the [illegible] a lady got on the [illegible] immediately jump[illegible] door and said in [illegible] me to offer you [illegible] Journal.

SHE WAS SATISFIED.

A Woman Passenger with an Inquiring Turn of Mind.

She had boarded the narrow gauge train at Seventh street, Oakland, bound for San Francisco. It was evident that she was conversant with the perils and uncertainties of travel and meant to run no risks.

"Is the drawbridge open?" she asked of the brakeman as he hurried through the train.

"Can't tell till we get to the first street, ma'am," was the reply.

"Well, brakeman, if the bridge is open I want you to let me know so I can get off the train. Now mind you remember."

The train had crossed the bridge and was well on toward the pier when the brakeman again appeared.

"Have we reached the bridge yet?" demanded the unsophisticated lady traveler.

"We're beyond the bridge, ma'am." The man was smilingly courteous.

"Why didn't you tell me? We might all go to destruction without any trainmen taking the trouble to warn us. Was it closed?"

"Yes, ma'am. We never go over while it is open."

"Very well; I'm glad we're over, but engineers are so reckless I always keep a sharp lookout."

Just then the conductor came through, and she bought a ticket to the city and return. He punched it according to the custom and passed on. In a moment she called him:

"Conductor, oh, conductor! Look here!" The man of tickets returned to her side. "Conductor," she demanded. "Why are these two holes punched in this ticket?"

"Company's orders."

"But I want to know why," imperatively.

"Those holes, madam, are so that we will know the ticket when we see it again," was the grave response.

"Oh, I see," and the wary passenger subsided once more, probably satisfied with the valuable information she had gained.—San Francisco Call.

The Stormy Petrel's Endurance.

During a recent trip across the Atlantic the passengers on one steamer had a vivid illustration of the endurance of the stormy petrel. Shortly after the ship left the Irish coast two or three of these birds were sighted at the stern of the ship. One had been caught at some previous time, and its captor tied a bit of red flannel or ribbon round its neck and let it go. The bit of red made the bird very conspicuous, and it could be easily identified. That bird, with others that could not be so easily distinguished, followed the ship clear across the ocean. Rarely, during the daytime at least, was it out of sight, and if for an hour or two it was lost to view while feeding on the refuse cast overboard it soon reappeared, and the last seen of it was within a few miles of Sandy Hook, when it disappeared, perhaps to follow some outward bound steamer back to Ireland. When the fact is considered that the ship, day and night, went at an average speed of nearly twenty miles an hour, the feat performed by the daring traveler can be better appreciated. When or how it rested is inexplicable.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The First Use of Napkins.

A French writer, who evidently was conservative and did not welcome the napkin kindly, records with scorn:

"The napkin is placed under the chin and fastened in the back, as if one were going to be shaved. A person told me that he wore his that way that he might not soil his beautiful frills."

It was a difficult matter to tie the two corners in the back, and it is said that thence originated our expression for straitened circumstances—"hard to make both ends meet." This custom led to the habit of the table waiters of carrying a napkin on the left arm.—Youth's Companion.

One Way of Expressing It.

The baroness was giving a large party, and in the course of the evening a note was handed to her containing terrible news, which was fortunately unfounded. As usual on similar occasions, she was seized with an interesting attack of weakness, and Karl, the footman, standing not far off, ran to her ladyship's assistance and called out, "Johann, make haste; bring a chair; the baroness wants to faint!"—Humoristische Blatter.

Wigs and Employment Bureaus.

An encouraging symptom of the times is the gradual abandonment of the misleading term, "intelligence office," for the more rational "employment bureau." By the bye, is there any inflexible reason why the mistress of an employment bureau should wear a wig, as an amazing proportion of them do?—Boston Commonwealth.

A Rare Sight.

Little Boy—Well, that's the queerest thing I ever saw.

Mother—What is?

Little Boy—I just saw our school teacher at the corner of the street a-laughing just like other people.—Exchange.

INDIFFERENT TO RIDICULE.

She Was a Giddy Young Thing Who Would Not Be Abashed.

Early Christmas evening the Sixth avenue elevated trains were crowded with returning skaters. It was Sunday, but what of that? Skating, like Christmas, comes but once a year—at least to New Yorkers. Sometimes it doesn't come even that often. It is necessary for the lovers of the sport to take advantage of the first ice, for it may be the last of the season. This fact will excuse the businesslike masculine crowd that poured into the city on Sunday evening.

Every seat in the car I entered was occupied by a young man or boy with a pair of skates. To be exact, every seat but one—and that was taken by a young lady. She also had a pair of skates. She had a very pretty pair of eyes, too, which she lavished upon a brace of young gentlemen who accompanied her. She was very chatty and rather loud, with one of those penetrating voices that rose above the din made by a car-load of men all talking at once.

"Now, you must be sure and call," she said to the young man she and her escort were about to leave at Seventy-second street. What the former young man said could not be heard.

"Oh, they will all be away by that time," said she.

"Please tie the dog up," shouted a youth in our end of the car.

"We will expect you early," continued the girl in a chirpy, coaxing voice that penetrated to the uttermost recesses of the car. She was getting up and shaking out her skirts now.

"Shall I come before dinner?" sang out a boy. The inquiry brought down the house, the girl joining heartily in the laugh.

"Goodby," said she as they passed out on the platform.

"Goodby! Goodby!" "Come again!" "Remember me to mamma!" "Don't forget the dog!" "I'll be there in time for lunch!" And a perfect pandemonium of farewell cries.

I looked out of the rear window to see the pretty young lady drop down from sheer mortification. But she wasn't that kind of a girl. She gayly swung her skates at the departing train and shrieked "Goodby!" and was gone. And every man and boy in that car just got up and waved his skates and yelled. All but me. Having no skates I merely yelled.—New York Herald.

A Daughter of the Regiment Weds.

During the last war in which the Kekholmsky regiment was engaged the soldiers found a woman dead in the snow on a battlefield with an infant girl in her arms. By common consent the regiment adopted the child, who was christened Maria Kekholmskaya and sent to school at their expense. As she grew older she followed the regiment, and last week Lieutenant Shlemmer of the Tamsky dragoons, demanded her hand in marriage.

A meeting of the regiment was held under Colonel Reichembach, who laid the proposal before "the fathers" of the girl. He gave the whole story of her life and of her acquaintance with her lover and added the highest testimony from General Paninton and all the officers of Lieutenant Shlemmer's regiment as to that young officer's character. This extraordinary meeting unanimously consented to give away their "daughter," and the marriage will take place immediately. The incident shows a curious side to Russian army life entirely to the credit of all concerned.—Exchange.

Long Distance Photography Assured.

It is said that long distance photography is rendered quite a success with the new camera with a telescopic objective of Dr. Adolph Miethe. The object consists of a convex lens of considerable length of focus and a concave lens of short focus. These are placed a certain distance apart, depending on the differences of the two focuses. By the laws of optics this arrangement projects an inverted image of an object at a long distance from the lenses. The size of the object is greater the nearer the lenses are together and the greater the distance between the focuses.

To obtain good images the lenses are of special form and achromatic. The whole camera looks very much like a Galilean telescope. By substituting an ordinary opera glass for the objective on the camera and drawing it out a fairly good picture will be obtained on the ground glass of the camera. Excellent detailed photographs of parts of the city of Potsdam have been taken by Dr. Miethe's apparatus two miles away.—American Register.

The Giving of Names.

The death of Benjamin Franklin Butler and the spelling of his name in full by all the newspapers calls attention to a peculiar phase of nomenclature. In the good old Puritan days, and even later, children received Scriptural names, such as Telem, Jonathan, Josiah, Cephas, Jeremiah and so on.

Then came the change to the era of what may be called hero worship. Butler was dubbed Benjamin Franklin, and one prosperous merchant in Chicago started life loaded down by his moral parents with the appellatives "Grant Lincoln Beecher." It is not necessary to mention his birth name, but it is sufficient to say that he has discarded the first and last cognomens, and a check signed Lincoln —— is good for a quarter of a million any banking day in the year.

How He Broke His Collar Bone.

Melvin Prilay, son of the Ohio street grocer, met with a singular accident the other day in the breaking of his collar bone. He was putting on his overcoat preparatory to delivering a load of goods, when he felt something break, but thought it was a collar button or something of that sort. Returning to the store, he experienced severe pain, and upon going to a physician he was told what had happened. The broken bone was set, and Mr. Prilay is now much better.—Bangor (Me.) Commercial.

HUMOR

THE PHRENOLOGIST.

He Examines the Bumps of Our Office Boy.

The othur day the editor's livur was bad, or he had the tuthake, or he had bin se in an amatoor poit, or sumthink, so he kalled me a "idjit." This made a deep impreshun on me. I was hornted with the idear that p'r'aps I reely was a idjit, and had horribel vishuns of bein shut up in a loonatic asylum by my relashuns, so as they should revel in my wealth—s'pposin I shou'd ever have eny, you know. I ain't got none at present.

So I thort I wou'd go to a frenologist and have my bumps xamined. If he told me I was a idjit, I determined to put an end to my most miserabel life.

Nat'rally, havin so much at stake, I was in a state of fear and tremblin wen I entered the frenologist's room, wich was hung round with a lot of kold lookin heads with no hare on, and sum skulls all picked clean.

The frenologist, who was a big man with an enormous bump on his stummick—a sort of trade sine, I s'pose—and an oily smile and a buttery tung, sed to me, "Wot are yu prepared to pay for a faithful derlineation of yure karacter, sir?"

I notis that wen I go to pay eny muney they always "sir" me; on othur occashuns it is simply "boy" or "yungstir."

"Wot are the charges?" I arsked.

"They range from wun shillin to wun guincy," he answered.

"That's a long range," I remarked. "A kitching range, ain't it?"

The frenologist spre'd a littel oil over his face—smiled, yu know—and said, "Yu have the bump of humer strongly developed, sir."

Wunderful, wasn't it, that he shou'd kno that before touchin my head?

"For a guincy," kontinued the frenologist, "I kan tell yu the kind of feemail wot wou'd make yu a suitabel wife, and the best kind of food for yu to eat."

"The thing is, kan yu also supply the wife and the food for the guiney?" I arsked.

"I see, sir," he remarked (more oil), "yu are keenly sarkastic; but, to kum to terms. The shillin fee is merely for a short verbel statement of yure karacter; for five shillin's I will give yu a long ritten derlineation."

"Eny diskount for cash?" I asked.

"Certainly not! No rerdukshun wotever; I nevver give credit. I must say, sir, you are very kareful over muney matters."

"I don't kno wot yu mene," I sed, feelin rather ofended (we always feel ofended wen a purson ses sumthink to us and we don't kno wot they mene). "I pay my way."

"Oh, yes, sir, I kno yu do," he interrupted hurr'edly. "I kan see yu are strictly 'onest; I ownly meant that yu don't waste muney."

"I alsept yure apology," I sed stiffly. "Wot du yu give for a harf a crown?"

"The same as for five shillin's, ownly, of corse, not sich a full derlineation, sir."

"I see," I sed; "for harf a crown yu give about harf a crown—not the hole head."

"Sharp—very sharp!" he murmured.

"I'm afraid, sir," I sed, mornfullike, "it ain't eny use havin my head 'xamined, becaws I'm hornted with the friteful idear that I'm a idjit."

"A idjit!" he 'xclaimed, raisin his hands. "My deer sir, don't let sich a ridickulus noshun enter yure mind for wun moment. I kan assure yu that yu have a very brite intellect. Now kindly sit down on that chare, and I will kommence operashuns. How much did yu say yu was prepared to pay—five shillins?"

"No, thanks," I replied, movin t'ward the door. "I ain't prepared to pay enythink. I've larnt all I want to kno. Good nite!" And out I bolted, leevin the frenologist lookin a perfect idjit!

I've larnt that I am humerus, sarkastic, kareful in muney matters, sharp, strictly onest, and that I ain't a idjit, and all for nothink!

Pritty cheap, konsiderin the usuerl price of things, ain't it?—Pick Me Up.

Very Remarkable.

First Party—You say you have met me before, and I have an impression that I have met you before. Can you tell me when it was?

Second Party—I can, sir; it was at the same time that I met you.

First Party (reflecting)—Yes, yes, it must have been, but what a remarkable coincidence!—Boston Transcript.

A Good Substitute.

Mother—My dear, you are losing your beauty.

Married Daughter—Am I, really?

"Indeed you are."

"Mercy! I guess I'd better learn to cook."—New York Weekly.

The Usual Thing.

Miss Mabel (who is typewriting a letter for the old janitor)—Now, is there anything more you wish me to say, Henry?

Henry—Dat's all I kin t'ink of jis' at de presen' time, Miss Mabel—'ceptin, o' co'se, scuse haste and bad pen.—Once a Week.

An Aluminium Microscope.

The utilization of aluminium is steadily extending. A microscope now made from this metal weighs only 21 pounds 10½ ounces, as against 71 pounds 13 ounces when made in brass. The screws are of brass, the Campbell fine adjustment of steel and the nose piece of German silver. Now that the fact that the use of this metal for the construction of scientific instruments is not only feasible but advisable has been established, a great reduction may be looked for in the cumbersomeness and expense of transit of much of the apparatus necessary in the carrying out of scientific expeditions.—St. Louis Republic.

Snakeskin in a Bird's Nest.

The great crested fly catcher chooses for its nesting place a sheltered hollow bough or the abandoned excavation made by the golden winged woodpecker. His architecture is peculiar on account of the unusual materials he uses. In every nest you will find a bit of dry snakeskin and shreds of soft inner bark of trees. Among the hundreds of nests that I have examined not one has lacked these peculiar substances. Naturalists have tried in vain to discover why the bit of dry snakeskin is chosen. It does not seem to be of any use in the structure of the nest, and quite often it hes loosely on the outer rim, or carelessly set into the extreme bottom. Possibly the fly catcher regards it as a choice bit of ornamentation!—Maurice Thompson in Golden Rule.

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9:18 p. m.	Lv.	Salem	Lv.	5:26 a. m
8:15 a. m.	Ar.	San Fran.	Lv.	7:00 p. m

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ROSEBURG MAIL DAILY.

8:30 a. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	4:40 p. m.
11:17 a. m.	Lv	Salem	Lv.	1:40 p. m.
6:00 p. m.	Ar.	Roseburg	Lv.	7:00 a. m

Albany Local, Daily Except Sunday.

5:00 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	10:30 a m.
7:32 p. m.	Lv.	Salem	Lv.	7:55 a. m
9:00 p. m.	Ar.	Albany	Lv.	6:30 a. m

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