EYES OF BROWN AND BLUE.

ut of the room and into the gloum Died the music in tremnious sighs ed from the room and faded in gloom Were the murmurous tones of low replies to taughing lips and cheeks in bloom, The many whirl of fair forms there e measured beat of festive feet And flush of white arms bar l were gone, for the revel was through, But still it see med my rapturous doom be housted by eyes of brown and blue,

ue of the sky that sparkles on high And expands o'er the meadows of May: ee of the sky that canoples high The daisled mand of blossoming spray; own of the brook, the autumn brook, on whose waves the sere leaves look, Autumn brooks with a waveless flow, And scimiter flash of fins aglow, And golden dash of sands belo ch were the eyes of brown and blue but haunted me when the revel was through

the luminous glare of the street light's stare

That tinted my room with a ghostly gray, the pullid place in my chamber there, Still haunted by eyes, I drowsily lay, raiting the bark that would bear meawa The dream manned shallop of sleep That would bear me over the fathon

ith ; inlens light and a noiseless flight, To the land where hopes the brightest ar born.

oss the mystical ocean of night To the odorous realm of morn vinging adrift on a slumberous swell

hat lightly arose and laughingly felt. seemed to float in a rudderless boat glimmering view of a glittering shore Lere the billows broke with a rhythmical roar With a musical plash and a murmuro

rever to float by a verdurous shore-Verdurous shore with a breath of balm

And wealth of bloom and waving palm. neath whose shade I saw the hue f eyes of brown and melting blue. ben morning came with her rosy flame.

And flashed on my curtains' trembling white: hen morning came with her ruddy flame

And shivered within her lances of light, calmly arose from my couch of repose And dreamily gazed on the awakening sun musingly thought of the revel and dream And wondered if revel and dream were one. the eyes were a myth and did only seem The eyes of brown and tender blue That haunted me thus the brief night

myth! Ab, no! for, ere the glow Of day again had shimmered and gone, in the clearest of truth I looked upon lose eyes of azure and shadowy fawn. eyes of blue, of heaven's own hue. Retain forever your sparkling grace! eyes of blue, may never the dew Fall from your depths on a sorrowing face nd. Hauid brown of the antumn brook. ay a peaceful soul through your crystals

nd cléarly reflect for many a year well loved forms and faces dearl id this, oh, eyes of brown and blue, all the revenge I crave of you or witching my slumbers the whole night

THE LOST TRAIL.

Fort Milton was 140 weary miles way from the railroad, and the mail ne weekly from Florence by buckard. The arrival of the buckboard the event of the week. Every one eted its coming, even the dogs. The xicans and Indians who could not ite and received no mail regularly ed for it. Every one knew it. Even iffling, pattering rattle, as if all its tortionists made by the Japanese for them ldren to play with. In the daytime, its queer little team of dun mules, lemned from the pack train because ir backs had been defaced by ill fitaperejos and bad packing, patient, etic creatures, used to abuse, reied, not resenting.

heir driver, Christopherson, was a faced Latter Day Saint who had from the gineral av the army?"
ed a term in Yuma for his devotion "Oi moind that ye do, Dan'l, Hymen. In former years he had been sed of seven wives, all of whom The territorial laws were getting re, and he had our sympathy, for av thim had ut's ordhering. face showed very plainly that he had

nose who frequent the habitat of where life is multiform in its ires and sensations and so filled change and whim that no trivial has relative or shadow easting played at Fort Milton by Chris-

and less noticed from numb y born of absence and the dull ther young orficers an shpoilin thim fer of drill and duty done in the shport," whispered Time cated days of a torrid climate; "Of moind phwat you say, Tim. An seated days of a torrid climate; ad enthusiasms hasty as transicut,

we and worth watching. der subalterns wanted St. Louis which gave the army budget, of exchanges of regiments and of deaths, transfers and resignaof courts and boards, changes on
the best depend promotion, pay, details
sesset station. It was there one
tions, Dan'l. Av Oi had him fer a bit
tions, Dan'l. Av Oi had him fer a bit
tions, Dan'l. Av Oi had him fer a bit
tions, Dan'l. Av Oi had him fer a bit
tions, Dan'l. d, for the enterprising press is practice, wid a dozen Mexican damsels, r than the penderous bureaus of ho'd to all reight in less nor a week."

The ladies wanted shopping the from the big castern cities, Of must bunk in," said O'Leary. to wear them, women must have

a. Christophoreon brought the
times and illustrated papers, with
titch life would be so smpty, once
we acquired their habit. He was

commanding orficer all be afther vind
ing a detachment for at tomorrow.

Of we besu thinking, " said Coggine.

"And av the divils are afther again
distinction the dignity av the mail
O'Leary's the lad all be first on the detail, or John Connor to no friend av

the bearer of their joys and sorrows, their hopes and prizes, their disappointments and their bitter grief. He oftenet disturbed their quiet neutrality, was their chief reaction, was the one slender thread that connected these prisoners of the desert with the world in which they trols after midnight. had been reared, had for awhile resigned and hoped again to form a part.

This was Friday afternoon, and the nail was overdue. The crowd had colcted, awniting its arrival. One could ar the eletter of poker chips in the lears' club. Outside the general storeioni were gangs of tethered bronches, for protection from the sun's rays, a medley of mangy curs and pelon dogs, panting with the heat, while stretched on the ground in the shade of the adobe tore was a motley crowd of Mexicans and Indians so unused to haste that patience and waiting were instinct, hard-

Hodgson, the junior subaltern of the antonment, new galloped through the group of tethered ponies and flung the reins of his hot horse into the midst of a pack of panting greyhounds that folowed and were soon crouching in the cant shade of the adobe wall against which the Mexicans were lying. Hodgon was clad in service cords, jersey and sombrero, for he had been chasing jack rabbits with greyhounds on the me a.

He entered the trader's store brusquely. "Mail not in yet?" he asked. "Ut is not, lootenant," answered the trader's clerk from behind the lattice where he sat working at the mouth's postal report. Coggins spoke shortly, without looking up, for he recognized the voice as the youngster's pleading for square letters, and it annoyed him It had successfully made the same appeal each mail since Hodgson joined the regiment, 10 weary months before, as Coggins could bear witness, for he knew the secrets of the cantonment, keeping them in mind, having no cause to speak of them to others, save to O'Leary, who could hold his tongue. Coggins was fond of the youngster, liking him as heartily as he hated women, whom he thought minions of the devil, made for man's confusion. He even loathed their dainty letters, regarding them as ensnaring missives, corrupting alike to rank and file, and believed they should be prescribed from military correspondence or treated like mails from infested districts, bringing maladies whose fires, once lighted in the blood, will never cease in the idleness of camp and cantonment, disturbing alike good comradeship, health and duty. Coggins himself had been a soldier,

serving two enlistments before getting his leg shattered and shortened in an Indian skirmish. Since service he had clerked some 20 years for Sullivan, the trader, and seen scores of youngsters join from the "Point" at this frontier breaking yard. Some were now captains, returning for their second tour of Arizona duty, with double bars well tarnished. Frontier life compels men to observation, so Coggins felt entitled to his own opinions. In the remembrance of these veterans in their callow "shave tail" days, knocking about badly and hardly bridle wise, he felt his opinions were even entitled to respect, but he kept them to himself, save when speaking them to O'Leary.

Tim O'Leary and he had joined as "recruities" in the same batch from Depot, so O'Leary was a man of privi-Many were the nights after leges. "hours," when, alone in the general bar nighttime you could tell it by its of the trader's store, they discussed the "needs and tindincies av the service. ats were as loose as those of the ivory | At present the "tindincies" displeased

"Oi'll tell you phwat ut is, Coggins, nt's thim weekly mails ull be sinding us desthruction yit, " said O'Leary.

"And who would be knowing av that beforeninst me, Tim? Don't Oi handle ivery shlip av ut from the purty pink notes that's deceiving av the bhoy up to the ordhers for the commanding ordicer

"Oi moind that ye do, Dan'l, an ut's divine service they'll be afther giving us nixt-asking forgiveness av the Houly had now completely deserted, being Virgin for showing her Son disrespectan psalm singing for sojering, av some

"An be dhrilling wid books instead ay carbines. Oi hear today there's an ordher out for school," added Coggins. "School is ut? School!" said Tim. 'Ut's cooks palace and camp cook and camp herd guard they more be needing. Before nor a week, Dan'l, as Oi predict rtance, will fail to understand the on ut, the recruities'll be afther telling men loike you an me phwat's sojering.

erson's coming. The youngster Gineral Harney protect us! Peace rest in the Point' wanted home letters his sowl! Widont school and wid good large, square missives addressed in free 'thumbing' and swearing-begging nine hand beginning always "Lieu- pardon av the Lord av Oi countenan " a title so new that it the being too free in vain wid his honly thrilled its possessor—letters which | name—made sojers—sojers loike you an year would come thinner, less fre- me, Dan'l! Au the evil av ut don't sthop wid the recruities, fer ut's invadin av

mesthetics which render bearable | yez know Oi loike the lad, but moind rrow limits of garrison life and in Oi've no faith in the craytures, barrin aper even the rebellions spirit to me own mother, who's been dead in Oiration and forgetfulness of a home and forgetfulness of a home block and forgetfulness of a home land these twinty years. Well, he's afther running it full tilt on some frock in the cast. Wan day comes a photograph by mail, an he shows me the sample av his goods—ut was fairer nor sed outhors are the face has one from Connaught, at the face has taken good hould av him. Most beloike ut's in part the pink letthers, for Oi've handled ivery one av thim. There'll be breaking away there, Tim, for he's as

and details and leaves of absence av a brush on the bordher in skirmish

heavy wares common to the "An the mail not yit come? The made the femining heart yeary commanding ordicer ull be afther stud-

K troop.) O'Leary. "Good noight!"

"Good noight!" and O'Leary sauntered over to barracks by a route known best to himself and unfrequented by pa-

The duty was not exciting. It might saddle horse across the weary, brown it was Hodgson's first detached service. He was to ascertain the cause of delay of the mail, and riding along he tugged and near them, lying in their shadows at his fatigue blouse to see if the order given him by the adjutant on leaving the post was still in his pocket.

Hodgson was secretly glad of this field service and welcomed it as a partial escape from himself, for he was expecting an important letter-just how important this story is written to show -and with expectancy, inaction and heat he was getting nervous. Christopherson might have drunk native brandy and be lying by the roadside, or his mule might have gone lame, as had happened before, for the road from San Carlos to Florence climbs the rocky comb which crowns the Pinal divide, as those who have once traveled it well remember. The Apaches may have appropriated both mail and buckboard. Hodgson, being inexperienced, clung to it closely until from familiarity the

idea seemed probable. knew better, as Hodgson should have known The Chirachucas were on the reservation, all having drawn beef the day before, elso Wilson, with White now be tracing up the mail. Besides Apaches now rarely attacked mails which were watched and protected, finding remote ranchers more profitable prey, as their feiendlessness often made disappearance unknown and unnoticed. These are the deductions of wiser men, and Hodgson had but lately joined, so he rode on planning the attack and located it in a little arroyo which holds Pinal foothills to cross the Rio Gila.

not tell you and is no part of my story, mere coincidence, unless you credit telepathy, which I profess not to understand. The locality was well chosen, as is easily seen by those who have passed it. The inclosing hillsides of the arroyo are covered with granite cairns, and they may have suggested to Hodgson's excited brain certain pictures from an old "art of war," illustrating the defense of stone structures, showing loop-holes and crenulated flanking arrangements easily reproduced by imagination from the freaks erosion had played among the patches of bastard granite now exposed and left lying like great brown scars on the bare bosom of this

narrow valley. The detachment halted on fording the Rio Gila, and while O'Leary was wet- to return to their own reserve. Once ting and filling the lieutenant's canteen Hodgson's eyes were resting on a foothill overlooking his chosen valley, and from it he was deploying his little squad in rapid counter attack. Yes, Christopherson had at that moment been

protect the mail! In a moment the Apaches were re pulsed, and he had saved from savage hands his letter. He had picked it up filled with mineral, unprofitable for from the ground, where they had dropped it. Yes, it was the same old handwriting on the same "old rose" paper as always before. He was just about to open it when reason, for some unaccountable freak, shone for an instant on his now went for sake of duty. He pushed on, ragary and asserted that, as Christo-pherson broke camp at Rillito arroyo on Friday morning, he could not possibly have any concern with Apaches there on Saturday afternoon, and the absurdity striking in his reverie took on a more rational turn. Of course the mail had been attacked there Friday morning. and now he had picked up the trail, was following it hot haste over the rugged Superstition range and was heading for the four peaks of the Matzatzals. He had followed this tortuous, arid trail many days and was rescuing that precious letter, while his own tired saddle horse, heading the detachment, had borne him from Rio Gila to Rillito

arroyo, as the road winds 10 miles. Hodgson was not even aware that he was nearing the arroyo, so engrossed was he with his imaginative war chase, antil O'Leary, riding close behind, called out, "Lootenant, they've been at

ut again! Starting from his reverie, Hodgson aw white letters and papers littering. the level road a few paces before them. He rubbed his eyes to assure himself it was not mirage, and as he rode up so that his horse stepped on them he shuddered at the uncappy coincidence Spread before him was a fair reality of ollies that for hours had controlled bis

had been emptied, the letters and papers scattered about, but apparently untouched. The buckboard, with traces uncut, steed just as Christopherson had left it when camping two nights before. The mules were gone, while under a cholla bush pear a granite cairn, a few yards from the buckboard, was the body of old Christopherson lying mutilated and disfigured. Near his body and in front of the cairs, lying on the ground, were a handful of winchester shells. They told the story of the fight. The old man had not been killed at the first postile shot, but had exept to the enivo, returning the fire until his ammunition was exhausted. His winchester, but and

belt had been taken. "Poor devil! Poor devil!" said O'Leary as they placed the mangled body on the buckbasts! "Of a piver 'a' thought the ould sinner ud 'a' died so

At the same moment Hedgeen was controlled by thoughts of men whose

moine." (Comor was first sergeant of lives lead to derger performing brave K troop.) "Of must bank in," said acts of plain duty in the struggle for material existence unassociated with glony. The idea was as now to him as it was wholesome, for this was the first time his experience had confronted it.

Then they picked up the mail and sent it back by two troopers, with the body on the buckboard. Hodgson examprove only a 30 mile ride on his favorite | incd the letters several times. The one he wanted did not come. That mean desert under a grilling autumn sun, but | another week's waiting, so he was glad that meantime he could be following

the trail. In reality they made a dry camp on it that night in the foothills of the next mountain range. Lying in the wealth of a western sunset, Hodgson had often viewed that most gorgeous pile of form and coloring known as the Superstition. range, and now that the trail led there he felt glad, for he wished to visit it. But by night they had lost the trail in this arid fastness, and being all day without water were barely able, with much suffering from thirst, to get their jaded animals back to the Rio Gilla.

Hodgson had now seen four years service, and next year, if poker prospered, he could go on leave. Already he could hold his own in the game at the traders' club. He worried least of the cantonment about mail, thereby gaining This last eventuality was so pleasing that | Coggins' complete approval. Only once on reading an amouncement two years before, copied from a society paper, and again a few months later, when The commanding officer at Fort Mil- reading of a wedding-did be evince ton as well as his less versed subalterns | any interest in the mail. On the latter evening he did not care for the club, but smoked alone in his quarters and burned some letters after reading them. day before, elso Wilson, with White Mountain scouts, and not he, would all the cynicism youth freely flaunts as now be tracing up the mail. Besides if it vamby feels—affected to care only for narried women and a few like transparencies. Then, in illustration of his preference, devoted himself violently to Mrs. Blank, a clever, kindly soul, who understood his symptoms, humored and helped him, being a good woman, possessed of the best of husbands Incidentally or from habit Hodgson devoted himself to duty, and now that Wilson very snugly some hundred yards of the had staff work he was given the scouts, Florence road where it reels off the a promotion which provoked comment Just why Hodgson should have lotell you, Dan'l, Oi hated to see so foine cated the attack on the mail in this par- a lad punished wid sich a compl' meent. ticular arroyo he himself probably could For a company of scouts meant annoyances not met with in the management but that it actually occurred there is of ordinary troop routine, but it had its compensations in opportunities for field

News had come that a sheriff and deputy, guarding prisoners from Globe to lorence, had been overpowered and killed. Hodgson was to take the trail at once. In a few hours the scouts had found it leading from the old Florence road near the Gila, crossing where the killing had occurred. It led through the Superstition mountains, which he had not had occasion to visit since Christopherson's death. Soon he found himself again on the same rugged trail and had passed the point where before he had lost it. The Indians were evidently, heading for the Tonto basin and trying among their tribe, only the released prisoners could be identified, and the perpetrators of this last outrage would be lost.

Tradition warns you that if one enters far into the Superstition mountains he will never return, the country ben too rough for animals and too dry for man. Prospectors who have penetrated the edges of this range say that it is want of water. Cattle do not range there, and men hunting large game go to the timbered mountains, so a trail across this chain would lead where no one wished to go save Hodgson, who with sullen, dogged courage, over th stony trail used as a lost time gaining refuge by hunted savages in these m arid mountains of our most arid land nntil he emerged, almost mad with thirst, on the Rio Salinas, in the Lower Tonto basin. Thence the trail led into the Sierras Auchas, and in this great altitude it was lost under the first fall

of autumn snow. There was nothing left for Hodgson to do now but to return to the reservation, as the Indians were evidently trying to do, for the eastern foothills of this sierra border the San Carlos reserve, and the Indians would not remain long in the snow. Hodgson must make a defour, see their squaws among the cibious on the western edge of the reserve, and if their bucks had not already returned he might hope to cut their trail where it left the snow line and intercept them from their haven, the reservation.

He had found from their squaws on Cibicu that they had not yet returned. It was all he wanted to know, but as he was leaving a squaw's topec his eye caught sight of a faded pink letter, onriously embroidered by way of color ornament onto the face of a buckskin garment. The writing was familiar. He seject it engerly—in faded letters by

a fading light he read her snewer. He tore her letter from the garment and pushed it into the pocket of his jersey and stood for a moment near the door of the topec, looking absently across the bare hills of the brown reserve. He was thinking of the wome who was not his wife and of childr not his own. Then he turned quickly and monuted his horse.

"It was all my fault," he said, "but I must not lose the trail today. I should have followed it closer when I had it be-

And as he spurred his horse toward the snow line of the sterms he was laughing as one should not laugh when one is young .- 62. Overton in Ban Pran-

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Public Instruction McElroy, acting as the State Roard of Education of Oregon:

SIRE:—Your petitioners, patrons of the public schools, is payers and citizens of Oregon, respectfully petition you to take no action to bring about—adoption of new series of public school text books under the law passed by the last legislature, nor to enter into any contract at present publishers prices adopting the text books now in use, or these that might be authorized by your board at present prices, such prices to be fixed and maintained by the publishers for the next six years, as specified in that law.

In view of the fact that by state publication the people of California are obtaining public school text books at an average price of about thirty cents apiece for the entire series needed in the common schools, or about one half what we pay in Oregon, we demand state publication at the carliest day possible.

NAMES.

[Cut out the above form of petition, sign and address it to one of the state board of education, or mail it to The Journal and it will be published and forwarded to the board with others. Men and women should sign this petition in protest against perpetuating the present system of high-priced text books for six years to come.]

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