

**THE COUNTY PAPER.**  
BOBBINS & Co., Publishers.  
OREGON - - - - - MO

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**TO CONSUMPTIVES.**  
The advertiser having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge), with directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure CURE for COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, etc. Parties wishing the Prescription, will please address Rev. E. A. WILSON, 114 Penn St., Williamsburgh, N. Y.

**ERRORS OF YOUTH.**  
A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, PARALYSIS, etc., and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the recipe and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Suffers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience, can do so by addressing the publisher, **JOHN B. OGDEN,** 43 Cedar St., New York.

**WEEKLY REVIEW.**  
General News Summary.

**Valerian Wellesley,** Deane of Windsor, and domestic chaplain to the Queen, is dead.

**Mrs. John Jacob Astor,** it is said, gives away more money than any other woman in the United States.

**Mrs. Melville,** wife of Engineer Melville, has been adjudged insane and sent to the Norristown Insane Asylum.

Since the first oil well began to flow \$1,000,000,000 has been added to the wealth of this country by the product of petroleum.

Optimism culture in Asia has been so greatly extended that the average annual yield is now double that of eight years ago.

A copious rain fell throughout a large portion of Kansas on the evening of Sept. 18th, effecting the traces of the recent dry weather.

The breadstuffs exported for the eight months, ended Aug. 31, were valued at \$110,015,737, against \$157,505,236 for the same period last year.

Sweden exports immense quantities of matches to Great Britain and her colonies, China, Japan, South America, Africa, and some parts of India.

**Rev. Lawrence Walsh,** Treasurer of the Irish National Land League, has called from St. Louis to Treasurer Egan a check for \$40,000 collected since May 1st.

**L. S. Wilson,** teacher of the Fourth National Bank of Columbus, Ohio, died at East Saginaw, Mich., Sept. 18th, from an overdose of chloral, taken to alleviate a sick headache.

**Sarah Estome,** of Woodstock, Ontario, Sept. 18th, built a fire and deliberately stood over it until she was horribly and fatally burned. Her last words were, "I am going to Jesus."

Every twenty-four hours 1,140 trains rush past the signal tower of the Pennsylvania railroad on Filbert street, Philadelphia, a record that can be equaled by no other point on the globe.

At Georgetown and Central City, Colorado, on the morning of Sept. 18th, a comet was plainly visible to the naked eye, 55 degrees from the sun, and in a direction a little south of west.

**Professor Bony,** of the Dudley Observatory, Albany, believes the comet we saw near the sun is a return of the great comet discovered by Dr. Gould in South America, February 4th, 1750.

Eight hundred pounds of powder exploded in a mill of the California Company at Santa Cruz, Cal., Sept. 19th killing one man, wrecking the building, and breaking all the windows in the vicinity.

There was sharp frost throughout Minnesota on the night of September 19th. Corn was half in shock, and most of the balance was beyond the reach of harm. Vines were cut down, but the loss from this is not serious.

The western express on the Boston & Albany Railway was thrown from the track Sept. 18th, and the engineer, fireman and brakeman were severely injured. The tracks badly blocked. A rail had been placed across the track.

A special from Guaymas, via Magdalena, says: A courier from Concordia, a town near Matanzas, states that five persons were killed by lightning, in church. It caused a great rush, and a number were seriously injured in the haste to escape.

On the evening of Sept. 17th, as the Wabash freight train was crossing a bridge 20 miles north of Castro, Ill., the bridge gave way. Eleven cars fell into the creek, and three were left on one side and the engine on the other. A brakeman was seriously injured.

Secretary Teller decided that the Indian police may be furnished with revolvers for the better enforcement of their official authority, but the custom of supplying them with the best improved breech-loading rifles will be discontinued. No rifles and no field ammunition for breech loaders will hereafter be placed in the hands of any Indian by department.

About six months ago a cavalry soldier at the Walls Walla garrison invented a breech-loading arm carbine. He was recently ordered to Washington to submit the improved weapon to the Secretary of War and a board of officers appointed to consider and report on its merits. The committee approved the arm and on their report the soldier received \$60,000 out of the National Treasury for his invention.

The following fires are reported, Sept. 18th. Collision and fire at the tunnel, west of Kirkwood, Ill., damage \$50,000. The Co-operative Creamery Co.'s factory, at St. Charles, Ill.; loss, \$30,000. Francis Bingham & Son's shoe factory at Hudson, N. Y.; loss, \$65,000. The Central Hotel and other buildings at Chippewa Falls, Wis.; loss, \$40,000. At Red Wing, Minn., several buildings with a loss \$25,000. Half the village of Grand Meadows, Wis., burnt, including nine dwellings and a large business block.

A vast prairie fire has been raging in the west part of Nebraska, between the Platte and Republican rivers, with disastrous effect to hay and grass. No loss of life is reported there, though two men were fatally burned some days ago, north of the Platte. Heavy cattle ranges are in a devastated situation, and unless rain comes, great loss will follow. A special dispatch from Indianapolis says the citizens had hard work to save the town. Serious loss of property will result if gales and winds should occur.

The general managers and freight agents of the railroads running Northwest west to Milwaukee & St. Paul officials for the purpose of ratifying the new traffic agreement recently decided on in Chicago. When the report of the committee of freight agents was submitted it was found that a clause had been inserted by the Milwaukee & St. Paul that the passenger business be included in the agreement. This created much ill feeling in it. It is said that the claim of absorbing the passenger business was not at all contemplated and the meeting adjourned without reaching an agreement. Another meeting will be held in Chicago. It is thought unless agreement is reached at once a war on Northwestern and Council Bluffs business will result.

Sept. 19th, says a Pittsburgh dispatch, was the most exciting day ever known on the Pittsburgh Oil Exchange, the sales aggregating the enormous number of 6,577,000 barrels. The price opened strong at 50 cents, advanced to 55, fell to 50, advanced to 52, and closed at 52 1/2 with sales. Every barrel offered was snapped up with the rapidity of lightning. Operators were wild with excitement—gesticulating, spluttering and shouting at each other until they were hoarse. The craze extended to the street, the store and the counting room, and all who could raise money enough to go in on a margin, rushed to the nearest broker and ordered immediate investment. At this moment Pittsburgh is a community of oil speculators. Some of the oldest

operators say the excitement will increase. They predict \$1 oil before the month is over. Should unfavorable reports from the producing regions continue, their anticipations may be realized. But there is danger that there is no real decrease of production, wells being "doctored," so that large holders may unload at a large profit, after which the price will drop. Interested investors should look carefully at all sides of the matter before hazarding their money. Should the market take a sudden downward course hundreds of people would be financially ruined.

**Crime and Criminals.**  
**John McKinley,** formerly a resident of Dallas, Texas, has been sentenced to be shot by the Mexican authorities for killing a native.

**Alonzo Cash,** aged 48, shot and mortally wounded his wife, Minnie, aged 17, near Dorchester New York, Sept. 17th, and then killed himself.

**A. L. George and Henry Duffy,** both colored, quarreled Sept. 19th, at Middletown, Ohio, and the latter was mortally shot in the abdomen.

**Farmer Harden and son,** living near Columbus, Ind., fired on a trio who were robbing their melon patch and Thomas Kelly was instantly killed.

**Charles A. Ketslam,** a clerk at the Alton elevator, Kansas City, has been arrested for stealing wheat. His stealings are stated to amount to several thousand dollars.

**Incendiary fires** caused the destruction of the greater portion of the village of Grand Meadows, Minn., and numerous buildings were destroyed at Red Wing by the same cause.

The officers of the Insurance Company, of North America, at Philadelphia, have discovered discrepancies, showing that the transfer clerk, Alfred Rogers, has committed frauds to the amount of \$25,000.

In a dispute over some mining property at Galena, near Deadwood, Sept. 19th, Patrick Gorman knocked Frank H. Daves down twice with his fist. The latter drew a revolver and shot Gorman dead.

**William W. Reed,** a well-known and wealthy farmer living near Canton, Ohio, was arrested Sept. 19th on a charge of forgery, arrested by J. K. McDowell, administrator of the estate of S. W. Firestone. The allegation is that Reed forged a receipt for a note for \$950.

**Rev. J. H. Miller,** recent secretary of the Point Clatsquam Baptist Association (N. Y.) recently went out of office leaving a deficit of \$10,000 in the funds of the Association. Investigation is going on, but nothing is known to warrant the statement of that amount of shortage.

**Samuel Voigt,** a German laborer, was found Sept. 17th, in the river at Hamilton, O., with a bullet hole in his head. He had not been seen since the Friday previous, when he had \$1,000 in his possession, and was about to return to Germany. The money was gone when he was found.

**Frank James,** the notorious outlaw, was recently the traveling companion of a Michigan merchant, to whom he stated that a project to rob a bank, at Blissfield, in that State had been abandoned, and that his mission now was to "get even" with the Forde for the murder of his brother Jesse.

**W. A. Mayberry,** one of the proprietors of Mayberry, Pullman & Hamilton's restaurant and circus, absconded from Columbia, S. C., Sept. 16th, carrying with him about \$30,000 of the company's funds, swindling his partners and leaving a large number of performers and employees in a penniless condition. He is arrested at Montgomery, Alabama. He hails from Detroit, Michigan, is about 24 years of age, and is said to be possessed of considerable means.

**News From Abroad.**  
**EGYPT.**  
Cairo and Alexandria dispatches of Sept. 18th say: A large body of Egyptian infantry with four batteries, supposed to be from Sully, appeared at Tantah and surrendered to a battalion of Highlanders. From 10 o'clock Monday morning until late in the afternoon bodies of infantry, cavalry and artillery continued to pour in from Aboukir and surrendered their arms, and there are many more to come. The Ironclad Minotaur, Sully and Inconstant, and the gunboats Falcon and Candor, sailed eastward and are now anchored off Aboukir. There are 2000 men of sailors and marines altogether, 23,000 men from various parts, who have made submission. At Kaf el Dwar the telegraph communications have been abolished. Abdullah Pasha has surrendered Damietta.

One of the Egyptian officers who surrendered explains that Arabi left his best soldiers at Kaf-el-Dwar, because he thought that the move on Ismailia was a ruse, and that the real attack of the British would be at Kaf-el-Dwar. It is reported that gunboats and troops have been ordered to operate against Abdullah Pasha, who is still holding Damietta. Train service on the railroad has been resumed and all stations will be occupied by the English.

The regiment which left Aboukir to join Abdullah Pasha at Damietta was Arabi Pasha's own, and numbered 500 men. While at Kaf-el-Dwar Arabi Pasha and his wife lived with his father, mother, sisters and brothers. Arabi Pasha ate and drank only what they prepared, as he believed the English had spies in his camp who wished to poison him.

**Abdullah Pasha,** the commander at Damietta, has been shot down by his own soldiers. Abdullah summoned his Black Regiment and said he expected them to fight till the last. He declared that Arabi had turned traitor and fled, but Kaf-el-Dwar was making heroic resistance. The soldiers asked why they should risk their lives for Arabi and Abdullah. The latter replied that they were not fighting for him, but for their religion, their country, their Caliph. They should be ready, he said, to die, as he was. The soldiers replied, "Then die," and shot him. A telegram is published here stating that, in consequence of some disorders in the Arab quarters of Cairo, Gen. Welsley has threatened, in case of their renewal, to open fire from the citadel.

The following general order has been issued and read at the head of every British regiment on their successive marches: "The general commanding in chief congratulates the army upon its brilliant success, crowned by the capture of Arabi Pasha and the surrender of Cairo. The general commanding in chief feels proud to place upon record the fact that the brilliant achievements of the campaign are to be attributed to the high courage and noble devotion of all ranks, called upon to show discipline under exceptional privations, show contempt for danger in battle, both officers and men have responded with zeal and alacrity, adding another chapter to the long roll of British victories."

**TURKEY.**  
The "Jarvah," a Turkish newspaper advises the Khedive to confiscate the property of the rebels and devote the proceeds to the indemnity of the sufferers from pillage and incendiarism.

**Lord Dufferin** Sept. 18th informed the Poets that the military operations of the British in Egypt had ceased, and that England was about to withdraw a portion of her troops. He left to the Sultan whether it is necessary to sign the Anglo-Turkish military convention.

**RUSSIA.**  
The Czar and Czarina both arrived at Moscow safely on the 23rd of September. An immense crowd lined the street through which they passed to Kremlin palace. They were received with the utmost enthusiasm.

The Czar started from St. Petersburg for Moscow on the night of Sept. 19th, probably for his coronation. All private telegraphic service and railway traffic in the direction of Moscow was suspended, and 30,000 troops stationed along the line. Absolute secrecy is maintained with regard to the facts and date of coronation.

**PORTUGAL.**  
A contract has been signed for laying a cable between Lisbon and the United States, touching at Azores.

**IRELAND.**  
A woman has been shot by a process server, near Gheenies, county Donegal, while resisting the seizure of her cattle. The process server has been arrested.

**ITALY.**  
King Humbert has conferred the decoration of the Order of Italy on Colonel J. Schuyler Crosby, late American Consul.

**MONTENEGRO.**  
A dispatch from Cattaro says: News has been received from a Cottar that a defensive and offensive alliance has been concluded between Russia and Montenegro.

**LITTLE FRITZ.**  
BY KATE RIRK.  
"Gustchen, I am so tired of living here, can we not go to the country as we did long ago? I would like to see the green fields and hear the birds sing."

"Little Fritz uttered the words in a weary tone, that sounded strange coming from his childish lips. 'The fields are covered with snow, dear, and we have no money,' replied the sister sadly.

"I know, little mother, for you spent it all when I was sick; but I was thinking of our money, and when the summer comes again we could go far away from the old lonely city."

"We have not earned enough to-day, Fritz. I am hoarse from singing, it is almost dark, and we have hardly earned enough to buy our supper."

"The people here do not care to listen to our music because they have grand concerts and theaters. No one ever speaks kindly to us, but in the country it is different."

Gustchen stroked the boy's cold hands, saying cheerfully: "Fritz, we must try to be patient while waiting for the great day when you will be a man and play in the orchestra like Herr Schmidt. I shall go to the theater, dressed in fine clothes, and when the audience shall applaud my brother how proud I shall feel."

"No Gustchen, you shall be on the stage, and you sing, the people will cry 'bravo' and throw flowers at your feet."

But Frau Humler says I cannot sing, the girl replied with a dubious shake of the head. "She is a cross old thing, Herr Schmidt knows all about music, and he says you have a beautiful voice. When you sang for me when I was sick, I often thought the angels' voices must be like yours."

This bright glimpse of an imaginary future caused the little musician to forget their present sorrows as they wended their way to their cheerless abode, chatting merrily.

The following morning, when they had eaten their scanty breakfast, the little mother said: "Fritz, it is to-day, I will go to the theater, perhaps he will allow me to sing for the gentlemen who eat their dinner there. I will try very hard to earn some money and come back early."

The boy looked wistfully into his sister's face, but made no answer, as she continued: "If you should become ill again, Frau Humler will send you to the hospital as she threatened to do before, and I could not be there to take care of you."

When he had found himself alone, he took his violin and sat for a couple of hours practicing the new air he was learning. Then he picked up a story book and tried to read, but soon grew tired of this pastime. Suddenly his pathetic little face brightened, as a happy idea flashed in his mind. Yes, he would go out and strive to earn money, he would go out to purchase for Gustchen one of those delicious little tarts he saw in a shop window the other day. He stood irresolute for a moment, for it was his custom to obey strictly his sister's injunctions; but the desire to procure a pleasant surprise for her overcame every scruple, and buttoning his well-worn jacket around his slight frame, he took his violin and went out into the cold pitiless storm.

Fritz had a purpose before him and paid no heed to the falling snow as he trudged along, stopping to play to an audience, and counting eagerly the pennies thrown by sympathetic pedestrians who hurried by, scarcely pausing to glance at the tiny musician.

At last he reached the place where the tarts were for sale. He did not know how much they would cost, but after gazing longingly through the window at the tempting display of delicacies, he ventured in and timidly asked for one, placing meanwhile, his hard earned pennies in a row on the counter. He was frightened at his own boldness, for he had never seen the tarts before, but the thought of Gustchen's pleased surprise gave him courage.

The proprietor, a good-natured German, eyed the small customer, and counting over the money said: "This is not enough my little man."

Observing the expression of disappointment on the child's face, added, kindly: "Play me a tune on your violin, and you shall have the tart."

Fritz gladly obeyed, and when he finished the air, took his coveted prize and crept out into the darkness again, with only such a happy little heart beating under his tattered jacket.

He had been so absorbed in his mission of love as not to notice how far he had wandered from home. As the child walked slowly along his ill-clad form was chilled and numb from the cold, and he grew more and more as the pall of gloom spread over the city. Reaching a square where the lamps were

gleaming brilliantly and sleighs filled the merry pleasure parties were dashing along at a reckless pace, he paused, fully realizing the danger of crossing the great thoroughfare; but beyond it Gustchen was perhaps waiting for him, wondering where he had gone. Taking a firmer grip on his treasures, his violin and the paper containing the tart, he attempted to pick his way through the passing vehicles.

His eyes were turned in one direction, and, in the blinding snow, he did not see the prancing, restless horses, terrified at the sound of the bells, that were no guardian angel at hand to prevent their coming nearer and nearer. Is there no guardian angel at hand to snatch him from the jaws of death?

The occupant of the sleigh saw the child's danger, and with herculean strength made a mighty effort to hold the horses back, knowing that one moment of time would prevent the little life from being extinguished forever.

At the lightning of the curb the frightened animal made a desperate plunge forward. Fritz turned, but it was too late to escape; there was no elasticity in the stiffened, half-frozen limbs when he attempted to spring aside. He was dazed with terror, and stretching forth his hands, called, "Gustchen! Little mother!" and the next instant was tripped under the horse's feet.

The animals, as if conscious of their fearful work, stopped suddenly. The driver jumped from the sleigh, and raising the mangled little body, placed it tenderly on the seat, wrapping the fur robes around it, and turning the horses in the direction whence they came, drove to a fine house on the avenue near by. The family physician was hastily summoned, and pronounced his injuries mortal. The accident was reported at the nearest police station, and from there telegraphed to the various precincts throughout the city, that in case the boy's friends should apply to the police they would be held where to find him.

Gustchen was alarmed when she returned and found Fritz was absent. Making enquiries she learned that no one had seen or heard of him for several hours. Frau Humler remarked that she could probably find him at the station-house as he had heard the police were ordered to arrest all street musicians.

The girl, whose heart throbbled painfully with an undefined dread, went to the station house, where news of the accident had just been received. The captain, seeing the lonely terrified child, advised her to have the father or mother of the boy go with her to the house where he was lying, badly wounded.

"If it is my Fritz whose life has been crushed out of him, he has no father, no mother, no one on earth to care for him, but me," she wailed, in tearful agony.

The address was given her, and she started out alone, with the mighty weight of an approaching desolation pressing heavily upon her. She was too much excited to be awed by the grandeur of the house, and when in answer to a violent pull at the bell, the door was opened, said, in trembling tones: "My brother—a little musician—is lost. They told me—"

"Yes, my child. Come in," replied a kindly voice, and she was drawn into a warm, light hall.

"Tell me, oh, tell me, it is not my Fritz?" she cried beseechingly, clasping her hands over her eyes, as if to shut out the horrible thoughts which forced themselves into her mind.

"I do not know the poor little fellow," she said. He has been asking for someone whom he calls 'little mother.'"

Gustchen uttered a low moan, and sank listless at the feet of the speaker. Tender hands applied restoratives, and presently the strong young life asserted itself. She opened her eyes, then closed them again as the memory of the terrible sorrow that had befallen her returned. When she grew more fully recovered, they took her to the elegantly furnished room where Fritz lay. Near him, on the bed, were his broken violin and the paper containing the tart.

The admission to be quiet was not necessary. Every thought of self was stifled, and she almost lunched in the bed devoted to the care of this fair-haired boy whom she loved with more than sisterly affection?

"They need not tell her to be quiet for his sake. Had she not, as far back as she could remember, borne privation and toil for his sake, that she might be enabled to procure a little of the sunshine of life in his path—very little, it is true—yet how willingly, how lovingly it had been given. Crushing back the agonized cry that rose to her lips when she saw him, she bent over him and tenderly kissed the innocent young face on which the death dew had already gathered.

"Gustchen, are you pleased because I brought you the tart? I earned the money all by myself. I went a long way and was very cold and tired. Sleep to me, little mother, I want to sleep. When I wake—"

As she opened speaking Gustchen knelt beside the bed and sang a plaintive German air she knew Fritz loved. "Those who heard never forgot the sound of the strangely choking tones as the weird melody flowed from her lips, and eyes unused to weeping shed tears of heartfelt pity. Towards morning she had fallen asleep. Her last words were: "Little mother, the angels know our songs—I hear them singing."

When Gustchen realized that the life had gone out forever from the mangled little body, her grief was beyond all consolation. Fritz was buried from the mansion where he died, and Gustchen was never allowed to return to her desolate home, for she was adopted by the gentleman who had been the unwilling cause of so much suffering and grief.

In the years which followed she became a great singer, but never, even in the midst of her greatest triumph, could she shut out from her mental vision the picture of the gorgeously furnished room, the invalid bedstead with its blue satin coverlet, and on it the fragile form of the little musician clothed with rags and covered with dirt, his golden curls tangled over his pallid brow, and the broken violin at his side.

Good manners are the only oil with which to keep the complex machinery of social life in good working order. A fire in Dubuque on the morning of Sept. 18th, destroyed a building belonging to Christian Schloth, and formerly used as an oat-mill. It was insured for \$40,000.

**PROOF POSITIVE.**  
We have the most powerful and convincing proof that "TOMAS' OREGON OIL" is a most effective specific for bodily pain. In cases of rheumatism and neuralgia it gives instantaneous relief.

**LOVE IN THE LANE.**

A happy hush over steps of a bang. With scarce a slyly bustling foot. The fields of amber grain among. To set the gray boards rustling. As down the lane I strayed with Bess, Shy glances interchanging Beneath a spell of bashfulness. That was almost a estranging.

But when her waist I sought to take, Her figure closer bringing. A brow thrush from the hazel brake. Burst into joyous singing! And when, mused, a kiss I took, Ere yet a word was spoken, The whole world into voice awoke, As though the spell was broken.

Then "crinkle, crinkle" cried the eye, The winds about it playing; "Aha, aha!" in blithe reply The barley tops were saying; The ranks of corn, in airy glee, Their phantom hands were clapping; Whist! "Encore" from a neighboring tree A woodpecker kept rapping.

Hot to her cheek, as though a throng Of witnesses were peeping, To let the world know all were wrong, She murmured, almost weeping, But when we drew from out the lane, Wherein I told love's story, She smiled to think the waving grain Should celebrate our glory.

For mingled with the plaudits clear That bearded rials were calling, There, twinkling, came into the air The sound of water falling. From where the brook, with many a bound, Its silver pad was bounding; And soft I felt, 'twas the sound Of marriage bells, ringing!

**A ROYAL CHAIN.**  
She sat on a gray stone, very close to the low, sobbing music of the waves, looking far out on old Ocean's crested billows, her dimpled cheek resting in one soft pain, while a far away look beamed in her passionate, soul-thrilling eyes.

Elsie Snow had had her dream of love, but it had receded farther and still farther a ray from her, until it had almost faded from sight.

Three years ago Gerald Bontelle had spent the summer in the village of Castleton, regarding his health, lost by a severe indisposition, and making love to and winning a heart that was far too pure and confiding for association with such a man.

It had been the same sweet, beguiling story told by the gray rock, the same worthless promises, the same heart-breaking parting, that are so familiar to all, and with many a sad experience.

For one year innocent Elsie looked for his coming with faithful trusting, waiting for a word from the absent one.

He was not false, Elsie thought, but dead. He would never return to her, but she could go to him with the lingering dew of the first love-kiss fresh upon her lips.

Did she regret the bright summer that had come and gone, leaving only an aching void?

No, no far from it. Had Gerald Bontelle, with his irresistible beauty, never crossed her path the throne in her heart had been erected for naught; the crown-jewel, studded with devotion and faith, left to crumble away and form a ruin and tenantless edifice.

The fanny waves crept higher and higher, until they almost lunched the form of her dainty muslin dress, while the spray dashed a shower of sparkling diamonds over the dark-haired maiden, still looking out and dreaming of the future—not an earthly future, but a bright hereafter far up and beyond the blue sky that seemed to dip its arms round in the dancing waves.

A tiny white speck caught Elsie's eye, and she watched it mechanically as it came nearer to the shore.

Soon the low, mournful boom of a signal-gun announced a ship in distress.

In an instant the fearful storm of the night before occurred to her mind, and she knew full well that his must be a noble ship that had received its death-warrant from the old storm-king, and was aimlessly drifting with the tide.

By the time the second gun had sounded its mournful call, the beach was thronged with eager villagers, ready to do and dare to save the lives on the doomed ship.

The boats were soon launched, manned, and ready to start—in fact, were pushing off when Elsie sprang forward, begging to go with them.

There was no danger, she argued, and she might possibly be of some assistance.

The slightest wish of little Snowbird, as the villagers called her, was an unquestionable command to them, and she was permitted to go.

They soon reached the ship and Elsie was lifted on board, eager to do something to prove to all that they could not have gotten along without her.

Down in the cabin all was confusion. Each was anxious to be first to leave the sinking ship,