EUGENE CITY GUARD

LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE.

A German colonel, Mokeln Bey, has been appointed commander of police at Alexandria.

Mrs. Scoville's lecture at Hamilton, Ont., was postponed, only thirty persons being present.

The Montreal, Canada, board of trade and council, have prepared and approved a memorial on free canals.

Near Skibbereen, Ireland, on the 23d, a farmer was stabbed by a party of men. His wounds are dangerous.

The Paris municipality have passed a vote in favor of the demolition of the encircling fortifications of the city.

Sol Eille, the French traveler, has taken possession of Tajovrin, on the gulf of Aden, ceded to him by the sultan.

William Waldorf Astor, American minister to Rome, was received by King Humbert in a very distinguished manner.

Albert Pell, member of parliament, has started for America to inspect and inquire into a large cattle ranch of his in the west.

At Burlington, Vt., several lumber mills and the Pioneer iron foundry burned on the 22d. The loss is probably over $50,000.

In recognition of his service in Egypt the emperor of Germany has presented the Duke of Connaught with the order of Frederick the Great.

Captain Courtenay, of the fishing schooner G. W. Smith, was murdered on the 21st in Halifax, N. S., by one of his crew, Alfred Beaubellier.

The corner stone of the Baltimore post-office, which is to cost nearly $5,000,000, was laid on the 21st by Grand Master Tyson with a golden trowel.

A Buffalo man, giving the name of James T. Watson, swindled two Philadelphia bankers out of $51,000 by means of two checks raised each from $17.

The third annual meeting of the Boot and Shoe Manufacturers' Association of the United States was held on the 21st in Boston. The attendance was meagre.

Gen. Thomas Reynolds, of Madison, Wis., has been held in $3000 bail by the United States court for signing names of dead men to pension papers and drawing money thereon.

At Denton's mill, Little Rock, Ark., on the 20th, John M. Walker and Albert Crutchfield, farmers, had a stabbing affray. Both were terribly mutilated, Walker died and Crutchfield is believed to be mortally wounded.

The St. Louis limited express was wrecked on the 22d, 30 miles east of Columbus, O., by a rail laid across the track. The entire train, including baggage, passenger and sleeping cars, was thrown down the embankment 30 feet. Nobody was killed.

Ex-Gov. Stanford, of California, has leased Wm. H. Vanderbilt's old residence on Fifth avenue, near Forty-third street, N. Y., for $1000 per month. He will give a series of receptions and entertainments during the winter.

Thomas Laeman, 13 years of age, a cash boy in Jordan, Marsh & Co.'s establishment, Boston, with his sister and brother, have, by the death of an uncle, Michael Laeman, a broker in Melbourne, Australia, fallen heir to his entire fortune, amounting to £2,000,000. The children, who have no parents, will be educated at St. Johns, N. B.

Dr. Collins, of Minneapolis, brother of Jerome J. Collins, of the Jeannette expedition, is in Washington. He charges Melville and DeLong with ill-treating his brother, and says that the former, after finding the bodies of DeLong and his party, used vile epithets toward his brothers body. He also says that if Melville had so desired he could have rescued DeDong and his men. Melville denied this before the investigating committee.

A fire occurred in Providence, R. I., on the 21st, in a large building occupied principally by jewellers. Forty operatives were employed in the upper stories, twenty of whom were young women and girls. The stairway being on fire, the only means of escape was by jumping to the roof of a building 20 feet below, the buildings standing 15 feet apart. Several fell short and were killed or badly crippled. Six have died, and the injuries of others will prove fatal.

Thurlow Weed died on the morning of the 22d. The New York Tribune of that date gives the following account of his last hours on earth: Surrounded by his weeping children, physicians, nurses and all his household, Hon. Thurlow Weed, veteran journalist and statesman, breathed his last at 8:55 this morning. Just before passing away Mr. Weed groped with his right hand around the bed as though he sought his children's hands. His granddaughter took the extended hand, felt a soft pressure and the next moment he was dead.

The New York Herald, of Nov. 235, editorially says: The man who doubts that John Roach is the real power behind all congressional committees that have anything to do with our navigation laws has not yet learned much of the true inwardness of things, but it is nevertheless startling to find him openly bullying the commission as he did Tuesday. It was quite natural that he should treat the commission as his own, for although he may not be able to control each individual member, his experience with different congresses justifies him in feeling that the commission as a whole was appointed solely to protect and advance his interest. Nevertheless when he insisted upon knowing who Captain Codman was and what business he had before the commission, we think he made a mistake. Roach would naturally prefer that every man who knows anything that conflicts with Roach's views of American maritime felicity, should be either kicked from the door of the commission room or tossed out of the window if he succeeds in smuggling himself in. But unfortunately some trifling concession must be made. Roach should not allow himself to become angry without a cause. However he needs only to hold his tongue and temper until the commission makes its report. Then he will probably find that he is still boss of what is left of American shipping.

Carmel Caragdel, French journalist, is dead.

The old mill building of the New Hartford Cotton Co., at Utica, N. Y., has burned. The insurance, $50,000, nearly covers the loss.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Co., at a meeting in New York on the 22d, with the land syndicate, decided to sell 8,000,000 acres of land east of the Missouri river at $4 per acre.

At New Tyler, Tex., six prisoners escaped jail through the carelessness of the guard. Three were recaptured. A negro murderer seized a guard's pistol and escaped.

The First National bank of Denver, has sent out circulars stating that its mails have been robbed every month for the last year, at some point between Denver and New York.

Charles Moore and Bernard O'Neill were arrested in Philadelphia on the 22d, charged with robbing the house of Hugh McNeill of bonds and papers valued at $15,000.

Walley, counsel for the Joyce family murderers, has forwarded to the viceroy a memorial praying for commutation of sentences in the case of the five prisoners who pleaded guilty.

An entertainment at Boston, in aid of the widow of John Brown, was contributed to by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Madame Schetler, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Geo. Heuschell, and realized about $230.

There is trouble among the New York police. Some of the patrolmen and captains refuse to recognize the new superintendent, and he has dismissed them, but they have possession of the station houses and will not give them up.

Investigation into the poor asylum fire at Halifax is finished. The jury found the fire accidental, but censured the asylum authorities for not providing for the escape of helpless inmates in the hospital ward at the top of the building.

Ludwick Sallemeyer, a cabinet maker with Murrick & Roberts, discovered that bonds and cash to the amount of $4071 had been stolen from his trunk on the 23d. Suspicion falls on his room mate, Chas. Pope, who has left mysteriously.

Wm. Buchanan and his accomplices in the seizure of Clydesdale horses at Alexis, are now being held in $1200 bonds each for conspiracy and $700 each for false imprisonment. Robert Holloway has also sued them for $100,000 for slander and the same amount for trespass.

Robert Mayfield and Alex. King, colored, were lowered into the stack of a furnace at Birmingham, Ala., on the 22d, to make some repairs. The fire was supposed to be dead, but the fumes overcame them and they dropped upon the hot ore below and were burned to cinders.

Hopkins Hughes and Polk Rochfort, were instantly killed, and James Roberts, Wm. Hughes and Thos. Watkins, a contractor, probably fatally injurned at Scranton, Pa., on the 22d by a mass of accumulated ice falling to the bottom of the shaft of the Ford colliery where the men were at work.

Gov. Stanford's California filly, Hinda Ross, two years old, trotted half a mile over the track of the Gentleman's Driving park, New York, on the 22d, in 1:10¼. The track was not fast owing to the frost in the morning and the sun of the afternoon. She was timed by John Murphy and driven by Marvin.

A band of Piegans swooped down on a party of Crow scouts near Fort Custer recently and ran off thirty ponies. In the fight which followed, two Piegan soldiers were killed. United States troops will be kept in motion in that region this winter, and the Canadian mounted police are working in unison with them.

Miss Emma Bond, of Taylorsville, Ill., was carried into the grand jury room in a chair on the 22d, her father not being allowed to accompany her. Her examination lasted three hours, when she was seized with a violent nervous attack, requiring the presence of her physician. She told the full story of the terrible outrage upon her.

Seth Green requests to announce that the New York state fish commission has just deposited in the state hatchery fine lots of salmon trout spawn. The commission will take orders till March 1st for the distribution of brook trout, California trout, black bass, Oswego bass, rock bass, yellow perch and bullheads. All persons wishing fish for the purpose of stocking public waters are requested to send their applications to Green at Rochester.

The second performance of Victor Hugo's "Le Roi D'Amuse," was given in Paris on the 22d. The first performance took place fifty years ago. President Grevy, members of the cabinet, Gambetta, the Duke D'Amale, the Grand Duke Vladmier, many Bonapartists and representatives of every class were present. The scenery was perfect and the performance a great success and enthusiasticaly received. Victor Hugo occupied a box in the theater.

A report prepared by Borelli Bey, public prosecutor, in which he summarizes the evidence directly connecting Arabi Pasha and other rebel leaders with the burning of Alexandria and the massacre of Europeans, was submitted to the khedive and approved. It will be presented to Lord Dufferin. It is understood the Egyptian government is prepared to leave it to Great Britain to decide whether the evidence is sufficient for proceeding with the trial on the evidence specified in the report.

A Columbus, Ohio, dispatch of Nov. 25d, says: The great marvel in the accident yesterday still is the small number who received anything like serious injuries. A later examination shows the following persons received slight wounds: Mrs. C. J. Kennedy, Junction City, Kansas, right arm bruised; Harry Wield, residence unknown, cut in the forehead; Baggage Master Burris, of the wrecked train, hand smashed; James Lowry, brakeman, hand cut; George Smith, colored, postal car porter, shoulder hurt; Engineer Stone had one foot hurt. Mrs. Dr. Summersly, of New York, a passenger en route to Leadville, rendered great service to the injured before other physicians arrived. The track was cleared and trains were running at 9 o'clock this morning. Detectives have been placed in charge of the place to ferret out the party who placed the rail on the track.

A Perilous Industry.

The history of the Gloucester fisheries shows that the industry is one of the most perilous in the world. A table of the losses for the past fifty-two years shows that during that time, 419 vessels and 2240 lives have been lost. The total value of the vessels lost was $1,810,710, and on this loss there was an insurance of $14,35,418. The greatest number of vessels lost in any one year was in 1873, the number being thirty one. The next greatest numbers are twenty-nine in 1879 and twenty-seven in 1876. The greatest number of lives lost in one year was 249, in 1879. In 1876 the loss of lives was 212, and in 1873 it was 174. Gloucester has a larger proportion of widows and orphans in its population than any other city or town in the United States, and their support is a heavy public burden. A fishing schooner, rounding Eastern Point with her flag set at half mast, telling that some one, or more than one, of those who went out with her on that trip will never return, is a very common and melancholy sight, setting hundreds of hearts ashore a-quiver for fear it may be their dear ones who are lost. Many and thrilling are the stories of disaster, death and marvelous escape from death told in the annals of the fisheries. It was a terrible night off Cape Cod, that of January 2, 1878, when five vessels were lost in a snowstorm, and from the two largest not a soul was saved. The crew of the schooner Powwow, of Provincetown, endured terrible sufferings. At 4 o'clock A. M. the fishermen found their vessel drifting helplessly to the lee shore of Wellfleet. As their cable parted they tried to run the vessel through the surface, but she struck in the outer breakers. Their signal of distress was soon extinguished. They then set the kerosene afire, and an answering signal was soon heard from the life-saving station. In the course of half an hour they saw a horse and cart moving along the beach, bearing the patent rescue gun. A long hour passed and no other sign of succor appearing, their hopes fell. They were drenched with icy water and so benumbed with cold that they could hardly cling to the rigging. One muscular fellow was three times washed away from the vessel. Twice he regained his hold, but the third time his strength failed and he was lost. One poor boy named James Downling, whose home was in Boston, succumbed to the cold. "I can't stand it any longer, captain," said he; "I am going to die." When last seen by the survivors he was lying in the lee scuppers, his head hanging listlessly to one side, his hair matted with ice, and his arms clutching in their death grip a coil of frozen rope. At last the captain whispered hoarsely, "Good-bye, boys, I shall try for the shore. May God keep me for my poor wife's sake." A dory was got over the side, but was instantly crushed. Captain Caton then tore off the cabin skylight, and heaving it overboard, sprang after it. It was soon wrenched from his grasp, but he struggled and reached the shore, twice he stood erect on the sand, but the undertow was too powerful, and he was drawn under the surf. The ten men who remained on the vessel were rescued by the life-saving men, who had vainly been trying to save the crew of the other wreck.

William Black and His Method of Work.

If Mr. William Black were an Irishman, I should feel inclined to pay tribute to his nationality by saying that he is most at home when he is out; which is an easy way of saying it, all the same. It is difficult to tell where he is most at home—on the deck of a yacht in the Northern seas; tramping the cliffs at Brighton; studying character in the United States and astronomy in Egypt; brooding over a favorite landscape in an artist's studio; talking politics at the Reform Club; or doing the honors of Paston House. I have seen him under most of these conditions, and have always found him the same pleasant, sympathetic companion, the same thoughtful, unostentatious, quick-witted gentleman. Tightly built, lithe of limb, strong in the arm, capable of great physical endurance, the novelist is nevertheless below the medium height. Short black hair, a thick brown mustache, a dark hazel eye, a firm mouth, a square forehead, Black gives you the idea of compact strength—a small parcel, so to speak, well packed. You might sooner take him for an artillery officer who had seen service, a yachtsman, or a man who spent most of his life in out-door sports and pastimes, than set him down as an author, and particularly as a novelist.

Black might pass for a member of any profession except the clerical, or for an ordinary gentleman of the time, until you came to know him well enough to talk to him familiarly, and then you would find, as you always do in men who have made a mark on the current history of the times, in whatever direction, something extraordinary in his talk and in his appearance. You would first be impressed with the bead-like brightness of his eye, and its steadfastness; and then you would probably be struck with the fact, if you were traveling with him, that every bit of natural phenomena going on around him is an object of constant interest to him; that he knows the names of the birds you see and their habits; if you are at a sea-port, that he knows every class of craft, and the name of every rope in its rigging; if you are talking of art, or literature, or politics, that he has strong, well-formed opinions, and that he is perfectly frank and open in expressing them; and, moreover, that if you do not want to talk, he can be silent as an oyster;

It is in these moments of quiet that Black is busiest. His Muse is reflective. She indulges in long periods of incubation. At these times the novelist is possessed not by one spirit, but by many, by spirits both good and evil; and not only by spirits, but by plots, and not only by plots, but by words and sentences.

"My method of work, he says, in answer to my inquiries, "is, I think, a pernicious one, and I should be sorry to have it mentioned if it were to lead any young aspirants for literary fame to adopt it. Every man has his own way of working, and mine, I repeat, is most objectionable, and a way I warn young men to avoid. From now on until October in every year I write nothing, hardly put pen to paper except in the way of a private letter, or to make an occasional note. But I am at work on my next novel. I put it into complete shape, even to the very construction of some of my sentences. I often keep these in my mind for two or three months. I am thus always ahead of my writing to the last. Of course the method has this advantage: 'You can 'work in' any incidents or circumstances occurring in the interval that may suit you, and you get familiar with your characters; they become, as it were, part of your family, part of your daily life, which seems to me the awful part of the business; working in this way, you have your story continually on your mental shoulders, a Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea."

We are at the novelist's chambers overlooking the Thames embankment. It is April. The afternoon is warm, the atmosphere is gray. Sitting with his back to the window, my host turns now and then as if to let his thoughts wander down the river with the vessels that pass to and fro—now a lumbering barge, now a penny steamer, now a tug towing along a sort of aquatic procession.

"Do you make a summary or precis of your story before you begin to write?"

"Not on paper."

"Do you make notes of scenery, localities, atmospheric effects?"

"Yes, often very elaborate and careful notes, and especially in regard to atmospheric surroundings. If one does not completely frame a character or incident with all the circumstances of the time and place, one gets only a blurred page. For example, one may say: 'It was a beautiful day.' But what kind of a beautiful day? It must be described, so that the picture shall be truthful and finished. Every human being in real life has a background, and must have in a novel it the story is to appear real to the reader."

"There is nothing more charming in fiction or in essay writing," I feel impelled to add, "than the artistic use of natural effects in the illustration of character, and the development and exhibition of incident, tragic or otherwise; the pathos that may belong to a gray morning or an evening mist, when woven in with a sad thought or tender episode, must have often touched you who are so great a student of nature's moods?"—Joseph Hatton, in Harper's Magazine for December.

The Self Helping Baby.

An English gentleman, who passed many months hunting among the Rocky mountains, says his first genuine impression of the west came while he was riding over an arid plain and from a squealing baby. It revealed to him the ingenuity with which a western woman adapts herself to circumstances, and makes the most of her limited resources, "There was nothing," he says, "very peculiar about the appearance of this baby that I saw just ahead of me. It was not overburdened with garments, and was strapped in Indian fashion to a board about two feet long and one foot broad.

"The board and the baby were leaning against the log wall of a frontier shanty on its shady side. There was nobody near. The baby seemed very happy. Its little arms were free and kept up constant movement.

"As my horse came nearer, I saw that some strings were dangling about the baby's neck, and that one was tied to the big toe of one of its rosy little feet.

"I was puzzled. Dismounting, I had the curiosity to examine the tape arrangement. The child was sucking at a bit of raw pork, about the size of a large walnut. This was tied to one end of the string, while the other end was fastened to the child's feet. A second piece of twine, knotted to the board over its head, prevented the pork from falling to the ground, should the child drop it.

"Suddenly the baby grew very red in the face. Then its eyes filled with tears, and its little arms beat the air with frantic energy. At that moment the mother made her appearance.

"'That baby is choking, madam,' I cried.

"'No, he ain't, and he can't,' she replied, tersely.

"At this instant the infantile legs began to work. One kick, two kicks, and there on the bib lay the piece of pork, jerked from the baby's throat by the string tied to the big toe.

"'Ain't you ever seen this afore mister? asked the mother observing the Englishman's surprised looks.

"'No—o—o,' he answered slowly.

"'Then kind o' remembrance it. Mayhaps yer wife won't go back on it.'

"Several years have passed since that day. I have seen that baby in a hundred different guises. From sheer habit it has become with me a sort of standard wherewith to gauge novel instances of the three qualities of Western men—and women—self-help, self-confidence and adaptability.

PITY THE POOR GIRLS.—When a young man kisses his girl good-night about 1:30 A. M., he may have nearly a mile to walk before reaching his home, and he envies his girl, who he supposes jumps into bed and is fast asleep ten minutes after he leaves the house. He doesn't know that she must first fish seventy-nine hair-pins out of her head, one at a time, and twist her hair up into bits of paper so that it will crimp nicely next day, and that he is in bed snoring before she turns off the gas. If he was aware of this fact, perhaps he would leave earlier.

STUDYING TO BE A DOCTOR.—The most learned woman in the world is Miss Ramnabal, a young lady of twenty, who is now in Paris. She is a native of India, and can read and write and talk in twelve languages, having a wonderful gift in that way, besides being up in mathematics, astronomy and history. She is studying medicine, and will go to India to practice, where she says that thousands of her countrywomen die every year because they will not consult male physicians.

A COSTLY PIECE OF LACE.—At the Fan and Lace Exhibition now being held at the Aquarium in Brighton, England, is shown a magnificent antique rose Venetian point flounce, which measures over six yards in length, and is nearly three-quarters of a yard wide. It is in splendid condition, and its value is estimated at over 1000 guineas; it is believed to be the finest specimen of this lace in the world, certainly the best in Europe. It has been heavily insured while on view.

HUNTING THE QUAIL.

There is one remark that my former fr[illegible] Jibbley is continually and forever making [illegible] is: "There is no pleasure in life comparab[illegible] chasing a flock of quail through the crisp[illegible] ing air of a September morning and dro[illegible] bird after bird with an ounce and a eig[illegible] number nine." You might infer from th[illegible] Jibbley is a thoroughbred sportman. [illegible] the mistake I made.

I never liked guns much. I know i[illegible] dangerous and I don't like to see them [illegible] especially when people are so careless. [illegible] would have been owned by one if it had [illegible] for Jibbley. He dinned his infernal [illegible] into my ears until I really believed t[illegible] hunting was not a kind of penance f[illegible] sinners to suffer. I consented to buy [illegible] condition that he would pick it out [illegible] knows all about guns just as Croc[illegible] all about pictures, only Jibbley bo[illegible] by the pound instead of feet. My [illegible] hundred and forty dollars, that is [illegible] a pound. After he had bought it [illegible] "hefted" it I wanted to know if [illegible] didn't come with it, whereat he la[illegible] patronizing conceit. When the gu[illegible] trements and all that were packe[illegible] quite an imposing heap. When [illegible] man arrived at the house my w[illegible] kissed me fondly and thanked m[illegible] sofa bedstead. When I told her [illegible] gun she seized our son and hei[illegible] the front door. We had a moi[illegible] and I agreed to store the gun in [illegible] where its apparently certain c[illegible] not dismember us.

It was in the wood-shed th[illegible] temporarily enshrined. It w[illegible] use to tell the servant girl [illegible] yellow fever specimen from T[illegible] al machine to kill Stoneman[illegible] tired of the place anyhow, sh[illegible] we have a Chinaman. We h[illegible] Chinaman before and I am i[illegible] he will discover the powder a[illegible] crackers. My wife is sure [illegible] propensity will induce him [illegible] first opportunity and ha[illegible] Things are not so harmon[illegible] but after I have been hunt[illegible] ing her pearly teeth in th[illegible] young plump quail, as J[illegible] come around. We settle[illegible] the particular day on wh[illegible] the turbulent quail to h[illegible] wife finally, after much ar[illegible] forego a fire engine in fr[illegible] we loaded the cartridges, [illegible] went on a visit to their [illegible] bley and I loaded; that [illegible] He did the rest with the [illegible] the facile and truly spo[illegible] which he talked of choke[illegible] "bagging seven dozen [illegible] luck," quite fired my[illegible] killed a quail then and[illegible]

I felt like the porter [illegible] tramped on the O[illegible] cartridges and gun w[illegible] when I left the hous[illegible] them seven blocks th[illegible] five pounds more an[illegible] went to the Galindo [illegible] the night. We look[illegible] dias and got all the [illegible] cerning the America[illegible] cated. I read all t[illegible] that they would be [illegible] day.

We started at t[illegible] o'clock. Jibbley i[illegible] the ground by s[illegible] Temescal Canyon [illegible] bley said "hist!" [illegible] got out and nois[illegible] He climbed the f[illegible] ute afterward th[illegible] the most remark[illegible] ing diminuendo [illegible] wiped his persp[illegible] had killed it. [illegible] marking that th[illegible] get that deer ye[illegible] lost the deer, b[illegible] To tell the truth [illegible] that it was a do[illegible] shot nor heard [illegible]

We got to th[illegible] contemplated [illegible] glass door for [illegible] ered the hous[illegible] mered at anoth[illegible] old man. Hope[illegible] anybody was [illegible]

Jibbley expl[illegible] that there had been no accident. "We[illegible] merely out after birds," he said jocosely.

"Don't you[illegible] chickens," said the old brute.

"Nonsens[illegible] on a quail hunt," said Jibbley. T[illegible] man said something about quail hunt[illegible] torch-light, and went off to disentangle[illegible] our horse from the harness, in which a dr[illegible] hostler had mixed him up in the most [illegible] fashion.

"How l[illegible] will it be before it's light enough to see" [illegible] Jibbley.

"Hour[illegible] half."

We sat[illegible] wn to wait. We nodded and fell asleep. [illegible] sun was shining hotly, glaringly into my [illegible] when I awoke. I felt as if my backbon[illegible] had been abducted and the left side of the r[illegible] chair inserted. I awoke Jibbley an[illegible] old him that if we did not hurry the quail w[illegible] ld hear of his arrival and flee to the inacces[illegible] le wilds of the next county. I felt ugly an[illegible] sarcastic.

The [illegible] man had been plowing down in a field bel[illegible] the house for two hours. We asked him if [illegible] was a good country to hunt quail in. He sa[illegible] there never was a better. We went a mile [illegible] so up a hill and across a brook. Jibbley d[illegible] clared that he saw quail tracks, and cocked both barrels. Being perfectly familiar with [illegible] e use of the breech-loading shot-gun, I cocke[illegible] both barrels of mine. We walked stealthily along until I unexpectedly fired at someth[illegible] ing. I don't know what it was, but I fired. I also deliberately lied to Jib. I was not going to tell him that I pulled the left-hand trigger in letting down the right-hand hammer. I told him that it was a large bird that wooped out of a tree. He suggested a hawk and I was sure of it.

It was an excellent place to hunt quail. We tramped four miles in a round-about fashion and never saw the faintest fringe of the ultimate feather of one. As we surmounted a high ridge Jibbley grew ecstatic and pointed to a curious structure made of sticks of wood. To me it looked like a wreck and ruin of at least six winters. Jibbley however declared that it was a quail trap and there were birds there. As he spoke there came clear and distinct the chirrup of a quail far across the valley on a densely wooded hill, steeper than the prices at Platt's Hall fair. We went for it. In two hours we had nearly reached it. We were covered impartially with perspiration, wood ticks and scratches; also dirt. The brush stuck closer than a brother, and grew about four feet above our heads. Most of the time I could not see four feet ahead of me. During the balance I could see three.

We were stopping to rest when I heard a whizz like a cannon ball on a picnic, or a buzz-saw sprung loose. I jumped two feet in the air. Jibbley assured me it was not a rattlesnake, but a quail. He further said: "We are right amongst 'em."

If there is any particular felicity attached to being "right amongst 'em," it is a sealed book to me. As soon as they had got done inspecting us they took their departure, as we could tell by their noise. What they looked like I was totally unable to tell until I got to the market. We waited until they had all gone and then we went. We returned to the Fish ranch and ate in gloomy hunger and aching fatigue. The old man did not ask us how many we had, and our hands are as free from human gore as they are from quails'. He evidently wanted to, but he didn't have the nerve.

Jibbley lost his sportsmanlike air as we reached the hotel in Oakland. He insisted on changing his clothes throughout and removing all vestiges of our foray and temporary profession. Then he took me for a walk, and before I knew it he had slipped into the back door of the market and said he guessed five dozen would be enough for both of us. He took three dozen, and I two. Then we went home on the five o'clock boat, and Jibbley remarked to a friend on board, with an off-hand hunting manner that I secretly [illegible] mired, that we had had fair sport, but not [illegible] ing a dog had not bagged more than half [illegible] birds. I ventured a little about "popping [illegible] over," but having stupidly answered that [illegible] used number five instead of nine, a grin[illegible] little hoodlum with a cigarette wanted to k[illegible] if we killed them in a bowling alley.

When I got home my wife fell on my b[illegible] with true wifely devotion, and wept as I [illegible] saw her weep before. She particularized [illegible] agony and suspense of each moment of my [illegible] sence so that I felt like a hero and—a b[illegible] (Jibbley afterward suggested that she was [illegible] fool, and we do not speak now). The [illegible] she declared she could not eat; first, bec[illegible] she hated quail, and, secondly, because [illegible] were spoiled; a phenomenon doubtless due [illegible] the salt air of the bay, which affected them [illegible] crossing.

I have never been quail hunting since. I [illegible] not expect to go again, especially as I have [illegible] posed of my gun and accontrements for [illegible] There are other unsophisticated Nimrods w[illegible] are going after quail as I did, however, and [illegible] rush into print only in order to advise the[illegible] as *Punch* advised young men about to marry—"Don't."—*Harry Dam, in the Wasp.*

MODERN EGYPT.

Egypt is the most interesting of countries, because it is probably the oldest. We borrow from it nearly all our arts and sciences, and have only improved on what the Egyptians have taught us. Our alphabet and the art of writing came from the banks of the Nile. It was carried to Phœnicia, then to Greece and Rome, then to Europe and America. The Egyptians invented the lever, by which all engines are moved, and electricity and steam made useful. Egyptian glass-makers, goldsmiths, painters, weavers, builders and stone cutters, miners, gardeners, and even poets and historians, have taught their arts to all Western nations; Moses studied in the Egyptian colleges, and Joseph and his father looked upon its pyramids and temples with wonder.

The land of Egypt is a deposit of mud brought down by the floods of the Nile from middle Africa. Every year the river overflows its banks and renews the fertility of the soil by a new deposit, and these regular inundations have been so provided for by embankments and canals as to be seldom dangerous. The Nile scarcely ever sweeps away the flocks and harvests of the farmers, like the Mississippi.

This flat land of mud rests on rocks and sand. On each side of it is a desert, bare, hot and stifling. A desert divides it from Asia. It is isolated from the world, and here for several thousand years the Egyptian Pharaohs ruled over an obedient people, and their people invented and practiced those useful arts which they were afterward to teach others. The first king of Egypt is supposed to have been Menes; he reigned about 3000 B. C. Thirty-one dynasties of kings follow Menes, and the Egyptian kingdom had lasted more than two thousand and five hundred years when it was conquered by Alexander the Great.

The Egyptians were a dark colored race, and came probably from Asia. They lived alone on the banks of the Nile, shut out from the world. All Europe was then a wilderness filled with wild beasts and a few savage men. Asia was waste and desolate. The savage people who surrounded Egypt were like our American Indians, ignorant and treacherous. Had they been able, they would have broken in upon the industrious Egyptians, sacked and burned their cities, and robbed them of all they possessed. They would have destroyed temples and palaces, houses and gardens, ships and factories, and left us without any of the Egyptian inventions and improvements. But fortunately the deserts and the sea, for many thousand years at least, kept the savages away. The country grew rich and flourishing; the banks of the Nile were lined with fine farms, as fertile of those of Kansas or Dakota. The wheat was full and white. The gardens of Egypt produced beans, onions, cabbages, and were filled with flowers. Countless towns and cities sprang up along the Nile. Some of them were as large, perhaps, as Chicago or New York. The rich land swarmed with people. The families of the Egyptians lived in comfortable houses; the children were usually taught in the temples to read and write; all were taught to work; they were well dressed and very neat; and when Joseph governed the land with discretion and good sense, there was no part of the western world that could equal the intelligence and civilization of Egypt. Its cities, temples, palaces, farms and gardens were the wonder of the ancient historians.

To-day Egypt is an impoverished country, distracted by civil war. Alexandria, once one of the most magnificent cities of the world, lies in ashes, and the people throughout the land are suffering all the horrors of famine amidst their plundered and ruined homes. Long ages of misrule and ignorance have brought the fruitful and prosperous land to this terrible condition. In the days of Joseph the armies of Egypt might have withstood the world. Now the conqueror is at her gates, disorder rages within, and peace and prosperity can return to her borders only under the protection of a foreign power.

NEILSON'S NOSE.

A Cleveland man writing about Mary Anderson had the iconoclastic audacity to describe her as smoking a cigarette and daintily ejecting saliva through her pearly teeth "just like a man." He says that when he went to the theater a few hours afterward and saw her delicately wooing "Ingomar," the memory of the smoking scene quite destroyed for him the theatrical illusion.

This recalls a not dissimilar incident which took place at the California theater on the occasion of the second visit to this city of the lamented Adelaide Neilson. Among her most enthusiastic admirers was a well known lawyer, who sat nightly under the shadow of the footlights and watched greedily her every movement through the dreamily romantic spooning of the balcony scene. One evening he obtained the privilege of an introduction and was taken behind the scenes by Barton Hill to be presented. The balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet* was in progress. On a high plank platform which formed the second floor of the Capulet mansion sat Mrs. Juliet, placidly risking her neck. Neilson was outside. With her eyes moist with affecting tears, her voice trembling, and her bosom heaving with young love's emotion, she was bidding farewell to "Romeo." The lawyer loved her madly as she rose from her kneeling position; was more than ever enamored as she leaned against the window-casing; and glared at her with the fond fixity of a ridge-pole tom-cat until she stepped inside, grabbed her handkerchief in one hand and her handkerchief in the other and blew her affectionate nose with great violence and chagrin.

When the succession of snorts had subsided she opened her beautiful lips to remark "Oh, blast this beastly climate. I wish my nose was tin-lined."

The antithesis was too great. The idea of her great love for "Romeo" was inferior to her fond desire to sneeze; that all those trembling protestations revealed the anxiety of a human that desired chiefly and only to blow its nose; was too great a shock to his feelings. He stepped back a few paces in the gloom. She kept on stepping.

People who visited the White House about the time Annie Surratt's brother was brought back from Italy might have seen a young woman with an aged gentleman as an escort waiting day after day in the waiting-room. Senators and representatives, government officials, visiting politicians and visitors generally had access to President Johnson. Modest, veiled, with half-bowed head, the young woman patiently awaited the words which would give her admittance to the president's room. Any one could see that her face was lovely, although it bore the marks of sorrow and repressed anguish. Vainly sat and waited that patient, silent woman. All she had to comfort her was the sympathetic looks of a few men who guessed her mission. She had fallen prostrate at the door of the White House and prayed for the poor privilege of pleading for her mother's life, and now she was there to ask clemency for her brother. The president, bent on "making treason odious," refused an audience. Mr. Johnson is dead, and Annie Surratt lives, in the world, but is scarcely of it.