EUGENE CITY GUARD

LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE New York ship caulkers are on

strike.

Two earthquake shocks were felt in the West Indies on the 4th.

Sir Thomas Watson, one of Her Maj esty Queen Victoria's physicians, is dead

Harvey H. Wilcox, the oldest member of the New York exchange, died on the 12th of pneumonia.

Fred Gebhardt, one of Mrs. Langtry's admirers, bought her one thousand dollars worth of jewelry at Tiffany's on Dec.

Near Zanesville, Ohio, Wm. Edwards, a prisoner en route to the Moundsville penitentiary, jumped from the train and was killed.

A student in the Chicago university tried to shoot President Anderson on the 11th, who had corrected him for striking a fellow student.

Patrick Higgins was found guilty at Dublin of participating in the murder of the two Huddys, and sentenced to be hangek next month.

The State street railway company, of Chicago, contemplate running cars by electricity, and Elmer A. Sperry, the electrician in charge, expects to have trains running by electric motors inside of a year.

The new iron and steel bridge on the Mexican Pacific extension, about 230 miles west of San Antonio, Tex., fell on Dec. 13th. About 100 workmen were on the bridge at the time. Seven were killed and many wounded.

Cyrus Barber, of Westerly, R. I., young man whose mind recently gave way under religious excitement, chopped his leg off about six inches above ankle on the 13th. A short time since he tried to commit suicide.

Two medical students and two negroes were arrested for opening a grave in Oakwood cemetery, Virginia, on Dec. 13th. Four bodies were found at the Virginia medical college. The students are prominently connected.

By a cave in the wall of a well, Edw. English and his son James, of Danbury, Ill., were buried. After eleven hours' work the son was rescued. After fifty hours' work the father was found alive, but another cave killed him.

The New York Star says John Roach, the well known shipbuilders, has borrowed the sum of \$25,000 upon his residence on Fifth avenue, from Thomas Smith, who acts in the capacity of committee and trustee of Nehemiah Denton. a lunatic.

A ten-mile running race took place in New York on Dec. 12th between George, English champiom amateur, and Thomas Delaney. Delaney had a start of three minutes, and won by three minutes and fifty-eight seconds. Time, 58 minutes 56 2-5 seconds.

Nilsson made her appearance at the Grand Opera House, San Francisco, on the night of the 13th, and received a grand ovation. The Marquis of Lorne, the princess and their party occupied a box, and were the recipients of applause on their entrance.

A Salt Lake dispatch of Dec. 13th says trouble is anticipated with the Ute Indians on the Uintah reservation. days since one of the tribe killed an Indian policeman, and trouble which has threatened for some time past is expected to break out at any time.

In the suit of Jane Marlow against John Wall, a Chicago saloon keeper, for selling her husband liquor to the extent of making him almost an imbecile, the jury gave a verdict of \$250. She asked \$5000. The case was an aggravated one and the guilt of the saloonist was clear.

In the trial of Patrick Higgins, in Dublin, Ireland, on the 12th, for the Huddy murders, his little daughter was called for the defense. When she entered the court room she ran to her father, threw her arms around his neck and kissed him passionately. The prisoner was visibly affected.

Manuel Mendosa, a Mexican of Watsonville, Cal., went to a neighbor's house on the 13th, and cut a Spanish girl, about 16 years of age, with a razor. The doctor pronounced the wound very serious, if not fatal. Mendosa would probably have killed his victim outright had her mother not beaten him off with an ax handle.

The case of John Gibson, charged with the murder of his wife on the 24th of last August, was concluded in the San Francisco court on the 13th and submitted to the jury. After deliberating several hours the jury returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree, and fixed the penalty at imprisonment during his natural term of life.

The Enterprise cotton mills at Mana yank, Pa., owned by Samuel S. Heely and occupied by Joseph Adams, cotton yarns; J. Kelly & Withere, cotton spinners; J. Lord & Connor, carpet, and John Wild & Bro., carpet yarns, was totally destroyed by fire on Dec. 12th; loss \$15, 000 on building and \$60,000 on stock and machinery. The fire broke out on the fourth floor, where about a hundred operatives were at work. Those on the fifth floor were exposed to the most danger. There were no fire escapes and the only means many operatives had to avoid destruction by fire was to use the outside hoisting rope, which reached only to the second floor. All coming down this way had to fall from the second by the flames bursting out at the windows. Others jumped from the windows. Sixteen persons were injured, some by falling and others by burns about the face and body. Only one, Mary O'Connor, is believed to be fatally injured. Robert Marsh, aged 19, had his arm badly lacerated by having it caught in the hook at the end of the rope which he was descending. The list of injured includes Wm. Slempey, aged 18; Walter Trait, 18; James Wiles, 15; Maggie Quinn, 18; Mary E. Hoff, 16; Susan Hoffman, 20; William Everman, 32; William Everman, Jr., 16; Wm. Keen, 17; James Connor, 32; Thomas Parnell, 25; John Kelly, 40; to be buried in the ruins. The mills seemed greatly mortified at this identifi-were insured for \$41,000.

A. Brooks, boyt and shoe merchant of Augusta, Ga., has failed; liabilities \$72,-000; assets, \$44,000.

An old man named J. Michael Killen died suddenly in Victoria, B. C., on the 12th, while sitting at a table in a restaurant.

A process for the cheap production of aluminum has been discovered in England. The invention causes no little excitement in the metal trade at Birmingham and Sheffield.

Edgar A. Carleton, manager of the Needine farm, five miles above Memphis. was shot and killed on Dec. 11th by a negro named Mitchell Perkins. Carleton was sleeping when shot. The murderer escaped.

The old South church, Boston, has voted to pay the family of its deceased pastor, Dr. Jacob M. Manning, the full salary of \$4000 up to next April, and for six years thereafter the sum of \$3000 annually.

W. C. Frazier, a school teacher in Cambridge, Mass., got into a general fight with his pupils on the 11th, while trying to discipline some of them, and stabbed and killed John Hayes and seriously cut Charles Luce.

D. J. Hall is on trial at Omaha for presenting false claims or vouchers to the government while custodian of the government building during its construction, The amount involved is \$5000 to \$6000. and the indictment has 23 counts.

Edwards & Co.'s bank at Kinsley, Ks. was entered on the 9th while the cashier was at supper, and the vault opened by working the combination and robbed of \$21,000. Various rumors are afloat concerning the robbery, and G. W. Crawford, the county treasurer, is supposed to be implicated.

The annual convention of the American Agricultural Association began a three days' session in Chicago on the 12th. Mayor Harrison welcomed the delegates, who are from all parts of the country, and after an address by the president, Col. N. T. Sprague, of Vermont, the business of the convention began.

Peter E. Cooney, a U. S. letter carrier, was killed on the 12th, by an accident in Oakland, Cal. He was thrown from his cart, striking heavily on his head. sustained a severe concussion of the brain and died shortly after being taken to his home. Deceased was a native of Ireland and aged 42. He leaves a wife and two children.

After a good fight Sunday between the supporters of Ackworth and Foreman, rival claimants for the pulpit of the colored Methodist church at Lee, Miss., the Ackworth party won. In the scrimmage revolvers were drawn and Ackworth was knocked down. In the evening Ackworth preached a sermon on "Victory."

C. W. Fietcher, an alleged actor, who recently played a very brief engagement at the Pierce Opera house in Minneapolis, suddenly decamped from that city leaving a destitute wife and several unpaid bills as the only reminder of a short and unsuccessful career. A year ago last spring he was traveling with a company through the west, and at Canton, Utah. he met and succeeded in gaining the love of a young lady, who became his wife. The lady followed Fletcher for more than a year, while he engaged in various occupations in the attempt to fight the wolf from the door.

While the employes in J. H. Vincent's & Son's saw-mill at Shawneetown, Ill., were eating luncheon in the engine room on the 11th, the boiler exploded with extraordinary violence, killing eight men and wounding three others. Ore body was blown into the river and two more were hurled a distance of 200 yards. Several of the men were actually blown into mince meat, and friends subsequently went about with pails picking up the fragments strewn around. Several of the unfortunate men leave large families in indigent circumstances. The cause of the explosion is not known.

A Chicago dispatch of Dec. 12th says: Paul Schoeppe, alias Count Schulenburg, a villian, thief, forger, murderer and what not, who was about Chicago several years, a very accomplished man with a varied life of crime behind him, has turned up in a new role of villiany at Port Jervais, New York. Two years ago John P. G. Smith, a law student, was arrested on a charge of forgery. He was engaged to be married to Miss Ida Dutcher, a handsome lady and daughter of Rev. Henry Dutcher of that village. Her devotion to him was so great that she believed him innocent even after the most overwhelming prof was brought against him. He was sentenced to 5 years in Sing Sing. Last spring a petition for his pardon, signed by many prominent people, was sent to Gov. Cornell, who was led to make a careful investigation of the case. By photographs, marks on his body and other indisputable facts, he has been positively identified as Shoeppe, alias Schulenberg. Shoeppe will not get his pardon. A citizens' committee had an interview

on the 11th with O'Leary and Murphy, convicted three-card monte and bunko men, confined in the Washington, D. C., jail. Each detailed the circumstances of many robberies, including the government printing office money theft, and gave the names of thieves and detectives who "stood in," as well as the percentage of the proceeds of robberies paid detectives, which was 20 per cent. The detectives, it was even said, planned some jobs and selected men to execute them. Murphy and O'Leary gave a circumstantial account of the Christiancy diamond robbery, and alleged the diamonds of the ex-minister, valued at from \$15,000 to \$20,000, were disposed of at a great sacfloor to the ground. Several were burned rifice in New York, and a heavy percentage was given to two detectives who are named. "The wife of one of these men. O'Leary said, "now wears dresses made from silk taken in the Burdette robbery and given to the detective as his part of the plunder." It is alleged the entire detective force of the district received dividends levied weekly on the bunko men. One of detectives involved is the same one dismissed for betraying the government's interests in the star route Others are yet on the force. Casos. Magruder, a member of the committee, thought he recognized O'Leary who is well educated, and asked him if he had ever been at college. O'Leary answered, John Downing, 50; the engineer and a girl named Hoops. Patrick Quinn, aged 48, father of Maggie Quinn, is supposed now remember you well." O'Leary

A BRAVE DEED.

Ada Carfit was decidedly the belle of Sharborough; and as the small but bustling Midland town had a reputation among its neighbors for lovely lasses, the

distinction was a great one.
In figure, the girl was somewhat small and slight; but in facture she had attained almost to perfection, both of outline and of tint.

She had a lofty, well-proportioned brow, around which rippled rich waves

of auburn hair. She had eyes of dreamy blue, cheeks just sufficiently tinged with delicate carmine to throw into relief the pearly

whiteness of her teeth. The worst of it was, she knew that she was beautiful, and the knowledge spoiled

Ada was the only child of a wealthy Sharborough manufacturer, and added to her other charms that of being a very

considerable heiress.

Naturally she had suitors not a few. But Ladies Clara Vere de Vere can exist in much lower circles than that of the poet's faulty heroine, and Ada Carfit had caught the vice of a proud coquetry. She relished her power over suscep tible hearts, and did her best to extend it. The breath of homage was a life to

She led her wooers gently on till the toils were all around them, and then, of a sudden, they found an impalpable, impassable barrier erected, and Ada's smiles were for newer comers.

It was an amusement, half the zest of being, to her; she never wasted an anxious thought on what it might mean to her victims.

Men were strong, and must protect themselves.

The last to enter the charmed circle had been a youth from the North, who in appearance and manners was certainly at a disadvantage with those whom he quickly came to consider his rivals.

Roger Herlestone was two-and twenty; but his thick-set, burly figure, and his abundance of beard, made him look years older. He was heavy in feature, uncertain in

movement, and awkward in address. As the nephew of Mr. Marston, of Marston & Marsh, cotton-mill owners,

his prospects were very good. But the knowledge of this fact somehow failed to give him the needed self-

Roger,s many blunders made him to a large extent the butt of his male acquaintance, and it was probably this that caused Ada Carfit, out of sheer opposition to treat him with marked favor.

Philip Dare, the lawyer, had likened Roger to the proverbial "bull in a china shop;" and Philip Dare should be made to bite his lip with vexation at her deference to the despised one. But once again she was kind only to

"I cannot tell whether she cares for me, or whether she does not," said Roger

Herlestone to his younger brother Martin. "Sometimes I think one thing and sometimes another. But this I am sure she is all the world to me." "Then, I would ask her, old fellow," said Martin.

"But-but-she has many round her. Ada Carfit is the queen of a large circle, and I-" "Have been the best of sons, the best

of brothers, and I have no doubt, would make the best of husbands." "And I," said Roger, resuming slowly, and paying no heed to this enthusiastic praise, "am a rough and

homely man who has almost as good a right to dream of becoming Prime Minister as of winning such a wife." "Nonsense, Roger! Don't be so unnecessarily modest. You are just as good as she, and the girl must know it.'

"Then," and the elder's tone changed suddenly; "I'll put it to the test and see. If Ada refuses me, it will be just another dream dispelled, and I shall face the

The opportunity soon come. The two were thrown much together

at a summer picnic, and some malign genius made Ada more than ever gra-

It seemed to her that she had succeeded in thawing the ice of her admirer's awkwardness, and the studied compliment he paid her awoke the gleam of a sunny, satisfied smile. She little suspected the commotion

that was silently working beneath the

They had wandered out of sight and hearing of the rest, on pretence of examining some curiously shaped rocks. "How still the air is, under the sun!" said Ada, stopping at a low fence that

crossed the hill side. For a moment her companion did not answer, and she cast a casual glance upwards at his face.

What Ada saw there made her start

and shiver slightly.
"Yes," he said, with a hoarse and mighty effort, "this is just the turn of the season, and this hush is frequent and very suggestive then. You and I have come to a turning point, too, Miss Carfit, and I must break the stillness by a very important question. Can you not guess what that is-the story I have to tell, Miss Carfit-Ada?"

"No, no. We had better return, I think. We shall be lost, Mr. Herle-

stone." Ada was keeping her composure wonderfully, and she hoped by this coldly spoken hint the confession she feared might be averted.

She did not know the speaker. "Wait an instant, Ada," Roger cried, abandoning the last shelter of reserve; "I have this to tell, that you are more to me than any one else in the wide world can ever be. I love you, Ada-surely you must have divined it! Can you love me back again, however little? Will you some day be my wife?"

His words were coming swiftly enough now, and his beseeching eyes emphasized their truth. The man was transformed, and a faint

response of admiration was raised in the girl's heart. But he was could be no more than others she had rejected.

This triumph she was used to, and

"I am sorry, Mr. Herlestone, you have said such things," she replied; "I thought you were above romance. That is partly why I trusted you. You seemed so-so sensible.

admire and to love."
"Pray don't, Mr. Herlestone. It is all mistake, I assure you.' "A mistake that you can ever care for

"Yes, certainly." There was a levity about the assurance that stung the young man well nigh into

He had heard rumors of the girl's

heartlessness, and had paid no heed, treating them as idle scandal born of Now he could believe.

The very reality of his own love revealed the hollowness of this maiden's "Is it also an error that encouraged

me to think differently?" he asked; "that you accepted my advances?" "It was your own fault; you did as you pleased. But you are forgetting yourself now, Mr. Herlestone."

"I admit it, and I apologize, Miss Carfit," he replied, bitterly. "It was truly my own fault that I did not understand. I do now. You will let me see you back to the party?"

The return walk was whiled away by a very constrained conversation, and both were glad when it was over. A strange silence descended upon Ada

Carfit for the rest of the afternoon. Even the mirth of her other courtiers failed to do more than galvanize her into an outward semblance of interest and good-humor.

It was many months later, and the storms of, perhaps, the wildest winter within living memory had descended upon these Northern Midlands:

For day after day, and week after week, there was scarcely a break in the clouds or a pause in the gale. Wind and rain, wind and rain was the

dreary record, until the lakes were swollen, the streams impassable, and miles of low-lying pasturelands sub-Sharborough was not a pleasant place under such eircumstances.

Upon the very brightest heavens its huge manufacturing chimnies hung a yellow blot; and now the funeral-like pall of fog and smoke lowered overhead in a perpetual frown.

Ada Carfit grew sick of it, and betook herself on a visit to her uncle at Baysditch, five miles away.

There it rained still, it is true, and eemed likely to rain. But Baysditch was in the open country and behind it were the Porley Hills. The girl was better content, and could

grumble there with a sense of less op-

Of Roger Herlestone, since her disnsisal of him, she had seen very little. He was grown graver and more

reticent, it appeared, than ever. And he had lately been taken in as unior partner by Marston & Marsh. That was all she knew.

But somehow his face frequently haunted her. He had looked so resolute and manly

on those Porley Downs. She even sighed thinking of it. Ada's own image, despite his utmost efforts, was equally present with the

young manufacturer. "I think I despise and hate her as much as I once cared for her," he told his brother; "but forget her I can't." "Fall in love with some one else," Martin's sage recommendation.

But Roger shook his head. "Not vet," he said; I have not sufficicent confidence in female goodness since then. That was the greatest evil the girl did me. She destroyed faith at a blow. "A stormy afternoon, Roger," said his uncle, two days later. "Do you mind driving to North Fulton to see about these missing orders? It will be best for

one of the firm to go, as it is such a delicate question.' "I am perfectly willing, sir. I am not afraid of the weather in the least.'

"Better start at once. "So I will. I shall be back, then, by nightfall.

North Fulton was over the hills, ten miles off. The young man was quickly under

He had to pass through Raysditch, and he was aware of Ada Carfit's presence there. But it was nothing to him whether she

saw him or not. The state of the roads was a much more serious consideration. How high the waters were, and still

Many houses in the valley were ready isolated, and unless a speedy change took place-of which, alas! there was no symptom-the result must in evitably be grave disaster.

The wind lulled for an hour or two while Roger transacted his business. But it arose in re-toubled fury as he ommenced his return journey.

Darkness added to the difficulty and the danger of the route. Turning sharply round a corner into Baysditch Valley, Roger was hailed by a

terror-stricken voice behind him. He pulled hastily up. "What's wrong?" he asked. Pant, pant, pant! and then a white face with awed, dilated eyes gleamed upon him in the mist.

"Porley Dam be bursten!" "No!-sure?" Roger comprehended in an instant what that message meant, and his accents were as hoarse as the stranger's.

"Ay; certain. 'Tis tearing through t' embankment like a cataract. Gettin' bigger every minute, and noane can't "Then Baysditch must be flooded?"

"Yes. I be goin' to warn 't." "Jump up here." And Roger drove as if for his own life,

instead of other people's. The alarm soon spread, and a scene of terror and confusion ensued which might have appalled the strongest. Water was swiftly rising in the single village street, and the mutter of the onsweeping torrent grew louder every minute. Homeless, and sadly deficient in both food and clothing, dozens of families fled to the

hill-sides while there was yet time. Where was Ada Carfit lodging? Milton Villa, old Luke Carfit's home, was some gloried in; though usually she had been distance beyond the clustering villagebetter on her guard, and had stopped the roofs, and Roger experienced some delay deluded one before this stage was in reaching it. The inmates, only three in number besides the two maid-servants, were but just alarmed, and their retreat was cut off before even Roger was aware remembered afterwards how, at least pastures.

"It must surely be a sign of that to once in that hour of awful peril, her eyes were fixed on his as if they would read his very soul. But it was a time for action and not sentiment.

From the edge of the lawn-now the bed of a roaring stream-the ground trended gently away to the uplands, and there the only hope lay. It was more than probable that the house would give way under the avalanche of water which had still to descend. "Porley Dam" was the current designation of the res-

ervoir that supplied all Sharborough. Roger Herlestone swam across with his horse and turned the animal loose. Then, estimating as best he could the distance and his own powers, he returned and briefly explained his plan. There was no boat within reach. Each member of the household must trust to him; and he would return for each. It was proposed that Ada should go first; but she refused, and time was too precious to be spent in haggling. Mrs. Carfit and her husband and the maids were all saved thus; and, nearly exhausted, Roger went back for the obstinate girl who still lingered.

"Whether I die or live, this shall be my revenge," he muttered to himself. Ada was in his arms now, and the cross-current running heavily against him. It was a desperate struggle, and growing every instant more dangerous by reason of uprooted trees and other wreckage, that came swiftly down the valley.

Would be succed? How the spe tors held their breath and trembled! At last, with a faint "Hurrah!" he made terra firms with his burden. But then he fainted, and for the first time the rescued household observed that he was wounded. A tree-trunk had struck him, and inflicted a ghastly wound on the head. But for the present all they could do was to grieve, and tend him as he lay. They were outcasts, like dozens of others.

That flood will be long remembered, and not least by Roger Herlestone and the girl he saved.

Brain fever supervened, and Roger was ill for many weeks. Ada Carfit was his chief nurse, and her character seemed entirely changed, so humble and assiduous was she.

There came a day when, with a new

light in his eye, Roger looked up and

whispered: "Ada!" She averted her face. But he had caught the vision of a tear-one of thankfulness and joy. He took her un-

resisting hand. "I have a confession to make," he whispered. "It was in sheer revenge I saved you. Can you forgive me, Ada? And after all-care-a little?" "Forgive! And I-let me tell, too,

she cried, brokenly, "I loved you, though I didn't know it, when you asked me first, Roger.

A Curious Place in Kansas

W. W. Wells, the scout came up from Sheridan's Roost yesterday. Said he: "The cattle thieves have full swing, and there's no use talking, they have the backing and it won't do for any few men to try to recover stolen cows in our section. The headquarters of the gang is on Red river and some of the wealthiest men of the country are backers. You would be surprised if I'd tell you the names of some I know. There near the Roost where a large quantity of stolen cattle stands guarded by the rifles of as deadly a set of devils as ever fed on gunpowder. I went down there some time ago, for I knew John Volz had missed cattle and knew they were there. I got out of the nest at the point of a gun barrel and if I hadn't had a good man with me I never would have escaped alive. The cattle are there, but nobody dares touch them."-Leavenworth Times.

THE WORD "WIFE."-What do you think the beautiful word "wife" comes from? It is the great word in which the English and Latin languages conquered the French and Greek. I hope the French will some day get a word for it instead of that of femme. But what do you think it comes from? The great value of the Saxon words is that they mean something. Wife means "weaver." You must either be house-wives or house moths, remember that. In the deep sense, you must either weave men's fortunes and embroider them, or feed upon and bring them to decay. Where-ever a true wife cemes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head, and the glow-worm in the night's cold grass may be the fire at her feet, but home is where she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than houses ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion-shedding its quiet light for those who else are homeless. This, I believe, is the woman's true place and power .- John Ruskin.

SNOWBRLLS THAT WERE NOT USED .-Once a year the sophomores of Pennsylvania University meet on the campus and cremate copies of certain books which they find particularly hard to master. Such a service was to have taken place last night, but owing, as the 'sophs" say, to the inclement weather, it was posponed. Scores of pugnacious dental students who were incensed because they were not invited to participate in the ceremonies arranged by their classic fellows haunted the campus, spoiling for a row. The hard-hitting, first-year medical students were also abroad, and it is more than probable that if the men of '85 had attempted to put fire to their books there would have been a lively time. A rick of carefully frozen snowballs lay along the south fence of the campus. These projectiles were prepared early in the evening by thoughtful medical students, who expected to open war so soon as the sophomoric procession appeared.

In Switzerland, for the seeming capacity, probably the most wonderful dairy ing country in the world, the cattle of the various cantons are quite distinct. The owners generally arrange for an sels, and if to be shipped, in barn animal inspection when the best cattle kegs; these latter should be cost for breeding are selected. The race is side with parafine or beeswax. Le large, remarkably persistent in repeating the same chrracteristics, made hardy by mountain climbing, excellent for milk and for beef. It is believed if more known in this country they would take bigh place, as they are of the most of it. Ada was as pale as death, but thrifty habits, eating what is set before try the crop has been very good in strangely calm and self-possessed. Roger them and picking up a living in poor others it is a total failure. It is because of the strangely calm and self-possessed.

Hen Who Catch Muskrata

Beyond muskrats, polecats, and an occasional mink, all will bearing animals hereabouts are a Animals of the kinds Animals of the kinds named, he Animals of the kinds balled, no are sufficiently numerous to support professional trappers, and every they sell several hundred pela Fox, of Fricks' Locks, Chester has for twenty years trapped and in the canal and marshes near his and this year he has taken 313 ms and 14 polecats. David Persal the trapping business ten years! Fox, and his catch since the lst of tember, when the season began, bers 273 muskrats, 32 polecats, 1 and 5 raccoons. Fox is an American has a family. Persal is an Eaglia who settled in Chester county in His wife died twelve years ago, since then he has lived like a hermi since then he has lived the a herming log cabin, rented from John S. P. more, near Pickens Ford. For says knows more about muskrats and the habits than any man living, and Per habits than the cau catch me as stoutly claims that he can catch rats in a given time than "a whole of Foxes.

Persal is so advanced in his bar that he eats muskrats, and what is n declares that their fat little bodie more delicious than canvas back de Mr. Fox has eaten them, but is no thusiastic about it. Persal is air tall, round-shouldered, gray-haired blue-eyed. He wears a cap of great hog-skins and a coat of the same a rial. He made the coat four years and although the fur has worn of patches, and given it a diseased a look it is for all practical purpose good as it ever was. Mr. Persal i appreciating the warmth and dura of the garment and having a total a gard for style, is astonished that people do not wear dolmans of a kind. He has three dogs, "One for a its and others for muskrats.

The furniture of his one-rooms! consists of a table, a stove, a hame two chairs, a cupboard, an oak chest a lot of cooking utensils. A de barreled gun stood in one corner d room on Sunday, and the walls adorned with a score of muskrai polecat hides, stretched on shingle hung up to dry. The trapper was paring a dinner of baked pote roast muskrats, coffee and crackers wh interrupted by a reporter.

Persal politely kicked the dogs

silence and then, as he turned to his eye into the oven where the m rat was browning, said to the report "Sit down. I'll talk to you while I eating." The smoking meal and ; toes were transferred to tin plates be Persal invited the visitor to eat. general murkiness of the atmost was too strong for any but a tran appetite.

You want to know how I catch n rats, eh?" said Persal, attacking baked animal before him. "Vell, a times I spears 'em." he continued, ding towards a sharp iron spear wit wooden handle, which stood behind stove; "then again I nabs 'em with a net, but most times I catches 'es traps-not dead-falls, that squashes like Fox uses, but a discovery of own; the greatest trap in the world muskrats, and I found it out by

He became so interested in descript his discovery that temperarily baked meat of the muskrat on the was forgotten. "You know, a mn always has two entrances to his ne One is above and the other below surface of the water. Sometimes inv cold weather, when they live in famili each house will have a dozen estrat but most times, along creeks and canal banks, there are but two. If the are more I stop the holes up. Wa then, I take an old piece of stores about three feet long and in each fasten a wire trap-door that opens Then I sink the pipe in the water and when Mr. Muskrat dives out be plump into the pipe and, not being to get ont, is drowned. I have ca

three rats at one time in a single tra "In midwinter, when they are hird their houses, I chunk up all the but one, put my dip-net over it and it chop into the top of the den. If the out the water hole they strike the and I spear 'em, and if they comes above the dogs catch 'em. I have the as many as eleven rats out of one has and that dog, Jack, there, killed nise 'em under ground.'

Jack, a rough terrier, came from hind the stove when his name was no tioned and received a thigh of the n

"Polecats, they ain't so nice to ha as rats," continued the trapper; mostly dead falls 'em. Yes, I can one mink last week. I was afterhin three months. He had a nest eight a from here, on Chester creek, and I there once a day for three weeks to trap for him. I don't know who mink's worth, but about \$2.50, I this and this is a mighty nice one."

He brought the rich brown pelt at mink and turned it for the benefit of visitor. "Sometimes," he went on, get thirty cents apiece for muskrat his but oftener only twenty or twenty cents. They give me fifty cents for polecat skin in Chester, but I can more than that in Philadelphia, and take all my pelts there after this made \$270 on pelts last winter and canal company gave me a little pre for killing off the muskrats that dig and destroy their banks. Yes, spends most of his time along the s

Persal is 56 years old. He says getting too old to trap in winter and spring he intends going South and ing. Every summer he leaves Co county and becomes a fisherman; seashore and remains there until bearing animals are fit to trap.delphia Times.

Honey.-Let' all remember to their honey, whether extracted or in a dry, warm room. It is the be keep the extracted honey in ope one be in a hurry to sell his hone should be thoroughly graded before sent to market. No pains sh spared to have the honey look! which will largely increase the prowill bring. In some parts of the expected that good prices will press