

EUGENE CITY GUARD

LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE.

A fire in Wellman's warehouse at Savannah, Ga., damaged 800 bales of cotton about 50 per cent.

Sullivan, the pugilist, says he will fight no man with bare knuckles for less than \$10,000 a side. He thinks of settling in California.

Gen. Sherman denounces an intentional falsehood the statement of the New York Sun that he had been received into the Roman Catholic church.

At Pittsburg, Pa., on the morning of Dec. 27th John Clark shot and killed his wife in a sixth avenue bagnio. Clark is a member of a well known family, and his wife had borne a bad reputation for years.

A three-story brick building on West Canton street, Boston, occupied by Wm. D. Gleason as a wood ornament establishment, was partially burned with its contents; loss probably \$50,000; partially insured.

The district court of Cincinnati has decided that the word "damn" is profane and vulgar, and sustained the action of the telephone company in cutting off the connection of A. H. Pugh, who used that word in talking over the wire.

A Little Rock, Ark., special from Hope reports considerable alarm prevailing over reported uprising of blacks, who threaten to burn the town. The streets are patrolled by a sheriff's posse.

The acting governor of Iceland, the bishop and other persons of note, in a communication to the London Times say that notwithstanding the large donations received there must be great distress from want of food in Iceland during the winter.

The main building of the Somerset Fiber Company of Fairfield, Maine, was burned on the 27th ult. A huge digester, heated by the flames, exploded, throwing the machine in all directions. John Pooler was killed by falling iron pipe. Loss, \$55,000; insured.

A very pretty wedding took place on Dec. 26th at Swanhurst, on Webster street, the summer residence of Mrs. Augustus Whiting, of New York, whose daughter, Miss Sarah Swan Whiting, was married to Mr. Oliver Hazard Perry Belmont, son of August Belmont.

Chicago has become the fifth largest port of entry in this country, having passed New Orleans and Baltimore, ranking after New York, Philadelphia, Boston and San Francisco. The collections of the latter port are double those of Chicago, and she employs three times as many men in custom collections.

On Sunday morning, Dec. 24th, the mangled body of R. F. Warren was picked up on the railroad track near Salem, Ill. The coroner's jury decided that he was robbed by Samuel White and H. Tucker, beaten and left insensible on the track, where the train struck and killed him. White and Tucker have been arrested. They will say nothing yet.

A Tucson, Arizona, dispatch says that Sergeant Rufus Somerby of the 6th cavalry committed suicide at Fort Lowell on Dec. 27th, shooting himself with a carbine in the presence of his company. He was a graduate of West Point, and formerly lieutenant of the 6th cavalry, but was compelled to resign on account of drunkenness and misconduct. The suicide is attributed to drink.

The San Francisco Bulletin has the following, favoring the admission of Washington Territory as a state. "The development of its resources has only just begun. The great lumber establishments have hardly made an impression upon the magnificent forests, and coal, iron ore and other minerals have not been discovered to any extent. The resources of the great northwest territory are only partially known. It has the most valuable forests of any state or territory in the whole country; has a hardy, intelligent population, extensive coal fields, inexhaustible fisheries, a large body of good agricultural land, is a terminus of a continental railroad, the most famous inland water on the northwestern coast, a climate good, and the people resolute and hopeful." It concludes by saying that it is an interesting fact that it is to day able to meet all the conditions of an admission into the union.

A New York dispatch of Dec. 27th says: Two regularly trained heavy weight colored female pugilists last evening took the mark and battered each other around the historic ring to Queensbury rules. Bessie Williams, when down to her fighting weight, turns the beam at 370 pounds, while Josephine Green, in her clothes, weighs 280 pounds. The husbands of both ladies are experts at the manly art and have taught their housewives how to defend themselves otherwise than by their tongues. For some time past every effort to bring the amazons together and settle the question of superiority has been tried without success, but eventually a number of sporting men with Billy McGlory at their head succeeded, the match being for twenty dollars a side and the colored lady championship. They had a bloody, brutal and vicious fight, and during its progress both looked like spotted tigers. Finally Bessie got in a right hand on Josephine's nose and knocked her out. A large crowd witnessed the scandalous proceedings.

A conference of the sugar refiners and importers of Boston and vicinity was called on Dec. 27th to present the views of the trade to congress. The following resolution was adopted: That the refiners and importers of sugar of Boston favor a large reduction in the duty on sugar, and that to accomplish this purpose we request our members in congress to favor a schedule as follows: On all sugars, melado, etc., not above 75 degrees of the polariscope test and not above duties, standard in color, is to be 75 cts. per 100 pounds, with a pro rata addition for each degree of polarization above 75 degrees, which, upon this basis, is three cents per degree per 100 pounds. In approving the graduation of duty according to the polariscope test they mean that test which is now used in commercial transactions. It was intimated by congressmen present that the differences among sugar importers and refiners had hitherto prevented action and if a plan could be united upon there was hope of securing a material reduction in the tariff.

On the morning of the 28th ult., Mary Hewitt, aged 45 and unmarried, was struck and instantly killed by an express train near San Jose, Cal. She was walking on the track and did not heed the alarm of the engineer until it was too late to stop the train to save her life.

Salina, Kansas, is almost deserted, owing to cholera being epidemic. Tehuantepec has 25 deaths daily. Railway laborers have abandoned the works at Oaxaca. Communication with infected towns is stopped. Scarcity of water and impure quality is the supposed cause.

The dwelling house of M. Gonzales, near Golconda, was burned Dec. 27th. It was occupied by Gonzales, his wife and child, and was four miles from the nearest neighbor. The family were left in the open plain, with the mercury at zero, all night. They kept themselves from freezing by the heat of the burning dwelling, and in the morning walked against biting northern wind to their nearest neighbor.

The ship Charger recently arrived at San Francisco from New York with an assorted cargo and a large quantity of cartridges, caught fire between decks ten days out. As the fire progressed, the crew were made to reach the carriages, when suddenly the bullets commenced flying in all directions, completely riddling the sides of the hold and making it lively for the sailors, who scampered up the hatchways. The vessel was obliged to put back to port for repairs.

Herr Johann Most delivered a most outspoken and socialist speech in Chicago on Dec. 28th. The only thing to be done, he said, was to kill. The trouble in the French revolution was when the people got the upper hand they stopped killing. They should have kept on. People here must kill. They must open banks and stores and help themselves to whatever they wanted. Bankers and capitalists must be set to work on the streets. This talk was received with uproarious applause.

Mrs. McKewen, widow of the late Col. E. J. C. McKewen, died at San Francisco on Dec. 25th of heart disease. The deceased was a pioneer, having come to California with her father, Dr. J. T. White, in 1849. He was speaker of the assembly in the first state legislature. Mrs. McKewen was one of the small number of ladies who organized society in Sacramento, and old Californians recall with pleasure many agreeable incidents of her social life at the capital during early days.

A Los Angeles, Cal., dispatch of Dec. 27th says: The second trial of Jos. Smith, who murdered his 13-year old son some weeks ago, at the alleged "command of the Lord," on the question of insanity, was commenced in the supreme court. A large number of physicians were examined as experts, some of whom held that Smith was insane at the time he committed the murder, while others are confident he was never insane. Jailer Thomson said he had watched Smith closely ever since his incarceration and had seen no evidences of insanity.

The New York Tribune has the following: John Roach & Sons, ship builders, have closed contracts for the building of five iron sailing ships for an American corporation, of which William H. Starbuck of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Co., and John Roach are stockholders. These vessels are to be from 1600 to 2000 tons capacity and will be ship rigged, with three masts. The keel of the first vessel is now being laid and the others will be begun in quick succession so as to have them ready for service in May. They will run from New York to any part of the globe.

A Washington dispatch of Dec. 27th says: The Dickson case was resumed. Witness Driver stated that the entire conversation described by Bowen as occurring between himself and Dickson really occurred between witness and Bowen. Witness was not allowed to relate the conversation with Bowen on Monday last, but Dickson's counsel positively stated Bowen had confessed to Driver that his entire testimony was a perjury and he had been the tool of Cameron and Hooper. There was much excitement and the court recommended that the defense arrest Bowen for perjury.

A fatal shooting affray occurred in Stann's Rest, a Leadville gambling house, on the 27th ult. Matt Wells, a gambler, had previously had a difficulty with John Kerr, a faro dealer, which was augmented by one Fellory, another faro dealer, with whom Wells had an old feud and who carried the talk of each to the other. In the morning at 10 o'clock Wells went into Stann's Rest and called for a drink. Seeing Fellory he threw a glass and its contents in his face. Subsequently Fellory met Wells on the street and knocked him down. Smarting under the infliction, and half crazed with liquor, Wells produced a revolver and returned to Stann's Rest, and seeing Kerr commenced firing. Kerr returned the fire, but shot wild. Both emptied their revolvers, and Kerr was mortally wounded. Wells was immediately arrested. Two bystanders, Hunt, another gambler, and Conlon, 60 years of age, received severe wounds. Kerr died the following day.

A San Francisco dispatch of Dec. 28th says: The feminine portion of the community is considerably excited at the singular freaks of a man who manifests a dislike for the weaker sex by slashing their clothes with a knife. During the crush incident to the holiday season, elegantly dressed ladies returned home to find their seal skins cut from top to bottom, silk dresses similarly hacked, and up to this time the perpetrator of the outrages is not apprehended. Miss Carrie Kerr and her cousin, Miss Lottie Dow, visiting the coast from the east, are the more recent victims. They had been out buying presents and noticed the same man several times and invariably after being jostled. They entered a store on Post street and felt some one pushing them and shortly after touching them on the shoulder. On going up stairs they were roughly pushed aside and saw a face rapidly disappear. Reaching home Miss Dow was met by her mother, who called attention to the condition of her clothing. Her seal skin was cut in several places and a ribbon similarly treated. While talking the matter over, Miss Kerr returned, saying the elevator boy in the hotel started at her rudely, and when looking in the mirror she saw that her seal skin had been cut in two places on the shoulder. The man is described as pale looking with red mustache and wearing gloves.

HOW HE WON HIS WIFE.

"O young Lochinvar is come out of the West," August is nearing its close and going out in tears. Such mists and watery-looking clouds! Such drippings and droppings and miserable, forlorn little showers! It requires a cheery spirit to bear up under the wholesale gloom, but rain never depresses Dr. John Miles; it rather exhilarates him, like fine wine.

To-day as he rides along through the black mud, he is whistling in boyish fashion some endless tune that falls in musically with the slush, slush of his horse's feet. Now and then it is temporarily stopped by an intrusive drop of rain, or violently interrupted by a great dab of native soil; but even these seal his lips only for a time, for with a laugh he wipes them off, and resumes his merry note again.

His is a joyous nature. Just as he brushed away that last drop of rain does he throw off all the lighter worries of life. Some who know him think his heart is only a surface—aluminum and no depth. We sometimes find that the deepest, most dangerous pools lie just below the lightest, swiftest currents.

But what is all this expanse of water just ahead of him? He has been in Texas only five years, but he knows what it means. The Blanco river is up! The continued rains, gathering slowly day by day, in the main springs that feed its head, have suddenly rushed together in one mad, bounding torrent, and pouring through the river bed have widened and deepened it all along its course, tearing up trees and rocks in its way until what in the morning had been a harmless, fordable little stream is now a dangerous, roaring river.

Dr. Miles is a brave man—light hearted men generally are—but looking across the swift, foaming waters, where swimming is well nigh impossible, he admits that his prospects for reaching the farther shore are very, very uncertain. He looks down at his horse. Brown Dick has good blood in his veins, and the doctor always trusts good blood in man or beast. He pats him on the neck. "Old fellow, can you do it?" The horse whinnies back, and his master takes courage. He and Dick have been through many dangers together and have always come out safe on the "other side," so why not this time?

To retrace his steps and find shelter in some friendly farm house is to become weather-bound perhaps for days, and imperative duties call him home. Patients are waiting for him; an appointment with another physician has been made for the following morning; and then—and then, too—when Jennie Cameron looked up at him last evening and asked him to come to her "little musicale to-morrow night," he had promised that he would, and he had never yet failed to keep his word.

He remembers just how soft and luminous her brown eyes were when, with that little touch of imperiousness in her voice, she had added: "Now don't fail to come, sir." Her eyes would always plead even when her voice commanded, and how he had answered back in his jesting way: "Foul or fair, I will be there."

He wonders why he did not tell her then how dear those brown eyes were to him; why he did not take heart "to speak out what was in him, clear and strong." He has loved her faithfully all these years, and yet in his humility has never dared to tell her so. But then, he thinks she must have guessed it over and over again—must have felt the tenderness and passion that lap always just back of his light words.

Well, he will tell her to-night. This decides him. He will try the river. He promised her to be there, and once told her that to be false to your word was to be cowardly. He remembered, too, last but not bitter thought, that his rival, handsome Joe Dudley, will be there, and with the thought there springs into his eyes such a fiery gleam of passionate resentment that the laughing gray orbs become in their fierce displeasure almost unrecognizable. It is a glimpse of the still life of the soul.

"Foul or fair, he must be there"—in terrible earnest now. Commending himself to a Higher Power he cheers his anxious steed and boldly plunges in. The strong current beats them back like huge powerful arms; the uprooted trees and broken branches rush past them in mad haste; the "other side" seems to recede as they near it.

Oh, it is a fierce struggle, but at last they are almost there! But a yard's length and they will reach it! Just here, obeying a boyish impulse, he stoops and kisses Brown Dick on the neck. Brave horse and braver rider! They well deserve to triumph over wind and rain. But that moment of inattention is for the rider a fatal one. As he raises his head he receives a severe blow, which sends him entirely off his horse, dashing him almost senseless into the bank. A loosened stump just above him has been wrenched suddenly away and whirled violently against him.

With the desperate clutch of expiring vitality he grasps the roots of the old tree against which he has been thrown and drags himself round to its farther side. There he fights manfully with the terrible faintness that is rapidly overpowering him. In his forehead is a deep gash. The horse struggles to the shore, sees his master's unconscious face and whinnies long and pitifully.

Cameron Hill looks strangely beautiful in the pale, placid moonlight. The rain has stopped, but the air is heavy with the promise of more. Just outside the parlor door, on the southern gallery, Jennie is listening in a happy, absorbed way to Joe Dudley.

This man, with his handsome face and smooth tongue, has never attracted her. There is about him a certain half-developed tendency to deception, from which she instinctively withdraws. A woman weakly accessible to the least touch of the real, the earnest, the true, flattery puts her on the defensive, and hardens her into a statue of contempt. So these two souls, while often meeting, have never touched. But to-night he is, for the moment, carried out of himself by the force of a real passion, and is wooing with all the tender simplicity of humble, true love.

"Jennie," Dr. Miles' voice is husky from emotion, "will you be my wife?" She is following him surely, surely, across the borders of that misty, dream-

enshrouded land of unreality and delusion, led on by the magic of his voice. Across the borders into the heart of the beautiful, mystical country, when she is called back by the sound of a name—just a dear, commonplace name, uttered in tones of careless inquiry, but it startles her spell-bound soul from its strange enchantment, and wakes her heart into a very rapture of life. Joe Dudley can win her mind; he can almost absorb her intellectual being into his own, but the mere syllables of John Miles' homely, old-fashioned name sent every pulse a throbbing. She starts up and goes into the parlor. "What are you all saying? Is the Blanco up? Where is Dr. Miles? Why don't you tell me what you are saying?"

Some one answers her that it is probable that the doctor has attempted to cross—he is so reckless of danger—and as he has not returned yet, anxiety is felt for his safety.

With the unreserve of a great fear and a great love she excitedly demands, "Why did you not tell me this before? Why did you not go and see? Do you intend to let him die? He may be drowning now. Oh, won't some of you go and help him?" The pretty voice grew so pitiful here, and the dark eyes became so full of intreaty, that every man feels ready to serve her, even to the death of his own hopes.

"I will go and find him, and save his life, too, if you will give me my reward," Joe Dudley whispers in her ear, and she thinks only of the kindly face that may be already set in the rigid outlines of death, impulsively answers: "Yes, yes; I will give you anything—everything, if you will only go now and quickly, and save the life of that brave man!"

My poor, pretty Jennie! You do not know that you have unwittingly bound yourself by a fatal promise, which only a generous wooer will let you take back again!

Lying against the rough side of the old tree, protected from the water by the spreading roots, they find John Miles. The horse is pathetically licking his master's face.

They carry him home, and through the long fever that follows, Joe Dudley nurses him with all the faithful devotion of a friend. With returning consciousness Dr. Miles notices this, and puzzles his mind over it. One day, when he was almost well, he gratefully acknowledges the kindness.

Joe Dudley laughs as he makes this answer: "You need not thank me; I am only paying off a debt. I promised to save your life if it could be done, and I have been successful; that is all—except that in six months Jennie Cameron will be my wife."

The sick man starts up, flushing painfully: "Who says so? Does Jennie Cameron say so?"

"I say so," the other answers triumphantly, "and that is sufficient for all purposes. In six months that lady will be my wife or prove false to her word—and you know as well as I that she will never do that."

John Miles rises to his feet and exclaims: "Joe Dudley, I believe you are playing me false! I will see Jennie Cameron to-night and ask her to be my wife; and if she loves me, as I have reason to believe she does, no power on earth shall keep her from my arms. You are deceitful to the heart's core, and my pure, proud girl never promised to be your wife unless you maddened her into it. Leave me! I am weak, but if you were to tell me any more falsehoods I might be tempted to strike you!"

Dudley is, physically, no coward, but his pure, moral nature falters before the grand, heroic soul shining out of the sick man's eyes. He laughs uneasily, and goes out of the room. He has so falsified everything to Jennie and so worked upon her exaggerated, strained sense of honor, that the careless, heedless-spoken words—"Yes, yes, I will give you anything, everything"—have been construed into a solemn, plighted troth, from which there is no withdrawal. Although wickedly false himself, he estimates at its full value the fine, sensitive nature of the girl and feels secure accordingly. That night Jennie, in a big chair by the window, is startled out of a troubled reverie by what she thinks is a ghostly visitant.

"Don't be frightened; it is only I," a familiar, well-loved voice calls out, and she goes forward gladly, to meet and welcome Dr. Miles.

He notes that these few weeks have changed her too. She is thinner and paler, and has a restless, uneasy manner, as if she were always, mentally, warring off a blow. He watches her with anxiety, and feels that she is troubled and unhappy. In a little while he tells her what he has come to say. She listens to him nervously, and the troubled look deepens. When he finishes she struggles feebly with herself, and then, looking at him through tear-dimmed eyes, opens her poor, depressed, heavy-laden heart, and tells him all.

How he loves her! She was dear to him before, but never so madly loved, so fondly worshipped as now, when he sees for the first time into the very depths of her pure soul. So spotless it is, and so free from guile, that he almost hesitates to take it into his unworthy self.

But when he tries to prove to her that her promise to Joe Dudley is no promise at all, but only the mean advantage of a base, ungenerous man, he finds her immovable. She loves him, but she cannot marry him. His own words, "To be false to your word is to be cowardly," have haunted her of late, and now rise up to keep them apart. She knows he loves her dearly, but will he respect her as highly as she break her word, even though it be for him?

He is still vainly pleading, when Dudley's dark face appears at the door. With a malignant scowl, as he looks at John Miles, he says in a threatening voice: "Jennie Cameron, you belong to me. You can't marry that man." She rises at sight of him, and stands looking helplessly from one to the other. Was over a woman so terribly tried? Love, happiness, rest on one side; on the other her sacred, plighted word, and misery, dull, hopeless misery. "Jennie," Dr. Miles' voice is husky from emotion, "will you be my wife?" He holds out his hand to her.

She turns despairingly to Joe Dudley. "Won't you give me back my promise? I cannot love you. You would not have an unwilling bride?"

The obstinate gleam only deepens in Dudley's eyes as he crosses over and takes her rudely by the hand. "I would have you now if I had to drag you to the altar. You have promised to marry me, and by all the powers above, you shall!"

There flashes into John Miles' face a look that comes into gray eyes only when there is something desperate to be done. Going toward the trembling girl, who is mutely accepting him with her beautiful, soft eyes, he says, firmly, but tenderly too: "Jennie, darling, you are mine whether you will or no, so there is nothing else for me to do but to steal you from yourself. I don't like to do it, but I see I will have to run away with my wife and get her consent afterward."

Before either can guess what he is going to do, he takes her lovingly in his arms and carries her, weak as he is, to the carriage that is in waiting, and which he had brought in anticipation of this very scene. A few minutes' drive brings them to the old parsonage, where she is absolved from all the promises and responsibilities of Jeannie Cameron, by becoming Mrs. John Miles.

Joe Dudley, helpless with rage, remains standing where they left him. As he realizes the whole truth he mutters a curse and rushes from the house.

Years afterward some one meets him in Eastern Texas, leading a religious meeting—a deluder of souls to the last.

It is hard to tell which gets the most petting—Brown Dick or his master—but it remains an unanswerable fact, that they are both terribly spoiled.

Two Sides of It.

Some unknown genius has discovered the following "Rules for Spoiling a Husband":

- Snarl at him.
- Find fault with him.
- Keep an untidy house.
- Boss him out of his boots.
- Always have the last word.
- Be extra cross on wash day.
- Quarrel with him for trifles.
- Never have his meals on time.
- Let him sew the buttons on his shirts.
- Pay no attention to household expenses.
- Give as much as he can earn in a month for a new bonnet.
- Tell him plainly you married him for a living.
- Get everything the woman next door gets no matter whether you can afford it or not.
- Provide any kind of a pick-up dinner for him when you do not expect strangers.
- Let it out some time when you are good and mad that you are sorry you didn't marry some other fellow you used to go with.
- If he has an extra amount of brain work and comes home with his nervous system all on an edge—don't try to keep the children quiet. Tell them their father is nothing but a cross-patch anyway.

HOW TO SPOIL A WIFE.

- How will this do: Snarl at her.
- Find fault with her.
- Boss her out of her shoes.
- Always have the last word.
- Quarrel with her for trifles.
- Never be on time for your meals.
- Make her clean house untidy by your slovenly habits.
- Be extra cross when she is harassed by the work and worry of wash day.
- Growl when she forgets through a multiplicity of duties to sew buttons on your shirts.
- Spend the price of several new bonnets for cigars and then skip the bonnets.
- Tell her plainly you married her to do your work.
- Raise a row if she bows pleasantly to an old time gentleman friend.
- Find never-ending fault if she happens to want anything she sees the woman next door having.
- Grumble when she provides a pick-up dinner.
- Let it out sometime when you are good and mad that you wish you had married some girl you used to run with.
- If you have had a hard day's work in the store or office, go home and let out your gall on this poor woman who has baked and ironed and mended all day. Don't try to hold your peevish disposition in check. Growl and fuss and fume and find fault with the little patient woman whose rosy cheek you once kissed, and swore by all that was good you'd love and cherish her till death.
- The thing is just about as broad as it is long, brethren.

THE DYING HENDRICKS.—There is a quiet laugh at the expense of big doctory in Indianapolis. Ex-senator Hendricks was recently reported critically ill of erysipelas, with gangrenous symptoms, certain, the great doctors of Indianapolis and Louisville said, to carry him to a speedy death. The senator prepared for his fate calmly, and resignedly waited for the grim messenger. But he did not proceed to die. The day to which the scientific doctors limited his life, a blunt old Democratic friend, who was a country practitioner, came to pay his distinguished friend a farewell visit. He looked at the erysipelas of the dying statesman, and suddenly said, with an expressive grunt. "Nothing but bile, by G—d!" The next day the statesman was at the polls voting the Democratic ticket. The distinguished scientific physicians are very quiet on the subject. We have the documents for this story.—[Layton Journal.]

As to the rapid formation of mineral veins, Dr. Fleitman, of Iserlohn, makes the following record: Two years ago the bottom of a stable pit was rammed hard with common clay containing iron. It had since served for storing dung, water being thrown in occasionally to prevent overheating. It having become necessary to have the pit some where else, it was found that the clay had lost all color and was divided into numerous fissures, from 1-23 to 1-8 inch in width, filled with iron pyrites. The iron oxide of the clay was charged by the organic matter placed upon it, and the water containing sulphate of ammonia, into sulphate of iron, which deposited itself in the fissures.

A Sun Spot.

"Since the great magnetic storm Friday, and the brilliant auroral plays last night," said the astronomer the reporter on Monday, "perhaps you would like to look at the sun spot which was probably at the bottom of all that disturbance?"

"To be sure I would," the reporter replied; "but do you mean to say that a sun spot caused the magnetic storm?" "Well, to be more accurate, perhaps I should say that the causes which led to the formation of the sun spot also produced the storm. It is impossible to particularize very closely in this matter. What we do know is that when sun spots are most numerous and largest, the auroras and magnet storms are most frequent and most violent. This has been strikingly exemplified during the present year; we have had two or three great magnetic storms, and simultaneous with each of the storms sun spots of extraordinary magnitude have been visible. I caught sight of the present great one just coming around the edge of the sun on November 13, and since then there has been more or less electric and magnetic disturbance, culminating in a marvelous auroral outburst of last Friday. I think this spot is identical with the one which made its appearance during the perihelion of the great comet, but it has changed greatly in appearance."

"Then it is visible without a telescope?" "Easily. Smoke a piece of window glass to protect the eye, and you can see the great spot as a conspicuous black on the sun."

"It must be very large."

"Large! Enormous—doesn't begin to express it! Counting the whole sun covered by the various nuclei and penumbrae in which they appear, is not less than 60,000 miles long by 40,000 miles wide. All the continents and islands of earth together, add to them all the oceans, and spread the whole out, and they would not cover one-twelfth the area included in that tremendous congeries of sun chams."

"Let me see it," said the reporter.

"Don't keep me waiting."

The astronomer laughed and pointed the telescope at the sun. After the porter had somewhat recovered from his astonishment, he began to ask questions. "So these queerly-shaped black spots are holes in the sun, are they?"

"Yes," replied the astronomer.

"And what is the shadowy veil that surrounds them?"

"That is also a depression in the surface, but not so deep as the holes."

"What are the white ridges around the spots?"

"Mountains of fire, or perhaps I should rather say billows in comparison with the size of which the Himalayas are Andes are rows of mere ant hills."

"What are those white, feathery-looking points projecting here and there on the chams?"

"Clouds in which iron and other metals are floating in the form of metallic vapors. What do you suppose you would see if you could stand upon one of the projecting points suspended over a chasm?"

The reporter couldn't tell.

"Let us make the absurd supposition that your body would not, in the millionth part of a second, be turned into vapor," said the astronomer, "and we also suppose that you could for an instant retain consciousness amid the roar and roar of the solar action, where fragments of the bursting of a world would be indistinguishable from the universal clangor, and I should try to give you a notion of what would see. Your horizon, supported that immediately around you, would be a clear fire, heaving, tossing, casting showers of hot metallic spray, while and there fiery geyzers shot up with conceivable velocity, would rise a mile, ten thousand, twenty thousand miles and condensing, fall back, blazing rain. The sides of the chasm over which you hung, gaping, would appear as cataracts of glowing vapors, partially condensed, tumbling downward to an awful depth. Some students of the sun have attempted to measure, or rather to approximately estimate the depth of sun spots, and put it at from 3000 to 6000 miles. The case of so large a spot as this we may safely assume that its depth is equal to the maximum estimate, would behold cyclone motions in the sea of fire producing fearful whirls and the rushing and the clashing vaporized elements, driven by hurricane that would make playthings of mountains. The fiery cloud bridge which you stood would be likely to shatter to fragments at any time. You have seen such bridges disappear in minutes. Then if you fell into the chasm, still assuming that you would instantly be turned into vapor, you would, after your tumble of 6000 miles, strike no bottom on a foot of fire, but would sink into a sea of fiery gases, in which, probably, all elements that compose the solid world would be represented. As you went lower and lower, the gases, while resisting their other properties, would resist your descent like an ocean of fire, the effect of the tremendous temperature and pressure to which they are subjected."

"But would I find nothing but barn the sun?" the reporter asked.

"Probably not," the astronomer replied, "but you must remember, this is a matter of theory. Astronomers are only trying to account for what we see in ways that appear most probable and reasonable. It is a long step from the gaseous theory of the sun which is now widely accepted, though in what varied forms, to the theory of William Herschel, that the body of the sun is a cool, inhabitable world, surrounded from the glowing surface by a sea of fire, protected by a protecting atmosphere, and nobody holds that theory now. I fabled salamander would find the too hot for a place of residence, strong deoper he got the worse it would hurt. N. Y. Herald."

A New York hotel-keeper has \$10,000 invested in horseflesh, and the people are wishing he would sell the horses and buy a few tower upper bedrooms.