

EUGENE CITY GUARD

LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE.

O'Donnell, the murderer of Carey, will be beheaded Dec. 17th.

The London Post says it is probable that Tennyson will shortly be raised to a peerage.

The 48th congress opened at Washington Dec. 3d. Carlisle of Kentucky was elected speaker of the house.

The Welland county council has resolved to memorialize the Ontario legislature to grant woman suffrage.

A fire at Lynchburg, Va., recently destroyed twenty-three houses, including the Sentinel office and several stores.

A Milwaukee special says that William Newell of Eau Claire, Wis., has discovered a silver mine thirty-five miles from that city.

Eldridge F. Johnson, a farmer of Madison, Conn., was found dead near a coal pit with his skull crushed, and one leg burned nearly off.

Captain Brown and seven scoundrels of the government steamer Newfoundland were lost while trying to save another vessel near Halifax.

Now senators for the present congress are Pike, Kenna, Gibson, Colquitt, Wilson, Riddleberger, Sabine, Palmer, Callon, Manderson, Dolph and Bowen.

The adjutant general of the army has received information of the surrender at Camp Poplar river of five lodges of Sitting Bull's forces from the British provinces.

The total catch of the Arctic whaling fleet for the season is 11,290 barrels of oil, 162,244 pounds of bone, and 31,120 pounds of ivory. The whole is valued at \$860,000.

A Lynchburg, Va., dispatch of Dec. 5th, says: A tramp was killed, engineer Richard Pond was probably fatally injured, and two others were slightly injured, by a collision on the Norfolk and Western railway.

There was a big explosion of gas in the mines of the Youngtown Coke Company, at Stamburg, Pa. A man named Thomas was burned to death and six others whose names could not be learned were seriously injured.

It has been ascertained that the skeletons of twenty-three soldiers found in Dickey county, Dak., some time ago, are those of soldiers killed in a fight with Innahs during Sully's expedition, and there is no mystery connected with it.

Milo N. Pond, an old resident of Faribault, Minn., was fatally shot recently by Mrs. George Swartz, a woman who had been divorced from her husband, although continuing to live together. She alleges that Pond circulated damaging reports regarding her.

The commissioner of internal revenue received a dispatch from Deputy Collector Betts of Raleigh, N. C., stating that while destroying an illicit distillery in Durham county, he was shot in the head from ambush, was compelled to leave, and was chased by five men.

From the Boston Post a table is compiled from dispatches from the twenty-seven leading clearing houses in the United States, which gives clearances for the week ending December 1, with the percentage comparisons. Total, \$750,467,884; decrease, 45 1/2.

Haban and Lee, champion scullers, are anxious to give an exhibition in northern waters, and are particularly desirous of meeting Cotford of British Columbia. Haban's latest offer is to match himself against all comers, and to row wherever smooth water can be found.

A Woxford dispatch of Dec. 3d says: A mob last evening attacked a theater in which evangelic service was being held, and attempted to burn the building. The mob took possession of the town, broke the windows in the Protestant churches, and of nearly all the houses occupied by Protestants. The dresses of the ladies who attended services in the church and theater were torn off, and the gentlemen accompanying them were stoned. Several were injured severely. The mob paraded the streets several hours singing "God Save Ireland."

A Chicago dispatch of December 31 says: The coroner this afternoon held an inquest to inquire into the cause of the death of Mrs. Mary Hyde, aged 60 years, who lived as a recluse for years and died alone. A verdict was rendered that death resulted from a combination of asthma and a want of nourishment and drink. She claimed to be a niece of the Duke of Argyll and cousin to the Marquis of Lorne. A separation from clan Campbell, to which she belonged, was caused by her marrying below her station. Her husband was murdered by Indians on the overland route to California thirty-five years ago. Returning to Chicago, she amassed considerable property as a music teacher, but took to drinking and dissipation.

A Pittsburg dispatch of December 5th says: Ross Grove, on the West Pennsylvania railroad line, nine miles from Allegheny City, was the scene this afternoon of one of the most brutal and hotly contested hard glove prize fights that ever took place in western Pennsylvania. The principals were Patrick Moran and James McCoy, and 114 rounds were fought in one hour and thirty-six minutes. The fight had been on the tapis for several months, and was for a purse of \$300. McCoy is 37 years old and Moran 51. Owing to the great difference in age, it was thought the former would have an easy victory, and betting was two to one in favor of McCoy. The encounter was to have taken place on Thanksgiving day, but was postponed for some reason, and it was generally believed it was off. This afternoon 100 sporting men left this city and arrived at Ross Grove at 3 o'clock. A ring was marked out, but no ropes were put up. At 3:42 time was called. At the beginning McCoy broke his right wrist, and for the rest of the time the battle was fought with his left hand. Both men appeared determined to win, and were soon covered with blood. After McCoy broke his wrist he fought desperately, and succeeded in knocking down his antagonist 110 times. In the 111th round Moran got in a terrific blow on McCoy's neck, felling him like an ox. He was picked up and carried to a corner, but was com-

pletely fazed, and wanted to stop fighting, but friends prevailed on him to continue, and he fought three more rounds, Moran knocking him out in the 114th round. Both men were terribly punished, and McCoy had to be carried to the train.

The Influence of Forests upon Water Supply.

There has been in the past years a considerable amount of discussion, especially among those using water as a motive power for manufacturing purposes, of the effect upon our annual rain fall due to clearing up large tracts of our forest trees. Some maintain that the effect is to directly diminish the amount of rain which falls annually upon any given area of land which has been cleared up, thus causing severe drought and an insufficiency of water for motive power where there formerly was an abundance. With respect to this latter state of affairs, think it would be much easier to show that it is brought about by an increase in the amount of power required, rather than by a diminished water supply. But this is not the question. Does the clearing up of our forests diminish the annual rain fall? We do not think it does. At any rate, it has not sensibly affected the amount falling in the eastern states during the last sixty years, as is absolutely proved by the records kept by the various water power companies during that time. At Lowell, Mass., the proprietors of the locks and canals have kept a record of the annual rain fall since the year 1826, and no material change has been shown. According to these records, the average for the whole period has been 41.94 inches yearly. In the year 1882 it amounted to 40.91 inches. In 1876, 78, 79 and 1881 it exceeded this amount, being 56.63 inches in 1878; and the average for the ten years from 1826 to 1836 is almost precisely the same as the average for the last ten years, although very large tracts of forest have been cleared away in the Merrimac valley during that time.

The real effect produced by cutting down and clearing away the forests would seem to be this: It allows the water which falls to run off more rapidly to the ocean. In a heavily timbered region, it will readily be seen that the presence of the trees will tend to equalize and prolong the flow and evaporation of the surface water, while in a region bare of trees it will quickly find its way to the various streams, and thence to the ocean, and the evaporation will also be more rapid, owing to the absence of the shade, etc. Thus it may reasonably be inferred that land which was reasonably moist while covered with trees may, after being cleared up, be subject to periods of drought. The writer personally knows of several cases where "living" springs of water existed on land which was covered with trees, and the driest seasons did not perceptibly diminish the amount of their flow. After the trees were cut away, these springs wholly dried up in a year or two, and the hardest rains would make them flow but a day or two.

The presence of forests seems not to increase the rain fall, but to temper and equalize its effects after it has fallen.—H. F. S., in the Locomotive.

The Subject of Education.

The subject of education receives critical and an exhaustive attention in the inaugural message of Gov. Butler, of Massachusetts. The governor claims that the fund is not expended for the benefit of all in the state; the percentage of illiteracy shows this if nothing else. High grades of study are cultivated, but the spelling book is abolished; subjects that ought not to be included in a common school education exhaust the fund until Massachusetts is the nineteenth state in the illiteracy of her population of the thirty-eight. The salaries in the higher schools are too high and in the lower grades too low. It is necessary, to prevent crime and pauperism, to educate the masses up to a certain necessary point and to fit them for the suffrage. The classes above will and ought to educate themselves up to a still higher point. In order that he cannot be misunderstood, he says that the school fund money is diverted extravagantly from the many to whom it does belong, to the use of the few to whom it does not belong, and he illustrates it by citing the Normal and the Art schools, and closes by advocating the following measures: Restrict the branches taught in the primary schools by law specifically to spelling, reading, writing, grammar, arithmetic, geography, history—preferably of the United States—and require that those shall be taught upon the same system, to the same grade of scholars, in every common school in the commonwealth. When the scholar can show by an examination that he is well grounded in the elementary English branches, then let him be admitted to a school of higher grade, where line drafting for industrial purposes shall be taught, bookkeeping, algebra, geometry, the rudiments of the Latin and French languages, chemistry, physics, with natural philosophy in a rudimentary degree; and there a common school education should stop.

Mrs. Ada Merrell, of Michigan, comes to the front with the following record of her summer's work: "Picking on meadow seven days, building fence four days, on potatoes in basement eight days, planting among the logs 22 days, planting in cleared fields 12 days, planting seed potatoes 40 bushels, hoeing in cleared fields 15 days, removing bugs from potato vines seven days, digging potatoes 10 days, picking whortleberries, two bushels, two days, raking and binding oats, four days, help place straw in barn two days, carrying lumber one day, on strawberries four days, blackberrying one day, hoeing strawberries two days, digging potatoes 11 days, splitting wood one day—in all 126 days. Dug and sold 300 bushels potatoes up to September 25th, 1883. Estimate 300 bushels potatoes more to dig; 600 bushels in all.

An illustration of the ridiculous and annoying way in which a church choir will sometimes run together the words of a hymn, is afforded by the remark of a small boy in one of the front pews of a church in Boston. The hymn beginning "The consecrated cross I'd bear," has just been sung, and in the momentary quiet which followed, the perplexed youth turned to his father and asked in an earnest whisper, "Say, pa, where do they keep the consecrated cross-eyed bear?"

WHAT CLOCK JONES DID.

That winter we were in camp on Panther Creek was one never to be forgotten, even by a miser who had blasted rocks in the hills and worked knees deep in the cold waters of the valleys. No one was making a fair living, to say nothing of adding to the store which was to some day carry the possessor back to the states and to wife and children.

It was not enough that times were hard, the weather bad and a good share of the men sick, but the blacklegs came down from Thunder Bend and up from Aunt Sally's Town and made themselves quite at home among us. They were well stocked with whisky and gambling devices, and more than one of our men who had dug and delved for months to get a few dollars ahead saw it pass into the hands of these rascals.

When Richard Smith lost his dust and raised a kick, one of the gamblers put a knife into him to settle the argument. That action stirred up the town, and in the row that followed four or five men were killed and as many more wounded. After this affair the town was pretty quiet for a fortnight, and then occurred the incident I set out to relate.

One of the best-natured men in camp was a man from Connecticut, generally known by the name of Clock Jones. When he left Frisco for the digging, he carried with him an old-fashioned family clock, and for a year or two he and the clock were "pards," and traveled in company and were never out of sight of each other. In this way he came to be known by the front name of "Clock," and if the title did not please him, no one ever heard him object to it.

I repeat that he was one of the best-natured men in camp. He was never discouraged, never out of sorts, and had never been known to have a row with any one. He had money saved up to return home to his dear ones, and was only waiting for spring to open to take his departure.

At some time in the past Clock Jones had been a drunkard. Perhaps the tears and prayers of a loving wife had wrought his rescue. He had braced against the awful vice, and none of us had ever known him to taste the stuff.

Well, it might have been curiosity that one day led the man to enter the shanty of the worst blackleg of all. If not that, then he was drawn there, as fate has drawn her victims here and there before. He was a man who would not touch cards, and, as I said before, we had never seen him taste liquor. And yet within half an hour after he had entered that den he was whooping drunk and being plucked of his money. Several of his friends made efforts to get him out of the clutches of the blacklegs, but their kind words were answered by threats and curses. The man had changed from a quiet, God-fearing miser to a howling, reckless, bawling demon in thirty minutes. One sip of whisky had created a craving for a drink, and dram had followed dram with frightful avidity.

We couldn't let him go on that way, and finally a miner named Williams was prevailed upon to make another effort. We selected this man because at home he was a neighbor of Jones, and because he, too, had saved up a snug little sum and would go home in the spring. The two men, after a hard day's work, had sat together by the cheerful fire of evening and anticipated their return home. They had planned how they would reach home in the evening, still wearing their old clothes and long beards and rough looks, and after an absence of seven years no one would know them as they walked the streets of the village. They would quietly approach their own homes, and their knock would be answered by the wife who had waited and hoped and lived by hoping. He would speak to her as a stranger, and he would be on the point of turning away when something in voice or gesture would tell her that the long gone husband was home at last.

So they had planned, and neither had been ashamed of the tears that welled up to his eyes at the recollections of home.

We sought out Williams and entreated him to interfere to save his friend, and he walked straight to the gambler's cabin. Jones had lost every dollar of his money and was fighting drunk.

"Come, Clock, come away," coaxed Williams.

"I won't! I want more whisky and a chance to win my money back!" shouted Jones.

"For your wife's sake, come away," entreated Williams.

"I tell you I won't, and if you don't go away I'll kill you!" yelled Jones, as he flourished his shooter around.

Williams walked over and laid his hand on his friend's shoulder and whispered:

"Come, old neighbor, remember wife and children!"

"Hang wife and children, and you, too!" was the fierce exclamation from the maddened man, and with that he fired to kill.

The bullet did not kill. Indeed, it did not hit Williams at all, but the flame of the powder blinded him in a flash and forever. He carried his hands to his face, stepped back a pace or two, and I can never forget how his voice went to every heart as he cried out:

"Oh! man, you have blinded me, and I shall never see wife and children again!"

The demon fled from Clock Jones' heart as that wail reached it. In a moment he was pale as death and as sober as at any hour in his life. Slowly, as the darkness of his brain was lighted up by the return of reason, he comprehended what he had done. He looked from face to face and saw the horror resting on each countenance. Then he took poor Williams' hands down from his face, kissed him on his cheek, and stepped back and blew his own brains out before a hand could be raised to prevent.—M. Quad.

An Old-Fashioned Candy Pull.

The young people assembled early in the evening, and all sat down together to a generous, home-like supper, to fortify themselves for the labor that is to come. There is no mixing of dainties with alternate prongs of aesthetic forks, and sipping from cut-glass thimbles, and dipping of fingers in perfumed finger-bowls, but each sturdy lad and lass lays hold with an honest appetite and eats what is set before them with a zest which causes the good housewife's face to shine like a winter night's moon. After

supper they all go out into the big kitchen. Here the "help," with cheeks all aflame, is stirring a kettle of golden molasses which stands on the stove.

Already it has become so thick and rich that the iron spoon leaves a slowly-closing furrow behind it at every revolution, and the help avows that "her arm is broke," and pronounces the mixture done to a turn and "ready for the cooling."

Off comes the big kettle and goes steaming out the door for a bath in the snow. Now, with much laughter on the part of the girls, and bashful blushing on the part of the boys, an astounding number of antiquated aprons make their appearance, and presently every lad is transformed into an anomalous creature whose sex you are at liberty to question. Then the girls tie on their own dainty little protectors, and proceed to roll up their sleeves.

Plates of melted lard and butter are then brought out, each person taking a little of the unguent to smear his or her hands, so that the strands of molasses will not stick to them. Now, from various parts of the room may be heard the low-voiced query: "May I pull with you, Miss —?" or "Has anyone asked you to pull with him?" Gradually all pair off, except here and there an over-bashful lad and retiring maiden, who, after many deprecating glances, are finally brought together and made inexpressibly happy in saccharine partnership. The ladle, deep-plunged in the golden mass and brought up with vicious streams trickling slowly from point and sides, furnishes each pair of candy-pullers with a "rope" to tie and untie between them with all the curious fancies of the Gordian knot of youthful fancy.

To and fro they sway, drawing out the golden strand, and doubling it again, hand to hand, eye to eye, drawing and doubling, twisting and folding, winding and breaking, till at last the amber-colored rope grows white and hard, and taxes their united strength to draw it out. Then it is carefully pulled into a long, slender rod and laid upon the table, broke into sticks of the proper length, and all the buttered plates filled with the crisp bits. The candy-pullers then wash their hands, resume their company and demeanor, and return to the parlor or sitting room, where they regale themselves with the fruit of their labors till fairly surfeited with sweets. Then come the games of the evening—blind-man's-buff, drop the handkerchief, throw the cushion, button, button, who's got the button? forfeits, quits, and half a dozen other extremely transparent methods of getting the opposite poles of the human battery together and effecting an exchange of electricity.

After this kind of thing has lasted till nearly midnight, the sudden appearance of the good lady of the house, with a certain unmistakable restraint in her manner, announces that the festivities are, or ought to be at an end. The game grows very uninteresting all of a sudden, and a general leave taking begins. In ten minutes the house is deserted, and nothing remains to tell of the recent festivities, except some empty, buttered plates, and five or six half-melted sticks of candy clinging to the table spread or trodden into the carpet. Dreams, it may be, not as sweet as the mutually divided rope of molasses candy, will visit the pillows of the candy-pullers at night; but if so, that for which mankind has always sighed, and failed to realize, may at last come true, and the reality prove sweeter than the dream.

Raising Fish in Artesian Wells.

Seth Green, the eminent pisciculturist, writes to the Chicago Times about the new way of supplying families with fish:

"There are many artesian wells scattered all over the western country, most of them many miles from any lakes or streams or fish market. It is my opinion that nearly every flowing well would furnish enough surplus water to supply a pond which will keep a family in fish. A very small stream will furnish enough water for some kinds. I would recommend carp as being the fish most likely to be a success, as they require less care than any other kind. I do not consider them the very best fish there is, because of late years I have been used to eating the best kind our country affords. But I remember when my mother cooked the suckers and shiners I caught with a pin hook. They were the best fish there was. It would undoubtedly be the same with families raised on carp. My opinion has often been asked how a carp pond should be constructed for family use. The pond can be made in any shape to suit the locality, but I would prefer egg shape if the locality was just as suitable for it. The pond would breed flies of a great many kinds, one of the kinds being mosquitoes. The larva of all flies is the best food for young fish. I have bred them by the bushel, but some of the mosquitoes would be apt to take wing before the pond got well stocked with young fish, and to protect the family in a measure I would advise building the pond to the leeward of the house in the prevailing winds of the locality. If, for instance, the prevailing wind was from the west, the pond would be built to the east, northeast or southeast of the house. I would prefer the pond to the northeast or southeast, because if placed directly to the east the house would make a lee under which the mosquitoes could easily reach it. The mosquito can beat any sailing craft before the wind, but on the wind they are nowhere in the race because they have no keel. The whole human family should be thankful to the Creator for not putting a keel on them, and if their bowrip had not been quite so sharp they might not receive so many handkerchief salutes from the Long Island hotels, but would be just as useful and ornamental. The pond can be built with plow and scraper. It should have a deep place in the centre and be shallow on the edges. If you have square sides the young fish will have no protection from the old ones. When scraping is commenced, carry the dirt as far back as you intend making the lower outside of your embankment, and keep scraping until the pond to four or six feet deep in the center. If the locality is such that the ice freezes very thick, the pond should be made deeper and holes kept open through the ice during the winter to keep the fish from suffocating. If the embankment is to be raised three feet and pounded down and sodded or sown

to grass, the water could be raised so that but three feet in the center would have to be excavated in order to have a pond six feet deep. The whole pond should be sown with some kind of grass or water plant, with the exception of about fifty or seventy-five feet square in the center. The grass and water plants make the spawning grounds breed food and protect the young. The pond should not contain any other kind of fish, and if the grass gets too thick it can be raked out."

Eggs in Winter.

While plenty of eggs are valuable at all times, they are doubly so in winter, and those who secure a good supply for home use on sale during the next three months are to be congratulated on the good management of their fowls. Some who are not very well up in poultry matters think that there are breeds specially adapted for laying in winter, and their want of eggs at that season is attributed to not having the right sort; but we cannot go this length as we have always found good summer layers to produce plenty of eggs in winter, too, providing they are only properly treated. It is the fault of the owners, and not the stock, when eggs are scarce in winter, and those who have to complain of this would do well to give the matter more attention. The very earliest hatched birds are not generally the best winter layers; those hatched in March will begin laying in July and August, and after going on for a time they moult in October which makes them stop laying, and they do not begin again until spring. Those hatched in May and June seldom lay until October or November, and it is this class which proves the best winter layers among the young fowls. With the old ones the same thing is liable to occur. Last year some of our hens moulted in June, laid well in August and September, and now they are moulting again, which spoils them for winter laying; but we have others which are only fairly over the fault—their combs have become big and red, and they will lay from now on for months. Apart from considerations of these kinds, good feeding is the grand secret of winter laying. Half starved fowls never lay well at any season, but such are absolutely sterile in winter. Barley meal mixed in a dough with hot water or ale, and given the first thing in the morning, wheat at midday, and Indian corn the last feed in the afternoon, is a sort of fare we have never found to fail in giving an abundance of eggs in winter, and we would strongly advise those who desire to have plenty of eggs in winter to take this bill of fare at once, adhere to it all the winter, and note the result.

A Remarkable Cave in Devonshire.

The opening illustrated article in the Devonian Century is a description of Devonshire, entitled "The Fairest County in England," by Francis George Heath. Of Kent's cavern, in the vicinity of Torquay, a remarkable cave consisting of a great excavation in the Devonian limestone, the writer says: "It is entered by a narrow passage some seven feet wide and only five feet in height. The central cavern, which is almost 600 feet long, has a number of smaller caverns or corridors leading out from it. Its farthest extremity is terminated by a deep pool of water. In the bed of this cavern modern research has been rewarded by some deeply interesting discoveries. Over the original earth bottom of the cave is a bed or layer of considerable thickness, in which are contained strange mixtures of human with the bones of the elephant and the rhinoceros, the hyena, the bear and the wolf, intermingled with stone and flint tools, arrow and spear heads and fragments of coarse pottery. The animal remains testify to the presence in the ancient forests of Britain of beasts of prey which have long since become extinct. Speculation may be exhausted in the endeavor to account for the curious intermingling in this cavern of the remains of human beings and wild animals. The place may have been used for shelter successively by man and by the lords of the forest; or, as the presence of the rude weapons of man might seem to indicate, the beasts of the field may have been brought into this natural recess as trophies of the chase, and their flesh and skins used for purposes of food and clothing. Nothing less than the most persevering and enthusiastic search could have discovered the interesting remains which, for a vast period of time, had been buried in this retreat; for the fossils were covered by a thick floor of stalagmite which had been formed, there can be no doubt, by great blocks of limestone which had fallen from time to time, extending over a very lengthened period, from the roof of the cavern, and had become cemented into one mass by the perpetual percolations of lime water from above."

Works of Human Labor.

Nineveh was 14 miles long, 8 miles wide and 46 miles round, with a wall 100 feet high and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was 50 miles inside of walls, the latter being 75 feet thick and 100 feet high, having 100 brazen gates. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 420 feet to the support of the roof; it was 100 years in the building. The largest of the pyramids measured 481 feet in height and 953 on the sides; the base covers 11 acres, and the stones are about 60 feet in length, and the layers are 208; it employed 320,000 men in building. The labyrinth, in Egypt, contained 300 chambers and 12 halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 27 miles round, and 19½ gates. Carthage was 20 miles round. Athens was 25 miles round and contained 350,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The temple of Delphos was so rich in donations that it was plundered of £10,000,000, and Nero took from it 200 statues. The walls of Rome were 13 miles round.

The Panama Star says: Passengers on the peninsula and oriental steamer Malva were placed in a strange predicament recently. An Indian knife cleaner on board got drunk, tied all the table knives—about 600 in number—round his waist and jumped overboard. The ship was stopped and turned round, but all efforts to rescue the unfortunate man with the much needed and useful table knives proved unavailing, and the passengers were compelled to use penknives and other substitutes until the vessel reached Alexandria.

SHORT BITS.

At the roadmaster's office a few days since a report of material used was received with this indorsement: "Charge to Mrs. Lane's account." Investigation proved that miscellaneous account was intended.

"Your husband is a staid man, now, is he not?" asked a former schoolmate of her friend, who had married a man rather noted for his fast habits. "I think so," was the reply, "he staid out all last night."

Little Susie went out to play and soon came in and said, "she had been helping God." When asked what she had been doing, she replied, "I found some blossoms almost blossomed, and I blossomed them."

When a ton of wheat is marketed it leaves nothing behind but five dollars worth of straw. When a ton of meat is sold, it has left behind nine-tenths of the material value of the food consumed in making it. Feed the farm products and sell the animals.

Rhode Island savings banks, especially in the country, make it a rule to help every person who has money enough to buy the land to build a house. This practice has encouraged hundreds of families in moderate circumstances to acquire homes of their own.

The democrats of Baltimore have nominated for sheriff Colonel Eugene Joyce, a saloon keeper, at present under several indictments for violating the Sunday law. The better class of voters in his own party loudly denounce the nomination, and will fight him at the polls.

There is a woman undertaker in Philadelphia, and somebody has given her an advertisement by having her arrested on the charge of maintaining a nuisance in the shape of a couple of big Siberian blood-hounds who keep the whole neighborhood awake nights. There was a lot of evidence at the trial, and the lawyers argued for five mortal hours, but the woman was acquitted.

There were 8521 marriages in Philadelphia last year, an increase of 952 over the previous year. Of the women married the ages of fifty-two were under twenty; 2899 were between twenty and twenty-five; 2746 between twenty-five and thirty; 1703 between thirty and forty; 401 between forty and fifty; 168 between fifty and sixty; six-five between sixty and seventy; eight-between seventy and eighty, and one-between eighty and ninety.

One of Edward Everett Hale's most improbable stories, that of "The Man That Stole a Meeting House," has been paralleled in real life by J. C. Smith, of McComb, Ohio. He sold a tract of land on which was an old church, to D. R. Wells, but afterward, claiming that the church was not sold to Wells, he sold it to a relative, who moved it off Wells' land one dark night. Wells brought suit, and Smith had to pay the value of the church, the costs of suit, and \$100 fine.

Miss Kate Chase's fine estate near Washington, called Edgewood, is tenanted, while its owner roams in Europe. She left a little over a month ago, with her children, for a five years' tour abroad. The grounds are kept in tolerable order by the servant in whose charge they were put by her, but the great house with its rich furnishings stands precisely as she left it, and the acres around it lie uncultivated. The neighbors do not understand why no one keeps them under cultivation.

The steady growth of temperance in this country is illustrated by the fact that one of the largest steamers on the Mississippi, which has just been undergoing repairs, is hereafter to have no bar. A generation ago the wildest orgies were common on these boats, and the captain who should have proposed to run without a "saloon" would have been deemed crazy. Of late years, however, the steamboat proprietors find that by abolishing this attachment they attract a passenger traffic enough larger and more desirable to fully compensate for the money formerly received for the bar privilege. More than one line on the Mississippi and its tributary streams has already made the change, and it promises to be not long before a bar on a first class river boat will be unknown.

Weather Predictions.

How little reliance there is to be placed in those who pretend to be able to foretell the weather of a season appears from the following letter of the chief signal officer of the United States to the New York Tribune. He says: "It is absolutely impossible to predict a storm for more than a few days in advance. The information cannot be too widely distributed, that no one can foretell even the general character of a coming season, much less the occurrence of a particular storm in that season. It is possible that the advance of our knowledge may at some time enable us to predict the weather for many days in advance, but this is not possible at the present time. Meteorology is yet in its infancy, and no one is yet able to anticipate the occurrence of a meteorological phenomenon for more than a few days—a week at the most. If any one will take the trouble to verify the weather predictions which, in these days, are so frequently made, he will find that about half of them are fulfilled and half fail. When a given prediction is fulfilled, it is often made a matter of marked comment, while the fulfillment of a similar prediction at another time is passed over in silence. The impression therefore prevails that reliance should be placed upon the fore-castings of weather prophets, but this impression will be removed by anyone who will give attention to the subject. A series of simple guesses, based upon no reasoning whatever, will come true in the long run as many times as they will fail. Until then, weather predictions are fulfilled more times than they fail; they must be regarded as equivalent to guesses and as having no value whatever. All predictions of the weather are to be expected a month or more in advance, whether based on the position of the planets, or of the moon, or upon the number of sun spots, or upon any supposed law of periodicity of natural phenomena, or upon any hypothesis whatever which to day has its advocates, are as unreliable as predictions of the time when the end of the world will come."