

## EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

### PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

The Kings of Sweden and Saxony are both poets.

Speaking of prima donnas, Clara Louise Kellogg says that "the day for large salaries is now a thing of the past, and pay is growing less and less each year."

Henry M. Stanley, the explorer of the Congo country, says the guiding motto of his life has been: "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

It is asserted that Jay Gould has not tasted whisky for over a quarter of a century. He took a drink once when he was a surveyor, got his figures mixed in consequence, and resolved never to drink whisky again.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mrs. Kate Upton Clark, editress of *Good Cheer*, is said to be the first lady who walked from the Crawford House to the summit of Mount Washington over the bridge path, a distance of nine miles. She performed the perilous feat recently.

Wirt Walton, who runs a newspaper at Clay Center, Kan., and leads a brass band as well, owns the fastest team of horses in the State. He calls one Ingalls and the other Plumb, those being the names of the two Kansas United States Senators.

Julia Smith, the Connecticut woman who got fame by refusing to pay taxes to a Government that would not let her vote, remarks to those who predicted unhappiness from her marriage five years ago, aged eighty-five, that she is extremely happy.—*Hartford Post.*

Major Dan Simpson, who has drummed for the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston for thirty-six years, celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday recently, and Robert C. Winthrop and other distinguished citizens called on him and made him speeches and presents.—*Boston Journal.*

To the late Mr. Thoms, the famous antiquarian, belongs the credit of having coined the word "folklore." He once gave a friend a photograph of himself, on the back of which he had written:

If you would fain know more,  
Of him whose photo here,  
He coined the word "folklore,"  
And started *Notes and Queries*.

A literary man, in a recent letter dated Fargo, D. T., says: "I have been writing persistently since I came West last November, and have piled the pen under all conditions and circumstances—sometimes in sitting-rooms, sometimes in hotel offices, sometimes in lumber-yards. I have been reduced to using a sewing-machine as a desk, and at the present moment I am writing on a wash-stand!"

At a recent fashionable wedding in that most fashionable of London temples, St. George's Hanover Square—the *American Register* informs us—"the bridegroom's best man was his eldest son by his first and divorced wife, to whom he was married twenty-eight years ago. His daughter was one of the bridesmaids, and among the company at the ceremony his first wife was also present." Neither Chicago or Newport can present a parallel to this remarkable instance of domestic complexity and felicity.

### HUMOROUS.

An exchange asks: "What is hostile furniture?" Don't know unless it is armed chairs.—*Evansville Argus.*

Grocer: "Half a pound of tea? Which will you have, black or green?"  
Servant: "Shure, aythur will do. It's for an old woman that's nearly blind."—*Christian Register.*

"Wall, that's a new idea. I never heard o' puttin' spittoons on the side o' the house before," remarked an old countryman, as he walked up to his telephone transmitter and made a bulls-eye the first shot.—*Pulmer Journal.*

She Complined with His Request—  
"Pray call me a pretty name," said he, one night to his darling Carrie.  
The girl he had courted so long that she thought he never meant to marry.  
Up from his bosom she raised her head, and her cheeks grew red as roses.  
"I think I will call you 'man,'" she said.  
"For they say that 'man proposes.'"  
—*Boston Courier.*

We never like making trouble at our boarding house about the quality of butter served, but when it is strong enough to lift the bread off the table and climb up on the ceiling with it we have hard work to refrain from telling the mistress that the guileless farmer has imposed upon her innocence.—*Full River Advance.*

Our office boy is a genius. The other day we found him practicing at a little target with a revolver. "You musn't do that, Billy," said we. "You will be hiring through the partition and killing some of the men on the other side." "No fear of that, sir. I can hit the target every time." "Yes, but you'll be shooting through the target." "Oh, no, sir. I'm all right there. It is a slab of boarding-house steak.—*Exchange.*

Count d'Estang (in despair): "Sare, I am ruin. I have been—vat you call—swindle. I oan a compatriot all my money and he give his note. It is no good, and my compatriot he is—vat you call—bogus. Vat shall I do?"  
Heartless hotel clerk: "I am very, very sorry, Count. There is only one thing for you to do now." "Vat is that? Ah, sare, your kindness is too much. Vat do you advise?" "Hire yourself out as a French fist."—*Philadelphia Call.*

"Oh, dear!" sighed an old spinster, recently laying down the paper wearily, "there's that good-looking darling old Emperor of Germany wants all the Carolines annexed to him. Not that I believe in polygamy, but then the dear old gentleman is so lovable and I could have been such a comfort to him. Oh why didn't my doll of a mother have me christened Caroline. Instead of Hannah Sophonisba Crumpton?"  
And when a hired girl came in with the tea and water creases and saw her mistress' red eyes, she mentally soliloquized: "What's the matter with Hannah?"—*News Letter.*

### BEEF TEA AND TERRAPIN.

A Colored Caterer's Eventful Career and Success.

James Wormley, the noted negro caterer of Washington, who died a few months ago, left a fortune of more than one hundred thousand dollars, which he made in keeping hotel. Mr. Wormley had a patent method of making beef tea, and he prepared much of the last food eaten by Charles Sumner, President Lincoln and President Garfield. During Garfield's last days he used to take his beef tea every morning from his hotel to the White House, and Garfield relished it when he could eat nothing else. It was made by broiling the tenderloin of a porterhouse steak, and while the meat was yet smoking, putting it into an iron reamer heated for the purpose. A crank was then turned which brought hundreds of pounds of pressure on the steaming steak causing every particle of its juice to stream forth. A little seasoning and the tea was ready. There was no water about it, and it was the pure juice of the beef. Mr. Wormley also made chicken broth for Garfield, and the chickens used came from his own farm near his city. His hotel was a high-priced one, and his dinners on special occasions cost as high as one hundred dollars a plate. He was especially noted as a terrapin cook, and he considered cooking such an art that he sent his son, who now manages the hotel, to Paris to take lessons of the noted cooks there.

Wormley was the first to introduce the terrapin into England. He took them with him when he went along with Reverdy Johnson, who was the American Ambassador, as cook to the legation. It is said that the terrapin did more to accomplish the ends of the United States than all of the speeches.

The best terrapin in the world, by the way, is found right on the Potomac, and this to such an extent that the Washington terrapin is fast getting a cosmopolitan reputation. The foreign legations eat a great many of them, and diamond back terrapin has become an essential element of a court dinner as the roast beef and fish. It is a rich man's dish, however, for the smallest terrapin, properly gotten up, will cost you four dollars. It will take two good sized terrapins to make a dinner for twelve persons, and the additional expense will be about ten dollars. Secretary Bayard has a national reputation as a terrapin cook, and it is said he always fixes the dish in the kitchen before he dresses to receive his guests.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

### COLORS AND FASHIONS.

Hints Calculated to Assist in the Making-up of Dresses.

Tan and all shades of brown are to be popular.

Green, no matter whether it prove becoming or not, is to be worn.

Bluish moonlight and blue steel beads mixed with a smaller quantity of bronze or great beads, form some of the most beautiful trimmings that can be obtained.

In making up skirts be sure to have the lower part so lined up that it is stiff and firm; there should always be a kiting or pleating quite at the edge, to throw it out, not necessarily to show.

French women have completely mastered the science of the laundry, and the hem-stitched, lace-edged ruffles are constantly washed. When linen collars and cuffs are worn they are, as a rule, embroidered or printed in colors, and are far better suited to French than English women.

Gray, although far less fashionable a color than last season, is not discarded, and in many shades of granite and steel gray it is not only fashionable, but reserved for very rich toilets, owing partly to the superb passementeries and beaded ornaments and embroideries that are so very handsome in shades of gray.

In many ways France is losing its sovereign sway in the realm of dress. American women come to Paris, look around and make up their minds as to what is best there, and buy in England. French women themselves are extensive patrons of the English tailors who come to Paris, but they do not recognize British skill in other departments of dress, unless it be materials, which they sometimes buy in England.

If you want a really useful washing dress, not always in the wash-bud, choose a dark blue linen; you can make it very simply at home, with kilts or box plaits from the waist, a short drape in front, and a full, plain train piece at the back, the bodice full back and front, a belt and buckle at the waist. One grand secret, it would seem to be of dress, is trimness. With a general pervading neatness in every detail there is often better style than with rich materials.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

### Money and Morals.

Our highest good should be the aim of life, and that is found in the highest good of our fellows. Let our ideals be high and our philosophy of living will be commensurate thereto. Make, on the other hand, wealth the object of our supreme desire, and all our efforts, aided by craft and ingenuity, are directed toward its attainment, regardless of the means. It becomes the dominant passion, the leading incentive, the controlling motive. Hence it is easily understood why men filling honorable and responsible positions so readily fall. They subordinate all other desires in the hope of gain. Finance as success with them is the only standard of morality. They risk fortune, reputation and honor. They stop at no sin; they pause before no calamity; they hesitate at no danger. By their transactions the National conscience is enfeebled, if not ruined; the standard of right subverted; ordinary business imperiled, and the prosperity of our Nation endangered, if not destroyed.—*Current.*

A Bridgeport woman recently attempted suicide owing to a neighbor's noisy children. It is rarely that you find a woman so sympathetic as this. Most women usually take pleasure in their neighbor's misfortunes.—*Hartford Post.*

### THE LOCO WEED.

A Trans-Mississippi Plant which Works Great Havoc Among Cattle.

For the last twelve years, complaints have been made in trans-Mississippi regions, particularly from the plain and mountain region, of death to live stock from eating supposedly poisonous plants. Investigation traced the cause to two genera, either to species of *Astragalus*—nearly allied to the lupine—and to *Oxytropis* plants, belong to the pea family—a family (*Leguminosae*) not considered heretofore as containing virulent poisonous species, but which does contain many food and forage plants. Like the plant producing milk-sickness, stock do not seem to eat it naturally, but, once they begin, they continue persistently. These two genera of plants are found throughout the plains and mountain regions to and including California. Of *Astragalus* there are a great number of species. In California some of them grow with the habit and vigor of lucerne. It is also said to grow on high and low, wet and dry land. The species *Oxytropis*, poisonous to stock, is said to be partial to damp ground and is perennial, growing up each season from the root. The symptoms of the disease are temporary intoxication, passing to complete nervous and muscular wreck in the later stages, and, fully developed, death ensues from starvation from inability to digest food. During the pronounced stages of the disease the animal becomes stupid, wild, or vicious, sometimes acting as though possessed by blindstagers. No antidote has yet been discovered, hence extermination of the plants is the only remedy. This may be considered well-nigh impossible over the great range of wild feeding grounds. In cultivated pastures, however, it may easily be managed. The common name of the *Astragalus*, is milk-vetch and a number of species are described by Gray as existing east of the Mississippi, none known to be injurious, the species injurious being found only west of the Mississippi, and only, it is believed, as we approach the plains regions.

*Astragalus Mollissimus*, one of the weeds to which the general name of loco weed is given, is a perennial herbaceous plant, of the region of the great plains from Colorado to New Mexico, Texas and Arkansas. There are usually a great many stalks proceeding from a large root stalk. They are reclining towards the base and erect above. The stalks are so short that the leaves and flower-stalks seem to proceed directly from the root. They are branching at the base and give rise to numerous leaves and long stems bearing the flowers and pods. The leaves are usually six to ten inches long, composed of nine to fifteen leaflets, borne on each side of the central leaf-stalk in pairs, except the upper one. They are of oval form, one-half to three-quarters of an inch long of a shining silvery hue, from being clothed with soft, silky hairs. The flower-stalks are about as long, sometimes longer, than the stalk of leaflets, naked below, and at the upper part (one-fourth to one-half), bearing a rather thick spike of flowers, which are nearly an inch long, narrow, and somewhat cylindrical. The corolla (inner covering of the flower) is a velvet or purple color, the calyx (flower-cup) half as long as the corolla, and softly pubescent (hairy). The flower has the general structure of the pea family, and is succeeded by short, oblong, thickish pods one-half to three-quarters of an inch long, very smooth, and with about two seeds each.

*Oxytropis Lambertii*—There are two varieties—one large and one small—of this species, also known as "loco weed." They belong to the same family as the one previously described. The only difference except size is that the smaller of the two is more hairy or downy than the larger variety. The larger variety is about the size of the *Astragalus*, just described, and like it grows in strongly-rooted clumps, but it differs in having an erect habit, with shorter leaves and longer and more stiffly erect flower-stalks. The leaflets are longer and narrower—about one inch long by one-quarter to one-third inch wide—and hairy, especially on the upper surface. The flower-stalk proceeds from the root-stalk, and is usually nine to twelve inches long and naked except near the top, which has a rather close and thick cluster of flowers, much like those of the *Astragalus* in general appearance—but differing only in some minute characters, but yet which separate it into another genus. The bloom is succeeded by erect, lance-oblong pointed pods of about an inch in length. The flowers are subject to much variation in color, some varieties being purple, some yellow and others being white. The species is very abundant on the high plains and in the mountains, ranging from British America to Mexico.

From the fact that it is more common than *Astragalus*, and also more of a plains than a mountain species, it may be inferred that this is the plant that has given so much trouble in Western Iowa and especially westward. It is important that every farmer or employe of the farm should know it in order to effect its eradication.

Unlike the plant producing milk-sickness, there is little probability that it will die out in pastures. It is indigenous to a wide range of territory and soil. It must be eradicated by special means. As it is a fibrous-rooted perennial, this may be accomplished by thrusting a chisel-edged spade under it and prying it out. It may seem like a serious labor, but necessary, since the shorter the pasture becomes the more and more will stock become addicted to eating it, and like milk-sickness, no remedy is known for the disease.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Colonel Bill Short, editor of the *Crosby County Clarion and Farmer's Indicator*, went to New Orleans not long since, and upon being shown his room at the hotel said: "This is a queer hotel. If a guest can pay his bills every week what use has he got for a fire-escape? And if there is a fire-escape, why should he pay his bills at the end of the week? There is some mystery about this hotel that I can't understand."—*Texas Siftings.*

### HE WAS WANTED AT HOME.

The Government Not Needing Recruits to Clean Out Indians.

He called himself Colorado Jack, and he looked as if he might be a bad man to handle. He was up for drunkenness. "Do you plead guilty or not guilty?" asked the Recorder of the Dallas Police Court.

"You don't try a man for murder before the inquests are held, do you? Don't you take me around first to the undertaker's shop to identify the remains? That is what I have been accustomed to in Colorado. I am always asked to identify my corpses."

"What remains? What inquest?" asked the Recorder.

"The corpses of the policemen who tried to arrest me," said the desperado.

"You are laboring under some hallucination, my friend," remarked the Recorder. "You didn't kill any policeman last night."

"Then he isn't dead yet. Take me to the hospital where his life is ebbing away. In Colorado they always take me to the bedside of the dying policeman who has tried to arrest me. He can identify me as the cyclone that devastated him. Have you taken the *ante mortem* of the policeman I partially destroyed last night?"

"I don't know what you are talking about," said the Recorder; "you were arrested and brought to the look up by a little sick talor who couldn't sleep on account of the racket you made."

"So I was arrested by a civilian, was I? O, well, that's all right. At first I was afraid I had allowed a squad of policemen to take me. Any citizen can arrest me with impunity. Civilians are beneath my resentment. A civilian can kick me and I'll not lay my hand on him. You can't make me destroy one. When I want a fight I want some two or three policemen to tackle me as an inducement. It takes five able-bodied policemen to make it interesting enough for me to let myself out. I never fish for salaries. In Colorado they usually bring out a battery on me and a company of infantry, and then the carnage begins, but here in Texas, as long as you keep your police force out of my way when I am drunk, they are safe. If a squad of policemen had tried to arrest me last night they would now be nesting in some silent tomb, but when a civilian, and particularly a talor, comes at me I weaken right off. Let me off this time, Judge. I want to leave town right away. I want to offer my services to the United States Government to clean up those Apaches in New Mexico. I am the kind of a man they need."

"No," replied the Recorder. "Uncle Sam has got lots of just such officers as you after those Indians. You will stay here in Dallas, and help clean up the streets."

"Judge, please let me help the Government to kill off Geronimo and his band first."

His Honor refused to relent and now the would-be Apache destroyer is chopping down weeds with a hoe in the streets of Dallas.—*Texas Siftings.*

### A BURGLAR'S BACK-DOWN.

How He Began by Demanding Much and Ended by Accepting Little.

It was night—midnight. This indicates that there is going to be something fearful about this story. But there isn't. Wait.

The soft murmur of a son-'sout west zephyr was audible in the interstices of the darkness. Mr. Buephalus K. Smoock did not hear it. He was wrapped in the arms of slumber.

Beside the bed stood a solemn figure. It was a man clad in mystery, a paper mask, and a ten dollar suit of clothes. The man was a burglar.

He had entered the palatial residence of B. K. Smoock by means of a skeleton-key, and he carried in his hand a glittering siletto.

While he was preparing to toss up a cent to see whether he should murder B. K. Smoock or not, B. K. awoke.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Your money or your life!" replied the burglar, in a ghostly, corpse-like, Tombstone, Arizona, whisper.

"Well," said B. K. Smoock; "this is where you don't get either."

And he drew a forty-four caliber navy revolver from beneath his pillow and pointed it at the burglar's soul.

"Hold on!" exclaimed the burglar; "I don't want all your money. I'll take three dollars, and let it go at that."

"No three," said Smoock. "Make it two-fifty."

"No," said the burglar, desperately. "I'll take thirty-seven cents," said the burglar, desperately.

"Not a thirty-seven," said Smoock. "Now, see here," said the burglar, persuasively; "you aren't going to send me away without anything, are you?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Well, hold on; let's talk this thing over. I've come all the way down here from Saratoga County to get something or other, and I don't want to go back empty-handed. I should die of mortification. My mother and sister would blush at my want of success, and my little brother would call me a blamed big chump. I've got a girl up there, and she'd marry the other fellow, sure, if I went back without anything. Don't send me away like that. Think of my future. I'm new in this business. I want to get a fair start. There's no hope of success for a man in any calling if he doesn't get a fair start. You don't want to ruin my prospects now, do you?"

B. K. Smoock was touched. He disliked to admit it, but his sympathy was aroused.

"What will you take?" he asked.

"I'll take a sheet of paper with your autograph on it," said the burglar.

"All right," said B. K.; "but tell me first how it is that you can begin by demanding so much and then go away contented with so little."

"Well," said the burglar, wiping away a warm, salt tear; "I began life as an office-seeker."—*Puck.*

—It is said that there can be found people in this country who never saw a postage stamp. This may be true, but no one ever saw a woman who could not tell how another made her new bagge.—*Boston Transcript.*

### AN ENGINEER'S THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

The Liverpool Daily Post says: "A

day or two ago a gentleman, while in conversation with a prominent army officer, was made acquainted with a most thrilling account of prolonged suffering and ultimate rescue experienced by one of the oldest engineers in Liverpool. The name of the latter gentleman is Mr. William Buchanan, who, upon being visited, made the following statement: 'I have been twenty-four years in the service of the Cunard Steamship Company, and I reside at 8 St. John's Road, Kirkdale, Liverpool. Two years ago, while attending church one day, I was suddenly attacked with a most excruciating pain in my head, which so completely prostrated me that I had to be conveyed to my home. Then followed twelve months of agony, which it is utterly impossible to describe. I had to resign my position, being entirely incapacitated from work. Medical opinion was divided as to what my malady really was. One doctor decided that I was suffering from a rheumatic affection of the brain, another that it was an overflow of blood to the brain, and another that it was acute neuralgia of the head. All agreed, however, that it would lead to softening of the brain. Six of the most eminent physicians in Liverpool attended me, but afforded me no relief. My case was regarded as incurable, and my sufferings were so great that I often became unconscious and fairly crazed from pain. I could neither see nor hear for days at a time, and during the fearful attacks of pain my cries often attracted the attention of the neighbors. My house was pointed out as one in which a man lay at death's door, and some of my paroxysms of pain were so great that it required two and sometimes three strong men to hold me in bed. My physicians held consultations, but all of no avail. My sufferings remained the same. My family were in despair, and, at one time they regarded me so near death that, in addition to three physicians who were in attendance, two clergymen were summoned to my bedside. At that time my wife's attention was called to a new remedy which was then being introduced, and which claimed to be a cure for rheumatism and neuralgia. She procured a bottle, and applied the contents to my head. Neither she nor I had any confidence in the remedy, but it was like a drowning man catching at a straw, and it looked like the last hope. The remedy acted like magic. It saved my life. I feel sure, my family and my friends feel sure, that had I not used it I would be dead, instead of alive and hearty and in perfect health, as you see me here. All other treatment had entirely failed, and wonderful to relate, I have never had the slightest return since I was cured some months ago. I have re-entered my old position, and in giving you the foregoing facts, I can only repeat that St. Jacobs Oil—which is the remedy referred to—saved my life. My case is no secret. My friends and neighbors know all about it, and are likewise familiar with my terrible sufferings, and my former helpless and hopeless condition. My cure was considered so marvellous—it has become much talked over and is well known—that I have received over 200 visits and letters on the subject. To all of these I have simply stated the facts as I have called them to you."

"A call was then made upon Messrs. Budden and Co., Chemists, 399 Stanley Road, Kirkdale, from whom Mrs. Buchanan procured the oil, and Mr. Gill, the manager, fully verified the statement which had been made to the reporter, and said this was only one of the many remarkable cures effected by St. Jacobs Oil which had come under his personal notice. He also added that his firm were daily receiving expressions as to the wonderful benefits people derived from the use of this marvellous oil, especially when suffering from rheumatism or neuralgia."

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### HUCKLEBERRIES.

How a Couple of Young Americans Secured a Supply for the Winter.

"Go whiz! Look at the huckleberries!"

"Golly, ain't that immense!"  
The speakers were two small, sun-burned, barefooted, and with straw hats. They wore short pants buttoned to a waist, with large buttons, and were on their way to creek to swim; but at sight of a large patch of ripe berries forgot all about the water.

"Go for 'em!" said the older boy, and without more delay both scrambled into the bushes, and were soon standing inside and out with bright blue berries. It does not take long for a boy to get himself, and soon both boys were full as they could hold.

"Um—guess that is all I can hold," remarked the first boy.

"I'm full too, you bet! but I think was hotter all the way to my feet, so could hold more. Let's take some home to mother."

"All right, but how can we carry 'em? I can't hold any more inside me, and we ain't got a basket or sack."

"I'll tell you what! Let's take of our pants, tie up the legs and carry 'em home full."

"All right." And without a moment's delay the two little rascals slipped off their pants, tied up the bottom of each leg with string and had each pair of pants full of ripe berries. Slinging their pants over the shoulders they started for home, slipping along by the woods, down the hollow past the old watering trough, and reached the barn, where they found a large basket, emptied the berries and put the pants where they belonged. Do you suppose the berries were all whole ones? Not a bit of it. About one-third were mashed and the inside of the pants were damp and blue.

The boys didn't notice this but picked up the basket and carried the berries home. Wasn't she delighted! The same day the berries were prepared and put in jars, and all that winter we huckleberries. But you should have seen those boys that night when they undressed for bed! Of all the sights you ever saw, and it would rub off either.

From the waist down those boys were one, or rather two, masses of blue (Blue mass is a better phrase.) They'd yell and laugh, until the mother came up to see what the matter was. Then both crept into bed and drew a blanket over the scene.—*Pan Sun.*

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