EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

NOT AS I WILL.

Blindfolded and alone I stand,
With unknown thresholds on each hand;
The darkness deepens as I grope—
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid
By some great law unseen and still
Unfathomed purpose to fulfill,
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait;
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load,
And too few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless law are ordered still,
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will!" the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat:
"Not as I will," the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loved us first and last has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all his love fulfill—
"Not as we will."

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

THE MAGAZINE GUN

Not a Powerful Weapon in the Hands of the Rural Soldier.

Even under the most favorable conditions, the magazine gun changes its range after each fire, because it is lighter by the weight of the fired cartridge. It is, of course, evident that, in the hands of a skillful man, a cool and intelligent man, the magazine gun is a powerful weapon. But the average soldier, especially him from the rural districts, is awkward, stupid, and excitable. Once let him get to work on the lever of the magazine gun, and it is ten to one he fires every shot in his magazine regardless of range, or breaks the lever; and if, as is likely, it should prove difficult to restrain his ardor, the quick handling of troops, change of front, and the like might be seriously impeded.

Whoever may have followed the various trials that have been made with the magazine gun in the hands of the common soldier, or at least those few which have been published, can scarcely fail of surprise that the great powers, one and all, should have decided to adopt it. Of course it is to be expected that continual handling will bring a certain amount of precision; but in these days of great armies, when 1,000,000 men are set afield by a single power, it is necessary to count the cost of learning to use a new weapon, and to learn whether or no it may be relied upon in times of excitement, when roughly and awkwardly handled.

It was only a few weeks ago when the One Hundred and Thirty-second of the line had a trial with the magazine gun. Now, this corps is to the general staff of the German army what the Black Watch is to the English army, what the Old Guard was to Napoleon and the Tenth Legion to Cæsar. They fired over the target and under it, and to one side of it, and, as if there was no such thing as keeping anything like a range, they no sooner refilled their magazines and started again than the same observed differences were recorded. If the target could have fired back, even with single loaders, there would not have been any hope for them. Surely, if whole corps practicing at the butts with single fires had exhausted ammunition in this reckless way, we should long since have been compelled to establish powder factories for each regiment or go back to the crossbow and the sling.—Scientific American.

The Barber's Latest Device.

Singeing the hair is the latest device of the barbers to draw a customer's money. I hear it is being worked very successfully down east, but it has not reached this city yet. Singeing is done either by red hot irons or by flame. The hair is held up in a comb as now in cutting, and the ends are singed off. It is a custom that finds favor with those who have a tendency to baldness. The barber tells them that their hair is coming out. They get frightened, and then he tells them it is caused by the oil of the root escaping from the top of each individual hair. If the patron admits that gauzy statement the barber follows it up with the remedy, which, of course, is nothing more than singeing the top of each hair. This, the customer is told, will stop up the hollow by causing a hard little knob to form at the end. That sounds reasonable, and they take the singeing.

As each hair is left with the frizzled end the entire head of hair looks thicker, and the customer looking in the glass thinks his hair is really ing improving under the singeing and getting thicker. So he is happy, and nobody is hurt. But the barber ought to be excused for this little scheme. The trade is not what it used to be. The dye business is almost forgotten, although twenty years ago it was the most fruitful source of our revenue. Then everybody had his beard or mustache dyed. Brownish or light whiskers were rare then. Everything had to be black. It was fifty cents for five minutes' work on the thinnest mustache, so the profits could not help being great.—Globe-Democrat.

Messenger Boys as Beaux.

Said a lady friend: "Why don't you say something of the convenience the district messenger boys are to ladies? My husband is absent from home the greater part of the time, and but for these little blue coated fellows I would be compelled to remain at home and miss much enjoyment, for I would not care to go to the theatre or evening entertainments and return alone.

"As it is now, if I wish to go to a party or to the opera, and my husband is away, I simply telephone my order for a boy, and at the close of the entertainment I find my escort ready and waiting. I tell you the 'District' is a great convenience to the ladies in this particular, and makes us entirely independent of the men. And then it is so cheap. The little fellows are so well trained and gentlemanly. They see me safely to my door, I sign their ticket and give them the ten or twenty cents, and have no one to thank."—Toledo Sunday Journal.

Tired in the Morning.

It is a good thing to have a room well ventilated; but ventilation is not all that is to be desired. The tired feeling in the morning may be due to an overweight of bed covering. It may be due to malarial poison, or to overexertion during the day. Try another sleeping room one story higher, if possible. At this season it is well to be very moderate in the use of heavy food, particularly in the evening, and to eat a great deal of sound fruit. Hard, dry rubbing with a large Turkish towel, just before going to bed, has an excellent effect. Rhubarb is wholesome when it is ripe and well cooked, but it is not right to eat too freely of it.—Herald of Health.

ATTIRE OF LITERARY WOMEN.

Not Slovenly in Their Dress Nor Negligent in Their Housekeeping.

There seems to be a prevalent opinion that literary women are, like the illustrious Mrs. Jellyby, slovenly in their dress as well as negligent in their housekeeping. Both these charges remain to be proved, however, and the examination of the first will be quite enough for once. Jane Austin and her sister were remarkably neat in their dress, but rather unheedful of the fashionable and becoming. It is said that they took to the costume of middle life before their looks or years required it. Joanna Baillie was fond of dress, and dressed exquisitely. With a delicate, graceful figure, not large boned, like many English women, she wore her own gray hair and pretty brown silk gowns and bonnets—just right for an old lady. Mary Lamb, the devoted sister of the delightful Charles, was neat and plain in her dress, but she did not change much with the fashions. However, she affected no indifference to this delightful subject. She wrote to a friend: "I do dearly love worked muslin," and she took great delight in certain silks sent her by a friend in China. Her usual dress was of black stuff or silk, and for the great occasions there was a "dove colored silk, with a kerchief of snow white muslin folded across her bosom," and a cap, then in fashion, with deep frilled border and a bow on top. At William Hazlitt's wedding she had great difficulty in deciding whether her bridesmaid's dress should be a "sprigged gown" or a "dead whitish bloom color" silk. With all her daintiness, she often dipped her delicate white hand into her tortoise shell snuff box.

When Charlotte Bronte went to London, about the time "Shirley" was published, she is described as "a young looking lady, almost childlike in stature, in a deep mourning dress neat as a Quaker." Indeed, neatness was a characteristic of her dress, and the coverings of her hands and feet were always extremely dainty. She loved modest apparel and thought a pink lined bonnet too gay for her, while she did not buy "beautiful silks of pale sweet colors" at five shillings, as "she had not the spirit nor the means," but chose a black silk at three shillings a yard. Emily Bronte was dressed while at school in Brussels in ill-cut lank skirts and leg o' mutton sleeves, which she liked and wore whether in or out of fashion. Harriet Martineau is described as plainly dressed.

Of George Eliot's clothes we know little, save that her gowns were plain and that over her abundant hair, still untouched by gray, she wore a cap of lace or muslin with lappets of rich point of Valenciennes, fastened under her chin. When George Sand was yet a young girl she wore a boy's blouse and gaiters for a ramble over her rough country, and later, in Paris, she continued to go about like a collegian of 16, in all weathers, places and times.—Home Journal.

One Outfit for Three Brides.

We have just heard a story of three very ingenious young ladies that is out of the ordinary. These young ladies are all about the same age and size and by a singular coincidence were all to be married about the same time. They were all ambitious to have swell weddings and stunning outfits, but their purses were not long enough for both, and to possess the latter even was a financial puzzle which gave them many a sleepless night. Finally they put their heads together and hit upon a plan. To avoid any unpleasant gossip among their mutual friends and inevitable companions, which is always odious, they decided to give up the big wedding, but they would have the bang up outfit by pooling their moneys.

No. 1, who was to be married first, was to make a bargain with the dressmaker to make any alterations desired in the trousseau after the wedding was over and the three were to go together to select it, which they did, and the dress was made up in the very pink of fashion, with point lace enough to exhaust the stock of a Worth, and bride No. 1 was married. The ceremony over, the trousseau was turned over to No. 2, and she took it to the dressmaker for alteration according to contract, and in it she was married, after which the second refitting was done, and again the brilliant outfit stood before the marriage altar, and a third bride was the envy of the few guests present because of the gorgeous bridal decorations. How was the dress paid for? No. 1 paid half the bill because she had the first wear. Nos. 2 and 3 shared the other half. No. 3 was willing to pay as much as No. 2 because, though she did not have the privilege of the second wear, she by mutual consent kept the dress.

Chinese Restaurant in New York.

There are several Chinese restaurants in this city that are not the least interesting features of the Chinese world here. Concerning one of these restaurants in Mulberry street, a western correspondent wrote the other day that he was attracted to the place by a sign which offered a dinner for seven cents. He risked the results and tried the dinner. First there was good soup, then fish and excellent roast beef, and lastly pie and cheese.

"How mucheef" said the surprised and delighted Bohemian.

"Forty-two cents," was the unexpected reply.

"How's that?" he asked of the restaurant keeper. "I thought you asked only seven cents!"

"Melican man eatee more than Chinaman," was the simple solution of the problem.

The restaurant in Mott street, several doors from Chatham square, has many Caucasian visitors. Been Hong is the proprietor. The kitchen adjoins the eating room, so that one can see everything cooked, and the hens and occasional chickens are executed before one's eyes. Pictures of Lincoln and Garfield and Noah's ark adorn the walls. One can get a meal there for a trifling sum. The rice, of course, is excellent, but the age of the chicken is as hard to determine as the age of the average Chinaman. A pitcher of Chinese whisky is a great treat, and next to the rice is the most popular institution in the place.—New York Tribune.

Trial by Jury in Nevada.

A few days ago there was a small civil suit tried before the justice of Pisen Switch—the same man who decided the anti-treat law unconstitutional. It is always customary in such cases to have the winner of the suit pay the fees. The plaintiff, a big, rawboned rancher, was called on to pay the jury of six $2 apiece. He immediately stood up in court and queried:

"Pay the jury $12?"

"Yes," replied the court.

"Look a hear, judge, ain't this sorter piling it on thick? I just paid four of them fellers $20 apiece. Do they want the earth, summer fallowed?"

The dead silence in the room was broken by a slight snicker from the defendant's attorney. The bailiff called everything to order, and the jury filed out without asking for fees.—Carson (Nev.) Appeal.

The Best Authority.

Having been lately asked what he thought to be the true standard of pronunciation, Matthew Arnold said that in his opinion the best authority was "the usage of well bred women"—better than the stage or the best pronouncing dictionary.

THE HINDOO WIFE.

HOW THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE IS MADE TO RUN SMOOTH.

The Present Condition of the Hindoo Widow Not Heretofore Correctly Represented—Rule of the Mother—Piety and the Bath—Use of Oil.

One of my newspapers lately contained a short article from The London Standard, entitled "Hindoo Child Marriage." It described as pitiable the lifelong state of the Hindoo widow, who had never been more than a bride, her some years nominal husband having died when she was a little girl. A Bengali of Calcutta, a university graduate, and wealthy member of society, on reading it says that it is strongly put, and moreover applies to a condition many years passed by; that the Hindoo widow as "apart and accursed, her hair short or shaved wholly, in coarse and often squalid garments, her instincts starved into inanition by constant fasts, a silent, shunned, stiff, disfigured object, and often hideously bald, forbidden all hope of joy," has some foundation, but it is intensified, exaggerated, of even her condition fifty years ago.

She fasts frequently, at stated days. She wears no colors, but that makes little difference, as the present mode in Bengal dresses every lady of respectable rank in white, except that on the edge of her two wrappings there is a narrow line, gold, pink, crimson, etc., the widow's robe being only distinguished by the absence of that outer line or thread of color. She becomes interested in the children around her in the house. She is often a favorite, and she has a busy and useful place in the Hindoo family.

THE MOTHER'S RULE.

A sapient Brahman joined the conversation barely by saying, "They have liberty," as contrasted to the restrictions and the obedient condition of wifely women. So long, however, as the son's mother lives the widow is subservient. Sons stay at home, living with the parents. Daughters thus leave their own parents as soon as they are old enough to take the position of wives, the matrimonial vows and obligations having been made in childhood.

The oldest mother in the household continues to be the highest social monarch in the house—the despotic dictator, to whom all the family conventionally pays ceremonious deference.

This Bengali gentleman, 32 years old and the father of six children, from the promptings of a happy experience gave a glowing eulogy upon the Hindoo social system. The Hindoo pair, having been selected by adult judgment, begin acquaintances as playmates, grow into friends, ripen into lovers, and become, as they were predestined, consorts. It is a case in which the course of true love runs smooth, and he considers it a most romantic career. He tells me that the home life of Hindoo women has little or nothing intellectual or scholarly, but that it is very rich in the affections. From early morning all the time they are busy in supervision of the management of the little ones and in provision for the comfort and the food of all.

Pious duties and the baths, two never neglected items, occupy no insignificant portion of the day. This mother, a lady of 65 years, fasts often because she is a widow; has bathed twice a day all her life and is in excellent health. The usual bath, whether in a stream or in the house, is merely a pouring of water over and over the body, mostly on the shoulders. Any other sort of washing of the person they don't seem to consider "a bath."

OILING THEIR BABIES.

Oil has a fluent part in the oriental toilet. Mothers are fond of oiling their babies completely from the little head to the little toe and then washing them off, when the skin comes out very clean and soft. This item I have from a British widow and mother who has been here from childhood. She also tells me that a bath can be given without danger of adding to a bad cold by first freely oiling the sore chest, and that it may even remove the soreness. They generally use cocoanut oil as being the oil of the country. Oil for the forehead or a hot head is a better cooler than water. The water dries immediately and leaves the skin burning. But in case of either a sun heated or thought heated head, if a soft oil is poured on with the lavishness of cologne or plain water, the scalp actually drinks it up, is the experience of this country.

The northern nose often turns upward at the use of cocoanut oil that is not fresh. The nose of the common people is less affected in that way. In truth there are scents worse than stale cocoanut oil. From the universal ointment using habits of the oriental toilet comes the frequent reference to anointing in the Bible, as of Aaron, the high priest; as also Mary Magdalene's alabaster box. Possibly the supple hand joints of all the oriental people have received their faculty of bending backward from this universal use of oils. Oil plays a conspicuous part in Hindoo worship. Also the Christian Catholic church annually blesses its "holy oils."

One after another custom strikes the stranger as a primitive counterpart of something which has not disappeared from modern traditions or which yet exists in the west, in a modified or in the same old form, until at off hand we say everything in modern civilization can be traced to "the cradle land of arts and creeds."—Anna Ballard's British India Letter in Chicago News.

M. Boussingault's Demonstrations.

M. Boussingault, the celebrated chemist, whose death has just been announced, was a remarkably successful experimenter, notably, perhaps, in such matters as related to plant life and the chemistry of food stuffs. It was he who so strikingly demonstrated the influence green plants exert upon the air when exposed to the action of sunlight, freeing it of the poisonous carbonic acid and replenishing it with the life giving oxygen. He also conclusively proved—to be remembered by those who keep plants in small, badly ventilated bedrooms—that in darkness plants behave exactly like animals—that is, they rob the air of oxygen and charge it with carbonic acid. Amateur gardeners may take a hint from one of the researches of Boussingault that went to prove the high value of pigeon's dung as a food for plants. Mixed with water it forms a rich and highly beneficial manure for all kinds of pot flowers. Indeed, it is said that in some parts of Spain pigeon's dung for this purpose sells for as much as 4d. a pound.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Recruits for De Lesseps.

The latest "lions" of Paris are nine negro chiefs with unpronounceable names. They have been brought from the African coast by an enterprising contractor. The object is to show them the sights of the French capital and then to get them to sign an agreement with M. de Lesseps to engage their tribe to work on the Panama canal. They are all horribly tattooed and wear ivory bracelets. They speak English.—London Truth.

Not Long a Policeman.

Policeman—Give me a pint of peanuts, aunty, and there's five cents for you.

Aunty—Hiven bliss ye, sorr! I see yez are a new man on the foorce.—New York Sun.

BISMARCK AND HIS BEVERAGES.

The German Statesman as a Drinker. A Diplomatic Necessity.

An interesting book on Bismarck has recently been published here. The chapter devoted to his feats of eating and drinking is especially remarkable.

At one period of his life the great German statesman never restrained himself as to the quantity of his beverages, and his youthful exploits with rich, heavy wines like Burgundy were the marvel of the country side. Once he felt a little out of order internally and hunted for two days without experiencing any relief. He had made an engagement to visit the officers of the Bradenburg cuirassiers. The regiment had just come into possession of a new drinking cup. As the guest he was to empty it first and then start it on its journey around the table. It held about a bottle full.

Bismarck drew a long breath, drained it to the last drop, and put the cup back on the table. The mess was astonished, as they had not expected such a feat from a civilian, but it was one he had learned at Gottingen. The most surprising part of the story is that the chancellor asserts that he never felt better than during the month following.

Again, when hunting with Frederick William IV, he emptied at a single draught one of the fantastically carved cups dating from the reign of Frederick William I. It was made of stag's horn, and so fashioned that the drinker could not place his lips squarely on its mouth, and still no drop must be spilled. It held about three-quarters of a bottle. Although filled with very dry champagne, the prince polished it off without soiling the wide expanse of white vest over which he was compelled to hold it.

When he called for another the party opened their eyes, but the king said:

"No; one's enough."

Nor was this done out of mere braggadocio. When Bismarck began to learn the diplomatic trade it was considered indispensable that applicants should have strong heads, otherwise they might be easily overcome with wine and diplomatic secrets wormed out of them in moments of obfustication; concessions might be forced from them, and their signatures obtained to documents they would not recognize in their moments of sobriety. Those were the days of two and three bottle men, and woe to the budding Metternich or Von Beust who could not hold his own!—New York Star.

For the Inner Man.

A friend who has been in most countries of the world declares that you can get nothing fit to eat outside of the United States. "Why," he exclaimed once, "I couldn't get a decent piece of pie from Liverpool to Yokohama!" No one but an American could have said that. In spite of all our foreign importations and imitations, in spite of fashion's frown and society's scorn, pie is still the national dessert, and comes as naturally after the midday meal as the Frenchman's cheese after his evening dinner. This is true of the city as well of the rural districts. It is not the farmer only who eats pie, nor is its dominion confined to New England and her belt of colonies, reaching from the Hudson to the Yellowstone. Pie may not have great vogue in the brown stone district of New York city, but it reigns supreme in the cheaper restaurants and lunch rooms, where the great American middle class—clerks, salesmen, artisans and the like—go for their dinners. There is a man in New York who goes about among the printing offices with a big tin box, full of little shelves. He is a purveyor of lunches, and almost two-thirds of his stock in trade consists of pie, and the rest mainly of sandwiches.

There are a score of lunch rooms, in which the feeders sit in front of long counters on high stools, and which sell nothing but sandwiches, doughnuts, milk, pie, tea and coffee. The uniform price at such places for sandwiches and pie is five cents; and there are more men who make their lunch on two pieces of pie and a glass of milk than of those who take two sandwiches. There are two kinds of pies served in most of these places—the ordinary, which is about eight inches in diameter, and of which a "piece" is half a pie, and the "home made," which is a foot in diameter and cuts up into six or eight pieces. The profit on this latter sort must be pretty large, for it sells at ten cents a piece; and, although it is twice as thick as the ordinary kind, it is made of no better material, and cannot cost over twenty-five cents. The smaller ones cost the restaurants about six cents, and, retailing at ten, the profit is not so great, when one counts in the use of plate, knife and fork, and of the towel which answers as a napkin to every three persons.—The Epoch.

The Swindling Clerk.

"Smokers complain," remarked a Broadway cigar dealer, "that there are few places in the city where they can get even a fair cigar for ten cents unless they are known as regular customers. Of course, there are some unscrupulous dealers who won't hesitate to work off poor stock on a customer whom they never expect to see again. A man with a valise in his hand, or betraying other indications of being about to leave the city, is looked upon as a capital victim by dishonest dealers. In many cases the owner himself is not to blame. He depends entirely upon his clerk, and doesn't trouble himself about what swindling goes on in his store as long as he is not the victim. The clerk knows that the owner can keep a pretty accurate idea of the amount of broken stock in the case, and that there is little chance to knock down very much in the day's receipts. The only safe way for him to steal is to give a five cent cigar for a ten cent one. There is no fear of being detected, because the average smoker doesn't know a good cigar until he smokes it, and, as a rule, the cheaper the cigar the better it looks. To be sure, the business suffers in the long run, for a man will steer clear of a store where he once got a bad cigar, while the owner wonders why it is that he picks up so little transient trade."—New York Sun.

Colony of Finlanders.

The colony of Finlanders in Klickitat county, Washington territory, are a most industrious class of people. By economy they soon gain a competence, and there are several of them now "well fixed" who, a few years ago, settled on the land without anything. The commune prevails among them to a large extent. A late arrival comes from Finland, and the settlers come together and in a few days build a house and fence a farm for him. They are very industrious, and there is no season in which they are idle. During the run of salmon they will be found at the canneries and fish wheels. When winter comes they are in the timber cutting rails, posts and fuel, which they haul close to a trading post and make sale of them to the best advantage. The colony has lately erected a church at Centerville, where they have service every Sabbath.—Dallas (Ore.) Paper.

He Knew Who Didn't.

"Do you—aw—know who—aw—made you, Johnny?" asked the dude as he drew the head of his cane out of his mouth last Sunday evening and addressed the little brother of the young lady upon whom he had made a call.

"Well," slowly replied Johnny, as he took in at a glance the fancy scarf, high collar and exquisitely fitting suit, "it wasn't a tailor, anyway."

AN ENGLISH STAG HUNT.

EXHILARATING EFFECT OF A GALLOP OVER THE HEATHER.

Hurry Is the Word When the Hounds Begin to Bay—A Hard Ride to the Finish—A Stag Facing His Foes—The Death Stroke.

We are on the top of Porlock hill, and southward and westward stretch the rolling hills of the forest, scarred by the deep coombes and ravines, at the bottom of which invariably runs a stream of water, in which salmon and trout cause many a whirl and eddy. The grand old trees on the sloping sides of these coombes look so quiet and stately that it seems as if we had left the habited world altogether. Northward, a thousand feet below us, the Atlantic ocean rolls its waters up the Bristol channel, and dashes its spray on the shingly beach shadowed by the trees and brushwood which come quite down to the water's edge. But hark! There's a shout and the pealing of Arthur's horn. Something's afoot. "Is it a stag or a hind?" is the anxious inquiry of everybody. "There it goes up yonder slope. 'Tis a hind, though, with a tufter hard at her heels." The hound is whipped off, and again we wait. "That's a whimper, surely, below there," another, now a chorus from four or five hounds, backed up by notes from a horn. All eyes are eagerly watching the edges of the woods to see what breaks out. Crash! "By Jove! there he is, and a splendid fellow, too. What a head! Brow, bay, and tray, and three 'pon top." 'Tis a glorious sight to see him toss back his antlers and go at a long, swinging gallop across the heather and disappear over the crest of the opposite hill.

Hurry is the word. Tighten your girths, get into the saddle, and make up your mind for a hard ride now, for the stag has gone straight for the moor, and sobbing sides and reddened rowels will tell their usual tale ere we set him up to bay; perhaps in "Watersmeet."

The tufters are whipped off, and Arthur rides fast back for the pack, which he quickly brings up and lays on the track. Just a minute the hounds feather, then from old Challenger's throat there comes a roar as he strikes the line; his comrades take up the note, and for a few minutes the hills resound to the deep baying as each dog catches the mystic scent. They rapidly settle down to their long sweeping stride, and the hunt has fairly begun.

We are in a good position, so far, and feel the exhilarating effect of a moorland gallop as the heather glides under our horses' feet.

Down that coombe the chase takes us, along the bottom, then up the steep sides over the bowlders and among the larches. Our horses must walk it. At last we reach the brow and observe a few horsemen vanish over the opposite side. We follow hard in their wake, and soon can see the hounds before and below us running fast and close to the line. Arthur in his scarlet coat is close up with them, as also are about half a dozen zealous sportsmen. "Two hours, and not a check!" Phew! Our horses are beginning to feel the strain, and we should not at all object to draw rein, but the gallant beast ahead is showing sport, and he leads us through the beautiful woods and glades of Horner, past the old water mill, up the stream, and across the side of old Dunkerry, the highest and bleakest hill in the west. Here the hounds waver and lose the scent. Ah! what a relief to pull up and blow our horses. Five minutes, and an old hound hits the line again, and says so, and shows the way toward the famous valley where the Doones had their robber stronghold. Few are the riders now, as we lead our foam covered horses down the tremendous declivity (none could ride down). Again we mount, dash through the ford of Bradgeworthy Water, and stretch out for Simonsbath. We take care to avoid riding where the bright green patches of seeming beautiful galloping ground denote the presence of bogs, into which it is dangerous to ride. Lives are lost by getting into these quagmires, and frequenters of the moor give them as wide a berth as possible.

Ha! The hounds swing back towards Bradgeworthy Water, and the stag is seen below with lowered head now seeking the cooling bath of the waters. No time do the dogs give him, however, and he sinks the hill straight this time. "It is all up!" We know now that he has well nigh finished his course, for when deer seek to attain a hilltop by going straight up 'tis a sure sign of the end. The master and Arthur with one or two other riders in scarlet are in front of us, and we hope that the stag will turn to bay quickly, so that we may be present at the kill. The noble brutes we ride have had quite enough of it, and gone is the free reaching stride of the beginning of the hunt. We struggle on, however, and are gladdened by hearing the baying of the hounds beneath, down by the stream, beyond that thick belt of woods. We slip and clatter down the rough sides, and between the trees we catch a glimpse of scarlet and other coats, raging dogs, and, as we get up close, there, with his back against an immense bowder, in mid stream, is the old stag facing his foes, and, like a gentleman as he is, fighting to the last. One unwary young hound is ripped up from shoulder to flank by a dash of those terribly sharp browantlers. Others, more wise, keep at a distance, and bay till the coombe echoes with their pealing notes.

Arthur is in first, and jumping out of the saddle with the agility of 50 years instead of 72, gets up the sides of the rock, and when the deer, with hoof and horn, is keeping his canine enemies from fastening on him, he leans forward and sends his hunting knife deep into his throat. With an upward toss of his head and a roll of his beautifully brown eyes the stag sinks down into the water dead. Then the death whoop peals, and the "mort" is sounded, again and again, "whoop, who-o-o-p, who-who-o-op." The shouts make the coombe echo and re-echo with the shrill halloo, and the stragglers coming down the hillsides know that they are just too late to see the death stroke given.

The deer is pulled to the bank and his points are counted and his size admired. He is then gralloched and his entrails thrown to the hounds. The slots (the two fore hoofs) are given as trophies to two fair ladies, who have ridden the chase fairly through, from find to finish. Congratulations and experiences of the day are exchanged, and a merry ten minutes' chat takes place.—"The Æthelfing" in The Argonaut.

Preservation of the Sea Fishes.

Whether artificial propagation will apply to the preservation of the sea fishes is not so certain. It has been eminently successful in restoring the exhausted oyster beds of Long Island sound and elsewhere, but whether it can be made effective in the matter of maintaining the supply of mackerel, codfish and other well known varieties of salt water fish is not yet certain. Experiments are being made at Wood's Holl, Mass., in this direction, and the matter will doubtless be determined in a few years. It is not at all certain that there is or ever will be any necessity for the artificial propagation of salt water fishes. The ocean is very deep and wide, and its fish have a great deal of room in which to increase and multiply and take care of themselves.—Philadelphia Times.

QUESTIONS AND ...

Queries from the People ... Subjects.

Please give me a full ... shire town is, also a borough ... difference between a shire and ... Publishers caution contributors ... one side of the paper. Why? ... mon commercial note; am I ... of the sheet? (on the first and ... one side of each leaf, on the ...

1. The difference comes ... division of England (by Alfred ... into shires or counties, and ... houses in a neighborhood, for ... protection in former rude times ... the borough. Each has ... privileges, which extend to ... comprise. Thus, in England ... are called municipal and ... boroughs, the former being ... pool, for instance) having ... government, and the latter ... trict (sometimes including ... boroughs), that sends a member ... to parliament.

2. The object in writing only ... the paper is that the manuscript ... into parts, and each part given ... printer. The questioner will see ... this would be impossible when ... each other on two sides of a ...

Queries.

Please give the origin of "April ... used on the first day of April? ... ceded cause of equinoctial gales ...

1. The custom of sending ... errands exists all over the ... scholars say it was derived ... feast among the Hindoos, ... similar custom. Others say it ... celebration of Christ's being ... tween Herod, Pilate and Caiaphas.

2. It has been supposed that ... connection between storms ... the equinoctial periods (that of ... September), and the fact that ... (or apparent track of the sun ... volves about it, vibrating as it ... south of the equator about 23 ... it at these dates. If there is ... for the supposition it has never ... strated.

Origin of the Indians.

Please be so kind as to answer ... question: When Columbus ... the country was inhabited by Indians ... they here?

Some say they came from ... from the Phœnician and Carthaginies. Some Biblical scholars ... that they descended from the ... Israel. One who has been much ... says that tradition, as well as ... history we have in the premises, ... that they came from northeastern ... are an offshoot from the Mandans. ... In the case of the Navajoes and ... so clearly proved that they are ... abascans. The Shoshone race, ... come the present Shoshones, Arapahoes, Comanches, came down ... America so recently that the ... emigration is clearly proved. ... came the Cheyennes and ... Next, the Sioux, expelled so ... British America that 2,000 still ... Then the Chippewas and Crees ... out the Sioux. All these point to ... bascan basin as the place of their ... Miamis, who were our aborigines ... Wabash river, were first found ... in northern Iowa, and the Shawnees ... once lived in Florida, can be ... shores of Lake Erie. Races ... are of a different origin.

Governor Cleveland's Majority.

What was Cleveland's majority ... governor of New York?

The vote stood: Cleveland (Dem.), ... Folger (Rep.), 342,464; Hopkins (Pro.), ... Cleveland's plurarity over Folger ... 854.

A Half Forgotten Matter.

A subscriber has sent us a copy of ... utterances attributed to Neal Dow, ... asking if Neal Dow ever wrote them. ... have been referred to their alleged ... who says that he did not write them, ... adds that he did write something ... similar. It was years ago; the matter ... been in a measure forgotten. Mr. Dow ... quite anxious that it shall not be revived.

Whittier Lives.

Are Ralph Waldo Emerson, John G. Whittier and William Cullen Bryant all living?

Emerson and Bryant are dead. Whittier is living.

Useful Points, New and Old.

The use of the finger bowl ... creases.

A bride furnishes household linen ... it marked with her own initials.

Violet inks have vanished from fashionable writing desks.

Ragged edge paper is relegated to milliners and tailors' announcements.

Wedding invitations are engraved, ... out and paid for by the bride's parents.