

SECRETS OF THE SEA.

The Fate of Ships that Have Mysteriously Disappeared. A ship leaves port apparently in good condition, her cargo well stowed, the spars sound, and generally well manned. After that nothing is ever heard of her, and conjecture is vain. A sudden squall may have taken her aback and sent her to the bottom stern foremost, or she may have foundered in a gale after all her boats had been destroyed, or her boats may have got away and perished one by one on the wide ocean plains. Sometimes, but rarely, there has been a mutiny and massacre, and the survivors may have made their way to some tropical island, where to live as "beach-combers" or to turn savage with the savages. When fire occurs at sea on a merchant vessel, unless the weather is very bad at the time, the crew generally succeed in getting away. A mutiny may be followed by the burning of the ship as a means of destroying incriminating evidence. In the China seas there are still some pirates, and a vessel beleaguered in the neighborhood of some of the islands scattered in groups there might incur the danger of attack by the wicked-looking junks that are usually concealed in the passages between the islets. In such a case if there were no fire-arms on board it might go down with the ship's company, but a good supply of shotguns or rifles in the hands of white men is usually a guarantee against Chinese pirates. Still, many vessels have met their fate in that unlucky region, and nothing has remained to tell the story. Typhoons, too, are doubtless responsible for not a few mysterious disappearances of vessels, and once in a while probably a waterspout bursts over a ship and sinks her suddenly with all hands. In the Indian Ocean furious squalls often come up at night with a swiftness very menacing to any heavy-laden clipper slipping along with maddening speed, and once in a while there again is a possible cause of destruction, and one which might overtake the most cautious skipper if his officers were less sedulous in consulting the glass. Occasionally the mysteries are presented in the most bewildering way, such a case was that of a vessel which, several years ago, was found drifting with all sail set and not a soul on board. All her boats were on the drift, the materials for a meal were in the galley coppers, the chronometers, compasses, charts and instruments were in the cabin, but no ship's papers. The name on the stern was painted out; nothing had been left by which to identify her. Yet all these precautions had been taken deliberately, while the final evacuation seemed to have been effected with a swiftness suggesting mortal panic. The men's things were all in the top galley; the captain's and the officers' effects were all in their respective cabins under the poop. The whole appearance of the vessel indicated that her people had left her on the spur of the moment, driven by some overwhelming impulse or fear. She had encountered no bad weather since the desertion. Her sails were braced up as for a trade wind, and there was no disorder on her decks or down below. No line of drifting was found to give a clue to this dark secret of the sea, and to this day it has remained an insoluble puzzle to every seaman acquainted with the facts. Sad and mysterious as are disappearances such as that of the Farago, it must be admitted that there is something even more perplexing in the discovery of derelicts abandoned to incomprehensibly as the vessel were referred to. It should be added that she was not leaking, nor were the spars sprung or strained, and no person could be perceived in any thing about her for the disappearance of her crew and officers.—N. Y. Tribune.

NOT GETTING CROWDED.

The Earth's Capacity for Supplying Its Population in Comfort. In a recent report of the German Statistical Bureau, the director expresses the opinion that population has not overcrowded any part of the empire, and that its resources, properly husbanded, are adequate to the support of an enormous addition to Germany's 45,000,000 people. It is inaccurate to say that any part of Europe is overpopulated. When the most of Germany was a succession of barren plains, and a large part of Holland was under water, those countries could have supported only a small part of the people who now inhabit them. It would have been a case, however, not of excessive population, but of almost wholly undeveloped resources. So long as human ingenuity can add to the productiveness of a country it should not be called overpopulated. Mr. Cadell, of the Geological Survey of Scotland, has recently shown that while the British public complain of over population, and look with favor upon schemes of state-aided emigration, a vast deal can yet be done to enrich soils, reclaim waste lands, develop new industries, and improve methods of husbandry, all of which would add greatly to the resources of their little corner of the globe and enlarge its capacity for supporting its teeming population in comfort. The Dutch are still reclaiming from the sea an average of 2,500 acres a year, and Holland's resources are more than keeping pace with its increase of population. Though there are 343 people to the square mile, the Dutch live in comfort and few emigrate. China proper has only a little over one-third of our area, though her population is six times as great as ours; and yet, though the industrial knowledge of the Chinese is in many respects extremely primitive, China is far from being overpopulated. The Chinese treat their fields like gardens, gather fertilizers from every conceivable source, sow their grain in furrows, and hoe it as we do corn, wasting nothing in the process of sowing and harvesting. Give the Chinese modern agricultural implements, enlarge their scientific and technical knowledge, and with their consummate painstaking a still greater population may live within their borders. It gives us a vivid sense of the grandeur of our own country when we reflect that we have as yet merely scratched the surface of its inexhaustible resources, and that hundreds of millions may live here in comfort.—N. F. Sued.

MOTTA'S DISCOVERY.

An Italian Chemist's Process for the Metallization of Bodies. A writer in an Italian newspaper describes a visit to the atelier of an old Turin chemist, Angelo Motta, recently deceased, who is said to have devoted thirty years of his life to the discovery and perfecting of a process for effecting the metallization of corpses, an artificial process corresponding to petrification. "Having informed him of the object of our visit," he writes, "I said to the professor: 'Such wonderful things have been related of you that it is hard for me to believe them. I was told that you metallize human bodies. Evidently what was meant was that you cover them with a coating of metal by galvanoplasty.' 'Oh, no!' replied Motta. 'Not at all! I do not apply a covering; I substitute metal for the organic matter; in a word, I metallize in the fullest sense of the term. You may convince yourself personally of the truth of my assertion. May I request the gentlemen to walk into my atelier?' The scientist led us into the adjoining room, and showed us his preparations. On a pedestal stood a magnificent bust of a female made of a copper-colored metal. The finest wrinkles and veins on the neck and hands were reproduced with wonderful minuteness. Motta informed us that the bust was made from a corpse which he had secured with indescribable difficulty. As we examined this bust, which looked as though it had just left the workshop of a great artist, the professor delivered a long lecture on the disadvantages of galvanoplasty, which effaces the minute details and does not give a faithful reproduction. 'My process is different,' he added. 'I destroy the organic substance, and replace it by a similarly shaped mass of metal. Here, for example, I have the arm of a child, which I am just now preparing.' The scientist produced from a closet the arm of a child which had been cut off at the shoulder. Through the whole length of it passed fine copper wires, which protruded at the fingertips. 'A portion of the organic matter has already been destroyed,' he continued. 'By means of a chemical preparation, which is my secret, I solidify the arm without in any way altering its shape. Then I place the object in a metal bath, and pass a strong electric current through the copper wires. Skin, bones, flesh, fibers gradually disappear and are replaced by exactly similar metallic deposits. When the process is completed, I have a metal arm which in its cross and longitudinal section presents identically the same configuration as an arm of flesh and bone.' Prof. Motta then showed the writer a number of similarly metallized heads of men and children, one of which had been sawed across, so that he could convince himself that the whole had been metallized. Motta lived and died in poverty, and carried the secret of his discovery into his grave.—N. Y. Post.

VALUE OF FINGER-RINGS.

Jewels with Histories Have More Worth Than Precious Stones. I don't think there is any danger of the summer-time girl wearing rings on her toes, as the nursery jangle tells about, but that she does have them on her fingers can not be doubted. A quaint ring, one set with a curiously-colored stone, one that belonged to a famous beauty, or even to a great man, is valued not only far above rubies, but quite casts a glittering diamond in the shade. A ring with a history is a treasure—it affords something to talk about, and as it is considered rather smart to openly express admiration of one's belongings, it is easy to understand the advantage attached to a peculiar ring. One young woman is happy in a narrow band of curiously bright green enamel set about with diamond stars; this was picked up in a pawnbroker's shop in St. Petersburg. At the beginning of the season this was the old story told about it, but now, as the young woman has a vivid imagination, she has added to its original story, and says that it was given by the handsome Oloof to the beautiful blonde Empress Catharine. She tells a blood-curdling story about it. How he put it on Catharine's finger the night before she sent him to Siberia, and how, at the instigation of his rival, the tiny ring was thrown out of the window, picked up by a peasant, and after all this time and many adventures flashes from the hand of an American girl. This little fiction makes the ring much more interesting and sends me in a state of rapt admiration at the coolness with which the young woman tells this tarradiddle. Another ring is of soft gold and was made in a miner's camp in 1849. It is set with a single ruby. The workmanship is very rough, but the ring is decidedly suggestive of the old ones that were worn by the Egyptian women as symbols of their slavery to one man. The moonstone is religiously worn to the races, for, following up the idea of the Prince of Wales, it is believed to bring good luck in gambling. She who is nervous, who feels that life is only worth living because of the hope that she may some day be well, is rapidly getting better under the influence of a beautiful emerald. Nobody ever does confess to being annoyed about a lover, to doubting his faithfulness or thinking that he may be growing weary, but the fad for sapphires seems to suggest that some maidens are taking time by the forelock and keeping him faithful before he has time for any thing else. Clear pearls are not anxiously sought for, as they bring tears without end, but the pink pearl that insures a sudden shower of tears and then weeks and months of perfect happiness is as eagerly looked for as it is difficult to get. A long time ago a wise man said: "He who hath turquoise hath a friend," so that it is not odd to see parrot handles studded with the bright blue stones, while bands of them are worn as bangles and vinaigrets are set with them; the smart girl of to-day evidently believes, like the old Russian: "The more friends, the fewer enemies." Apropos of pearls, while Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts may have the finest collection of white pearls, it is very certain that the largest single pink pearl shows its soft lustre on the white, well-aster hand of Mrs. Langtry. Mrs. Astor is credited with having the finest single sapphire in this country, but again does her lilyship lead, for her famous sapphire necklace is, it is said by experts, the most perfect string of sapphires ever shown. Real rubies are not only rare, but in addition are wonderfully expensive. No great number of them is possessed by any single woman, although almost every leader in the swell set possess a fine one. The interest in the stones, these beautiful flashing stars of the earth, is to be condemned, and it is by long odds the best fad that the summer time has had for a long time, and to be perfectly on the safe side to them it becomes necessary to do a little reading and to cultivate the memory—two desirable occupations for the young woman of to-day.—Philadelphia Press.

HISTORY OF ACHILLES.

A Revised Account of His Many Conflicts and His Last Defeat. In the intervals of his engrossing duties as editor of the Olympian Gazette, Colonel Homer wrote a poem called "The Iliad." Colonel Homer has never received any royalty on his book, owing to the absence of an international copyright law. The hero of this little romance of the Colonel's was a military gentleman named Achilles. When he was very small Achilles' mother, who doubtless expected her son to honor his family by developing into a base-ball umpire, wished, with true motherly forethought, to render him invulnerable to brickbats and other persunders. So she dipped him into the river Styx, holding him by the heel, which section of his understanding was not saturated. We pass over the time spent by Achilles in going to school, and take up his life again as he approaches manhood. When the capture of Troy seemed desirable to the Greeks, a seer named Calchas was asked whether or not that town could be captured, and he said it could not unless Achilles assisted. Achilles' mother, still watchful of her son, although he was a big boy now and belonged to the militia, feared he would be fatally killed if he went to the cruel war, so she sent him to the court of King Lyeomedes. Here he wore false hair and a bustle, read Browning's poems, and, in other ways, masqueraded as a girl. General Ulysses suspected some trick of this sort and resorted to one himself to find whether Achilles was among the maids. He offered a choice display of presents to them. Some selected spring bonnets, others took caramels and chewing gum, while a few enjoyed Ulysses' liberality to the extent of selecting dress patterns and jewelry. But one of the girls took a base-ball outfit. This girl was Achilles. The hiding scheme thus proving a failure and no substitutes being allowable, Achilles put on his uniform and suited for Troy. Soon after his arrival he engaged in one of the profoundest sulks ever known. The magazines of that day were full of war articles on the subject, in which different theories were propounded in explanation of Achilles' masterly inactivity; but the following recital may be depended upon as giving the true inwardness of the business. Achilles had eloped with a girl named Briseis, and had taken her with him to Troy, probably with the intention of procuring her a situation in one of the laundries for which that town was famous, and of using her stipend as beer money. Another party, named Agamemnon, who commanded the third army corps, had also been engaged in the maiden-stealing industry. He had abducted Chryseis, a daughter of one of Apollo's priests. This infuriated Apollo, and he sent an AI pestilence into the Greek camp, which displayed a great deal of pernicious activity and refused to leave until Agamemnon sent the girl back home. All would have been serene had the matter rested here, but Agamemnon then took Achilles' girl to fill the vacancy, and the latter got mad. A little thing like that annoyed him. After that Achilles and Agamemnon never saluted each other as they passed by. Then Achilles refused to participate in the war, but sulked in his tent. He did nothing but sulk, and drew his pay with unerring precision, until a Trojan named Hector killed Patroclus, a man who used to go to school with Achilles and play marbles with him. Achilles then thought it was time to take a hand in the fray, to avenge his friend's death. He did so, and for a time carried on a large wholesale business in Trojan gear. After Troy surrendered, Major Achilles retired into private life and became postmaster of his town. He was brought into prominence, however, by being shot by a Frenchman named Paris, who drew a bead on his heel, Achilles' only vulnerable spot.—Life.

EGGERTS.

EUGENE LODGE NO. 11, A. F. AND A. M. Meets first and third Wednesdays in each month. SPENCER BUTTE LODGE NO. 2, I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday evening. WIMAWIALA ENCAMPMENT NO. 4. Meets on the second and fourth Wednesdays in each month. EUGENE LODGE NO. 15, A. O. U. W. Meets at Masonic Hall the second and fourth Fridays in each month. J. M. GEARY POST NO. 43, G. A. R. MEETS at Masonic Hall the first and third Fridays of each month. By order, COMMANDER. BUTTE LODGE NO. 37, I. O. O. F. MEETS every Saturday night in Odd Fellows' Hall, W. C. T. RADING STAR BAND OF HOPE, MEETS at the C. P. Church every Sunday afternoon at 2:30. Visitors a most welcome. O & C. P. R. TIME TABLE. Mail Train north, 12:45 A. M. Mail train south, 9:35 P. M. Eugene Local. Leave north 9:00 A. M. Eugene Local. Arrive 2:40 P. M. OFFICE HOURS, EUGENE CITY PHOTOGRAPH. General Delivery, from 7 A. M. to 7 P. M. Money Order, from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M. Registrar, from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M. Mails for north close at 8:00 P. M. Mails for south close at 8:00 P. M. Mails by Local close at 8:30 A. M. Mails for Franklin close at 7 A. M. Monday and Thursday. Mails for Mabel close at 7 A. M. Monday and Thursday. Eugene City Business Directory. BEETMAN, G.—Dry goods, clothing, groceries and general merchandise, southwest corner, Willamette and Eighth streets. CLEAN BROS.—Dealers in jewelry, watches, clocks and musical instruments, Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth. FRIENDLY, S. H.—Dealer in dry goods, clothing and general merchandise, Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth. GILL, J. P.—Physician and surgeon, Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth. HODES, C.—Keeps on hand fine wines, liquors, cigars and a pool and billiard table, Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth. HORN, CHAS. M.—Gunsmith, rifles and shot-guns, breech and muzzle loaders, for sale. Repairing done in the neatest style and warranted. Shop on Ninth street. LUCKEY, J. S.—Watchmaker and jeweler, keeps a fine stock of goods in his line, Willamette street, in Elsworth's drug store. McCLAREN, JAMES—Choice wines, liquors and cigars, Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth. POST OFFICE—A new stock of standard school books just received at the post office. RHINEHART, J. R.—Home, sign and carriage painter. Work guaranteed first-class. Stock sold at lower rates than by anyone in Eugene. DR. L. F. JONES, Physician and Surgeon. WILL ATTEND TO PROFESSIONAL calls day or night. OFFICE—Up stairs in Times' brick; or can be found at E. H. Luckey & Co's drug store. Office hours: 9 to 12 M., 1 to 4 P. M., 6 to 8 P. M. DR. J. C. GRAY, DENTIST. OFFICE OVER GRAND STORE. All work warranted. Laughing gas administered for painless extraction of teeth. GEO. W. KINSEY, Justice of the Peace. REAL ESTATE FOR SALE—TOWN LOTS and farms. Collections promptly attended to. SPORTSMAN'S EMPORIUM. HORN & PAINE, Practical Gunsmiths. DEALERS IN GUNS, RIFLES, Fishing Tackle and Materials. Sewing Machines and Needles of All Kinds For Sale. Repairing done in the neatest style and warranted. Guns Loaned and Ammunition Furnished. Shop on Willamette Street. Boot and Shoe Store. A. HUNT, Proprietor. Will hereafter keep a complete stock of Ladies' Misses' and Children's Shoes. BUTTON BOOTS. Slippers, White and Black, Sandals, FINE KID SHOES, MEN'S AND BOYS' BOOTS AND SHOES! And in fact everything in the Boot and Shoe line, to which I intend to devote my special attention. MY GOODS ARE FIRST-CLASS! And guaranteed as represented, and will be sold for the lowest prices that a good article can be afforded. A. Hunt. Central Market, FISHER & WATKINS PROPRIETORS. Will keep constantly on hand a full supply of BEEF, MUTTON, PORK AND VEAL. Which they will sell at the lowest market prices. A fair share of the public patronage solicited. TO THE FARMERS: We will pay the highest market price for fat cattle, hogs and sheep. Shop on Willamette Street. EUGENE CITY, OREGON. Meats delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

AN ALASKA VENDETTA.

Steal Bravery of Condemned Indians and Their Friends. A terrible trait of the Alaskan Indians is the vindictiveness and determination with which the various tribes avenge the death of a single warrior," continued Mr. Hamilton. "The slayer must either be killed or the blood of some member of his family be shed in his stead. Although Sitka George was mortally wounded he knew he would be killed by the rival tribe. So he went home and painted his face to meet his doom. When a dozen Chitcheat warriors approached with their rifles, a trader tried to save George, but the latter would not allow him, telling him to see how a Sitka could die. Then he arose, drew his knife, and singing his death song, staggered—weak from the loss of blood—toward his enemies. They fired and he fell, pierced with many bullets. The Indians then went away and traders carried the wounded man into a shack. Strangely enough, he was yet alive. Later in the day the Chitcheats, learning he was alive, came back and dispatched him with knives. "Another Indian pretended to be dead, but, at an opportune moment, ran away. He knew he was doomed by the Chitcheats. His mother offered her life to save him. She came running toward the enemy, her arms aloft, crying: 'See how a Sitka woman can die for her son.' She was shot dead. Then the coward's sister stood erect over her mother's body. 'See how a Sitka girl can die!' she called to the bloodthirsty rabble. A dozen bullets ended her life. "Another Indian, Tum-Tum by name, who was a victim to the avengers, was encouraged by his wife to keep strong until his death, which they knew was sure to come. She painted his face for him, because he was too weak from loss of blood. Then she sat him up against a tree ready to be shot. She piled all his good clothes upon him before this. Then she helped him to sing his death song and staid by him until he was killed. "I accompanied the bearer of this news to the residence of the brother-in-law of Sitka George. When we told him of his relative's death he never moved a muscle. He was so stolid in receiving the news of the massacre that it was hard to believe him human. He motioned for us to tell his wife. She was no more affected by the news than he had been. The barbarism and superstition of the Indian are pitiful."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

THE EARNER OF WAGES.

Some Must Work While Others Spend the Riches of the World. It is apparent that an immense part of what is earned is not spent by those who earn it. Whether wages, salaries, stipends or fees, the most of those who work for them enjoy but a small part themselves. About all that a man gets in this world is a cup of coffee and a roll in the morning, a slice of meat, perhaps, for dinner, and possibly a cup of tea in the evening. Now and then he gets a new coat. But this is all. The most of what he wins fills other mouths entirely. The money goes, the earner hardly knows where. Some part, no doubt, feeds the creatures whom he has taken in bond from nature, and is obliged both by law and by his own feelings to support. But yet, making allowances for all that, and for taxes, besides, which may be described as a drainage almost equally unavoidable—by far the most of what most people acquire by their own handiwork is spent and enjoyed, not by themselves, but by others. You, ye sheep, says Virgil, grow wool not for yourselves; you, ye bees, make honey not for yourselves; you, ye oxen, draw plows not for yourselves. This is, in great measure, the case with mankind, too. A few of us are industrious to the exhorting of our fingers, and the dizzying of our heads; but, by reason of our very application, we have neither time nor taste to spend the result; it often goes to provide senseless luxuries to persons who are in some way or other connected with us, and who, relying more upon our resources than we are ourselves disposed to do, permit themselves to have abundance of both time and taste. Who do you think keep up the patent boots, and the handsome clothes, and the cigars that are smoked on our fashionable streets? Not to be sure, the smocked-faced foots who wear and whiff them. Who do you think support the fine fancy taverns, which, under the monkey names of cafes, and saloons, and restaurants, now ornament our cities? Not, to be sure, the strutting coxcombs who frequent these places, and think they are enjoying life. It almost all comes out of the pockets of industrious fathers, brothers and other oppressed relations, who would be shocked at nothing so much as to be told that they supported such follies.—N. Y. Ledger.

From Quaint Nantucket.

Apropos of Nantucket, one hears some rather odd sayings and of some quaint happenings there. "You see, we are somewhat out of the way," said one of the islanders; "so tramps seldom trouble us, and it is only when our summer visitors come that we think of locking our doors at night." Last fall a man was tried for petty larceny, and sentenced by the judge to three months in jail. A few days after the trial, the judge, accompanied by the sheriff, was on his way to the Boston boat, when they passed a man sawing wood. The sawyer stopped his work, touched his hat, and said: "Good-morning, judge." The judge looked at him a moment, passed on a short distance, then turned to glance backward, with the question: "Why, sheriff, isn't that the man I sentenced to three months in jail?" "Yes," replied the sheriff, hesitatingly—"Yes, that's the man, but you—you see, judge, we—we haven't any one in jail now, and we thought it a useless expense to hire some body to keep the jail for three months just for this one man; so I gave him the jail key, and told him that if he'd sleep three nights it would be all right."—H. A. Marr, in Harper's Magazine.

A Common Rule Reversed.

"My calling," said the letter-carrier, "differs materially from all others." "In what way?" asked his friend. "Most people get their walking-sticks when they are discharged, don't they?" "Yes." "Well, I got mine when I was appointed."—Chicago Tribune.

The good news comes from the Yellowstone National Park that there are still a few hundred buffaloes and several thousand elk, deer, and moose; also sheep left in the Rocky mountains.