

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

THE WHELPING ICE.

Wanting the Seal Off the Treacherous Coast of Newfoundland.

Thousands of seals are found in patches on the fies, but when one patch is exterminated the men often have to wander far from the ship in search of more prey, and it is then that their early training in copying comes in advantageously. Occasionally the sealers go eighteen or twenty miles away from the vessel over the ice, and in all places it may not be equally strong. Sometimes the pans are scattered; then the experienced copyist will use a slab of ice as a raft, guiding it into the desired position with his gaff, and so ferrying himself across the "leads" or open water. At other times the "lolly" or "sludge" is soft, but will bear just one foot at a time, so the hunters spring rapidly over till they find a more secure pan on which to take breath. When they have gone far and have to drag their "tows" of skin a considerable distance back to the ship, it may happen that where the ice has been secured on the journey out the sealers find a gap too wide to jump lying right in their homeward path. But even if no floating pans are within reach, they are at no loss what to do; the "tows," each containing five or six sealskins with the blubber attached, are flung into the water; the blubber causes them to float and the men use them as stepping-stones across the open water. Accidents, of course, occur from time to time, and men often go through the "lolly" or miss their footing and come in for a cold bath, which, considering their filthy condition, may not be altogether an unmitigated evil; but it is rarely that any of them are drowned, as help is always at hand. Occasionally the whelping ice approaches so close to the shore that the landmen come in for their share of the spoil, and then even the women and children eagerly join the scene of carnage. In the spring of 1885, at a place called Bett's cove, one woman secured five-and-thirty seals in one day, and at Twillingate many women killed heavy loads of seals, the people going twelve miles from land on the ice to reap this harvest. When the ice remains tightly packed for any length of time in the bays the seals sometimes crawl on to the land, and at Bonavista Bay it has happened that as many as 1,500 seals have been killed among the bushes on one of the islands. A few years ago the seal ice came close to the town of St. John's, and the inhabitants sallied out to reap the benefit. As they went seaward in the morning some of the hunters saw a man with his gun beside him sitting on a hammock of ice not far from the mouth of the harbor. At his feet lay a dead seal. They went on in quest of their prey, and walked so far out that it was late in the afternoon before they returned. Happening to pass by the same spot they saw the man still sitting on the same hammock and the seal lying as before. They went up to him. The man was dead, sitting upright stark and staring, frozen hard as the ice on which he rested.—Nineteenth Century.

HIT BY A COINCIDENCE.

A Man with a Wooden Leg Meets the Head of a Sympathetic Family.

The owner of a place on Second avenue stood in his barn door on the alley the other day when a man with a wooden leg and a crutch came along and passed the time of day and finally said:

"Say, I want you to do me a favor. I want to leave my leg with you for a few minutes."

"Why?"

"I want to go around on Second avenue and work a house for half a dollar in money. I've got a pointer that the folks are very sympathetic. If I go with one leg I'm sure of it."

"Very well; just leave your leg here and I'll take care of it."

The wooden substitute was unstrapped and handed over, and the cripple used the crutch to help himself down the alley. Five minutes later he rang the door-bell of a house across the avenue, to have it opened by the man he had seen at the barn.

"W—wha—what!" he gasped in astonishment.

"Very sympathetic family lives here!" quietly replied the other. "You seem to have met with a sad loss, and I'm anxious to help you. Here is a wooden leg which may fit you."

The leg was handed over, the man sat down on the steps and strapped it on, and as he got up and stumped through the gate, he said to himself:

"I've heard of coincidences ever since I was knee-high to a hop-toad, but this is the first one that ever hit me with both feet at once!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Baptist (Y. N. State Missionary reports that of 866 Baptist churches in the State 742 are in the country and in villages; 337 are unable, without aid, to sustain pastors; over two hundred of them are pastorless from year to year, and although the membership of the churches in the State has in the last fifteen years increased 18,751, the membership in the country and smaller villages has fallen off fully 5,000.

—There is a story told of Mr. W. D. Howells to the effect that on one occasion he attended a costume party wearing the conventional evening costumes of the present, where every guest was required to appear in the dress of one of the characters in the novels of Scott. On being brought to book for this irregularity, he justified his garb by the plea that he did represent one of the chief characters in Scott, the often-appearing "gentle reader."

—The "good old times." George, were the days when your great-grandfather was working fourteen hours a day to get a corned-beef dinner and pay the mortgage on the farm you have cut up into city lots. Cincinnati was a better man than Nero; but he didn't have so much fun.—

—A messenger "boy," aged seventy, is in the employ of the Western Union Company at Bradford, Conn. A messenger boy of that age has probably gone on at least a dozen errands in his career.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

—An editor in reply to a young writer who wished to know which magazine would give him the highest position quickest, advised "a powder magazine, especially if you contribute a sary article."

A SEDUCTIVE DRINK.

The National Beverage of Samoa and How It is Concocted.

Hospitality is a part of the Samoan religion, politeness one of their chief characteristics, and a dishonest act the exception. Food and shelter are vouchsafed to every one entering their homes or villages, and the stranger has but to consult his own wishes when he is ready to depart. Attached to every village is a *Fale-tai*, or guest-house, set apart for the reception, lodging and entertainment of visitors. Generally this is situated in the middle of the village, and is also used as a council-house on occasions when the chief and the people assemble to discuss subjects of importance. Foreigners and visitors from other villages are at once conducted to this house, set apart for their occupation, a journey of considerable distance often being made especially to meet them, when they are received by the chief of the town and the maid whose duty it is to look after the welfare of the guests. During the preliminary conversation, in which the compliments of the day are exchanged with a lavish expenditure of personal flattery, the kava-bowl is produced, and while the free interchange of compliments continues, the bowl, containing nut-brown milk, with the assistance of her dusky attendants, begins to masticate the seductive root. In the meantime the villagers, being advised of the arrival of the visitors, have assembled in another part of the village, collected articles of food, and begun to march in procession towards the *Fale-tai*. Boys and girls, young and old, making a festive display, their persons anointed with coconut oil and arrayed in scanty toilets of leaves and flowers, join in demonstration of songs of praise and welcome. The music of their well-attuned voices, first heard faintly in the distance and increasing in sweetness and volume as they approach nearer, produces a charming effect, the impression of which is long retained by strangers. In the meantime the guests, who have remained seated and silent, if unconscious of what is going on, preserve a wonderful solemnity of countenance as each donor in turn modestly places his offering at the feet of the most honored one, with salutations inimitable in gracefulness. On such occasions food, consisting of fruits, fish, and sucking-pigs, is sometimes given in sufficient quantities to sustain a visiting party for days and weeks.

No occasion of ceremony or importance takes place without the use of kava, a root of the pepper family, and all exchanges of sociability are conducted under its influence. The concoction of the seductive beverage made from this root is attended with so many ceremonious observations and accumbations of approval that an account of the customs of these people would be incomplete without reference to the manner in which the drink is prepared.

A wooden bowl, a coconut cup, and a strainer are the implements used in making the brew. That personage of the chief social importance in Samoa, "the maid of the village," is invariably called upon to brew the beverage, which ceremony, with her attendants, she conducts with becoming dignity. After carefully washing out her mouth in the presence of all assembled, she seats herself upon the matted floor with the bowl in front of her, and with resigned manner and preoccupied countenance begins to masticate the bits of root handed her by the attendants. Piece after piece is chewed until the mouth is full and the cheeks bulging, when the mass is ejected into the palm of her hand and, with a graceful swing, deposited in the bowl. This operation is repeated until the proper quantity of the root is secured. Then her hands are washed scrupulously clean, and an attendant having poured the required amount of water into the bowl, the maid proceeds with the compounding. With a graceful rolling and twisting movement of the hands she mixes all the undissolved portions of the root in the "foam," or strainer, which, after wringing, is shaken out, and the straining repeated until the brew is finished.—Century.

LOVE OF NATURE.

The Pleasure of Having Known in Childhood Brooks, Hills and Sea.

There are many pieces of sheer good fortune for children of luck in this world; it is well to have been born rich or handsome, or to have the talents which command the prices of life. But it is perhaps no less happy and supreme a gift to have been born a child of the universe; to have known in early childhood brooks, mountains and sea; to have felt the companionship of the sky, and in listening to its thunder to have heard deep calling unto deep. There is often an incomprehensible and half-unconscious sense of these things in the heart of a child, wholly apart from any training or habit of observation. It is a seed which any soil will quicken; the commonest landscape will be food for it as fine as the Alps. In fact, there is sometimes with the child as with the artist a sort of instinctive selection of the humblest phase. Among the memories of a journey through Switzerland in my childhood, that of a woodland bank at Rosenlan, covered with moss and with tiny pink flowers, remains to me as having afforded at least as keen a pleasure as the glacier itself, and the image of Mont Blanc had no power to efface the delights of the "spring lot."

The power upon us of a scene or thought lies partly in the extent of our intimacy with it.—Atlantic.

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DRAMATIC INSTINCT.

The Desire That Influences Man to Embody Ordinary Stories.

There are many people who are neither dramatists nor novelists by profession, but who yet have such a keen eye for "effect" that they may be said to be both. Like face-writers, such people are quick to see a "situation," and, if necessary, to make one, in order to indulge in a little cheap theatrical display. It would not be difficult to show that almost every man of genius or poetic temperament has indulged more or less in this propensity; in many cases, doubtless, without intending any harm by the simulation or untruthfulness. Some one ventured to remind Alexandre Dumas that an anecdote he had just related was not strictly in accordance with the truth. "No," he said frankly, "it was not, I know; but the story was ever so much better as I told it." The same desire has influenced, and will influence, thousands of persons in embellishing a story. Being a novelist, Dumas may perhaps be excused for giving play to his imagination for the sake of heightening "effect," and the same excuse could be urged in favor of those novelists who, in recording their "personal experiences," hardly ever allow one to lose sight of the fact that they are story-tellers by profession. So much of their time is spent in contriving situations that it is not at all surprising that they are often tempted to stray from the paths of absolute truthfulness. The general public, however, has no such excuse. Yet so keen is the dramatic instinct with many people that they contrive "situations" with a fertility of resource that would make many novelists wilt with envy. But the dramatic instinct is mostly displayed in the telling of stories, in connection with which "truth is," no doubt, "a sad hamper of genius," because it is comparatively rare in real life that experiences fit in with preconceived notions. These—whether owing to innate ideas or from a loving study of fiction—are more than need be determined—are frequently romantic in the extreme. Fitz Boobie confessed that in all the comedies and romances he had read the hero had always a go-between—a valet or humble follower—who performed the intrigues of the piece; and consequently he selected some subordinate to carry his letters to Minna Lowe, notwithstanding that he might easily have given her them himself. There may be a good deal underlying this little bit of satire. In private life the love of effect" is generally pernicious. Every body remembers that the immortal Pechanin always contrived to inform his daughters of the coming of any visitor in order that they might be found suitably employed; and every body remembers, moreover, that those charming girls were greatly surprised and blushed furiously when the visitors arrived.—Chambers' Journal.

DANIEL BOONE'S COMRADE.

Death of a Man Who Fought Indians with the Kentucky Pioneer.

John L. P. McCune, who was the oldest man in Clark County, Ind., died recently at the home of his daughter, Mrs. C. C. White, at Charlestown. He was a native of Jessamine County, in this State, and was born March 4, 1793. He served in the war of 1812. He participated in the battle of Tippecanoe, and was in the fight at Thames, October 15, 1813, where he saw Tecumseh fall.

With Daniel Boone he was on the most intimate terms of acquaintance, and made many Indian raids with him. After settling at Charlestown he learned the trade of shoemaking and followed it for a living, making footwear for many of the most famous lawyers, judges, doctors and other professional men of the early history of Indiana. When General William Henry Harrison visited Charlestown Mr. McCune, who had heard of his coming in advance, made an exceedingly fine pair of boots for him, which were presented to the old warrior.

In his day Mr. McCune was a great fiddler, and upon a still evening the notes from his violin could be heard all over the town, as he sat in his front door playing upon his favorite instrument. He was a familiar figure at the annual meeting of the old settlers, and was always down on the programme for an exhibition of his skill on the violin. At these gatherings he invariably played two pieces, which were his favorites. "Washington's Wedding March" and "Martha Washington's Lamentation." At the meeting last fall he attempted to carry out his part, but his strength had so failed him that only the faintest sound could be heard as his stiffened arm drew the bow across the strings of his fiddle.

A few years since his wife died. This was a great shock to him, and so sure was he that he would soon follow that he made all preparations for his death, even to buying and having set up his tombstone, with all the engraving done upon it but the date of his death. It is located in the extreme western portion of the Charlestown cemetery and attracts the eye of every stranger who enters the ground. The peculiar part of it is a small type of Mr. McCune, which is surrounded by a glass-covered frame and set in the marble. He is dressed in his shop garb, and on his knee is a partially mended shoe, while in his hand is a hammer. The peculiar attitude and the fact that a live man had his picture adorning the tombstone which was to mark his grave was frequently commented on.—Louisville (Ky.) Letter.

—A Pittsburgh doctor says he can diagnose ailments by examining a single hair of the patient. Two young men, as a joke, took him a hair from a bay horse. The doctor gravely wrote a prescription, and said his fee was twenty-five dollars, as the case was precarious. They were staggered, but paid the fee, and after they got out laughed all the way to the apothecary's. The latter took the prescription and read in amazement: "One bushel of oats, four quarts of water, stir well and give three times a day—and turn the animal out to grass." Then the jokes stopped laughing.

THE GREEK ACTORS.

How They Dressed and How They Were Paid in Old Athens.

It was customary to increase the stature of the actors by the use of girths or buskins—a kind of hooped or ornamented front, and having a layer of sole some three inches thick. The coturnus was painted the same color as the robe worn. In addition to this, masks covering the whole head and face were used. On the top, over the forehead, was a lofty frontlet of woolen form, which must have added considerably to the stature and dignity of the actor; inside the mask there seems to have been some contrivance for strengthening the power of the voice to enable it to fill the immense space of the auditorium. Bell-shaped coxae of bronze are said to have been placed in various parts of the theater to reflect the sound, and the actors were subjected to a severe course of training both as to power and modulation of voice. Many of the actors were men of position and influence in Attic society, and more than one had been intrusted with diplomatic and other missions. Sometimes the poet himself played in his own compositions, as Aeschylus is said to have done. It may interest some of the craft of the present day to learn that as much as a talent (nearly 500 pounds) was paid to an actor for two performances. There were only three performers in speaking parts, the others were silent; indeed, they could not have spoken had they tried, for their masks had the orifice of the mouth closed, while those worn by the principal actor and his two subordinates were constructed with the mouth open in the shape of an O. No women were allowed to act, the female parts being taken, as in Shakespearean times, by boys or young men, not only on the stage itself, but in the chorus. Sophocles, when a youth, was selected for his grace and beauty to lead the choral dance at the festival in honor of the victors at Salamis. The dresses worn on the stage bore no resemblance to the ordinary Athenian costume, but were probably a modification of the festal robes worn in the old Dionysiac procession, and consisted of flowing robes of purple and yellow and other brilliant hues, crowns or chaplets, and embroidered girdles. These robes were so lengthy as to cover the feet, and were common to all characters, male as well as female.—Chambers' Journal.

The Future of Russia.

Not only is Russia the greatest military power in the world, but she is the European power with the largest homogeneous population and the greatest expansive force. Territorially she has the largest empire, possessing a vast share of the old world, and here is a people full of patriotic and religious spirit and so well disciplined that all except an infinitesimal minority obey cheerfully and without question under all circumstances, whether good or evil, the will of a single man. Yet, although subject to what, upon our parliamentary ideas, we are disposed to style despotism, the Russian people are full of spirit and of those qualities which we consider specially Anglo-Saxon—"pluck" and "go." Russia has absorbed with rapidity, but with complexity, the greater part of central Asia, has drawn steadily nearer and nearer to our frontier and has made herself extremely popular with the people she has conquered. Her policy throughout the century has been apparently fixed in object, but pursued with patience; and while there seems to be no reason to suppose any probability of a speedy collision, which England will do nothing to provoke, it is impossible for those who are charged with the defense of India to shut their eyes to the possibilities or even the probabilities of the future.—Fortnightly Review.

Electric Mountain Railway.

One of the most interesting achievements in modern engineering is the electric mountain railway recently opened to the public at Burgentock, near Lucerne. The rails describe one grand curve formed upon an angle of 112 degrees, and the system is such that the journey is made as steadily and smoothly as upon any of the straight funicular lines. The Burgentock is almost perpendicular, from the shore of Lake Lucerne to the Burgentock is 1,300 feet, and it is 2,867 feet above the level of the sea. The total length of the line is 938 meters, and it commences with a gradient of 32 per cent., which is increased 58 per cent. after the first 400 meters, this being maintained for the rest of the journey. A single pair of rails is used throughout, and the motive power, electricity, is generated by two dynamos, each of twenty-five horsepower, which are worked by a water-wheel of nominally 125-horse-power, erected upon the river Aar at its mouth at Buochs, three miles away, the electric current being conducted by means of insulated copper wires. The loss in transmission is estimated at twenty-five per cent.—N. Y. Sun.

—The president of Michigan University remarks in his annual report that "a larger proportion of women than of men are taking by choice the full classical course," for the practical reason that there is a demand for their services in teaching Greek in preparatory schools.

—The girl who can't play on the piano, and wont play on the piano, deserves a brass medal, anyway, for not trying.—Somerville Journal.

—The Bible has to be printed in twenty-nine different languages to supply the people living in Pennsylvania. The largely varied industries of Pennsylvania attract to that State a more cosmopolitan population than any other State in the Union.

—"The highest price on record" for a postage stamp was realized recently at the mart, Loukeshow-yard, London, when an unusual 4-cent British Gullana stamp of 1856 was knocked down to a dealer for \$250. The same gentleman also bought a similar stamp, which, however, had been through the post, for \$18.

THE AUSTRIAN FORCES.

Equipped with Improved Small Arms and Drilled Incessantly.

It is characteristic of Austria that, while every body is convinced that war is coming, the Emperor is holding daily councils with the chiefs of the army and navy, and the delegations are convened to pass war loans. Austria is making herculean efforts to furnish her troops with new repeating rifles. The factory at Steyr, where the operatives have been raised from 4,000 to 7,000, is now employed twenty-four hours a day on the Manlicher rifle. Every day extra drills are being imposed; troops are being moved to frontier stations; the lines are crowded with munitions of war. In Hungary grand popular enthusiasm prevails; the volunteers for the landsturm are already tripling the number required by law and the women are forming hospital societies. Austria is reported to have summoned her landwehr outside of the country to return immediately and join their colors. She has made during the last few years greater sacrifices than any other nation in Europe. Her military educational establishments and systems of training, both elementary and professional, for officers and men are of a very high order. Austria, like Germany and Russia, talks peace but acts war. The military council at Vienna has decided in favor of spending 52,000,000 of florins on the defenses of Galicia which is threatened by Russia, and Germany approves the move. The Austrian Cabinet expresses the belief that good relations with Prussia will be maintained, but all the same the rival powers hold the dogs of war in loose leash. Count Kalnoky is a peace minister, but even he felt that a categorical answer must be made to the demand regarding Russian intentions on the frontier of Galicia. With regard to Russia, Austria and Germany are acting as one nation. Austria will take no steps without Germany's approval. While not daring to lessen her military preparation she will choose to face the fortunes of war rather than face continuously Magyar discontent and Muscovite hatred.

Austria has been termed the "composit" empire. She has had three disastrous campaigns, yet Francis Joseph is as completely the sovereign as William II. is in Prussia. No minister lives for a day under his displeasure; every order of importance is referred to his will, and when he has decided discussion ends. The strength of the Hapsburgs was laid centuries ago in a military autocracy. Of the five great states of Europe, Austria is supposed by some to be the one most loosely knit, but of the five it is the one which it would be the hardest to sever. The animal instinct of extreme danger binds the units of Austria together, and induces them, with a political wisdom for which they get insufficient credit, to leave their executive, like their army, one and undivided. The Emperor is the pivot. Unquestioning obedience is paid to his orders.—Chicago Times.

RED TAPE METHODS.

The Ridiculous Way in Which Some Government Business is Transacted.

"There is one thing the Administration at Washington ought to do," said Congressman Crain of Texas, at the Astor House the other day. "It ought to make a clean sweep of the ridiculous, expensive and slow red-tape methods. For half a century the methods have been growing complicated until at last the head of a department is at the complete mercy of clerks who have been trained in these complications. Recently a case was reported to me which indicates the absurdity of the system that waste the time of employes and delay public business. A man wrote to the Postoffice Department, inclosing a two-cent stamp. He said he had used a stamp that had not been effectively canceled and his conscience troubled him, and therefore he sent this stamp in payment. Then, here is what happened:

"The letter with the two-cent stamp was entered of record in the book of 'letters received' in the Postmaster-General's office. The chief clerk of his indorsement on it, and a messenger carried it to the Third Assistant Postmaster-General. There the notice of its arrival went into another book of 'letters received,' and then the Third Assistant referred it to the finance division. The chief of the division took the two-cent stamp, pasted it upon the letter, drew his pen twice across the stamp, wrote under it 'canceled,' and signed his name. A clerk signed below as witness to the transaction. Then the letter went into the files to be preserved for future generations of officeholders to marvel over. Now, what do you think of such business as that?"

"Well, that isn't anything," said one of the Signal Service officers employed near New York, who happened to be present. "Just look at us. The five hundred men in the Signal Service corps are paid monthly their army pay proper, commutation of rations and commutation of quarters and fuel. The Paymaster-General sends each man a check for his pay proper, for which he signs duplicate vouchers; the Commissary-General sends each man a check for his commutation of rations, for which he signs duplicate vouchers, and the barracks sends each man a check for his commutation of quarters and fuel, for which he signs duplicate vouchers. Here are three accounts where one is enough; three letters inclosing three checks, and the employment of a number of unnecessary clerks, simply to pay us our little monthly dues. Red tape? Well, yes; and it is expensive to the Government and troublesome to us as well."—N. Y. Star.

—Sermons at Home.—Real good man (to his minister)—"It seems to me that I take cold when in church—used to warm, dry, sunny rooms, you know, and if you don't object I should like the privilege of having a telephone attachment made to your desk so that when I fear to venture to church I can at least hear the sermon." Minister (delighted)—"Certainly, certainly. Have it fixed at any time." Real good man (the following Sunday)—"Jason, what is that talk?" Jason (a valet)—"The sermon in your sounding telephone, sir." "Oh, I forgot. Put a blanket over it."—

—How often might a man after he had jumbled a set of letters into a bag fling them out upon the ground before they would fall into an exact poem, yes, or so much as make a good book in prose. And may not a little book be as easily made by chance as this great volume of the world? How long might a man be sprinkling colors upon canvas with a careless hand before they could happen to make the exact picture of a man? And is man easier made by chance than a thousand blind men, who should be sent out from several remote places in our country, wander up and down before they would meet upon the Rappahannock and fall into rank and file in the exact order of an army? And yet this is more easy to be imagined than how the innumerable blind parts of matter should rendezvous themselves into a world.—N. Y. Ledger.

—To the true-born Westerner, in whom the instinct of moving on to find a more desirable country never dies, not even the Pacific ocean can be a barrier. A man of this class, who had lived successively in a number of States and Territories between his native Ohio and his present home in California, one day had a revival of his migratory longing. He must "pack his grip" and "go west." "But how can you get any farther west than California?" he was asked. "Pshaw!" he answered. "There's plenty of west left all down through Mexican California and South America. There's Peru, now. I'd give a good deal to see the mines down there. I tell you, sir," he cried, warning with his subject, "it must be real good and west down in Peru!"

THE WOMEN OF CUBA.

Graphic Picture of a Unique Type of Feminine Loveliness.

The women of a country are always objects of great interest and curiosity to strangers. Those of Cuba have a reputation for being beautiful. It is even said that no other civilized country produces so many generally comely. In one way this is true, in another it is not; for the average Cuban beauty, outside of Cuba, would be considered any thing but beautiful. As the background is skilfully contrived to bring out the picture, so the tropical climate seems to have been especially designed to show to the best possible advantage the tropical beauty. She appears to have been created to lie in a rocking-chair and lazily yield a fan to and fro with a graceful charm positively bewitching. Her thin, gauzy garments reveal to the best possible advantage her exquisitely-molded form, her loose, tangled black hair, the Oriental splendor of her big, dark, almond-shaped eyes, which blaze and sparkle and glow, and soften and send forth wonderful lights, and never, never fade until the end. Her face is oval, if not rounded by a superabundance of flesh; her mouth small, full, red; her teeth little, and white, and even.

Her hands and feet are tiny and well shaped, but in her zeal to whiten her skin that it may afford a proper contrast to the negro or mulatto who attends her she daubs it over with a quantity of rice powder until the effect in many cases is positively ghastly. She has another weakness which is apparent, and that is jewels of all kinds and descriptions. With these she literally bedecks herself, winding long chains about her neck and arms, sticking brooches, and pins, and pearls in the meshes of her long hair, and filling her slender fingers with rings which weigh them down and her ears with big stones which almost hide them from view. The graceful mantilla of Spain is in universal use. It is fastened also with jewels and held in place by a comb placed high on the top of the head. The Cubana, in her rocking-chair and loose-flowing, flimsy gown, would be considered nothing more or less than a shiftless sloven in an American Northern home, where thrift and energy and neatness prevail. But in Cuba, beneath the silvery branches of the spreading palm, where clustering orange trees glisten in the sunlight and where the orioles flit like flashes of gold among the olive trees, there she finds her natural surroundings and makes perfect a tropical picture which would be incomplete without her.—Havana Letter.

BE OF GOOD CHEER.

The Steady, Practical Farmer Never Comes to Actual Want.

"A farmer never crossed the threshold of our farmhouse." So said Mr. King, the superintendent of a Massachusetts farmhouse, in the farmers' meeting at Boston recently. The statement is significant, full of meaning. It can not be said of all the farmhouses of the country, perhaps, but the exceptions are not numerous enough to disprove the rule. If a farmer goes to the poor-house it is because he has been improvident, lazy, impecunious, or (in one case in a thousand) peculiarly unfortunate. The steady, industrious, provident farmer never comes to actual want. This is a fact, and it is one that ought to give comfort and comparative content to thousands of husbandmen who to-day are disheartened and almost ready to give up the weary struggle of years. You may have a heavy load to carry; bear it bravely. It will lighten. The energy born of determination and sustained by many pluck will alone make it easier to carry, and in good time will enable you to throw it off. It is the final charge that wins the battle. No one ever yet succeeded by losing heart in the conflict. The weak succumb at the first appearance of trouble, and all is then lost; what worse could possibly result if you struggle bravely until overcome? You may be apparently hemmed in by towering difficulties, but there is a way out, and it is your duty to find it. Do not sit down in despair and unresistingly let your burdens crush you. Such a course is weak, unmanly and surely disastrous. Stand up like a man, made in the image of God, and bravely face your troubles. Attack them with all the force and will of your being. It is the only way to succeed, and the only one worthy of manhood.—Ohio Farmer.

GRAND CANARY FUNERALS.

The Spanish Burial Ceremony and Comes to a Terrible End.

Slowly the head of a funeral procession appeared from the street by the Bishop's palace and began to glide between the promenade and the church. Four laughing acolytes in scarlet cassocks, with crucifixes and gilded lamps on staves, came first. The priest with his book came next, attended on each side by a boy with a lamp to illuminate his pages. He sang the service as he stumbled over the uneven stones of the street. The body, under a pall, carried by four men, who were preceded by a knot of others for their relief, followed the priest, and then, in long parallel lines came the friends and relatives of the deceased, with lamps interspersed among them, to the number of about two hundred. The heavy lava portals of the cemetery by the sea-shore bears the inscription: "Do not be deaf to the voice that tells you all is illusion except death." Here all the lamps save two were puffd out by the boys, and most of the mourners turned on their heels, and, with fresh cigars between their lips, returned to the city.

Ten or twelve of us, however, accompanied the chief mourner within the gates. A man with a sack of lime on his shoulder and a pipe in his mouth, walking with the arrogance of one proud without cause, preceded the coffin as it was lifted from iron stairs case to staircase until we reached the particular niche in the high "columbarium" which was to receive it. Then it was set on the ground, the lid was removed and the man with the lime emptied, the contents of his sack over the deceased woman, methodically spreading and pressing it until nothing was visible of her except the small, well-shod feet. He kept his pipe in his mouth during this operation. The chief mourner, while minutely watching the process attendant upon the burial of his mother, found time to light a cigarette and chat with his friends, and the two remaining acolytes grinned and played tricks by holding their lamps so that curious shadows flattered over the dead woman and the lime-man. At length the latter looked up with an interrogative grunt: "Are you satisfied, senor?" "Perfectly," replied the chief mourner.

The lid was replaced, the coffin was run energetically into its appointed groove, and all was ended. Twenty-four hours ago the deceased was alive and well; twenty-four hours hence she will be half-cremated.—Gibraltar Times.

—A Wisconsin man has patented a fence for intercepting insects. It is made with boards jointed together at their ends, with a tarred rope extending across the top and an outwardly extending board made to form a channel, whereby bugs will be prevented from passing from one field to another, and will be received in a receptacle where they can be destroyed.

—Gladstone once remarked that if he were a foreigner obliged to learn the English language, he would go insane. It is no wonder foreigners think the English language so difficult to master when we think of the great change that a single letter makes in the pronunciation of it. The letter *c* changes lover into clover, *d* makes a crow a lover, *e* makes eyed keyed, *g* changes son into song, *t* transforms a pear into pearl, *ch* changes a hoe into a shoe, *f* makes bough bought, *n* alters once into women.

ON THE RIGHT TRACK.

How a Chicago Sleuth Obtained a Clue to a Mysterious Crime.

"I'll follow him to the ends of the earth! He shall not escape me!" The tall, powerfully-built man, dressed in a suit of dark blue, his teeth stood in the shadow of a Phildelphia-like alley, and watched with widely-staring eyes a man moving slowly along down the street of the Kong district of Clark street.

The watcher was wide awake, and the saloons had not yet closed for the night. It was evident he was not a police man.

Emerging from the alley he followed stealthily the object of his pursuit, like a sleuth-hound on track of its prey. Moving along in the shadow of the buildings and halting now and then, but never relaxing for one instant his eager watchfulness, he kept his man in sight for nearly an hour.

Down Clark to Harrison, west of Harrison to the river, across the bridge to Canal, up Canal to Moore, and westward on that street for many and many a weary block moved this singular—or rather moral—pursuision.

"He little thinks he is following, muttered the relentless pursuer. "I shadow him to his lair now if it takes till the next centennial!"

At last the man whom he was following halted at a modest dwelling, opened the gate that afforded entrance to the little yard in front, and as he turned to close it he gave, plainly visible in the glare of a street lamp close by, was for one brief moment exposed to the hawk-like gaze of the mysterious pursuer in the dark blue suit, who had crouched in the shadow of a friendly Indian cigar sign across the way. The next instant he had disappeared within the house.

With a smothered cry of exultation the eager watcher took out a notebook and pencil and jotted down a memorandum. His fingers trembled with excitement.

"I saw his face!" he said, in a hysterical whisper. "I was not mistaken. And now I have his street and number. At last I am on the trail. If he finds out anything about that mysterious disappearance I'll know just where he goes to get it. Ha! At last! At last!"

He was a high-priced detective shadowing a fifteen-dollar a week newspaper reporter to see if he could find some clew to the latest mystery that was baffling the entire force—Chicago Tribune.

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