EUGENE CITY. OREGON.

A WONDERFUL DOG.

How He Saved Four Boys from Almost Certain Death.

Nit is a big jet-black Newfoundland who lives in the northern part of New York City, and is supposed to be jointly owned by Oscar and George One Saturday afternoon the brothers, with two other boys, tramped up to the Bronk river to a disused mill-dam, determined to have some fun, and of course Nit was along. Presently they found an old boat, twelve feet long, fastened by a rusty chain to a stake. They climbed in, and were amusing themselves by rocking it, when the chain broke and the boat drifted out from the shore. Hardly more than fifty yards down the river the water runs the dam and falls twenty feet on the jagged rocks. There were no oars the boat and nothing to use as substitute. In the middle of the river the boat swung laxily around until the prow pointed toward the dam, and then it began to drift slowly down stream. Nit had stood on the shore with ears and tail erect, watching the boat drift away, and apparently considering it a good joke. But when the boat began to move toward the dam Nit became ill at ease, and ran barking and whining up and down the bank. The boys were thoroughly alarmed by this time, too. They cried out for help, and Nit, telling them by a sharp, short bark to wait for him, sprang into the water and beat his way toward the boat, now dangerously near the dam. Nit swam right in front of the boat, and tried to stop it with his body, but the current swung the stern around. Finding that this wouldn't do, Nit swam around the boat twice, think-ing very earnestly all the time. Having solved the difficulty, as he thought, he out of the water that he couldn't swim. Then he let go his hold and went around the boat once more for another idea. He got it, and then the question arose how convey it to the frightened youngsters. Nit swam close to the boat, and sticking his head over the gunwhale, looked imploringly into little Oscar's face, and whimpered. Oscar misunderstood, and thought Nit was tired and wanted to come in for a rest. He seized the leather strap and tried to lift him in. But Nit instantly dropped back into the water, and pointing his head toward the shore, began swimming for all he was worth. Gradually the downward course of the boat was stopped. It swung around in answer to Nit's powerful legs, and slowly drew near the shore. It grounded within a few feet of the dam, and the boys sprang out as happy a lot of yougsters as lived. They started ward on a run, with Nit barking and frolicking around them.-Golden THE RENEWAL OF LIFE.

The Road to Any Kind of Greatness Lies Through the Commonplace.

There is an element of romance in almost every successful life-that profoundly interesting romance which lies in expansion out of small things into great ones. There is nothing which so profoundly interests men as the story of the development of a genuine life into usefulness and power. It is a story illustrated and described generation after generation, and yet the interest in it is more widespread and more intense than men recognize an element in human life which they find in others if not in themselves, which has in it the power and the charm of something mysterious, something of which the man himself is not fully aware; something which is continually leading him to places which he did not expect to reach, and putting into his hand prizes which he did not expect to win. There is some thing magical in the change of position from obscure and untrained boyhood to fame, power and that force of manhood which seems to be equal to all occasions and to which all opportunities are presented. As we read these brilliant stories we often forget that from the chief actors the splendid outcome was concealed. The man of genius, of ar-tistic talent, of any sort of gift, works slong quietly from day to day, often feeling that nothing remains but the raveling out of life; when unexpectedly some new impulse stirs him to the depths, some new occasion evokes a new power, some new opportunity offers the ne thing that was needed to bring out all there was in him.

The road to any kind of greatness lies through the commonplace. Those who walk it often see nothing before them but the dead level of daily work; it is only at intervals that the road suddenly ascends the mountain-side and the world sweeps into view. It is these splendid its, however, in the man's career which attract us, and which we see; the long, arduous, often monotonous, every-day journey is hidden from us. And this is true, not only of men who attain the most eminent succoss, but of those who do any kind of faithful work. Life, for the most part, must be made up of what, for the lack of clearer insight, we call drudgery; which is really a discipline and training of all that is highest and best in us. There are times when most of us feel that nothing remains but this dead level of hard work, that no new doors are to open before us and no new prizes to be gained; but no man who is working intelligently and faithfully ever es the power of growth, and the consequent expansion of life which comes with it. It happens again and again to all of us that, at the very moment when theoutlook seems most uninspiring, there suddenly comes a new piece of work or a new opportunity which brings back the freshness of our spirit, the joy of our labor, and makes us feel that have taken a long step forward. To those who are faithful life continually renews itself, not only in opportunities, but in its promise and its rewards.— Christian Union.

-An association in London, called the Bunday Society, occupies itself with arranging the opening of private col-lections to the public on the Sabbath. For two Sundays recently the Duke of ington has opened Apaley house to se who wished to see its treasures.

-King Humbert, before leaving Naples, ordered that a bronze wreath on Garibaldi's grave in place of the flowers he had put there. He said: "Our country and my house owe so much to Garibaldi that this island must bear from myself and my son a tribute of sverlasting gratitude."

Or, the Peril of the Penroys.

When he gained the hall below, which was dimly lighted by bracket-lamps, the man's face stood revealed, and we recognize him as the genial hunter, Louis Fingal. He passed to the end of the hall, lifted window and peered out into the night,

ning intently. "I hear no sound of wheels," he mut-"I sope Dr. Colton and his patient will not disappoint me to-night. To watch that villain, and goard a precious life, without making a balk, is tiresome and dangerous. It must be time, too, for that infamous Captain to come nosing about. I heard him tell Lucy that she need not look for him in several days, but I judge that to be a blind. Possibly, however, he may have taken the alarm. He was out until late last night, and seemed pale and agitated when he returned."

The reader can readily guess why the Captain was agitated on the previous night. The apparition at the pool had completely unperved him for a time. On the morning following he had driven away toward Stonefield, assuring both Lura and Lucy that he intended to be absent several days. Fingal had been where he overheard this, but he had not believed it.

After Estening a minute Fingal closed the window and turned his steps toward Grace's room. He tound the door closed, and at once applied his hand to the knob. It refused to yield.

Dropping to the floor Fingal attempted to peer into the room through the keyhole. No light glimmered there, and then the young hunter seemed to realize for the first time that something was wrong inside the sick chamber. He thrust a small reed that he picked from the floor into the keyhole. He then made a discovery.

The hole had been stoutly plugged! Something surely was wrong. He grasped

Ne answer from within.

A chill shot to the heart of Fingal. He A chill shot to the heart of Figure 2 called the name of Lucy and of Grace, but received no answer. A terrible fear opposition of the second hunter's heart as he sprang up on the gunwale and seized it pressed the young hunter's heart as he with his teeth. This lifted him so far out of the water that he couldn't swim. a time, and came near landing in the arms of the colored maid.

"Lucy, you here!" demanded Fingal, oersely. "Who is with Graco!" hoursely "Miss Lura, I 'spect."

"I do not believe it." "But I left her dar-" "Something is wrong," interrupted Fin-gal, seizing and shaking the maid furiously. You haven't been faithful, girl. The door

to Grace's room is locked. Have you the "Deed, marse, I basn't." Fingal stood irresolute for one moment then sprang to the outer door, opened it and passed out into the night. He hastned to the side of the building, to a spot where a light glimmered from an upper window, the window of Grace Penroy's

For an instant the young man stood irresolute; then, seeming to remember something, he sped to the rear of the old ouse and in less than a minute returned bearing in his hands a ladder. It was but short work to place this up against the

side of the house.
It just reached the window-sill. A moment later the young hunter was nounting swiftly upward. He soon gained the top and although the curtains were traws he found a crevice through which he could peer into the room.

What he saw caused him to start and searly fall from the ladder. His hands clinched the stone sill until the blood ready to burst from beneath the

In the center of the room stood Captain Starbright, with a look on his face that was actually terrifying. It was only with the utmost effort that Fingal held himself

from falling.
The Captain's hat lay on the floor. His and he was evidently meditating some berrible deed. Fingal saw him move toward the bed, gaze for one moment at the placid tace of the apparently sleeping girl, then bend forward with the look of a flend, and twine his fingers about the throat of his

"Great heaven! he would strangle her!" gasped Fingal, hoarsely, almost losing his sold in the intensity of his horror. With a mighty effort he steadied himself, seized the sash, lifted it swiftly and plunged headlong into the room.

The noise and the unexpected appearance of the hunter startled the would be assaudin from his work, and he at once turned his attention to the new-comer. He glared an instant in evident alarm, then, with an imprecation, sprang at the youth as he came to his feet. Murderer!" cried Fingal.

"Ha! the infernal hunter sneak. I'll throttle you for this!" and Captain Star evidently completely mastered by rage and fear, sprang with the fury of a Together the two went to the floor in a

struggie for the mastery. At the same time a wild scream filled the room. Grace, ned by the combat, was terribly frightened, and it was her voice that filled house with its piercing notes of

Fingal struggled desperately, but seemed to be no match for the infuriated Captain.
"Pil throttle you!" hissed Starbright. "You have meddled with me and my affairs for the last time."

At this moment the long black hair on Fingal's head came into the clutches of Starbright, another moment and his locks were free from the head of his antagonist. With a great cry Captain Starbright came to his feet, quickly followed by the hunter. A band tried the door, and a voice without temanded admittance. Ufficeding this the Captain stood staring at Fingal. His astoundment seemed too full for words.

Before him stood, in the person of Fingal another person entirely. There was no mis-taking that face, the pug nose, with mustache brushed aside, that dancing,

"Lura Joyce, as I live!" exclaimed the

satounded Captain.

The girl regarded him with folded arms, breathing short, her eyes flashing, her whate teeth gleaming. She feit horself mistress of the situation. Her hand shot torward suddenly, a bright object gleaming at the end.

Your race is run, Captain Starbright," she uttered lowly yet flercely.

He seemed to have no desire to thwart her wishes while a cocked revolver was peristed toward his breast, and so he obeyed without a word. He glauced at the bed to note the fact that Grace had fainted. With some difficulty Lura turned the key and admitted Dr. Arthur Colton.

"Alenet" uttered Lura. "Wait."
This was all. The ductor gianced at Captain Starbright, then at the girl. He seemed astenished to find her in male attire,

ingust on his grave face. I can expiain, Arthur-" "It doesn't matter," he uttered, shortly.
"My business is with Clinton Starbright suppose you recognise me, Captain!" Starbright had recovered his composur

and Lura functed she saw a look of semi

and stood with folded arms regarding the octor from under frowning brows.

"I suppose I do. You are the gentlema who pretends to a knowledge of medicine

"But let me tell you," grated the Captain.

with angry vehemence, "I have permitted your interference here to the cost of a life. Look yonder at your work. You shall suffer

for this - this murder."
He pointed to the bed. Quickly Dr. Colton stepped to the side of Grace and bent over the wasted form. A moment thus, then he faced the inmates of the room once more. "She has fainted. It is better so for the present. Should she die you will have another murder to answer for. I know that you have been systematic-

"Don't interrupt me," said the doctor. with strange calinness, no trace of emotion on his grave face. "I made a discovery not long since that startled and shocked me be-yond measure. You had the reputation of ng a generous gentleman, with few habits, and all your acquaintances looked

opon you as an honorable man." "Really," sneered the Captain, "you do me proud, Dr. Celton."

"You may feel less so before I am through with a little history I propose to relate."
"I pray you, don't put yourself out on my

account, doctor." "No, but on several accounts I will pro ceed. Bome years ago you fell in with Mr. Penroy, Grace's father, and became very intimate with him. He trusted you fully, and to his cost. The time came when that nan was brought home dead, with his skull crushed, said to have been caused by the kick of a horse. I beseve, however, that it was done by a club, and that it was a part of a plot formulated in California to gain "Indeed!" sneered the Captain.

"I am getting ahead of my story, howproceeded the doctor, as Captain Starbright coolly assumed a chair. doctor and Lura remained standing, however.

CHAPTER XXXIL

BETHIBUTION. "Don't put yourself out, doctor," said the Captain, with an assumption of coolness he did not feel. 'I care nothing for this yarn of yours, and can not wait to hear it."

He came to his feet.
"Bit down," ordered Lura, emphasizing the order by covering him with her cocked He sank back into his chair with a muttered imprecation against the "tiger

"It was in California about two years ago that my first scene opens," proceeded the doctor. "Two me, among the gold hills of that State became bosom friends-Lawrence Brandon and Karl Vandible They first met in San Francisco and went to the mountains together. Kari Vandible was an eccentric man past the meridian of life, one who had seen better days, he asserted, and Brandon believed him. In time Vandible made a confident of his young friend, Brandon, and told him a strange story of the past.

"Kari had been the black sheep in the family of four boys. Two were dead, and Karl, the youngest, had drifted to Cali-fornia in search of adventure even at the of fifty-six. He assured Brandon that it was not really necessary for him to fight hand to hand with the world, since he had a brother who was a millionaire in one of the States beyond the Mississippi. That brother,' said Karl, 'always sympa thized with me, and defended me against he assaults of others. I was proud, however, and wouldn't accept his bounty. I haven't seen Morgan for ten years, but I know he must be a very old man now."
"Then Karl Vandible took from his

cket a letter which had lately come from his aged brother beyond the mountains. I will read a part of it."

The nonchalant expression on the Cap-tain's face changed to nervous agitation as Dr. Colton drew forth a wrinkled en velope, stained and frayed at the edges from apparent rough usage.

"This is nothing to me," growled the Captain, again attempting to rise.

Again Starbright looked into the muzzle of Lura's revolver and subsided without

Opening the letter, Dr. Colton proceeded Come home, Karl. I am intending to ass the remainder of my days at Lone low, the old stone house where you once staid for a day and liked the hunting so well. You shall one day own the place and every thing that I have. In fact, I have made a will in your favor, leaving everything to you with the one condition that you allow my granddaughter, Grace Penroy, an annuity of twenty thousand a year after she comes of age. I make the stipulation bedutiful and kind to me. You are twenty years my junior, and will have ample time enjoy my wealth after I am gone. Come, Karl, I am becoming feeble; feeling my years and infirmities more and more every day, and I wish to enjoy your company a little while before I pass to the other shore. If you receive this I am sure you will not refuse to grant the prayer of your last of

"That is the substance of the letter read to Lawrence Brandon by Karl Vandible, said Dr. Colton, "and it was that letter that influenced Brandon to commit an awful

"What is this to me?" demunded Captain Starbright, curtly. "I can not remain --"But you must remain," declared Lura, with seeming malicious satisfaction. An

"The reading of that letter set evil thoughts at work in the brain of Lawrence Brandon," proceeded the doctor. "He suddenly conceived the slea of winning the Vandible million for himself. Karl exressed a determination to return to the States, and Brandon expressed a desire to company him. The two set out from the mining camp together; but one of them Sacramento-Lawrence Brandon. In the night time he stole up behind his companion, dealt him a murderous blow from behind, and then, after making sure of his death, he hurled the body into a lch and hastened on his way. I will be brief for time is speeding. Brandon came to the Sastes and finally ensconced himself at Lone Hollow. He told of his friendship for Karl, Morgan's brother, and of how he had been with him when he died in a lonely cave on the gold range. Morgan was deep

of Starbright-" "Sit down!" commanded Lura, as the villain attempted to rise. "I won't speak

again, either. A bullet will be the next compliment you'll get!" White now, with cold sweat standing out in great drops, the pseudo Captain was obliged to listen to the remainder of the

parrative. "Lawrence Brandon murdered his trusting friend and came East for the purpose of aling a fortune. Had his murderous blow succeeded, all might even now be well with this villain. Karl Vandible was not

killed, however. He lived and came East, but the blow had affected his brain and he "Instead of coming to Love Hollow be hid in a cave, once a counterfester's resort, in Hangman's Gulch. Sometimes he had

moments of sanity, but they were of short duration. He led a hermit life, and watched to meet Lawrence Brandon. He did meet him finally, and recognized him. He fired with the intention of taking life. Somehow, it seems that Brandon, alias Starbright, lived to concect further schemes of villainy, among them the poisoning of Grace Penroy, that he might, through a forged will, soize upon the nellion teft by Morgan Vandible." "That will is not a forgery."
"Keep quiet," ordered Lura.

"I have come near to the end of my story," proceeded Dr. Colton, with the utnost gravity. "Before you went to Call fornia you had sought to win the hand of ce. She read your character and tespised you. Afterward, when she learned you were at Lone Hollow, she resolved to thwart your designs upon the unsuspecting old man Vandible and upon Grace, although at that time she knew nothing of the crime you had committed among

"Disguised as Fingal, the hunter, she has been quite auccessful in thwarting your villainy. Your attempt upon her life on ewo occasions failed signally. She discov-

ered your attempt to poison her cousin-"
"By heaven! this is too much," grated the Captain, white and trembling, at the same time coming to his feet. "This plot arranged between you and this shameless girl will not succeed. In good faith I came here. I was the friend of Karl Vandible.

My name is Starbright, and-"
"Do you deny that you attempted his life!" interrupted the doctor. "I do, most emphatically."

You did not strike him down in Californin!

"You did not set hired assassins on his track but a few weeks since, and sink his body in a dark pool in the woods!" White, stern, grim as fate was the face of Dr. Arthur Coiton as he put these

questions swiftly to the trembling man be "N-n-of" faltered Captain Starbright, reeling and cringing.

"Then, perhaps, you will dare deny these things to another witness." Dr. Colton turned swiftly and flung wide the door. Two men crossed the threshold. Captain Starbright glared wildly into the face of the foremost man, then he uttered a great cry of agony and terror. The dead and indeed come back to earth to stand as a witness against him.

"Karl Vandible alive!" Then the shattered spirit sank weakly, and Captain Starbright fell heavily into his chair, covering his face to shut out the view. Before them stood the man we have known as Don Benito, the maniac Now there was the light of reason glowing in his eyes, yet he was thin and pale, and leaned on the arm of his companion, an officer, for

"I am not dead, Lawrence Brandon," said the wronged Californian, in a solemn voice. "A blow from your hand clouded my brain and sent me forth a demented wanderer upon the earth. A weight of years has wheimed me, yet I did not forget nor forgive the man who struck that blow, the man I trusted and confided in only to be murdered, almost, by his treachery.

"Your last attempt upon my life proved as futile as the first, thanks to this brave doctor and his equally brave helper, Lura Both were on hand to rescue me from the watery grave into which your minions had cast me. The stone broke loose at the outset. I was unconscious for some time, and these friends conveyed me to Stonefield in a light vehicle. The shock to my system was terrible, but it served the good turn to restore my reason.

"From the hour of my regaining conscious-ness I knew every thing. My head is yet sore, and I am very weak, yet I manage last night to astound you on the brink of the forest pool, where you had gone to contemplate your latest villainy. I had been to the cave after something left there by me, and spying you moving toward the pool I dogged your steps and executed a little tableau that frightened you so that you swooned. From your pocket I abstracted the," holding up a delicate vial, "which the good doctor informs me is a subtle and deadly poison. You have used it. My brother Morgan died from its effects before he signed the will, to which you afterward affixed his name. Your race is run, Lawrence Brandon. You have many murders to answer for, all togain a million that was

As the man pansed Lura held aloft a fold-

"The last will and testament of Morgan Vandible, which leaves all his property to Karl, his beloved brother. This will has been concealed, and is the only genuine ocument in existence from the hand of Morgan Vandibie. I congratulate you, Mr.

Starbright dropped h s hands and glared at the paper in a hopeless, despairing way. His face was like death itself.

"And now," said Karl Vandible, "I have the satisfaction of turning you over to the custody of an officer, Lawrence Brandon. Wait," cried the culprit, huskily, as Vandible's companion advanced, displaying a pair of handcuffs. Then he came to his feet and shrank back across the floor toward the window

"Seize him!" cried Lura. "There's a adder at the window.

"Hait, sir!" I will not be taken abve!" hoarsely attered the haggard villain. On the instant e presented a revolver, which he always carried in case of emergency.

This movement deterred his seigure, and en, crouching quickly, he glided through the open window. Both the officer and Dr olten dashed forward and peered out. The escaping villain made a misstep, slipped and, with a wild cry, plunged headlong to

"I-1 feel that I am not long for this vorld, Karl"

The voice was faltering and low, and the ps that uttered the words blue and shrunken. Beside the couch sat two men. Dr. Coiton and Karl Vandible. Outside the first snow of the season was sifting softly down upon the gray roof at Lone Hollow One would scarcely recognize in the emaci-ated man on the bed our old sequaintance,

Captain Starbright.

Bodily and mental suffering had done its work. The plunge from the upper story of the great house on that night just a fortnight before had given the man a shock from which he could not recover, and he

vas slowly and surely dying. "There is no help for you, Captain -" "Hush! Do not utter that title. It was as false as my life has been. Where-where is Austin Wentword? He ought to

"He is still behind prison bars," answered

"And for my crime. Yes, it was mine. I seant to get rid of them both when I fired that shot. My aim was not good. acreous, I suppose. Dropping the pistol I ded, and making a swift detour, came upon Austin and Grace from the direction of the use. I hope he may be set free. And

Grace-' She is improving." "I-I am glad."

"And now," said Karl Vandible, "tell t bout the others, the will, and-" "Every thing said against me is true, even to forging the name of your brother to that will. He never would have changed

the first one had he not supposed you dead The dving man was breathing huskily. Soon he opened his lips and told the story of his villainy, confessing every thing.

"Now-now, can you ever forgive me for the wrongs I did, Kari-Kari, you who vere once my friend!" raltered the dying-Karl thought of his own sufferings, of the and brother hastened to his grave by

poison administered by the hand of the man fore him, and remained silent. "You can not!" grouned the dying man "A higher power may look there, not to ne," answered Vandible, in tones of sol-

emn gravity.
Then the sinking man gasped, attempted te speak, but fulled. A convuisive shudder passed through his frame, a gasp and then dence-the man of evil was dead. With his death comes the ending of our

We have no desire to prolong the narrative. Through the efforts of Lura eyee, assisted at the last by Dr. Colton retribution had overtaken the man who had staked his soul in the struggle for a fortune. He had meditated the destruction of the last Penroy in his eager desire to gain the wealth of Major Vandable. Caught, he had fallen and died a misorable death. Austin Wentword was at once released.

The forged will was cast aside and the gennine probated, which was satisfactory all, Mrs. Penroy having the promise ample pin money as well as a he she lived, and Grace the saug sum of twenty thousand deliars a year. This was enough to marry on, Wentword and Grace believed

Lawyer Gripes, fearing prosecution for his part in the transaction with Lawrence Brasdon, left Stonefield and was seen there

Mother Cabera and her sons were arresto on their reappearance at Lone Hollow and were sent to prison for a term of years.

troit, Lansing & Northern road; the time was last Sunday evening, and the Yes, what of her who had proved the speaker a prominent Michigan Repubguardian angel of the Penroys! She won lican and a man who was a close per-Dr. Arthur Colton, certainly, and became his happy wife a year after the death of the sonal friend of Michigan's great Sena-

wicked Brandon, alias Starbright On the wedding morn Karl Vandible as tonished the bride with a certificate of de-posit in the Stonefield Bank, in her name, for the anug sum of twenty thousand dollars ler," said the gentleman, who is one of the best reconteurs in the State, "was during the Garfield campaign, when he "I owe every thing to you, brave little woman," he said, gravely, "and you mus" had concluded his labors in Ohio, and was on his way to Wisconsin. But I

accept this in slight recompense. It proved the nest-egg for a future fortune THE EXD.

A CAPITAL ANECDOTE

How Dr. Dwight Masie the Acquaintage of Dennie, the American Addison As Dr. Dwight, the celebrated presider

of Yale College, seventy odd years ago was traveling through New Jersey, he chanced to stop at a singe notel, in one of its populous towns, for the night, says the New York Ledger. At a late hour of the same, Mr. Dennie (a once noted writer; arrived also at the int, and had the mis fortune to learn from the landlord that his beds were all paired with longers, excepme, occupied by the celebrated Dr. Dwigh "Show me to his apartment," exclaime Dennie; "although I am a stranger to the

Rev. Doctor, perhaps I can bargain with him for my lodgings." The landlord accordingly waited on Mr Dennie to the doctor's room, and there left him to introduce himself. The doctor, al though in his night-gown, cap and slippers and just ready to resign himself to the re freshing arms of Somnus, polito, request ed the strange intruder to be seated fector, struck with the intellectual physi gnomy of his companion, unbent his austere brow, and commenced a literary conversation. The names of Washington Franklin, Rittenhouse, and a host of liter ar, and distinguished characters, for some time gave a zest and interest to their conversation, until Dr. Dwight chanced to men-

tion the name of Pounie.
"Dennie, the editor of the Port Folio, said the doctor, in a rhapsody, "is the Ad dison of the United States—the father of American boiles lettres. But sir," con tinued he, "is it not astounding that a man of such a genius, fancy and feeling, should abendon himself to the inebriating bow and to bacchanalian revels!" "Sir," sale Dennie, "you are mistaken. I have been intimately acquainted with Dennie for several years, and I never knew or saw him intoxicated." "Sir," rejoined the doctor, "you err; I have my information

from a particular friend; I am confident that I am right, and that you are wrong."-Dennie now ingeniously changed the con rersation to the ciergy, remarking that Drs. Abercrombie and Mason were amongs or most distinguished divines; neverthe ess, he considered Dr. Dwight, Presiden of Yale College, the most learned theo ogian-the first logician-and the greatest poet that America had ever produced But, sir," continued Dennie, "there are traits in his character, undeserving so grea and wise a man, of the most detestable de scription—he is the greatest bigot and dog-matist of the uge!! "Sir," said the doctor "you are grossly mistaken; I am intimately quainted with Dr. Dwight, and I know t he contrary," "Sir," replied Dennie, imute acquaintance of his, who I am con ident would not tell an untruth." "No more slander," says the doctor, "I am Doctor Dwight of whom you speak!" "And I, exclaimed the other, "am Mr. Dennie, or

whom you spoke!" The astonishment of Dr. Dwight may b etter conceived than told. Suffice it is say, they mutually shook hands, and were extremely happy in each other's acquaint

Some Advertising Models

The following genuine "ads." are extrac of from an amusing little volume entitled English as Sue is Wrote," forming No. 3o Appleton's "Parchment Paper Series:"

PWO YOUNG WOMEN

WILL THE GENTLEMAN who left his tog ther w to the result? WANTED, a young man to take charge a

FOR RENT, a line, a.r., well-turnished be room for a gentleman twelve feet square. WANTED, a woman to wash, iron and m !

PICKETS, the ents; children, half-price, to b To these native specimens we add an example supped for us from an English pro vine il newspaper:

UST RECEIVED, a ff e lot of live Osten rabbits. Persons purchasing the sa

Sownsony says that drinking beer wi quench the thirst. Perhaps it may, but not se lickly as water. Some men's thirst is so hard to quench with beer that they awailov en glasses inside of an hour, whereas one pint of water will satisfy a plain, ordinary very-day thirst for eight or ten hours at

An Unworthy Suspicion. Mr. McSwat picked up a doughnut that lay on his plate, examined it critically, made a mental estimate of its weight, and laid it down. "Lobelia," he said, "did you make

this?" "I did, Billiger," replied Mrs. McSwat proudly. "I'll have a whole plateful of

them on the table in a moment. Mr. McSwat made no renly. He wa h.pking of the \$10,000 for which he had insured his life the day before, and as he looked at that doughnut and then at his unsuspecting and innocent young wife a look of cold, hard supicion settled on his face. - Chicago Tribune.

-Paint from potatoes is a new wrin kle in the arts and sciences. Kuhlow's Trade Review gives the manner of preparation. Boil a kilo of peeled potatoes in water; after mashing, dilute with water and pass through a fine sieve. Add two kilos of Spanish white diluted with four kilos of water, and the result will be a color of beautiful milk white. Different colors can be effected by the addition of different ochres or minerals Apply with a brush; it adheres to plaster and wood very well, will not peel. and best of all is cheap.

-A great many people seem to be laboring under the impression that a trip in the electric cars during a storm ecompanied by lightning is exceeding dangerous. Such, however, is not the case, for so excellent are the precautions taken to insure that the discharge is conducted to the ground that no harm can result. Each car is provided with lightning arresters, which protect the apparatus from all damage, and absolutely insure the safety of the passen-

cers.—Electrical Review —There are now such a large number of foreign officers studying at Berlin hat the German Government has established an international military academy for their accommodation. There are a great many Turks and also several Chi-

se officers.

A trumper producing its musical note by the vibration of a circular steel membrane by means of electricity has yet been demonstrated. It is hardly been invented by Captair, Zinang, of the and they consequently acted upon it and Thirtieth infantry, in garrison at Domwere united carry the following spring. ront, Orne, France.

SENATOR CHANDLER.

Why Famous "Old Zach" Once Hurried

as I can remember, in his own lan-

guage, and only regret that I can not re-

produce his inimitable tone and gest-

ure. I asked if he had seen Garfield

"'Yes,' he said, with that inimitable

drawl of his, 'I saw Garfield the other

day, and he did not want me to leave

Ohio, but I told him I had to. I was

afraid to stay in the confounded State

"He asked me how that was, and I

"Then I made a speech at Akron, and

when I got through with my talk my

good Detroit hat was gone, and in its

(showing, with an inimitable grimace,

headed cane that had been presented to

me in 1857, and of which I thought a

to speak, and when I got through the

"Then I went to Cleveland to make a

talk. Now Red Ribbon Reynolds had

met with great success, and when I

looked down on my audience it seemed

as though alo:ost every man had a bit

"I thought it would be a good idea to

kind o' touch upon it in my speech, and

was figuring the thing over in my mind

"Just as I got on my feet and put my

notes on the table by my side some fool

opened the window at the back of the

stage, and some of my notes fluttered

"I was annoyed at this, and took

something from my pocket to weigh

down the pages of notes which were left

when I was aware that something had

created a sensation among the audi-

a good deal of smiling, and some sub-

no more Ohio for me."-Adrian

DUEL BETWEEN COWS.

Death of One of the Bovine

were so evenly matched that no advance

As the fighters became more engaged.

and as the younger cow had no buttons

on her horns, they were driven apart,

came together at the usual place.

and to intervening roadside trees and

they were less than fifty yards apart.

-A French inventor by a chemical

process prepares a silk-like fabric from

cellulose, out of which fabrics are woven

that closely resembly silk. Specimens

of the new fabric were recently ex-

hibited to the members of the Silk As-

it would take twice the quantity of the

artificial fabric by weight to produce a

given quantity of cloth that it would of

pure silk, that it would not be as strong

as silk by about one-third, and that it

almost entirely lacked the elasticity of

but that was all. Its relative cost or

cheapness as compared with silk has not

It resembled silk in appearance,

try Gentleman.

ailk.

acquainted several years.

was made by either.

portunity.

when it came time for me to begin.

down among the audience.

r liboned men.

(Mich.) Times.

stay longer in Ohio.

of red ribbon in his buttonhole.

told him that when I left home I bought

of my friend Bohl a new hat.

a hat that had seen better days).

lately.

any longer.'

cane was gone.

yer's Entree to Society. A case recently decided before Judge It was in the smoking-room of one of Fallon, of the Ninth District Court, dethe comfortable parlor cars on the Developed some unusually picturesque features. Daniel Bradley, a tailor at No. 5 West Twenty-sixth street, op-posite Delmonico's, was the plaintiff, and John T. O'Connor, a lawyer at 167 Broadway, was the defendant, The last time I saw Senator Chand-

A DRESS SUIT'S TALE.

Difficulties Which Attended a Young Law.

Phillip Carpenter, of the Potter Build. ing, brought the suit for Bradley and carried it (the lawsuit-not the dress suit) to successful issue. Attorney Killsheimer, of No. 167

Broadway, represented the somewhat rocky case of Mr. O'Connor. The eviam going to give you the story, as near dence brought out these peculiar points: Lawyer O'Connor one day found himself the recipient of an invitation to a swell social affair uptown. This seemed to be a somewhat unusual event in his career, as it found him without a dress suit. He hurried off to Mr. Bradley, the tailor, where he sought to negotiate the loan of a spike-tail coat and the other

personal adornments necessary to a successful entree to the social swim. Bradley didn't keep dress suits to hire, but having a desire to help a struggling man along in the world he introduced Lawyer O'Connor to Dennis Shea, a dealer whose specialty is dress suits to loan for a fair consideration. In this case the consideration was fixed at \$4.50 place was left this infernal old Ohio hat for the evening. O'Connor didn't have the "four-fifty," and Mr. Shea did a cash business, and hence the negotiations

"Then I went to a place they call were blocked. Tiffin to make a talk. I had a gold-Bradley's kindness of heart again came to the rescue, and he consented to go O'Connor's security for the dress suit great deal. I laid it down when I began for the evening. Thus it was that society was not deprived of Mr. O'Connor's presence, as he blossomed out in much radiance in the hired suit, and for that occasion, at least, as Wordsworth puts been there some time before, and had

it, "society became his glittering bride." The dress suit seems to have been a good fit and otherwise satisfactory to Lawyer O'Connor, for he did not return It next day, according to the stipulations in the lease. Neither did he return it the next day, nor the next week, and he has not returned it yet. That is the reason the red-eyed law was invoked. Shea wanted his money, and had recourse on Bradley as surety. Mr. Bradley paid, and then began to look around for O'Connor.

Investigation showed that Mr. O'Connor had "hocked" his business suit and was disporting himself by night and by day in the hired suit, the rent of which was all the time piling up.

While Jay Gould might have been ence. There was a shifting around, appalled by such a situation, Mr. O'Connor was screne. dued snickering. For a moment I He was treading the flowery paths of thought something was wrong with my Bacchus and didn't care a rap for ex-

clothes, but I soon ascertained that penses. The matter went on until every thing was as right as usual, but Lawyer Carpenter was forced to bring the sensation seemed to increase, and it suit, which was done before Judge Fallon. When the case came to trial Mr. "At last I glanced down at my notes, O'Connor was lawyer enough to know and to my horror discovered that when I it would be a point against him if he supposed I had used my jack-knife for a appeared in court wearing the suit at paper-weight I had really taken my issue, and by some heroic effort he orkscrew for that purpose, and there it managed to appear in a regulation suit. lay in full view of that audience of red-He and his lawyer made a hard fight. but a judgment for the value of the "And so I told Garfield I was afraid to hired suit was recorded against him. The whole tendency of the case went to "At Akron I had lost my hat, at show that getting into society in a hired Tiffin my cane, and at Cleveland I had dress suit is attended with dangers and come blamed near losing my reputation. drawbacks.-N. Y. World.

EMPRESS FREDERICK.

Her Opinion of Gustav Freytag's Little Work on Her Late Husband A Series of Battles Which Ended in the The Empress Frederick has, according to the Berlin papers, delivered ner Two families living side by side in a opini n on Gustav Freytag's new little country village had each a cow. The work on her late husband. Her cows grazed in different pastures, but Majesty has, in the first place, pointed came together in the highway out certain errors, especially in relation when going to and from pasture. They to herself. She said, among other were on good terms, for they had been things: "I was proud to be able to follow the high flight of his spirit, to un-One of the cows was sold, and a new derstand his plans, and to share in his one, a younger cow, came to take her wishes. We were one in thinking and place. When the young cow and the feeling. The words, 'He ordered every old cow of the other family met for the thing according to her thoughts and first time, the younger attacked the wishes, are decidedly incorrect. In imolder. They locked horns several times, portant questions the Emperor used to each trying to drive the other, but they ask my opinion. We exchanged views, and he was glad to call me his

'Geheimrathin' (privy counciloress),

who was versed in every thing, but he

never was unhappy or dissatisfied be-

cause I was of another opinion than

fearing that injury to one or both might himself." result. The owners of the cows re-The Empress also objected with some gretted that the cows could not "fight indignation to the passage which says t out," for until one did conquer, the that "She had come to her husband battle would be resumed at every opfrom greater circumstances richly gifted, and that he had inspired his Several battles followed, always with pure and simple soul with the feeling the same result-they must be separatthat what had taken visual shape withed, for they became more furious at in him was her work." Her Majesty every onslaught. This state of things said: "It was he whose high-soaring was inconvenient. The owners were mind warmed me for all the ideals that not farmers, were away during the day, filled his heart. It was he who worked, and must depend on the children practically sowing in my heart those to drive to pasture and drive home, seeds which had already grown in his to and there was no way to either the most glorious development. All pasture except through the highway. that has grown out of the harmless child The cows were driven in and out at difthat he then took into his palace is his ferent times, but when they came to the work." On Freytag's certainly rather place of battle, they lingered, threw up the earth, and the children had difficulty threatened to bring difficulties and concurious remark that such domination flict to the husband, the future ruler The owners had nearly reached the of Prussia, Her Majesty sank into conclusion that there must be a change deep reflection, and exclaimed: of cows before peace was restored, when "Such domination! I brought him "the duel" occurred and settled the difficulties and conflicts? matter. By a misunderstanding on the and where? Did I ever try to subpart of the drivers one day, the cows ordinate his will to mine? peror was not a man to yield to the do-As they had not seen each other for minion of his wife, even if-but must I several weeks, and lingered less at the read all that is written?" She pushed former place of meeting, their enmity the book aside and, stepping into a winmight have diminished. At all events dow recess, gazed long and mournfully

they had been, and owing to this fact, there, and then left the room, unable to speak further. bushes, they did not see each other till It is said that the Empress has prefixed the following motto from Schiller's Evidently they saw each other at "Maid of Orleans" to her copy of Freynearly the same moment, for both start- tag's "Reminiscences:" "The world loves ed into a run, which increased as they to blacken what is radiant, and to drag went on, and, heads down, they came tothe eminent down into the dust. I do gether, head to head with a crash, a re- not mourn. There are still noble hearts port that was heard in both houses. The that glow for the man that is high and older cow fell, and did not move again. rare.'

they were not "on guard" so much as at Emperor Frederick's portrait hanging

She was dead-knocked in the head as 2-One can hot succeed arways. There with a butcher's axe. The other was must be reverses and disappointments. uninjured. -Geo. A. Stockwell, in Coun- and the funerals and burials of dead hopes. But the man who looks at the bright side of things is the man who sees many of these dead hopes having their resurrections, and coming out of their graves, to live larger and better lives; and if not this, who see new hopes being born to take their places and do their works, and perhaps fill better sociation of America. They found that places and do better works.-Illustrated

-The power of one of the greatest political figures of the day, perhaps of all time, is said to be on the wane. The Empress Dowager of China has been shorn of her prestige by the rebelious independence of the young Emperor. He refused to see the bride which she forced upon him, and has been issuing vigorous decrees on his own account. probable that anything will be found to dight and left, particularly Chang Chi take the place of the silk-worm's thread.

Tung: