

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

BEATING A BUNCO.

A Green Countryman Strikes a Big Snag at Chicago.

It's a curious feature in human nature that while a man will peril his life to assist a stranger who is being foolishly robbed, he will turn about and do nothing in seeing that same man taken in and done for by a "skin" game or a bunco man. On the next bench to us in Lincoln Park, Chicago, one day last fall, sat a long, lean, lank stranger who had hayseed and onion tops scattered all over him to prove his halting pace, and he gave himself away in every move he made. Pretty soon a slick young man approached him and extended his hand and exclaimed:

"Well, well, but how are you Stevens?"

"How ar' ye?" replied the man, as he looked up in a puzzled way.

"What! Don't you know me?"

"Why, your face looks kinder familiar, but I can't place ye."

"Can't place me? I am William Scott, nephew of the judge of probate in Grassville. I saw you hundreds of times in the two years I lived with my uncle."

"Oh, yes. I thought I had seen you before. And you know me right off?"

"The minute I set eyes on you."

"How's every body down there?"

"All tolerable. You live here?"

"Yes. I look after about fifty houses and stores here for a capitalist."

"Josh! You must get big wages."

"Oh, a hundred a week."

"You do? By gum! but you are smarter than fox traps! Mobbe you can help me to a job?"

"I think so. Indeed, I was going to make you an offer."

We were on to him from the start as a bunco man, but had no thought of interfering. "Hayseed" should take the papers and keep posted.

"How would you like to come here and assist me at a salary of \$200 per month?" queried bunco after a bit.

"Je whittaker! but you don't mean it?"

"I do."

"Give us yer hand on it! Say I'll work all day and sit up all night for them wages! Say, will ye bind the bargain right now?"

"I will. That is, I—"

"No flunking out now! I've got a hundred dollar bill here, and I'll give ye fifty to bind the bargain. Yes, by gosh! I'll give ye sixty!"

"I was going to say that I ought to see my employer first, but I know it will be all right. I will take your \$50, but only for a day or two, as I happen to be a little short just now. You know where the Palmer House is, of course?"

"That all-fired big stone tavern?"

"Yes. Meet me there in one hour from now to sign a contract and begin work."

"It'll be right there, and I'll work like a boss. Gin me \$10 out of this bill."

He handed out a bill, and the young man scarcely glanced at it, so great was his hurry to return the forty and get away. I think he mistreated us, although we pretended not to see or hear anything. When he was out of sight "Hayseed" came over to us with a grin on his face, and queried:

"How did I act it, boys?"

"What!"

"My young man from the turnip fields."

"But you—"

"I'm from Cincinnati. I do a little business with the three cards and the shells when home. Thought I'd see what they were made of in Chicago."

"But you gave him a hundred dollar bill."

"Exactly—one of the counterfeiters of 1874. I had fifteen of them once. I'm just \$10 ahead, I'm going now. If he should return before you leave tell him that Steven's has gone to meet him at Mr. Zinner's big stone tavern. Two hundred a month! Wake, snakes, but ain't I just struck a goldmine with a big GI—N. Y. Sun.

DEGRADED SAVAGES.

Things Told by Dr. Carl Lambholt About Queensland Cannibals.

Beauty exists rarely among cannibals; in fact, their features are distorted and contracted as if the ligatures of their faces had been cut when they were children like those of the horrible Nero in Hugo's "L'Homme qui Rit."

It is on account of their unhealthy food that children are weaned late, and it even happens that a child is nursed at its mother's breast with the next older brother or sister.

The advent of a baby is not regarded with favor and infanticide is therefore very common. Horrible as it may sound to civilized ears, mothers during a scarcity of food will often eat their own children.

They tattoo their children in the earliest way, cutting parallel lines across the breast and stomach with sharp stones and clam-shells, and keeping the wounds from healing by filling them up with ashes or charcoal. The shoulders are cut in the same manner until they look like epaulettes.

Cultivation of the soil is unknown among the aborigines; they subsist on wild honey, snakes, roots, lizards and edible beetles, with an occasional wild animal. These beetles are broiled in hot ashes until they are brown and Mr. Lambholt says they taste better than a European omelette when cracked open.

The position of women among these savages is a very subordinate one. They are expected to provide the daily food and salt fish on long expeditions for this purpose. If the husband gathers game or lizards or such delicacies he keeps them for himself, while his wife and child must submit on vegetables and berries.

They frequently fight their wives brutally, and if she runs away to some one more kind, the husband is privileged to main her when he sees her. This is what they call "marking" a woman.

Two wives is the usual matrimonial equipment of a warrior, and some have five or six. A girl is delivered over to her husband when she is nine or ten years old, and as long as they remain young they are sure of good treatment.

—N. Y. Journal.

"Money talks," of course; but a couple of nickels in the contribution-box from philanthropists in the front pew—make more noise than five-dollar notes.—N. O. Picayune.

It is not thought to make much difference whether a hen's skin is clean or not, judging from the general custom in feeding. But this is contrary to fact, for it has been amply demonstrated that an animal with a clean skin does not consume as much as one not kept clean and gives a better return for the food eaten.

DUNRAVEN RANCH

A Story of American Frontier Life.

By Capt. CHARLES KING, U. S. A., Author of "The Colonel's Daughter," "From the Banks," "The Deserter," etc.

And now those bounds who were out on the right flank are up in line with the very leaders, and bounding along the level at the side of the ravine, yet keeping wary eye upon the chase. So, too, the horsemen. Making a deep curve in the ravine five hundred yards ahead, and confident that Bunny will blindly rush along his winding track, they strike out across the prairie, gaining twenty horse lengths by the move, and now, with two or three of the oldest bounds, Parke, Dana and Mrs. Belknap are darting on abreast of the chase. "Keep out there to the left, some of you!" shouts Dana. "He'll spring up the other side quick as he sees us. Drive him back." And obedient to the signal of his waving hand, two of the leading troopers breast the slopes to the east, calling half a dozen hounds with them. Darting around a bend, Bunny's agonized eyes catch sight of the hounds and horses on the right bank, and like a flash he whirls, scampers up the opposite slope, and shoots out on the prairie again just in time to meet the hounds and troopers who have anticipated the move.

Now he is wild and demoralized. Once more he dives into the ravine and sends the dust flying into the very faces of his pursuers. For now the foremost hounds are snapping the air at his every bound. A quick turn to the right and up the slope throws these leaders far—too far—beyond, they sweep around in long curves, but though he has thrown them off, he hunted, senseless, helpless wretch has forgotten the trails in the rear; they spring across the angle he has made, and are close as the original pursuers, and much the fresher. Wildly, madly now he twists and turns, first up one bank, then the other. Far to the rear the coming riders see the signs of his breaking down, mark the scurrying to and fro of horse and hound. "Come on!" they shout. "He's gone now, and we can be in at the death!" Mrs. Lawrence on one side of the ravine is as far to the front as Mrs. Belknap on the other. One of them must lose the brush, he cannot die on both sides at once. The dark beauty has had more than one rasping disappointment in the last two days; it would be intolerable now that, after all, Mrs. Lawrence, and not she, should prove the victor.

Bunny makes one frantic rush up the slope to the right, and, with half a dozen hounds at his very heels, spins in front of her eyes, catches sight of two fresh antagonists fronting him, whirls suddenly about to the right, and almost dives under her horse's leading barrel as he once more plunges into the ravine, down the rugged slope, up the gentle ascent to the other side. There half a dozen long, lean muskies gleam behind him; he falters, wavers, a sharp nose is thrust underneath him as he runs, a quick foot sends him kicking, struggling into the air, and in another instant, with pitiless but ineffectual squeak and pleading, he is the center of a tumbling, snapping, fang gnashing group of hounds, and his little life is torn out almost before Graham can leap from his saddle, beat them back with the visor of his cap, then, seizing the still quivering body by the legs that would have directed that empty head only have directed, holds poor Bunny aloft in front of Mrs. Lawrence's snorting steed and proclaims her "Queen of the Chase."

And this, too, has Mrs. Belknap to see and strive to smile, while down in her heart she knows that it could not so have happened had Perry come.

CHAPTER XL

ING eastward just before noon, somewhat comforted in conscience because of his self denial of the morning, Ned Perry scanned the distant prairie in search of the hunt. It was nearly luncheon time, and he expected to find the party making its way to the little stream whither the baskets, boxes and hampers had been dispatched by wagon some hours before, but when he sighted the quartermaster driving homeward in his buggy he learned from that bulky veteran that rabbit after rabbit had been run, and that the whole party had finally decided to give dogs and horses a cool drink down in the Monoe valley before starting northward across the prairie.

"They must be getting down into the valley two or three miles east of the ranch just about now, and will go due north to the stream, unless they stir up more game along the Monoe. If I were you," said the quartermaster, "I'd ride over to the lunch stand. You won't get there much before the crowd."

Perry thanked him for the information, but so far from accepting his advice, the young officer turned his horse's head in the direction of Dunraven, and was speedily riding thither with an alacrity that he himself could hardly explain.

In his brief talk with the colonel after parade on the previous evening Perry had told him what he could of the characteristics of Messrs. Maitland and Ewen. The odd letter which had been sent by them had given the commanding officer cause for much thought, and he was desirous, evidently, of gathering from Perry's observations as complete an idea as was possible of their life and surroundings. And still Perry had found it impossible to volunteer any description of

Mrs. Maitland; he could not bear to speak of her until—until he knew more of the doctor's purpose in his visits to the ranch. He had been detained by his commander just long enough to make it necessary for him to go direct to the Springs, without leaving his helmet and saber at home. They were waiting dinner for him as it was, but Mrs. Belknap took no

note of that circumstance, what she saw was that he had avoided even passing within half of her piazza both before and after parade.

Now, though conscious of no intention of avoidance, Perry rode forth to the meeting of this day with some little misgiving. In the first place, he knew that he must strive to make his peace with his slighted lady; and yet, in view of all he had seen and heard in the past forty-eight hours, how utterly dwarfed and that affair—his laughing flirtation with Mrs. Belknap—become! Had any one told him his attentions to her and her marked preference for his society were matters that people were beginning to talk of—some with sly enjoyment, others with genuine regret—he would have been grateful for the information, instead of resentful, as, with most men, would be the case ninety-nine times out of a hundred. But he knew nothing of this, and had too little experience to suspect the comments in circulation. She was most interesting—up to the day before yesterday; he loved to ride in balance with her; he enjoyed a chat with her more than he could tell. A most sympathetic and attentive listener was Mrs. Belknap, and her voice was low and sweet and full of subtly caressing tones. She had made him talk to her by the hour of his home, his hopes and ambitions, his profession and his prospects, and had held him in a silken bondage that he had no desire to escape.

And yet, as he rode out on the breezy plain this brilliant day, he found all thought of her distasteful, and his eyes, far from searching for the flutter of her trim habit in the distant riding party, would go scanning over the intervening shades and shadows down in the Monoe valley and seek the bare, brown walls of Dunraven far across the stream. It was odd indeed that he should have sought this, the longest way round, on his ride in quest of his companions from the fort.

Once again he looked at the isolated clump of buildings from his post of observation on the bluff; once again he saw across the stream and through the trees the barred barrier that had caused both him and his man such laceration of flesh and temper; once again he saw the shallow valley winding away to the southeast, decked with its scrubby fringe of cottonwood and willow; but this time, three miles away, its accustomed solitude was broken by groups of riders and darting black specks of dogs, all moving northward once more and already breasting the slopes. He should have turned away eastward and ridden across country to join them, but down here in the valley, only a short distance away, absorbed in watching the hunting party, sat Mr. Ewen on a pawing and excited bay. Whatever coolness his rider might feel at this discovery, it was not shared by Nolan; he pricked up his ears and bailed his forepawed quadruped with cordial and unaffected pleasure, a neigh that the English bred horse was so utterly unimpaired as to whirl about and answer with corresponding warmth. Ewen caught at his heavy derby and jerked it off his bullet head with an air of mingled embarrassment and civility, replacing it with singularly spasmodic haste. Perry coolly, but with a certain easy grace, raised his forage cap in response to the salutation, and then, seeing the manager sit looking at him as though he wanted to say something and did not know how to begin, gave Nolan his hand and rode down to short halting distance.

"So meet on neutral ground out here, Mr. Ewen. I suppose your exclusive employer over yonder can hardly prohibit your answering civil inquiries after his health?" And though he meant to be distant, Perry found himself smiling at the oddity of the situation.

"Do you know, I was just thinking about you," answered Ewen, "and wondering whether you were with that party down yonder? The old gentleman is better, thanks. He had two pretty bad nights, but is coming around slowly."

"And Miss Maitland—how is she?"

"Rather so. She has had a good deal of care and vexation of late, I fancy, and this is no place for a young girl."

"Well, you have some appreciation of the true character of Dunraven as a residence, after all," answered Perry. "Now, if you can give me any good reason why she should live in this utterly out-of-the-way place, you will lift a weight from my mind."

"Oh, they don't live here, you know," spoke Ewen, hurriedly. "She comes here only when her father does. It is her own doing. She goes with him everywhere, and will not leave him. She's all he has, don't you know?"

"I don't know anything about it. You Dunraven people seem averse to any expression of interest or courtesy from your fellowmen, but I'm free to say I should like to know what on earth there is in American cavalrymen to make them such objects of aversion to your master; and I would be glad to know how it is such a girl as that is dragged into such a hole as yonder."

Even sat in silence a moment, studying the young fellow's face.

"You deserve a better welcome there," he presently answered, "and I don't know that I can do better than to tell you the truth—what I know of it. And let me tell you that if the old man knew of my speaking of it to any one, I'd lose the most lucrative but least attractive place I ever had. Do you see?"

"Then perhaps you had better not tell me. I do not care to pry into secrets."

"Oh, this is no secret. It was that that drove him here, everybody knew it in England. You were mighty shabbily treated at the ranch, and you required it by preventing what would have been a bloody row, and by lending us a helping hand. Even the old man recognizes that; and I think he'd be glad to say so to you, and see you, if you were not just what you are—a cavalry officer."

"Why, what on earth can we have done? If any of our cloth have wronged Mr. Maitland in any way, it would be right to know it and take it up."

"It wasn't your cloth, old fellow," said Ewen, thawing visibly, "but it was the cavalry all the same that broke his heart and his pride, and made his life the wreck of it, and drove him from his home, shunning the sight of his fellowmen, all these years—exiling her, too, in the prime of her young life. Mr. Perry, there are only three or four of us at Dunraven who know the story, but we have only sympathy and pity—no blame—for him, though he is the hardest quater I ever served."

"How did it happen?" asked Perry.

"All through his son. There had been more of them, but there was only the one—Archie—when the Lancers were ordered to South Africa. He was a youngster, only 17, they tell me, and he

had just been gazetted to his cornetcy. The old man was all wrapped up in him, for of the three boys the eldest had died only the month before the regiment was ordered on foreign service and the second had been killed in India. Both those two who were gone had made themselves famous among their comrades for their fearlessness and high character, and the old man, of course, could not ask Archie to quit the service just when orders for dangerous duty came. The boy went to the Cape with his corps, and got into the thick of the Zulu war just at the time of the massacre of the Twenty-fourth at Isandlwana and the flight at Rorke's Drift. I was at home then, and all England was quivering with grief over such needless sacrifice as was made of that regiment, and all ready to fall down and worship such fellows as Chard and Bromhead who made the superb fight almost at the same time.

"They say old Maitland wanted to go himself, as volunteer or something, with Lord Chelmsford, but it couldn't be done. His father had fought at Alma and Inkerman, and his grandfather had led the Guards at Waterloo. The whole tribe were soldiers, you know; and now Archie was with the Lancers in Zululand, and the Lancers were going to wipe out the disasters of the first fights of the campaign, and Archie was to uphold the grand old fighting name and come home covered with glory. He was the hero now, and Miss Gladys was but a little girl. I have heard it all from Mrs. Cowan; she was their housekeeper for those days, and a sort of companion, too far from searching for the flutter of her trim habit in the distant riding party, would go scanning over the intervening shades and shadows down in the Monoe valley and seek the bare, brown walls of Dunraven far across the stream. It was odd indeed that he should have sought this, the longest way round, on his ride in quest of his companions from the fort.

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THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Some of the Sorrows and Joys of Western Editorial Life.

We extract the following from the last issue of the Arizona Kicker, which was only a half-sheet, and which seemed to have been printed on a cheese-press. EXPLANATORY.—We owe our readers an apology for the shape and appearance of the Kicker this week, and shall proceed to give it. Last Sunday we went over to Silver Bend to see the boys and take in a few subscriptions. Our office was left in charge of a chap just from the East who claimed to be George Alfred Townsend. As we had never met George we did not feel like calling the stranger a liar.

We intended to return Tuesday morning, but in this country man proposes and mules and other things buck against him. The infernal, lop-eared, stiff-legged, pig-headed, limb-spavined beast which we rode—a fit counterpart of our contemporary down the street—threw us nine times in going thirteen miles, and we arrived at the Bend badly used up. We hadn't yet raked in a dollar when Lew Smith, a pug-nugly whom we assisted to run out of our town four weeks ago, sounded his war-cry and began to encourage the Benders to hang us. Most of 'em were on a drunk that day, and the proposition at once found favor.

Under the pretense that we, as editor, publisher, proprietor and city editor of the greatest weekly in the West and which runs as an annex, but under the same roof, a grocery, butcher shop, feed store, shoe store, hardware and cutlery, had been seeking to break down the social barriers of the mighty West, he hunted up a rope and selected a tree. We appealed, but it only added to their desire. We tried to argue, but they wouldn't have it. Our editorial person lar of us, the time was increased to twenty. We wanted to argue the case, but it was no go. We started in on a speech, but they whooped us down. By the time that we got down to business five of our twenty minutes had fled.

During our editorial career we have assisted at several amateur executions. We had always supposed that if the crowd was satisfied the victim was bound to be. It never seemed much of an effort for him to let go of earthly matters, and we have sometimes wondered why more of them didn't come forward and ask to be pulled up to a limb. Our ideas underwent a great change as we sat on a meat-bone under a dangling rope, while the minutes hurried away like a jackass rabbit taking the lead of a prairie fire on a windy day. Any man who believes he can do business under such circumstances is mistaken. He feels restless and unsettled, and his mind seems to be distributed over acres of space.

It was only after we had lost twelve minutes of our time fooling around that we started in on our last will and testament, and we hadn't written three lines of that before we suddenly recollected that we were without a blood relative on earth. As to leaving the Kicker and its annex to any galoot in town was not to be thought of, and we finally made out a bill of sale to that individual known as William of the Hill, who has several times appeared in our town and attempted to run the city government with a broncho and two revolvers. We didn't expect him to maintain his high literary standard and great moral excellence, but we knew he'd kill the postmaster and make a sieve of our contemporary the first week of his editorial career.

When time was up the noose was placed over our head and tightened under our chin, and it admonished us to observe the apparent enjoyment of the crowd. They seemed to feed in as good spirits as an army horse turned out to buffalo grass, and their impatience to make a pendulum of our body was another queer feature of the convention. We had just been drawn off our feet, and our editorial ideas were becoming rapidly mixed, when a lot of passing cow-drivers happened along and broke up the candy pull on the ground that they were waiting to hang us the first time we came up there.

We are just able to crawl around. We have chills, sore throat, pains in the back, headache and a general feeling that we don't care a copper which party elects the next President. We apologize for the appearance of this week, and promise not to be lynched again if in our power to avoid it.—Detroit Free Press.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

It Was Shown by a Gold-Digger Under Trying Circumstances.

I have heard of many striking exhibitions of presence of mind in the face of sudden danger, but here is an instance of it which beats every thing of the kind that has ever come under my notice. I can vouch for the truth of the story.

An Australian "forty-niner," who had struck it fairly rich at the gold diggings, was taking his nuggets and dust to Melbourne. He was walking along by the side of his team with his rifle under his arm, indulging in pleasant speculations concerning the good time he would have after he had sold his gold, when a stranger appeared on the road, and accosting him, said:

"Those were days when mate, especially those who had been to the diggings, didn't stand on ceremony. Snuffing no trachea, the miner thrust a hand into his pocket to get a chunk of the much-prized weed.

In a moment the muzzle of a pistol was thrust against his forehead, and the stranger shouted:

"Hail up!"

The stranger was a bush ranger, and that was the way bush rangers ordered their victims to throw up their hands before going through them.

Without pausing an instant, although he knew that the bush ranger had only to exercise a little gentle pressure with his forefinger to blow him into eternity, the miner bowed out at the top of his voice:

"The fetidous 'Bob.' That was the mine's opportunity. Quick as a flash he swung his left arm and knocked the pistol out of the bush ranger's grasp. Then he brought his rifle to his shoulder and leveled it at the bush ranger's head. In much less time than it takes to tell it the situation had been completely reversed. The bush ranger was at the mercy of the miner.

"Now," said he, "you scoundrel, just fold your hands behind your back and march ahead of me; if you move or try to run away I'll save the hangman a job by letting daylight through you."

In that way the miner escorted the bush ranger into town and handed him over to the police.—Toledo Blade.

THE LOVE OF HUMBUG.

How the Human Family Is Beguiled by Shams and Pretenders.

If one may be indulged in the use of a little slang, it makes a wise man tired to see how persistently his contemporaries run after and are beguiled by the latest shams, and seem never so happy as when they are being deceived. Especially is this trait noticeable in the matter of physical ailments. The family physician may measure out his prescribed doses of quinine or senna, give the patient a plain, practical talk, and depart with the consciousness of duty done and the certainty that the subject will leave the powders untouched on the mantel, unless he becomes frightened, and that his reputation as a physician will suffer in consequence. But let some traveling fakir come along, pitch his tent, swing out his flag, with ringing of bells and blowing of horns, and lo! the public is at his feet ready to be healed, willing to swallow the most nauseous mixtures, if only they be christened with unpronounceable and untranslatable names, anxious to pay double the fees of a respectable, responsible physician, and hold to assert that a week's diet of bread pills and rain water sweetened with molasses, that they are perfectly cured of imagined ailments, and are urgent that their friends shall share in their good fortune.

Science doesn't always receive the support of the universal pulpit; humbuggers do. The street wizard, with tangled hair and picturesque garb, can extract teeth painlessly by the same process which nearly murders the patient if performed by an educated dentist, dressed in nineteenth century clothes and located in a well-appointed office. The noble aborigines, in war paint and feathers, dealing out mystic oils, will carry off all the spare change of a community, while the village physician grows poverty-stricken. The dealers in patent medicines roll in wealth; the valued silyl who prescribes her mystified devotees from a darkened closet, gathers in the shekels; and if the commonplace physician means to hold his own he will soon be compelled to label his vials with cabalistic characters, consecrate them with mystic passes and matter "abracadabra" over them as he gives them into the patient's hand. The common sense which a man uses in the selection of a suitable coat or hat seems to desert him utterly when an trifling ailment attacks him. His intellect wavers, and superstition, that cunning fiend always lying in wait for humanity, betrays him unresisting into the tools of the mountebank. We can not change human nature with our exordiums, but we can at least make it alive to its own weakness and inconsistencies.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

CHROMO MANUFACTURE.

How Really Artistic Copies of Paintings Are Produced.

All chromos are not works of art by any means, some being most atrocious duds, but a really good chromo is but little inferior in artistic value to the painting of which it is a copy. To properly produce a chromo, a lithographer must be himself an artist; he must analyze the picture and fully realize the combinations of colors and the spirit of the work.

The lithographer begins by preparing a stone for each separate color, and there may be as many as twenty. Then he makes a delicate and elaborate tracing of the picture; not only its general outlines, but the minute and intricate touches and shades of color of which it is composed.

The tracing paper is chemically prepared, so that the lines upon it can be readily transferred to stone. A press is employed to transfer the impressions on the paper to the stone, considerable pressure being used. Thousands of impressions can then be taken from the stone by simply running an ink-roller over it.

The tracing thus transferred forms what is known as the "key stone." Suppose there are twenty colors in the chromo. This number of impressions is taken from the key stone and each carefully dusted with red chalk. A dim copy of the entire tracing is then pressed on each one of these stones.

The drawing then begins, and often occupies many months. Each stone is to be printed in a separate color, and therefore must contain not only all that is necessary of that color of the picture, to the minutest detail, but all of the compound colors, made by printing one or more over others.

A variety of gradations of color from its full strength to the faintest tinting can be produced on each stone, just as in using an ordinary pencil or crayon on drawing-paper. The various colors are, of course, worked up in black by the artist, and it is the printer who applies the colors. The lines on each separate stone are etched with the wash of nitric acid and gum arabic, and are ready for the press.

The printer must be as skillful as the artist in applying his colors, and must fully realize the blending and effect of each color. As fast