EUGENE CITY. OREGON.

BEATING A BUNCO.

A Green Countryman Strikes a Hig Snap

It's a curious feature in human nature that while a man will peril his life to assist a stranger who is being forcibly robbed, he will turn about and delight 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 halling place, and he gave himself away in every move he

approached him and extended his hand and exclaimed: "Well, well, but how are you Ste

made. Pretty soon a slick young man

"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 familar, 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 house and stores here for a capitalist.

"Gosh! You must get big wages." "Oh, a hundred a week." "You do! By gum! but you are smarter than fox traps! Mebbe 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. "Havseed" 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 whitaker! but you don't mean it!"

"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 860, but only for a day or two, as I happen 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

"Pil be right thur, and I'll work like a hous. Gin me \$40 out of this bill.

He handed out a bill, and the young man scarcely glanced at it, so great was his harry to return the forty and get away. I think be mistrusted us, al though we pretended not to see or hear any thing. 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-

"Hut you -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

"Exactly-one of the counterfeits of 1874. I had fifteen of them once. I'm just \$40 ahead, I'm going now. If he should return before you leave tell him that Steven's has gone to meet him at Mr. Paimer's big stone tavern. Two hendred a month! Wake, snakes, but hain't I jist struck a golconda with a big G!"-N. Y. Sun.

DEGRADED SAVAGES.

Things Told by Dr. Carl Lumboltz 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 Noro 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 cars, mothers during a scarcity of food will often eat their own

They tattoo their children in the crudest 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 epaulets.

Cultivation of the soil is unknown mong the aborigines; they subsist on 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. Lumboltz 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 sally forth 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

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

Two wives is the usual matrimonial equipment of a warrior, and some have 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 contributionbox-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 hog's skin is clean or not, indiging from the general enstein in feeting. But this is contrary to fact, for it been amply demonstrated that an animal with a clean skin does not consume without leaving his belinet and saber at as much as one not kept clean and gives bome. They were waiting dinner for a better return for the food eaten.

tote of that circumstance; what she saw

was that he had avoided even passing

within hall of her piazza both before and

New though conscious of no intention

of avoidance, Perry rode forth to the

neeting of this day with some little mis-

giving. In the first place, he knew that

se 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 atterly dwarfed

and that affair-his laughing flirtation

with Mrs. Belknap-become! Had any

pathetic and attentive listener was Mrs.

thought of her distasteful, and his eyes,

far from searching for the flutter of her

trim habit in the distant riding party,

would go a-roaming over the intervening

shades and shallows down in the Mones

valley and seek the bare, brown walls of

Dunraven far across the stream. It was

add indeed that he should have sought

this, the longest way round, on his ride

in quest of his companions from the

Once again he looked at the isolated

coolness his rider might feel at this dis-

low quadruped with cordial and unaf-

but with a certain easy grace, raised his

forage cap in response to the salutation.

and then, seeing the manager sti's look

ing at him as though he wanted to say

something and did not know how to be

"We meet on neutral ground out here.

hibit your answering civil inquiries after

his health?" And, though he meant to

Do you know, I was just thinking

about you," answered Ewen, "and won-

to short hailing distance.

Mr. Ewen. 1 suppose

after panule.

A Story of American Frontier Life.

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

And now those bounds who were out on the right flank are up in line with the me told him his attentions to her and very leaders, and bounding along the per marked preference for his society level at the side of the ravine, yet keep- were matters that people were beginning ing wary eye upon the chase So, too. talk of-some with sly enjoyment. the horsemen. Making a deep curve in others with genuine regret-he would the ravine five hundred yards shead, and have been grateful for the information, confident that Bunny will blindly rush instead of resentful, as, with most men, along his winding track, they strike out would be the case ninety-nine times out across the prairie, gaining twenty horse of a hundred. But he knew nothing of lengths by the move. and now, with two this, and had too little experience to sus or three of the oldest hounds, Parke. pect the comments in circulation. She Dana and Mrs. Belknap are darting on was most interesting-up to the day beabreast of the chase. "Keep out there fore yesterday; he loved to ride or dance to the left, some of you!" shouts Dana. with her, he enjoyed a chat with her "He'll spring up the other side quick as more than he could tell. A most symble sees us. Drive him back." And, pathetic and attentive listener was Mrs. obedient to the signal of his waving Belknap, and her voice was low and hand, two of the leading troopers breast sweet and full of subtly caressing tones. the slopes to the east, calling half a dozen She had made him talk to her by the with them. Darting around a hour of his home, his hopes and ambibend, Bunny's agonized eyes catch sight gions, his profession and his prospects, of the hounds and horses on the right and had held him in a silken bondage bank, and like a flash he whirls, scamp- that he had no desire to escape. ers up the opposite slope, and shoots out | And yet, as he rode out on the breezy on the prairie again just in time to meet plain this brilliant day, he found all the hounds and troopers who have anticinated 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 leading hounds are so close that the foremost jaws are snapping the air at his every bound. A quick turn to the right and up the slope throws these leaders fartoo far-beyond; they sweep around in fort. long curve; but, though he has thrown them off, the hunted, senseless, helpless clump of buildings from his post of obwretch has forgotten the trailers in the servation on the bluff; once again he rear; they spring across the angle he has saw across the stream and through the made, and are close as the original pur- trees the barbed barrier that had caused suers, and much the fresher. Wildly, both him and his mon such laceration of madly now he twists and turns, first up flesh and temper; once again he saw the one bank, then the other. Far to the shallow valley winding away to the rear the coming riders see the signs of southeast, decked with its scrubby his breaking down, mark the scurrying fringe work of cottonwood and willow: to and fro of horse and hound. "Come but this time, three miles away, its acon!" they shout. "He's gone now, and customed solitude was broken by groups we can be in at the death!" Mrs. Law- of riders and darting black specks of rence on one side of the ravine is as far dogs, all moving northward once more to the front as Mrs. Belknap on the and already breasting the slopes. He other. One of them must lose the brush: should have turned away eastward and he cannot die on both sides, at once ridden across country to join them, but The dark beauty has had more than one down here in the valley, only a short rasping disappointment in the last two distance away, absorbed in watching days; it would be intolerable now that, the hunting party, sat Mr. Ewen on a after all, Mrs. Lawrence, and not she, pawing and excited bay. Whatever should prove the victor.

Bunny makes one frantic rush up the covery, it was not shared by Nolan; he slope to the right, and, with half a dozen pricked up his ears and hailed his felhounds at his very heels, spins in front of her eyes, catches sight of two fresh fected pleasure, a neigh that the English antagonists fronting him, whirls sud- bred horse was so utterly uninsular as to denly about to the right, and almost whirl about and answer with corredives under her horse's heaving barrel as sponding warmth. Ewen caught at his he once more plunges into the ravine, heavy Derby and jerked it off his bullet down the rugged slope, up the gentle head with an air of mingled embarrass-ascent to the other side. There half a ment and civility, replacing it with dozen long, lean muzzles gleam close be- similarly spasmodic haste. Perry coolly, bind him; he falters, wavers; a sharp nose is thrust underneath him as he runs, a quick toss sends him kicking, strug gling into the air, and in another instant, with piteous but ineffectual squeak and pleading, he is the center of a tumb- gin, gave Nolan his head and rode slown ling, snapping, fang gnashing group of hounds, and his little life is torn out alsaddle, beat them back with the visor of employer over yonder can hardly prohis cap, then, seizing the still quivering body by the legs that would have saved could that empty head only have direct be distant, Perry found himself smiling ed, holds poor Bunny aloft in front of at the oddity of the situation. Mrs. Lawrence's snorting steed and proclaims her "Queen of the Chase."

dering whether you were with that party 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.

down yonder? The old gentleman is better, thanks. He had two pretty bad nights, but is coming around slowly. CHAPTER XL

comforted in

in search of the hunt. It was nearly lun-

cheon time, and he expected to find the

whither the baskets, boxes and hampers

buggy he learned from that bulky vet-

run, and that the whole party had finally

decided to give dogs and horses a cool

drink down in the Monee valley before

"They must be getting down into the

valley two or three miles east of the

ranch just about now, and will go due

north from there, unless they stir up

more game along the Monee. If I were

you," said the quartermaster, "I'd ride

over to the lunch stand. You won't get

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

In his brief talk with the colonel after

parade on the previous evening Perry

had told him what he could of the char

acteristics 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 de

sirous, evidently, of gathering from

Perry's observations as complete an idea

as was possible of their fife and surround-

ings. And still Perry had found it im-

possible to volunteer any description of

ffire Maitland; he could not bear to speak

of her until-until he knew more of the

foctor's purpose in his visits to the ranch.

He had been detained by his commande

just long enough to make it necessary

aim as it was, but Mrs. Belknap took no

to go direct to the Sprague

that he himself could hardly explain.

there much before the crowd."

starting northward across the prairie.

science because of his

self denial of the morn-

"And Miss Maitland-how is she?" "Rather seedy. 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!" answerry 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 ing, Ned Perry scanned the distant prairie 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 party making its way to the little stream dragged into such a hole as yonder."

Ewen sat in silence a moment, study-

ing the young fellow's face. had been dispatched by wagon some "You deserve a better welcome there," hours before; but when he sighted the he presently answered, "and I don't quartermaster driving homeward in his know that I can do better than to tell you the truth-what I know of it. And eran that rabbit after rabbit had been 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 requited 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 wour right

to know it and take it up." "It wasn't your cloth, old fellow," said Ewen, thawing visibly, "but it was

master I over served." "How did it happen?" asked Perry. one-Archie-when the Lancers were himself out of everything. Do you see ordered to South Africa. He was a what a weight he carries? youngster, only 17, they tell me, and he

nad 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 secund had been killed in India. Both ghese two who were gone had made themselves famous among their comcades by 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 Isandlwhans and the fight 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 Mait and wanted to go

himself, as volunteer or something, with

Lord Chelmsford, but it couldn't be ione. His father had fought at Alms and Inkerman, and his grandfather had ed the Guards at Waterloo. The whole ribe 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 heu now, and Miss Gladys was but a little girl I have heard it all from Mrs Cowan; she was their housekeeper in those days, and a sort of companion, too to Mrs. Maitland, who was very delicate. The old man was very flery and proud and full of fierce denunciation of every thing that had gone wrong in the cam paign; and he offended some people by the way he condemned some officer who was a friend of theirs, and there were others who thought he talked too much: but he fairly boiled over when the news came of how the prince imperial had been abandoned by his escort, and that s British officer and a dozen men had rut two miles at top speed from a beggarly little squad of niggers before they dared text for a month. If any son of his had ever been of that party he would disown disgrace, deny him, forbid him his sight cut him off forever. And right in the midst of it all-a judgment, some people said-there came the awful news that Cornet Maitland of the Lancers was to be curt martialed for misbehavior in face of the enemy.

"Of course the old man only raged at arst, said it couldn't be true; 'twas al some foul invention or ridiculous blun ler; but he ran up to London and saw comebody at the Horse Guards-that's sir war office, you know-and came back looking a century older and simply erushed to earth. Mrs. Cowan says they showed him the official report of a gen eral officer who was called upon to ex olain why he had not sent certain troop to the relief of an advanced and threat ened post, and he replied that he had cent the order by Cornet Maitland, of the Lancers, had given him an escort of a lozen men and strict injunctions to push through by night, at all hazards, though the way was beset with Zulus, and tha he neither went through nor returned but was found hiding at a kraal two days after, only twenty miles away. The seort returned, and after much crossexamination had told the story, separate y and collectively, that the young office and become utterly unnerved toward. midnight by the reports from scouting drat it was simply madness to attemp a push through; they would be massa gad to a man; and, though they an nounced that they were stanch and ready ne refused, and ordered them to bivous where they were for the night, and i the morning he had disappeared. They declared they supposed he had gone back to camp, and after waiting a day they

returned, reporting him lost. "When found at the kraal he was de lirious with fever, or pretended to be said the general, and he was brought it under arrest and the trial was to pro ceed. I don't know how it turned out He was not court martialed, but permit ted to return to England. It was said be pold a very different story; that he had begged the brigade major who detailed the escort to let him have half a dozer of his own Lancers instead of the pacof irregulars they gave him; he did not trust them, and feared they would aban don him as they had the prince; but the staff officer said the order couldn't be changed-these men knew the country and all that sort of thing, you know; and there was one fellow in the Lancers who stuck to it that he believed Maitland had tried his best to get through alone. But twas all useless; somebody had to be held responsible, and the failure was al heaped on him.

Meantime, there had been fury at home; old Maitland had written casting him off, repudiating-cursing him for all I know-and the next thing there came a messenger from the captain of his ship at Southampton. They brough his watch, his ring, his sword and port manteaus, and a letter which was writ on on receipt of that his father sent im-a long letter, that the old man ever read to any living soul, but broods wer to this day. The young fellow bade hem all good-by; he would not live to isgrace them further, if that was what vas thought of him at home, and leaped verboard from the steamer the night ifter she weighed anchor-no one aboard could tell just when, but he was writing n his state room as she cleared the haror, and the steward saw him undress ng at 9 o'clock In the morning every hing about his belongings was found in perfect order-his letter to the captain of the ship, the portmanteaus, watch, ring, clothing, etc., just as he described in that letter-and he was no more seen It was the conviction of all that he must have leaped overboard in the darkness

when far out at sea. "Then Mrs. Maitland bowed her head and never lifted it again. Then, all alone, and fiercely rejecting anything like sympathy, old Maitland took to the cavalry all the same that broke his travel-came here to America, wandered heart and his pride, and made his life around the world, shunning men as he the wreck it is, and drove him from his would those prairie wolves, and when home, shunning the sight of his fellow he had to go to England he would see no men, all these years—exiling her, too, in one but the attorneys and solicitors with the prime of her young life Mr. Perry, whom he had business. Here at Dunthere are only three or four of us at caven he is more content than anywhere. Dunraven who know the story, but we because he is farther from the world have only sympathy and pity-no blame flere Gladys is queen: 'twas she who - for him, though he is the hardest named it two years ago, for her mother was a connection of the earl's. But Maithand even here hates to have his "All through his son. There had been name mentioned; and that is why I say more of them, but there was only the he refers all business to me and keeps

THE ARIZONA KICKER, Some of the Serrous 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 rake 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 morn-

ing, but in this country man proposes and mules and other things buck against him. The infernal, lop-eared, stifflegged, 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 We hadn't yet raked in a dollar when Lew Smith, a pug-ugly 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

Under the pretense that we, as editor, publisher, proprietor and city editor of the greatest weekly in the West and same roof, a grocery, butcher shop, feed store, shoe store, hardware and cutlery, had been seeking to break down the hunted up a rope and selected a tree. desire. catch a sympathetic eye we felt that our time had come. The boys were white about one thing.

Drunk as they were, they had sense enough to realize that a great editor could not wind up his earthly affairs in look round to see what had become of a satisfactory manner under fifteen mintheir prince, whom they had left to fight utes, and on motion of a half-breed, who buggery does. The street wizard, with the gang alone. That was old Maitland's once succeeded in borrowing half a dol- tangled hair and picturesque garb, can 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 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-box 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 parties and others; had declared to then attempted to run the city government with a broncho and two revolvers. We didn't expect him to maintain its 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

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 feel in as good spirits as an army horse turned out to buffalo gasss, 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 were saved to be hung at Phoenix-if we ever show 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 things 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 beard of many striking exhibiof it which beats every thing of the kind that has ever come under my notice. I can youch 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 stranger appeared on the road, and ac- the presses. costing him, said: "Give us a piece of 'baccy, mate."

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

stranger shouted: "Bail up!" The stranger was a bush ranger, and that was the way bush rangers ordered

sefore going through them. Without pausing an instant, although he knew that the bush ranger had only to exercise a little gentle pressure with his forfinger to blow him into eternity, the miner bawled out at the top of his

their victims to throw up their hands

There was no "Bob" around there. It was a ruse conceived by the miner in the fraction of a second and immediately put into execution to distract the attion of the bush ranger. It worked. The bush ranger thought the miner was calling a companion to his assistance. He looked around to catch a glimpse of

the fictitious "Bob." That was the miner'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 ever to the police.-Toledo Blade.

THE LOVE OF HUMBUG.

How the Human Family Is Beguiled by

If one may be indulged in the use of

a little slang, it makes a wise man tired to see how persistently his compeers 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. which runs as an annex, but under the and that his reputation as a physican will suffer in consequence. But let some traveling fakir come along, pitch his tent, swing out his flag, with ringing social barriers of the mighty West, they of bells and blowing of horns, and lot the public is at his feet ready to be We appealed, but it only added to their healed, willing to swallow the most We tried to argue, but they nauseous mixtures, if only they be wouldn't have it. Our editorial person christened with unpronounceable and was laid hold of and hustled along to a untranslatable names, anxious to pay rope dangling from a limb, and as we double the fees of a respectable, respon looked over the crowd and failed to sible physician, and bold to assert after 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 public; humlar of us, the time was increased to extract teeth painlessly by the same twenty. We wanted to argue the case, 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 aborigine, 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 emphasize the fact that there is a vast to be. It never seemed much of an ef- dealers in patent medicines roll in deal of unpleasant romance in actual fort for him to let go of earthly matters, wealth; the vailed sibyl who prescribes life. to her mystifled devotees from a darkened closet, gathers in the shekels; and if the commonplace physician means to hold his own he will soon be compeled to label his vials with cabalistic characters, consecrate them with mystic passes and mutter "abracadabra" over not more than two years, in some trade hand. The common sense which a man or within three miles thereof, and who or hat seems to desert him utterly when payment of same." It has not been any trifling ailment attacks him. His claimed for many years. sistencies. - Milwaukee Sentinel.

CHROMO MANUFACTURE. Are Produced.

All chromos are not works of art by him to a place of safety. spirit of the work.

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, tions of presence of mind in the face of to the minutest detail, but all of the sudden danger, but here is an instance 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 side of his team with his rifle under his artist, and it is the printer who applies arm, indulging in pleasant speculations the colors. The lines on each separate concerning the good time he would have stone are etched with the wash of nitric after he had sold his gold, when a acid and gum arabic, and are ready for

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 as each color is printed it is submitted to the artist. who has thus a progressive proof of the

It has been probably noticed that In a moment the muzzle of a pistol lines cross each other on the margin of was thrust against his forehead, and the a chromo. These are the registering marks, and enable the printer to place miracles of artistic beauty and endless the sheet in the same relative position variety. A length of pearl-colored broevery time a new stone is used and a cade in a shower of lilies of the valleynew color applied.

cured and each color falls just where it rics are the girdles of pearl s belongs.

cafivass. The chromo is then tall upon it and passed through a press with heavy pressure. When it comes forth. it is an exact imitation of the painting. It is then varnished, and thus you have

the chromo ready for the market. An expensive part of chromo-making s the lithographic stone. A bed of lithographic stone has been found in Tennessee, and there are small quarries

in Franco England and Canada, but it is all of a coarse quality. There is only one really fine quarry, and that is in Bavaria, and the stone in worth thirteen cents a pound.-Golden

MISCELLANEOUS.

-Twenty-one tramps met in Decatur Neb., and ordered meals at a restaurant. After they had eaten they compelled the proprietor to accept ten cents as payment in full.

-A Frankfort, Ky., man is training his hens to lay their eggs in the kitchen, where he has placed a cradle for their accommodation. This saves the labor of hunting the eggs. -A burgiar at Cincinnati, who remained carled up under a bed for hours

waiting an opportunity to rob the house,

was obliged to sneeze, when he was discovered, pulled out and handed over to -It has been asserted that chewing wooden toothpicks sometimes produces small ulcers in the mouth, and that even the stomach has been similarly affected by the action of the small particles of

wood detached by chewing. -A New Yorker was about to drown in the surf at Beach Haven last summer, when he cried out that he would give \$5,000 to the man that saved him. He was saved, but he wouldn't pay, and the other day settled the matter for \$15, attering he meant to cry out that figure and no higher one.

-A French paper proposes, in time of war, to make carrier pigeons photograph tracts of country by attaching to them miniature cameras, in which the thir spool of sensitized paper shall unwind and be exposed as they fly over the country. The pictures can afterwards be enlarged.

-A few days ago as a class at the Cincinnati College of Medicine was about to dissect the body of a man who had died of drink, a young man rushed into the room and threw himself on the sabject, crying: "My father! O, my poor. father!" This recalls the fact that some years ago President Harrison found in the Ohio Medical College the body of his father, John Scott Harrison, of North Bend, Ind. These horrible incidents

-A searcher among old deeds and records in London lately came across a statement that Mr. Samuel Wilson bequeathed a sum of £20,000-which was considerably increased-"to be lent to men who have been set up one year, and them as he gives them into the patient's or manufacture in the city of London, uses in the selection of a suitable coat can give satisfactory security for the re-

intellect wavers, and superstition, that | -In Switzerland and other mountaincunning fiend always lying in wait for our countries the goat leads long strings humanity, betrays him unresisting into of animals daily to and from the mounthe toils of the mountebank. We can tains, but it is in South Africa that it is not change human nature with our ex- regularly kept and employed as a leader ordiums, but we can at least make it of flocks of sheep. Should a blinding alive to its own weaknesses and incon- storm of rain or hail drive the silly sheep before it, or cause them to huddle together in a corner so as to suffocate each other, the trained goat will wake How Really Artistic Copies of Paintings them up, and, by methods best known to himself, will induce them

any means, some being most atroclous -Some idea of the care necessary to daubs, but a really good chromo is but preserve the great oil pipe lines intact little inferior in artistic value to the is furnished by one of our contemporarpainting of which it is a copy. To les. It appears that track-walkers pass properly produce a chromo, a litho- over every mile of the line each day. grapher must be himself an artist; he about fifteen miles being assigned to must analyze the picture and fully real- each man. Every walker is a telegraph ize the combinations of colors and the operator and is supplied with a pocket instrument. Should be discover a leak The lithographer begins by preparing in the line he immediately telegraphs a stone for each separate color, and the division superintendent. At stated there may be as many as twenty. Then intervals along the telegraph lines wires he makes a delicate and elaborate ink- run down the poles into locked boxes, tracing of the picture; not only its gen- the key of which is carried by the eral outlines, but the minute and intri- walker. Opening the box, he attaches cate touches and shades of color of which his instrument and wires a report to headquarters.

AN HISTORIC INCIDENT.

William IV. Gets Stuck While Reading Speech from the Throne. King William IV. had a rather em-

barrassing time in reading his speech at the opening of Parliement, February 4. 1836. The day was a dark one, and his eyesight was so poor that he had difficulty in reading his own production. He made a desperate effort to get through with his task, frequently correcting himself, hesitating, stammering and blundering. When he finally got stuck completely, and appealed to Lord Melbourne to decipher the word he could not make out, the situation was almost painful. He was persistent, however, and continued to toil on until he got about to the middle of the address when the librarian brought in two wax candles. He then paused, and looking at the Lords and Commons made this little apology: "I have not been able, from want of light, to read this speech in the way its importance deserves, but as lights are now brought me, I will read it again from the commencement, and in a way which I trust will command your attention." These words, the historian takes pains to add, were spoken distinctly and without embarrassment. The King, though fatigued by the struggle in the darkness with his manuscript, then began again at the beginning and read the speech through to the end in a style worthy of a teacher of elocution. This trifling incident has been thought worthy of record by British historians because it came near disturb ing the gravity and dignity of what is usually a very solemn and impressive occasion.-Chicago News.

Miracles of Artistic Beauty. The new brocades continue to be

a delicate cream ground hidden in a These lines are drawn in the original tangle of tiny roses, a mass of soft tracing and appear on each stone. When yellow silk scattered over with wheat the first color is printed very small ears all await the moment of inspiraholes are punctured in each sheet at the tion in some master mind to be comintersection of these lines, very fine bined in wonderful creations for the holes are also drilled in corresponding enhancing of some rare beauty's coarms positions on each of the subsequent Even staid woolen materials have caught stones, and the holes in the paper are the crase, and blossom with anemone o correspond precisely with the holes and Japanese chrysanthemums of black in the stone, and thus as each additional on terra cotta or gray surfaces. Suitacolor is put on, a perfect register is as- ble complements of these gorgeous fab thrown among their folds in the shops The next process is to make the pearl Medici collars, garnitures of paid chromo have a rough surface like an oil pink poppies and roses, with velvet painting. A stone is now prepared petals and ceintures of black passement which has a rough surface, similar to terie with long tringed ends of let-