

# EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

## THE EMPHATIC GIRL.

A Woman That Only a Determined Man Could Satisfy.

She was an Auburn-tinted girl with large glittering eyes, massive shoulders and determined lips. Had it not been for an expression of fierceness she would have been beautiful. After she had taken her seat she glared at the little machine attached to the seat in front of her, in which she held a pair of opera glasses, that may be secured for use by the agency of a twenty-five cent piece dropped into the slot. After considerable trouble with her pocket she finally managed to fish out her purse, and by pawing around in it for a moment found a quarter, which she extended toward the machine. The thing failed to work, the girl waiting in vain for the front of it to fall open. For a few seconds she stared at it, and then exclaimed in a voice audible for many feet around: "The thing sticks."

Then she began to pull at it, talking aloud, and finally losing her patience completely. "Well, I'll have that glass," she said, angrily, "or I'll have the money back. Come here, usher," this latter to a mid-looking youth who was showing some ladies to their seats. The usher approached and quailed visibly before the fire of the angry girl's eyes. "I dropped a quarter in that machine and it doesn't open," said the girl. "Now, you'll open it or give me back twenty-five cents."

The usher pulled at the box and shook his head when it failed to respond. Then followed a remarkable scene. The usher was in despair when the girl, after a terrible trade, sprang from her chair with the declaration that she would speak to the manager and have her rights. As she stepped into the aisle a bright silver piece rolled from her dress to the floor. The usher stopped and picked it up.

"Isn't this your quarter, lady?" he asked, holding it out to her.

The stormy expression faded somewhat from the girl's face as she took the money.

"It's probably mine," she said, "but it is not the one that I put in the box."

"Suppose you try and see," suggested the usher. "If it goes in you can be sure there is no other money in there."

The girl scoffed at the idea that she had not put any money into the box before, but to prove it conclusively she tried the machine again. The coin fell in and instantly the opera glass was at her disposal. There was a pronounced titter in the immediate vicinity as the girl resumed her seat and snatched the glass from its place.

"Stupid boxes these are, any way," snapped she. "The money probably went right through it the other time."

Here was a New York girl that only a patient and determined man could safely marry.—N. Y. Sun.

## NANTUCKET'S SWEET BELL.

How It Was Brought from Portugal to Peaceful New England.

The subject of church bells is a reminder of the beautifully sweet-toned bell in one of the church towers of Nantucket. It has something of a history. It was cast in Portugal and was intended for use upon a convent, being dedicated "To the good Jesus," in somewhat lengthy inscription in the Portuguese language, and in raised letters upon its side. There are various romantic stories concerning the means by which it came to be hung in the belfry of a New England church. One says that it was taken from a floating wreck by a Nantucket crew; another to the effect that it was captured by a privateer, as the angels in the old North Church, Salem street, are said to have been taken. The real truth is said to be that a Nantucket sea captain at a Portuguese port heard the bell as it was being tumbled, fresh from the foundry, and, being captivated by its exquisite tone, induced the makers to part with it and cast another for the convent. He brought it to Nantucket in his ship, and it has ever since hung in the church steeple.

There is a tale about this wonderful bell that has a local application. It is said that some years ago some people of the congregation of the old South Church heard the bell and thought that it would sound well in Boston. This was while the church was still worshipping in the old edifice. They made overtures to the Nantucket church, writing from Boston that they had heard that it was possessed of a very fine bell; that the Old South was in need of a bell. For what price would the Nantucket brethren sell their bell. The Nantucket church ignored the main question, and returned reply that they had heard that the Old South had a very fine clock. For what price would the Boston brethren sell their clock?—Boston Advertiser.

## "A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—First speaker—"What shall I buy to-day?" Second—"Buy a butcher—they're way down just now!"

—Fido ate the canary yesterday.

—At the canary! What did you do to him? "We gave him some peepsin, poor thing! You know he isn't used to such strong diet."—Puck.

—What wages does your husband get? "Mrs. White of Mrs. Black."

—Wages? "Mrs. Black, angrily, 'my husband does not get wages at all, I would have you understand. He accepts a salary.'"

—Mrs. McCrackle—"What is your son doing now, Mrs. McCrackle?" Mrs. McCrackle—"He is a pharmacist." Mrs. McCrackle—"A farm assistant, is he? Why, I heard some one say he was clerking in a drug store."—Judge.

—Benevolent old lady—"Dear, dear! Little boy, why do you sit on the curbstone eating those crusts?" Small boy—"I'm doin' it for me health, ma'am. You didn't suppose I was hungry, did you?"—Lippincott's Magazine.

—Lawyer—"Did you ever notice any signs of insanity in the defendant?" Witness—"Only on one occasion. A passenger picked up a dollar in a horse car one day and he was the only man on board who said he didn't lose it."—Epoch.

—Mrs. Yeast—"Johnny, are you full over to your house?" Johnny (whose mother takes boarders)—"Yes; you see Uncle Remus sent a barrel of fall apples down day before yesterday, and now we're very much cramped."—Yonkers Statesman.

—There is wisdom in proverbs; but every body knows that the statement, "Speech is silver, silence is golden," was not uttered by a dumb man.—Puck.

## ALL RIGHT TO-MORROW.

It's gloomy now—the world looks dark and your heart is full of sorrow— But leave the subject to God, my dear—It'll all come right to-morrow! It'll all come right in the morning bright—no need your woe to borrow; Night lends an inky cast to care—It'll be all right to-morrow! I heard the maxim when a child of a happy old mechanic: Who used to whistle the whole day long, nor ever yield to pain; The trouble came—and it often did—for he lost both home and money— His face was bright with a chastened light and his smile was always sunny; And ere he died he sent for me (twas the pale, grey light of dawn); "My lad," he said, "my trouble's o'er; it has all come right this morning! I have no need to leave you, friend, I say it to my sorrow; But here's a silver for every ill—'Twill all come right to-morrow!" This maxim is of purest gold—'Twill stand the wear of ages— 'Tis founded deeper than the love of polymathic sages. If trouble should come home to you—and no man's free from sorrow— Just leave the tangled skein to God—you'll find it straight to-morrow! You'll find that life's a tangled skein; just fall o' knots and ravel, And prone to tap in hopeless coils as thro' the world you travel, But sing away the living day—nor borrow. For there's a way of viewing care—they call it "seeing double." God keeps a blim for every brute on hand, so leave your sorrow; To Him who spares the broken reed and trust Him for to-morrow."

## PERILOUS BUSINESS.

How a Puckish Officer Counted Indians in Arizona.

A parallelogram formed by a line from Camp Verde eastward to the White Mountains, south to the San Carlos, continued westward to Camp McDowell, and thence north to the point first named, would contain fifteen thousand square miles of rocky mountain-peaks, deep canyons, heavily-wooded mountain streams and dark pine forests. Here and there beautiful little valleys and parks are found, each an isolated oasis, and it is in this isolation and the intervening barriers that the peculiar difficulties of the region for campaigning purposes are discovered.

After incredible upward toil along the zigzag trail the scouting party reaches the most precipitous descent begins to the pleasant camp ground far below, and it is plainly seen from the commanding height that the beautiful grassy plain is of very limited extent, and shut in on all sides by almost impracticable mountains. These are antelopes of rest and refreshment somewhat dashed by the prospect of the interminable, heart-breaking, rock-climbing struggle to begin again at daybreak. In most wild mountain regions the narrow berms on the edge of streams, or the bed of the stream itself, is the only passable route, but here the mountain torrents that pour out in every direction from the great ranges pass for the most part through dark precipitous box canyons which cut off communications between the parks, strung together like beads by the pure, clear, deep streams, and all who would penetrate the mountain ranges must do so by painfully climbing their rugged sides.

In this Apache paradise many varieties of climate are found. From the cool shade of the pine forests on the "Black Mesa" to the burning sandy wastes that form the valleys of the Salt and Gila rivers, one passes from one extreme to the other, but would prefer rather to remain in the worst than encounter the torture of a journey over the miles of confused and jumbled masses of rocky mountain-peaks to reach the better.

The theater of operations thus faintly outlined, as well as adjacent portions of the immense Territory of Arizona, has been for many years the scene of innumerable conflicts between the troops and the many Apache tribes. A record carefully compiled by the historian of one of the cavalry regiments which took its share of the sufferings and hardships of the constant scouting between the years 1871-75 shows that in that period the regiment had ninety-seven combats with the marauding savages.

Early in the year 1873 it became evident that a portion of the Arizupa Apaches were using Camp Grant as a base of supplies and pushing their marauding parties out in every direction into the settled parts of the Territory. The dread entertained by the settlers for these marauders is best appreciated when the character and mode of warfare of the mountain tribes are understood. As an old wagon-master remarked to a cavalry officer: "We have a horror of them that you feel for a ghost. We never see them, but when on the road are always looking over our shoulders in anticipation. When they strike, all we see is the flash of the rifle resting with secure aim over a pile of stones, behind which, like a snake, the red murderer lies at full length.

All the Apaches are footmen, mountain climbers. They will steal horses and use them, but when driven into the mountains the horses become a part of their rations. Graceful, well-formed, with legs of steel wire, light and active as the Apache on the rocky hillside is unapproachable, and to fight him, with any chance of success, he has to be attacked from his bivouac far up among the rocks. Many a surprise has been effected by night marches against natural fortresses absolutely unassailable in the day-time by any number of men, and where, if the Indians had discovered the ascending columns, even in the night they could have repulsed them with great slaughter.

As a first step in the campaign, the commanding General directed that all warrants receiving rations should be counted every day at a place to be selected, within five miles of the post. In order that the officer detailed for this delicate and dangerous duty might be able to identify and keep a record of the young men, a metal tag stamped with a number was issued to each Indian of fighting age. Many of the Indians received the order with sullen dissatisfaction, because, if carried out, it checked their roving. Seated on their heels in increasing concentric circles in front of the General, the crouching attitude and the steady glare of their brilliant bead-like eyes made them resemble snakes coiled ready to strike, and it was plain that when opportunity offered they would resist by the most deadly means this effort to scotch them.

## SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The application of hydraulic power to the manufacture of steel seamless boats is one of the latest things in England. These boats are thought to be in every particular superior to those made of wood, and can be made at about the same cost.

—Engineers use kerosene to remove the scales which form on the inside of the boiler. The oil is poured into empty boiler and the water then turned on. The oil, floating on the water, then comes in contact with the scales before the water does.

—The system of sinking shafts through quicksand and other soft water-bearing strata by freezing the soil with brine cooled by refrigerating machines is a practical success. The freezing extends thirteen feet each side of the vertical pipes which are driven down to carry the fluid, and the frozen material works like soft sandstone.

—Physicians in Italy, etc., believe malaria to consist of a fungus floating in the air and soaking in the water, in much larger quantities through the water drunk, than through the air breathed. Hence, in malarious districts all drinking water should be boiled and then filtered.

—Compound locomotives are to be the railway engines of the future, in the opinion of Mr. T. Urquhart, of the London Institution of Mechanical Engineers. In competitive trials a compound locomotive consumed 23 per cent less fuel than an ordinary locomotive running under exactly the same conditions.

—In a French village of about 400 inhabitants, eleven of the seventy-four deaths in eight years were from cancer. Dr. Arnaudet finds that six of the cases of cancer persons who used as a beverage water diluted with dark-colored water from the swampy ground, and that in five of the victims the disease attacked the stomach. These facts are given in support of the view that cancer is contagious, the swampy water seeming to have served as carrier of the contagion.

—A chemist of Bockenheim, Germany, has discovered a new alloy, which is said to resist the attack of most acid and alkaline solutions. It contains 15 parts of copper, 3.34 parts of tin, 1.32 parts of lead and one part of antimony—being, in fact, a bronze with the addition of a little lead and antimony. It is claimed that the alloy is much better than ebony vulcanite or porcelain for vessels or fittings liable to be acted upon by chemicals.

—Considering all the achievements of science on this globe and among the celestial spheres, it seems strange that there is a part of this earth not yet explored. In other words, we have weighed the planets and marked their orbits, but we are unable to make a map of the world. It is idle to imagine that Arctic exploration will be abandoned. The quest for the North Pole will go on to the end of time, if not crowned with success.

—A very simple apparatus for obtaining an electric spark is made by a German physicist. Round the center of a common lamp chimney is pasted a strip of tin foil, and another strip from one end of the chimney to within a quarter inch of this ring. Then a piece of silk is wrapped around a brush, and the interior of the chimney is rubbed briskly. In the dark a bright electric spark may be seen to pass from one piece of tin foil to the other each time the brush is withdrawn from the chimney. Many other experiments can be tried with this apparatus.

## CORN AS HUMAN FOOD.

Efforts to be Made to Introduce It into European Markets.

It will be difficult for the people of this country, where corn is such a popular article of diet, to understand how limited its consumption is in the old world. Indeed, it is stated that during the famine in Ireland, when America sent to the distressed island shiploads of supplies, nothing but the pangs of extreme hunger overcame the prejudice which existed in Ireland against corn as a source of nutrition for the human stomach. It is still held by the better class in Europe that corn is unfit for food, and its wholesomeness is gravely disputed. It would seem that, by a proper effort, this misapprehension could be removed. The lectures and writings of scientific experts have failed to accomplish this result, and a more convincing method must be employed. If the people of the Old World knew how palatable and wholesome Indian corn is in all of the shapes in which it is prepared for human consumption, the foreign demand for that cereal would increase to a degree that would quite remove all danger of over-production in this country. Corn has the merit of cheapness, it contains a very large percentage of nutriment, and being proof against the process of decay which renders other food commodities perishable, it can be transported to the uttermost parts of the earth and preserved for any length of time. A comparison of the stalwart, corn-fed American with the undersized Mongolian, who feeds on rice, and with the degenerate Romans, who subsist upon macaroni, furnishes proof of its health-giving properties. All that is required to popularize it is to enforce its claims in a manner which will compel recognition. The moment is ripe for such an undertaking, and the Edinburgh fair furnishes the opportunity.

But there must be a departure from the usual plan of display. The stomach as well as the eye must be enlisted. The proof of the pudding is in the taste. In connection with the corn exhibit at Edinburgh there should be facilities for cooking it in its various popular forms, and thus it would be presented in a new light to the European public. The mere preparation of it in such shape would constitute a strong attraction, and cause it to be talked about far and wide. With the seductive flap-jack, the toothsome pone—not to speak of mush and maize pudding—to plead for it, Indian corn would soon be able to make its way in the markets of Europe.

The time is coming when America will find in lands beyond the sea an outlet for its surplus of corn, and that day may be hastened by a well-directed stroke of the enterprise and ingenuity for which the people of this country are noted. If the tolling millions of the old world can be impressed by practical demonstration with the merits of Indian corn as food, and can be taught to eat it, it will soon cease to be an article of fuel in this country, and will pay a handsome profit to the producer. The experiment on the plan suggested is worthy of a trial, and is believed that it would insure satisfactory and successful results.—Kansas City Star.

## ABOUT THE SUN-DEW.

How a Queer Plant Catches and Devours Small Insects.

The sun-dew is an insect catcher. Some have long, narrow leaves; others round ones. These sparkle in the sunshine as though covered with raindrops or dew. It is a sweet, sticky substance, by which insects are caught. Through a magnifying glass the leaf will be seen to be fringed around the edge, and covered on the upper surface with what has been called tentacles, because they seem like the arms of certain sea animals, with which they capture their prey. The leaf sags a little in the middle, and when an insect is glued fast by the sticky drop, every tentacle begins to curve over and fasten him more strongly. The movement is very slow, so slow that it takes frequently several hours for it to be complete. What is very remarkable about it, if a fly alights on the side of the leaf, or anywhere away from the center, the tentacle it touches bends over, carrying its prey with it to the center of the leaf, and then all of the tentacles move toward the middle and clasp it. The leaf then pours over it a liquid acid, which dissolves what is good for food, thus acting as does the gastric juice in our stomachs. One full meal will last the plant nearly a week. It must have the right kind of food, however. Dr. Darwin fed a sun-dew on cheese, which made it turn yellow and sickly, and it finally died with dyspepsia. When a few drops of milk were poured on a leaf, it curved up around the drops, making the form more cup-like, while the tentacles bent over to absorb it. Another remarkable thing has been noted; if a bit of meat is divided, half of it placed on the leaf and the other on some moss beside it, the piece on the leaf will remain fresh until digested, while that on the moss becomes spoiled.—Portland Transcript.

—A young couple of Bradysville, O., were married twice in two days. They ran away from home on account of the objections of their parents, and were married by a "quack" at Aberdeen, O., but, fearing the marriage was illegal, they returned home, and the next morning the ceremony was again performed by a local "quack."

—The most skillful amateur bull-fighter in Mexico is the son-in-law of the President of the Republic.

## NOTES ON OSOULATION.

Various Sorts of Kisses Described by Poets and Novel Writers.

There is a distinct literature of kissing, and a bright and thoroughly sensible young woman of this city has a large collection of notes and clippings on this subject. All of the poets have written of kisses in a more or less original style. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, among scores of others, has the following: "And I swear by the stars and my soul and say That I will have you and hold you and kiss you. Though the whole world stands in the way." Tennyson sings of the lips' luscious fruit in these words: "O, love! O, fire! once he drew With one long kiss my whole soul through My lips, as sunlight drinks dew."

Amelia Rice, now Mrs. Chanler, made some valuable additions to the kiss literature of the country. She handled the subject with freedom and originality. She showed that kissing was quite enjoyable in the broad hallway of the old manse, through which the sunlight streamed, as it was under any other circumstances; and to her mind nothing could be more delightful than a salutation of the lips asleep the foot, while the kisses and kisses were sliding down a haystack. Herrick's poetic definition of the kiss is masterly. It is as follows: "It is a creature born and bred Between the lips all cherry red."

"I will never kiss a man who is not my relative," said an East Side young lady yesterday, "until he is my promised husband. And even with engaged people I think there should be little of it. Too much kissing will surely result in disastors. It may be pleasant, but my sweetheart, if I ever get one, will not get a single kiss from me until we are engaged, and then he will get only single ones, sure enough. He shall have no more than one kiss at each meeting. Now, after you think over this, I am sure you will agree with me."

Drifting back to stage kissing, a good anecdote may be related. The leader in a play were about to kiss each other. The heroine rushed into the arms of the brave and true lover and, to all appearance, their lips met in one long, soulful kiss. Then there was a momentary lull, in which the occupants of the boxes caught this distinct whisper from the leading lady: "Onions and beer again, or I'll kick!" This thing had better stop, or I'll kick!"

Despite these sometimes unpleasant features, it will ever be the cherish of every vigorous youngster of his race, and even the older youngster—to voice the wish of some one, now dead and past kissing, who wished: "That womanhood had but one rosy mouth To kiss them all at once from north to south."

What an intensity of bliss such osculation would be! But, after all, most of us are sat fed to take them one at a time. They last longer.—Kansas City Times.

## "THE EMERALD ISLE."

Who Was the Originator of This Synonym for Ireland.

How many orators and poets have been credited with the authorship of the expression "The Emerald Isle"—one of the most poetic pet names for a beautiful land—it would be difficult to enumerate. Writers of "Answers to Correspondents" in journals of high and low degree—even in the country of its birth—have attributed it to Daniel O'Connell, John Philpot Curran, Tom Moore and Davis; the honor has been accorded to Dr. Madden, to Thomas Francis Meagher and to D'Arcy McGee; but to none of those did it rightfully belong. It was the inspiration of an Irish poet and patriot, who, but little known among readers on this side of the Atlantic, was in many respects the equal of the best of those, and as a lover of his country in no sense the inferior of any.

In 1815, and on St. Patrick's day, Dr. William Drennan wrote the preface to a little brochure of his poems, in which he explained that he had furnished them to a young friend "just entering the printing business, to give him an occasion of showing the public his progress in the typographic art." One of the poems, entitled "Erin," opens with the stanza: "When Erin first rose from the dark swartling foot, God blessed the green island; He saw it was good; The Emerald of Europe, it sparkled, it shone, In the ring of the world the most precious stone."

But it is in the tenth stanza that occurs the expression with which this article is headed: "Arm of Erin! prove strong; but be gentle as a dove, And, up! till to a rike, still be ready to save; Nor one feeling of vengeance, nor name to desire."

The cause, or the men of the Emerald Isle." To many who have met with the expression for the first time in this poem, it has seemed that it was here first used in print; but in a note the author, touching upon the poet's jealousy in regard to the priority of claim to an epithet likely to become popular, says: "The Emerald Isle" was first used in a party song, written without the rancor of party, in the year 1795." To this he adds: "From the frequent use made of the term since that time he [the author] fondly hopes that it will gradually become associated with the name of his country, as descriptive of its prime natural beauty and its inestimable value."

And the patriot-poet's fond wish was gratified years before he died.—Once a Week.

## THE BLACK SWAN.

The Graceful Water Bird Is No Longer a Rara Avis.

At one time the black swan was unknown or regarded as a freak of nature. In the "Antiquary" Sir Walter Scott makes one of his characters say: "What is it my rary avis, my black swan?" But since the discovery and opening up of the Australian continent it has become more common, for it is found in large flocks in the south and west of Australia. One writer says that they have become so abundant that he has seen flocks of them being driven in the streets of Sydney as if they were a flock of geese. They are found to be very prolific and are tamed with great ease, and it has not been found difficult to keep and breed them in captivity, but the experience has been that the time of their breeding is uncertain, because the seasons are entirely reversed on the northern half of the globe to what they are in the southern hemisphere.

The black swan is more slender in build than the common swan and not quite so large in body. The plumage, as the name denotes, is entirely black on the body, only a few light feathers being on the neck, but the latter has a white tip. The feet are black. The young when hatched are of a whitish gray in the down.—Country Gentleman.

## SELLING HUMAN HAIR.

Where Most of the Crop is Grown and How It is Bought.

In remote Swiss, German and French villages traffic in human hair is as recognized a portion of the commerce as the sale of butter and eggs, and is, to the young peasant girls, a very important matter. They grow their hair with a view to selling it, just as their fathers and brothers grow their cereals and raise their cattle for the same purpose. In many cases, where they are fortunate enough to have it of a good, marketable color and fine texture, they get for their wares more than their male relatives could hope to clear after many years of hard toil.

The great drawback to the lucrativeness of hair-farming is the slowness of growth and the fact that the same head is rarely known to produce a remarkably fine crop twice. An objection to it is a dislike, natural in a woman, to part with what is a nature-given ornament. We may feel positive that in the districts where hair is sold it is a proud distinction to be in constant possession of a good crop which is definitely understood to be "not for sale," and which grows well for the amount of worldly goods enjoyed by its possessor.

Here, where there is no recognized commercial value placed on luxuriant locks, it was a year or two ago quite fashionable to have hair short and wavy, like a man's. There, however, the shape of hard cash, and even with that great soler in their hands the peasant hair-growers can seldom see their short tresses gathered up by the indifferent purchaser with equality.

One village market is held every second Friday and is attended by buyers from Paris only. These walk about the street—the village boasts but one long, narrow one—while the girls stand about in couples so that they may give each other moral support. The business is transacted in a large room. The sellers, having had their hair combed out and examined, wait for an offer.

If it's satisfactory the buyer takes up a bright pair of shears fastened to his waist and cuts the tresses, tresses, papering and pocketing them quickly, so that the denuded girl may see as little of them as possible once they have passed out of her possession. She then goes off and uses all the means she knows of to cultivate a new crop, which occasionally is successful up to the third and even fourth transactions, though rarely is the first bargain bettered. The crop, however, is capricious; occasionally a second growth and a third have been known to exceed the first in length and fineness to a surprising degree, though, if the color be fair and particularly of golden sheen, the second crop even is almost invariably not satisfactory in this one particular.

Purely white hair, if long and fine, may be converted into a little fortune by its possessor, supposing she be so minded. Albino women have been known to obtain for a crop of hair white as snow and fine as spun silk the nice little sum of \$750, which certainly would make hair-farming a remunerative occupation, supposing that only two such crops could be raised and disposed of in a lifetime.

It is said that the French ex-Empress paid \$200 an ounce for hair to match her own, which was, in her youth, that much prized hue which is the same as virgin gold. The difficulty of exactly matching hair is much greater than might be supposed by the casual observer, who sees only the four colors known by hair experts as type-colors—white, black, brown and blond. Each of these produces numerous shades—not less than sixteen of every type—and the subtle difference in these shades of hair is wonderfully perceptible, as those who have a little and want to match it speedily find out. Hair which is artificially colored to match is most unsatisfactory, as the hue is not stationary.

Hair died on the head is a far from enviable possession, as it requires frequent redippings, and its owner (the ways of hair dye being inscrutable) has usually to disappear from social ken during the process. Not alone that fact, but also that medical men declare softening of the brain to be brought on by the use of hair dyes, as well as diseases of the eye, makes this a most undesirable practice.

A fine head of virgin-gold colored hair will bring from \$300 to \$500, according to its length and luxuriance, and to those who have it and are anxious to convert it into hard cash it may be pleasing to hear that there are orders in advance for all that can be produced of this description for the next five years.—Chatter.

## THE SALMO TRUTTA.

A European Game Fish to Be Introduced Into American Waters.

The fly fishermen of the United States have a new pleasure before them. A fish not hitherto known in America is to be introduced this year, and there is every reason to believe that it will thrive and multiply wonderfully. The fish is the European sea trout, salmo trutta, a fish well known and abundant in England. While the sea trout is a salt-water fish, it inhabits land-locked fresh waters and thrives there. Of its characteristics as a game fish one writer, Mr. Pennell, says: "There is no fish that swims which will rise so boldly at the fly, or which, when hooked, shows for its size such indomitable pluck, such gallant and determined courage. It is the most game and mettlesome fish known to Europe, or probably to the world."

David Foster says also that the sea trout "exceeds for gameness and pertinacity every other British fish."

In the summer of 1889 an American angler who fished in Scotch waters for a time wrote a letter to the editor of a fishing telling what great larks he had had with the sea trout. The editor of the paper became so much interested in the fish through this letter that he determined to import the fish to this country. Accordingly he arranged with United States Fish Commissioner McDonald to have a supply of eggs cared for at the Craig Brook station. Mr. McDonald also chose this station because they will have pure water, favorable conditions of temperature at all seasons of the year, and natural conditions of food. Besides, there are several streams in the vicinity of the towns of Ellsworth, Bucksport, etc., which empty directly into salt water, where the fish can be turned loose and find the natural conditions needed for them.

The eggs will soon arrive. It will, of course, be some years before the sea trout will be abundant, but when it is considered how short a time has elapsed since the rainbow trout were brought to the East, and how abundant they are now in places, the fishermen need not be impatient.—N. Y. Sun.

## BIG STEAM ENGINE.

It Has Been Six Months Under Construction and Is a Sight.

The large engine which has been under construction at the Fishkill Landing machine works for the past six months is a great piece of work in the line of machinery, and to those who visit the establishment daily it is a wonder to behold. It stands just inside of the doors of the main shop and it extends in height through an opening of the second floor of the building. The engine is of the Corliss type, and is for the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company, to be used in a great elevator in New York City. In power and weight it is the largest and finest engine ever built at these works. It is similar to the monster Corliss engine which hundreds of our citizens saw running in Machinery Hall at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876, though not so large, and that was a beam engine, and this is known as a vertical condensing engine.

To give our readers an idea of what this massive and beautiful engine is, we will give a description of it without going into minor details. The cylinder is set in the top of two cast iron frames, which are fastened in the bed plate, making the total height of engine 26 feet. The base of the engine occupies a floor space of only 18 feet by 8 feet. The cylinder is 93 inches in diameter and 43 inches in stroke; the casting of the cylinder weighs alone over 5 tons. The steam pipe is over 12 inches in diameter connecting the cylinder with the condenser, and the plunger receives its motion from a double beam, which is connected with the cross-head by means of links. The crank shaft is a solid piece of wrought iron 18 inches in diameter, 30 feet long, and weighs nearly 5 tons. The crank pin is 10 inches in diameter and 12 inches long. The fly wheel is made in four pieces in the form of four half wheels, which when joined together, form an immense wheel, 5 feet in diameter, 55 inches across face and weighing altogether 65,000 pounds. For convenience of inspecting the different working parts of the engine, it is divided into two parts or stories by cast iron platforms, which are reached from the floor of the engine room by cast iron stairways; the platforms are supported by braces from the frames, and a railing made of brass pipe, supported by wrought iron standards, forms a safe guard around the platforms, the hand-rail of the stairway being made in the same manner. The motive power of the engine is estimated at 1,000 horse power, and when completed it will weigh 100 tons. When it is shipped to New York it will require five or six cars to carry it.—Fishkill (N. Y.) Journal.

## EXPECTING TOO MUCH.

That What Many Persons Do When They Engage a Physician.

When you buy a ticket from any of the leading railroad companies they can not promise you, if they are truthful, that they will take you to New York in time to catch the steamer to Europe. Many things might happen to delay the train—wreckage, fire, flood, tornado—you might die yourself. A berth in one of the finest ocean steamers does not assure you that you will land safe in Liverpool, Queenstown or Havre. You contract to have your house built according to certain plans and specifications, the house to be finished and ready for occupancy on a certain date. Do you always find it ready at the promised time? When you occupy the house do not the windows often wear with difficulty, the corners close badly, cracks appear in the plastering, the plumbing unsatisfactory? You find that the plans and specifications were not followed. You get on the cable car and pay your nickel, to ride a few blocks, or a few miles. The cable breaks or the grip gives out and you are compelled to walk. In none of these cases mentioned, and hundreds more could be cited, can you be assured that what you desire will be granted. There is nothing certain but death and taxes.

When you call upon a physician, you very often demand from him more than you would from the railroad company, the steamship company, the contractor, or anybody else. You often say, "Doctor, what will you take to cure me?" You may have been sick for many years. Your parents may have been delicate people and started you in life with inherited tendencies to disease. You may have injured yourself by bad habits, but you may refuse to correct these habits when pointed out. Notwithstanding these facts, you want to be "cured." No honest physician will promise you a "cure." He would not guarantee a cure for a scratch of a pin, for men have died from as trifling a matter as a scratch of a pin. Cure, formerly Quack's promise cures; the true physician never uses the word, except in the sense "to care for." Remembering the instances cited above—the uncertainty of earthly things—no intelligent person should ask a physician to guarantee a cure; and if a so-called physician undertakes to make such guarantee, every intelligent person should know that the guarantor is a quack.—Health Monitor.

## MYSTERIOUS MUSIC.

Hearing "the Spirits Singing Under the Water" at Pascagoula.

It was late one evening in September, 1875, that I first heard the music of Pascagoula. An old fisherman called me from the house where I then was, to come down on the river-bank and hear the spirits singing under the water.

Full of eager curiosity, I readily obeyed the summons, and, if what I heard can not be properly called music, it was certainly mysterious. From out of the waters of the river, apparently some forty feet from its shelving bank, rose a roaring, murmuring sound, which gradually increased in strength and volume until it had reached its height, when it subsided slowly.

It never advanced or receded, but seemed always in the same spot; and, though I remained there some time, it never ceased, but continued to rise and fall in the manner that I have indicated above. The reader may obtain a better idea of the music if he will place his ear against a telegraph-pole, the timber of which, acting as a sounding-board for the wires that are played upon by the wind, gives forth a strange, tremulous sound, that is an exact counterpart of the "music of Pascagoula"—with this difference, however, that whereas the music of the wires is very warring and tremulous, that of the water rises and falls with a steady swell.—Charles E. Chidsey, in Popular Science Monthly.