## EUGENE CITY. OREGON.

CHICAGO RESTAURANTS.

An Honest Man Who Wanted to Pay but Couldn't. One of the Washington writers who came on to do the convention had labored hard on Sunday and Sunday night. After his work he concluded to cool his feverish palate with

a glass of Gambrinus' own and a cheese sandwich. He repaired for this purpose to a place on Clark street and began quietly to partake of his refreshments.
"Have you a napkinf" he asked of

"What!" shricked the walter.

"A napkin." "You vipe yourself mit your haind. Ve

don'd keep no napkins in here." The Washington man proceeded with his unch. A few minutes later there was a row in the front end of the house. Sixteen waiters hopped upon one man. Some of these waiters had bottles and one of them had a cheese knife about as long as a man's arm. The chap who had waited on the Washington ent joined in the fraces, and tar ried in the fun so long that the Washington man could find no one to accept his quid pro quo. He at last concluded to go out at a side door and thus avoid being summoned as a witness to a saloon row. He got out into the alley and was driven back by the crowd, but was still unable to engage the attention of the chap who had waited on him, and finally out of the front door, leaving his bill unpaid. He went to his room, where, during the remainder of the night, he saw nothing but the gleam of a cheese knife and an in-furiated mob. On Monday he went back to the place and explained to the head man how had gone away the night before, leaving

"I don't pelieve it," said the boss. "I nefer had a man do dot vay before. You vant to blay me a shoak. You gid rigtd avay owd so quick as dot, or I call me Shake and de knife, und we haif some more fun. Gid owd. You was a delegade, I pet you."
"Then I can't pay?" said the honest ma

from Washington.
"No, you can put it in der slot wid der scales un veigh yourself by seeing it go. But I don't taig nuddings from you. It would boodoo der pizness."—Chicago Mail.

Candy That Didn't Go Down.

George Harmon, manager of Central Music hall, is very fond of candy. He is seldom without a box of bon bons on his desk. George has many callers and they all help themselves to his candy, so he finds he does not get many sweetmeats himself in the long run. He pays for the candy all the same, and this calling business has worried him for some time. The other day he unbosomed himself to his friend and neighbor, Mr. Boles, of whom ke buys his candy, and he told him his plight. "Til fix it," said Boles; and he made up a box of very inviting looking bon bons from common bar soap. These George put on his desk. The first man to call was Will Shafer, of the Auditorium hotel. He picked up a bon bon, said "Good morning," spat it out, and then Harmon said: "Good morning! Have you used soap?" Will said he had, but he would never do it again. Joe Oliver, of the People's, was the next visitor. He took a piece of the alleged candy and then turned pale and went out.

But the victim Harmon was waiting for his hated rival, Adonis George Fair, of the Haymarket. Finally Fair dropped "Ah, me boy, these look lovely, said as he bit into an alkaline bonbon. For a moment his face paled, and then, rather than look like a sucker, he bravely downed the rest of the soapy candy. He did not care to award Harmon the laugh on him, and he made his bluff stronger by calmly chewing a second one of the bogus creams. This was too much, however, and as he talked with Harmon the soap began to get in its deadly work, and Fair began to froth at the mouth. He hastily rushed toward a West Side car, and was so mad that he thought the man was getting personal who handed him a handbill announcing an important meeting of the "Lathers" Union" that evening. Now Harmon can put the choicest confections on his desk and have them all to himself.-Chicago

Longevity of Animals.

The average age of cats is 25 years; of squirrels and hares, 7 or 8 years; rabbits, 7; a bear rarely exceeds 20 years; a dog lives 20 years; a wolf, 20; a fox, 14 to 16; lions are long lived, the one known by the name of Pompey lived to the age of 70; elephants have been known, it is asserted, to live to the great age of 400 years. When Alexander the Great had conquered Porus, king of India, he took a great elephant, which had fought very valiantly for the king, and named him Ajax, dedicating him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription: "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, dedicated Ajax to the sun." The elephant was found with this inscription 350 years after.

Pigs have been known to live to the age of 20, and the rhinoceros to 20; a horse has been known to live to the age of 62, but average from 25 to 30; camels sometimes live to the age of 100; stags are very long lived; sheep seldom exceed the age of 10; cows live about 15 years. Cuvier considered it probable that whales sometimes live 4,000 years; the dolphin and porpoise attain the age of 40; an eagle died at Vienna at the age of 104; ravens frequently reach the age of 100; swans have been known to live 300 years. Mr. Malerton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of 200 years. Pelicans are long lived; the tortoise has been known to live to 107. - Journal of Health.

## A Lesson in Manners.

That the manners of our fathers is not ours is well enough understood, and the phrase "of the old school" has come to be used rather as a reproach to the decourtesy was perhaps more general, as it certainly was more elaborate, than it is

his parents, who died in his infancy, he without a trace of offense accepts the ways eager to learn all he could title as his own.

ce one day last summer, and had interview with her upon the wide anda, where she was sitting when he wed. He lifted his hat, and then, reim with looks of disapproval.
"Do I look like my father?" the young

man naked at length

U. S. SENATE PAGES.

A Bright Lot of Boys, One the Son of a Senator.

They Can Only Serve Between the Ages of Twelve and Sixteen-What They Think of Leading Senators-Well Paid and Very Ambitious.

> COPYRIGHT, 1890.1 HAT If the Senate pages should strike?"

The ques tion was once asked by a gentleman who sat beside me in the United States Senate gallery and noted how heavily the Senators lean on the fourteen little fellows who perform errands for them. It seemed to him, he

said, that such a strike would stop the wheels of Government; and so it might if there were no means of filling the places of the strikers, for presumably very few of the Senators would know where to go or what to do to procure the documents, etc., for which they keep the pages running. But about the Capitol and in the several departments of public life in Washington there are enough men of National renown who began their political careers as pages to fill the places of all these boys; so-What if the Senate pages should

The Government would go right on. The number of famous men who once were pages seems to warrant the presumption that embryonic greatness is now scampering about the Capitol in knickerbockers, running errands, per-haps, for men not fit to bear its shoes. Surely this is excuse enough for devoting a little consideration to the pages of the Senate.

Four years is the longest term a boy

may serve as page, since he is eligible to the office only between the ages of twelve and sixteen. In the Senate there are fourteen of these boys, under the immediate direction of Alonzo H. Stewart, a young man of nearly twenty years, who four years ago closed his career as a page and is now attached to the Sergeant-at-Arms under the title of Messenger on the Floor of the Senate. But this chief page and all his assistants are under the supervision of Captain Isaac Bassett, the venerable assistant door-keeper, who has served continuously as an attache of the Senate since he was appointed a page, fifty-seven years ago, by Daniel Webster's request. Captain Bassett, with his long white hair and beard, is the most striking figure on the Senate floor, and if any man is indispensable there it is he. In the matter of ceremonials he is the authority on whom Vice-President, Presidents pro tempore of the Senate and all the officers and members of that august body have to rely. For more than balf a century he has kept a memorandum book at hand and made entries of all those acts which were likely to be useful as precedents. When death strikes a Senator down, or any thing else of an unusual character happens, the presiding officer of the Senate turns to Captain Bassett, who sits on his left, and is informed as to what is the conventional mode of procedure under the circumstances. It s said that Captain Bassett has, during all these years of service in the Senate, kept close memoranda of such speeches and acts as have marked events in our country's history. He can tell the precise spot where Webster stood when he made any one of his famous arguments; where Sumper sat when he received the blow which helped the cause of emancipation along; where every word was said and every act performed which has had direct bearing on the great events of this last half century. But he is as incommunicative as the Sphinx, and as for his memorandum books, he would no more let a newspaper correspondent look at one of them than he would willingly sever his connection with the

Senate. The fourteen Senate pages are all bright, interesting lads. Harry Long. McKee Cochrane and Albert Mackey are the seniors. They have served three rears. And Warner Moody and Fred Kappeler are the juniors. Warner Moody is the son of Senator Moody, of



THE INTERVIEW ACCOR ED

South Dakota, and is a peculiarly interesting, not to say charming, little fellow. He is a quaint, fair-haired child. whose delicate physique and sweet, gentle manners bring Oliver Twist constantly to mind. His appearance is that of a boy-I had almost said a girl-of seven or eight years, but his precision of speech and his quiet old-fashloned ways together with his precoclous judggenerate present generation. An old ment make him seem more than a lady who belonged to the times when child. He is the sort of lad that mothers can not meet without having an irresistible impulse to snatch him up and nistered rather neatly a rebuke kiss him. With as much solemnity as to a lad who did not come up to her ideas any Senator in the chamber he ac-She had known the boy's father when knowledges the fitness of the sobriquet e was in Harvard, as now was the son, which the older pages have fastened to him—the Little Lady from Dakota—and

Fred Kappeler is also a diminutive The youth was invited to call upon the lad of thirteen, but is a more rugged, boylsh chap. He acknowledges Robert by the Psalmist for man's life, at a counas his patron saint. Fred was born in Switzerland, but in the seven years of his residence in America all traces of his mother tongue have been obliterg it upon his head, went on talk-ith the old dame, who regarded well aware that it would take an amendment of the constitution to make him eligible to the Presidency, but he very contentedly asserts that there is noth-"I cannot tell," the old lady replied.

Ing to hinder him from becoming a Sentave as whim with his hat ator, and so far at his observation goes have a page all to himself."

Senator Jones, of Arkam

to "spat his hands and the pages do all the work for him." Fred answers to the name of Swipes and says he is sure it will never offend his dignity, not even when he becomes a Senator, to be

known by that pseudonym. In the bestowal of nicknames the pages seem to delight in contrariety. For example, McKee Cochrane, who is of an extreme blonde type, is called Ethiope, and Albert Mackey, whose exceeding generosity has made him the favorite of the group, is called Shylock. Events in the careers of the boys also determine their nicknames, as in the case of Logan Harris, a handsome little fellow with bright, twinkling eyes, who is called Pie because when he was being initiated to the secrets of page etiquette he was informed, and he believed, that it was his conventional duty to buy a round of pie at the Senate restaurant for all of the other pages. He bought, along with this experience, the name which will not leave him, at least until he quits the atmosphere of the Senate.

To "interview" a Senator who has nothing to say has been adjudged by newspaper men a pretty difficult thing to do. But compared with interviewing fourteen Senate pages who have every thing to say and are eager to say it all at once it is as easy as rolling off the traditional log. I met the boys altogether a few moments before the Senate was called to order. When they learned that I wanted their opinions



THE INTERVIEW REPUSED.

concerning Senators they began to push and crowd and chatter all at once. The atmosphere was full of opinions. Had I been fourteen stenographers with a full complement of ears I could not have heard and preserved all that they told me. Every one of them talked louder and faster than all the rest and each tugged at some portion of my apparel to attract my attention to what he had to say. The frankness of these boys, their willingness to declare an honest eagerness to "talk for publication," set the unaffected little fellows far above some men of note whom I have knownmen who, while manifestly no less eager, surround themselves with sham barriers and sit behind them sorely disappointed if the interviewer does not se the sham and knock the barriers down-pantalooned Poloniuses who can not play upon the pipe, yet seek to play upon the journalist.

Out of the clamor I managed to snatch a few facts-first, the general fact that good feeling prevails be tween the Senators and their pages, and then some specifications as to individuals. Senator Stanford was unanimously declared to be an able statesman and a great man because each year he gives them all an entertainment at his house, where he distributes presents, and then because he gives a bright crisp \$5 bill to each page every year. But as the chatter went on this was found to be a complimentary ballot. Senators Manderson, Vance, Reagan, Gorman and Davis seemed really to be the most general favorites of the boys, and Senators Ransom, Dixon, Mooder Butler and Manderson were declared to be the handsomest men in the Senate. They give also to Senator Butler the credit of eing the most polite and elegant gentleman in the chamber. Senator Gorman is liked because he once was a page himself and has not forgotten it.

"He is always good natured," said one of the little fellows, "and often tells us stories about what he used to do when he was a page. I guess he was a ripper, too." This last remark was intended to be a sort of cap for a climax of compliment.

Senator Vest is not generally a favorite with the boys. Indeed, the youngsters passed unmistakable censure upon the very vigorous language he sometimes uses toward them, and they assert openly that they would rather be doing something else when he snaps his fingers for a page. One of the boys, however, thinks Senator Vest is a pretty good sort of a man. McKee Cochrane was one day rushing at breakneck speed to do the bidding of some other Senator, when, darting out of the chamber, he plumped squarely into Senator Vest and knocked breath enough out of him to make raw material for half a dozen Fourth of July orations. The Senator saved just enough to supply the surrounding ambience with a deep blue tint and an odor of sulphur. The boy, who thought his hour had come "for surely" this time, slunk back under Captain Bassett's protecting arm and tremblingly awaited to hear his doom pronounced. Instead of declaring war, however, Senator Vest at once began to manifest a decided interest in young Cochrane, and sometime afterward, when the youngstor fell into a fight with one of his colleagues-an offense which is punishable by two months' suspension—Senator Vest pleaded for him and procured a reduction of the suspen-

sion to two weeks. Young Harry Long never tires of telling what a kindly man Senator Farwell The Senator entertained the boy at his elegant home in Chicago during the Republican National convention in 1888 and opened the eyes of the youthful Pennsylvahian to the glories of the Western metropolis, and procured for

him a seat in the convention to boot. "Why," said the boy, all aglow with gratitude, "he not only invited me to his house, but he paid all my expenses." Senator Vance is voted the jolliest of all the Senators, and Senator Reagan has gained the eternal friendship of the boys by making paper caps and giving

m around. Senator Cockrell is more dreaded than any other member of the body. "He is always wanting semething," said one of the lads.

"Yes; and it's always something outside of the chamber," said another. "I've worn a path running to the document room for him."

"You bet, when Senator Cockrell claps his hands," said a third, "we all try to find something else to do. He ought to

Senator Jones, of Arkansas, is an-

President, for all a Senator has to do is other one who needs a great deal of waiting on.

"He's a good enough man," said one little fellow, "but he's awful on us."
"What kind of a man is Senator Ingalls?" I asked. "Oh! he never notices us," answered

"No," piped a wee chap, "he ain't so-Senator Hiscock is not very popular among the pages. They say he seems

body." Some time ago the pages formed senate of their ewn. For some reason they excluded Masters Moody, Long and Harris, whereupon these three organized themselves into a reportorial corps and broke into so many secret sessions that the judiciary officer of the body concluded it was time to adjourn sine dis; so he decamped with the twenty-five cents in the treasury and six sheets of paper belonging to the organization. The pages' senate then collapsed.

These boys get \$75 a month in salary and numerous small sums from generous Senators. They also have a trick of picking up all the printed speeches of certain Senators, and, after having them nicely bound, sell the volume to the Senators.

"Does anybody but the Senators buy these speeches?" I asked. "Oh! no; only the Senator who has

made the speeches," was the innocent One little fellow-Harry Long-told me he had made \$75 in the last year hy

selling speeches to the Senators who made them. "What would you do if you were s Senator?" I asked one of the small boys. I was rather set back by his answer.

"I'd call up the Blair education bill

"Yes, siree!" chimed in half a dozen more: "we all wanted that bill to pass." I learned afterwards, however, that they did not care a fig for the merits of the bill. They had seen Senator Blair's earnestness in the matter and his repeated disappointments over its failure,

and have it passed," he said.

and they were sincerely sorry for him. When asked whether they would rather be pages or Senators, all but one agreed that generally they would pre-fer to be pages, "because we pages have a heap more fun than the Senators do." Little flaxen-haired, blue-eyed Warner Moody, however, looked up and spoke with a quaint dignity and thoughtful deliberation:

"I would rather be a Senator, of course.

Page etiquette demands that each lad shall be permitted to wait on his own patron Senator-that is, the Senator who procured his place for him; and it is inexcusable rudeness for one page to respond to the call of another's Senator unless the other is so engaged that he can not attend to it.

The pages are ostensibly Republicans, but they do not mind saying that there are a good many things about the Democratic side that are attractive to them, prominent among which is the fact that ost of the motions to adjourn come from the Democratic side; and since the boys report for duty at 9 o'clock in the morning and remain until adjournment, this is no unimportant matter to

The Democratic side of the chamber. however, is what the boys call "the penitentiary," since whenever one of them is refractory Captain Bassett relegates him to duty on that side. This is an old-time custom, and pages soon arn that it is in the nature of of merit to be permitted to serve on the majority side of the chamber. There are seven boys for each side, but those on the majority side always feel a little more favored.

"I got to larking the other day," said Master Long, "and Captain Bassett sent me over on the Democratic side." As I turned to leave the group one

little fellow followed me, saying: "Don't forget to put in something about Noddy Boffin (Master George Mann, of Michigan) and Rev. Dr. Edward Bailey, of Georgia, the boy who says 'fo'teen' and 'deed I did,' and for carry; and don't forget Hadji Hassein Ghooly Khan (Master Will Aulick, of Illinois) and Ike Bassett, Jr., the grandson of Captain Bassett, the boy that ate the shoe-blacking when he was told it

was pate de fo's gras." "And say," he added, "you ain't goin' to interview the House pages, are

"Why not?" . "Well, they ain't in our class, you know."

There is as much distinction among boys between a Senate page and a House page as there is among men between a Senator and a member of the lower House. WILLIS R. HAWKINS.

A Calf That Reasoned.

We learn that an amusing incident occur-red at the bome of Mr. 8. M. Jones, near Bethel, last week. Among the cattle was a calf that seemed to possess a very great dis-like to being roped at milking time and always made quite a to do when the rope was adjusted. One morning Mrs. Jones went out to attend the milking and upon looking in the accustomed place for the rope failed to find it. While the search for it was going on the calf thought, perhaps, to get more than his share of the milk, but something seemed to interfere with the imbibing process, and his peculiar actions attracted attention to him. Whereupon it was discovered that the are poor.—Rev. only had swallowed the rope, but failed to Globe-Democrat. make a complete job of it, as the noose was hanging from one corner of his mouth. The noose was laid hold of and a stendy pull brought the rope to light. The calf is sufficently amused and doesn't swallow any more ropes to evade being tied.—Greenville (N. C.) Reflector.



"Birdie," whispered a happy young Chi-"Ah, no, darling," responded the giri, with a sigh and a sniggle, "you must always call me 'Birdle' and I will always call you 'Butch.'"—New York Sun.

Sweet Seventeen - "No, I don't want to marry the baron; why, he has red Landiady-I didn't my, hair!" Storn Parent-"Yes, but he a duck from the butcher's. won't have it long! Haven't you noticed that it is beginning to drop off? -Flie-

PITH AND POINT.

-She-"Yes, dear, I'm afraid cook wants judgment." He-"Judgment! She wants execution!"-Punch. -"And where's your little brother,

Flossie?" "Oh we's been divorced." 'Divorced?" Yes: mamma's got him and papa's got me."-N. Y. Sun. young man, spoke up: -"What so rare as a day in June. Indeed, every one knows there's thirty

of 'em every year, and they're gen erally hot enough to remember, too. -Citizen-"What do you think of the proposition to enlist Indians in the

regular army?" Captain Westpoint-"Indians? 'Pon honah! Why, they cawn't dawnce."-N. Y. Weekly. -Czar of Russia (just out of bed)-"What has become of my undershirt?"

Valet-"Please your Majesty, the blacksmith's putting fresh rivets in it."-Bos--There are some people who are so pleasant when they are absent that

one can almost forgive them for being so unbearable when they are present-Boston Transcript. -Miss Crabtree-"See what nice shoes purchased for five dollars." Miss

Giltman-"Why, these I'm wearing cost ten dollars." Miss C.-"Well, I suppose they charge according to size." -Married Sister-"And, of course, Laura, you will go to Rome or Flerence

for your honeymoon?" Laura—"Oh, dear, no! I couldn't think of going further than the Isle of Wight with a man I know little or nothing of!"-Punch. -Tom-"Do you suppose she has

spoken to her parents about the engagement vet?" Dick-"I know she has spoken to her father. He met me today and invited me to drink." Tom-"But he's a temperance man." Dick-"Of course, and he wanted to try me." -Yankee Blade.

-The country editor' who takes all his advertisements out in trade will be gratified to learn that a new pill, just patented, will keep a man alive a whole week without eating. All he wants now to make him happy is a liver sirup that will make one suit of clothes last seventy-five years.—National Publisher and Printer.

-The little Boston boy walked in and sat down with a grieved and disappointed look on his face. "Why, Osgoodson," said his mother, "what is the matter? Have you quarreled with little Elliott Fields-James?" "I have not, mamma," answered Osgoodson, wiping his glasses, thoughtfully, "but I can not associate with a person who chews gum."

-Uncle Sam-"What's the matter now?" Frontier Citizen-'I stole a farm from the fellow who was on it, and drove him off, and now he is coming back with a lot of his relatives to kill me." Uncle Sam--"Well, you ought to be killed." Frontier Citizen-"But the fellow I stole the land from is an Indian." Uncle Sam-"O, well, I'll order out the army."-Omaha World.

-Family Doctor-"I should no longer conceal the truth from you, sir. You have only a few days to live." Mr. Levelhead (weakly)-"Then, doctor, I wish you would buy me a ticket to Europe and have me placed on board a steamer." "But you could not live to reach Europe." "I do not wish to. I want to be buried at sea, so that my family will be saved the ruinous expense of a funeral, and have something left to live on."-N. Y. Weekly.

## FINANCIAL FAILURES.

Clereymen in Search of Wealth The failure in business of a promi-

nent clergyman suggests the fact that very few preachers ever succeed in making money. When they do the religion generally oozes out as the dollars come in, and they end by giving up ministerial work altogether. Preachers, particularly Methodist preachers, are almost always poor, and the next to them in point of poverty are the Baptists. The majority of Methodist preachers in this country receive less than \$600 a year, while the constant demands for charity greatly diminish their incomes. Presbyterian clergy are better paid, while the Church of England ministers, both here and in Great Britain, fairly roll in wealth by comparison. The English Bishops have princely incomes, the lowest being \$10,000 a year and the use of a mansion connected with the cathedral. the cathedral. The Archbishop of York, who is "Pri-mate of England," has \$50,000 a year, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is "Primate of all England," receives \$75,000 and has two magnificent palaces. Methodist Bishops are poorly paid. Those of the Methodist Church South have \$3,600 salary, while those of the Church North have a little more, but none of them lay by any thing of their salaries. Bishop Warren, of the Church North, is rich, having married the widow of a ranchman in Denver. But Bishop Hendrix, of the Methodist Church South, enjoys the distinction of being the richest Bishop in America, having inherited a fortune, which, by careful management, he has greatly increased. He has the reputation of being both benevolent and rich. To schools and colleges he is especially liberal, and Central College, in this State, owes its present prosperity to his generosity. All the other Southern Methodist Bishops are poor .- Rev. Dr. Wilson, in St. Louis

Trouble Breaks Out Again. "This," growled the exchange editor, as he looked at the thermometer, wiping his perspiring forehead, and glared defiantly around the room, "is Fry-day." "And to-morrow," snarled the realsatate editor, consulting the predictions and grabbing a heavy paper-weight, "is going to be a Sadder-day."—Chicago

Or Fortyoff or Fortyfivesky. The face that the emperor of Russia gave the empress a necklace composed of forty emeralds has been made public. What the emerates has been made public. What the empress said in private after the bestowal was something like this; "You dear old boobyvoski, why didn't you disguise the truthovitch and make the number thirtyoff, or thirty-fivesky, at the most,"-Pittal

Well Up in Grammar Pretty School Teacher-James, is "to kiss" an active or passive verb!

James (oldest boy in the class)—Both. Pretty School Teacher-How is that Jam James Active on the part of the feller and passive on the part of girl. Pretty school teacher blushes and marks James "perfect" in grammar. -- New York

A Tough Duck. Mr. Jinks (to landlady)-What kind of a duck did you say this was, Mrs. Dinkly? Landlady-I didn't my. I simply ordered

Mr. Jinks (struggling with a second joint)

—I think he has sent you a decoy duck.—
Texas Siftings.

GRAYEYARDS FOR INSOMNIA.

A Chicago Man Wanders at Random Through the Avenues of a Cemetery. I was discussing with a few friends the other night the hold which certain superstitions had upon the human nind, when one of the group, a rather

"You'll laugh when I tell you my remedy for insomnia. It's nothing more nor less than a midnight trip through a

"I live in Morgan Park, and between the Rock Island and the Grand Trunk roads, just outside the western village limits, lie Mount Greenwood and Mount

Olivet cemeteries, side by side. "So, you see, I have plenty of opportunities for dosing myself with my grewsome remedy for sleeplessness.

"I first tried the scheme one warm night in March, when I had vainly resorted to every other remedy to put myself to sleep. I got up, dressed myself and sauntered down the main thoroughfare of the village, having no particular destination in view.

"After walking half or three-quarters of a mile I neared the two cemeteries, and suddenly the idea of making a trip through one of them flashed across my brain, which was seething and bubbling as only that of a sufferer from insomnia can

"The night was one when about half the sky was covered with clouds, and the full moon would occasionally disappear and an inky pall would suddenly descend upon everything.

"Well, I managed to effect an entrance into one of the cemeteries, and I began to wander among the gravestones and monuments, deciphering the inscriptions and reading the praises of this or that one deceased.

"I am very far from being superstitious and am not at all a believer in ghosts, and although my visit was made at 'the witching hour of midnight,' when unearthly apparitions are supposed to visit this world, my mind twice that amount. At present 150 boys was soon in a wonderfully cool and work for the bureau. calm state, and a feeling of drowsiness began to steal over my brain.

"The remedy was beginning to work. I had just made up my mind to return home when I received a momentary shock which came very near upsetting

"I had wandered into that portion of the cemetery where the poorer people are allowed to bury their dead, and was standing in front of a tall wooden headboard. The moon was temporarily be hind a cloud and everything was dark.

"Suddenly the light came, and there appeared before me the head and shoulders of a man. The figure bore a wonderful resemblance to myself, but that fact didn't occur to me at the time. "I was startled for the moment, and

minute later I saw what it all meant. "A large mirror had for some peculiar reason been tacked upon the cheap wooden headboard, and the returning light of the moon had suddenly flashed into my eyes the reflection of myself. I went home that night and slept like a top. I have since tried the cemetery cure a number of times and always with good results, but I don't recommend it to weak nerved people."-Chi-

cago News.

Interviewing a Vanderbilt.

week? I told him.

You are worth more," said he. Take my advice and leave the newsways and can't do anything else. Go into mercantile life. This fooling away your time with the paper business is Chatter.

A Bear in Church. During divine services on a recent Sunday, a bear, which had escaped from the stable of a neighboring public house, in which its owner, a traveling showman was lecated, entered a chapel, near Mortlake, England. Women shrieked and children cried, and there was a general rush for the door. The bear, round whose neck was a thick chain, made its way to the empty choir stalls, where it lay down. The minister, whose high and commodious pulpit had suddenly become occupied by several female members of his congregation, was in the midst of his discourse at the time of the animal's appearance, and had chosen for his text the words "Be not afraid." The sermon was brought to an abrupt termination. The anxiety of pastor and people was set at rest by the arrival of the owner of the animal. The bear was got out of the chapel with ease and taken back to its quarters.—Exchange.

A Mental Wreck. Omaha Girl-My father wants to marry gain and I don't want him to. Lawyer-He is rich, I suppose!

"Acts a little crazy at times, no doubt?" "Be careful now. This is very importa

Didn't you ever see him rave around the room like mad?" "Only when he loses his collar button." "I'm afraid that won't count. Perhaps be

has softening of the brain, though, and is likely to squander his wealth unless put in a lunatic asylum?" "He talks about going into business." "Where!"

"In St. Louis." "I see. Mental wreck."-Omaha World.

Fieldings.

A base insinuation-Out on first!-Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Muffs are common necessities with the la-dies at this time of the year. In summer they are frequently seen in the baseball field, where they are not so popular.—Boston Budges.

"An error gracefully acknowledged," says Gascoigne, "is a victory won." It is very evident that Gascoigne was lamentably ig-norant of the first principle of baseball play-ing.—Boston Transcript. PARIS CHILD SLAVES

The Juvenile Begger Bureaus Likely to Be Abeliahed.

Last year a society was organized in Paris to prevent the trade in children Parts to prevent the trade in children among professional beggars. In the first report, just published, the secre-tary of the society has catalogued a va-ried lot of Parisian institutions which are occupied exclusively with the enployment of little boys and girls in ployment of little boys and girls in street beggary. Several saloon-keep-ers and proprietors of small cafes, the report says, have long had a bureau in the Rue Marcadet for the employment

of young girls as flower peddlers. The ages of the girls range between eight and eleven years. They are let to the bureau for the day by their parents. They are sent out on the boulevards in small squads, and are expected to return at night with at least three francs each clear profits on their sales. Children whose receipts fall below the average are sent back to their parents without wages for their day's work The bureau employs now about 120 girls.

Another bureau, situated near the Pantheon, hires girls between ten and fourteen years to play musical instru-ments in the low resorts of the city. The girls are usually taugut to strum on a violin or harp in the bureau quarters during the afternoon, and from nine to two o'clock at night are kept on the run from dive to dive.

At two o'clock the children return to the bureau and are taken home by their guardians or parents. Each child earns about seven francs in an evening, and receives three francs wages. This musical bureau has sixty children at its disposal most of the time.

A third bureau deals in boys between eight and twelve years. The little fellows do ordinary begging and collect cigar butts. At dark the boys hand in the money and the refuse to bacco they have got together during the day.

Four hours every evening the young vagrants are kept busy cutting, tearing and sorting the cigar ends. They earn about one franceach daily, and are expected to net to their employes about The most reprehensible bureau of

which the society received information makes a business of hiring babies in arms and sending them out into the streets with women beggars. Whatever the weather or temperature, the little creatures are exposed by the women in charge of them on the street corners, doorsteps and bridges.

The bureau pays each woman with her baby two francs a day. Each pair brings in six or seven francs every evening. A child usually endures nine er ten weeks of this outdoor service and then dies of exposure.

The society has attached the names of each bureau proprietor to the account of his establishment, and has called on the French Government to take measures at once to break up all the Parisian institutions which buy, so, I dare say, would have been any sell and hire children for debilitating man, no matter how stout his heart. A and demoralizing employments.-Paris Letter.

## ABOUT SEASICKNESS.

Seasickness must be expected by

All That Submit Cheerfully Can Benefit from Its Effects.

those who cross the ocean, and while one or two may escape its attack, all that submit cheerfully can derive benefit from its effects. Children as a role due, no doubt, to their simple diet, and to the consequent fact that their stomachs are less impairing by stimulating The first was Commodore Vanderbilt. foods and drinks than those of their had often interviewed him before, but elders. It is worth remarking that such the most interesting talk was on an oc. of my acquaintance as enjoy at home casion when I tried to draw a great what they pretend is "good living," but Wall street secret from him. I pressed which you will agree is eating much of him so hard that he made no reply at all until he had led me from his inner office out into the street. There he adage to obviate, or at vanced to his carriage, and lifting one pone, the wholesome effect of foot to the step turned and at last seasickness by drinking champagne answered me. This was how he did it: or using drugs pretending to cure the "Young man, how much do you get malady; but they succeed only in substituting one complaint for another, writes Poultney Bigelow to the Illustrated American. They remain halfsick all the time they are on shipboard, paper business before you get set in its and take with them on shore a demoralized system that requires many days for complete recuperation. Children, on the other hand, and grown-up folks who have lived on simple diet vomit all right while you're young, but you freely at the first provocation, and suffer won't make any more when you're discomfort for the first day or two, but gray than you do now. Take my adenjoy the remainder of the trip in a way vice; good day."-Julian Ralph in to arouse the envy of all that can not share it. Pale cheeks become rosy, dull eyes sparkle, the usually listless forget the sensation of fatigue; those who on shore slept but seven hours are now scarce satisfied with ten, and those who once needed delicacies to coax an appetite select such food as corned beef and

cabbage on pork and beans. The wise reader needs no advice beyond what he may read between the preceding few lines. He has but to make up his mind to face with fortitude the degree of Neptune, and his reward will be to find that a supposed penalty has become a blessing.

It is, perhaps, superfluous to add that walking or jumping aggravates the symptoms of sickness, and that the motion of a ship increases as one moves from its center-consequently that the sufferer is most comfortable when he is lying down as near as possible to the middle of the ship, and living on plain oatmeal porridge. Such advice as this must seem far too simple to the wouldbe traveler by sea, who finds at every drug-store remedies warranted to ease his feelings on the waves; but my advice is founded upon much inquiry, not to speak of extensive personal experience in this field of pain and pleasure.

In the Shadow of Learning. Heard at Yale—Nearly every body in New Haven shows the result of good education.

"I suppose you will tell me that the baker across the way, who furnishes the college buns, comes under that

"Certainly, he is a college bread man."-Bostonian.

Kissing Going Out of Fashion In the rural regions of our country, as well as of England, the favorite amuse ment at a social gathering of young per-sons is, or until recently has been, a sucoession of "kissing games" wherein the most modest girl of the company was saluted by every swain who chose, with as little embarrassment as if he had been her mother. But even in the rural districts this sort of thing is passing away, and the permitted realm of the kiss is narrowing day by day.—Mrs. Frank Lor