EUGENE CITY GUARD.

J. L. CAMPBELL, . . Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

CLOUDS.

Day after day—day after day—
Always the same gray skies;
And, sobbing the same dirge alway,
The sea beneath them lies.

"Day after day the wind is loud,
The stinging raindrops fall;
The earth lies in a misty shroud—
I'm weary of it all."

"Oh, fool," mine own heart said to me—
"And ready to complain!
Wait, and the gray skies blue must be,
The sunshine come again."

Souls that are sad, lives that are gray
'Neath sorrow's ling'ring blight,
Wait only—clouds shall pass away,
And earth once more be bright.
—Shirley Wynne in Once a Week.

Statues in London.

Near one of the entrances of the most beautiful park in London there are four eyesores that were once, no doubt, pretty groups of statuary. It is years since I noticed them first, but even then they were hardly recognizable as ever having been ornamental. And there they stand yet, blotched, battered, scabbed scarecrows, such as one could not match in any town in the world. Half the statues in London look like the victims of erysipelas. In some the disease is more advanced than in others. Queen Anne's was the most distressing case. The figure of that sovereign lady in St. Paul's churchyard was minus its nose when I saw it first, and remained in that state for about ten years. And goodness knows, a nose is a useful member in England, in winter especially.—Max O'Rell.

Lap Dogs and Footmen.

There is another thing about life in London that struck me as sensible. At the shop doors there are seats on one side for the footmen, and opposite a bench with steel chains. A carriage drives up, and a lady alights with her dog. The footman closes the carriage door and the vehicle drives off to make room for another. Then the footman takes her ladyship's canine pet and chains it to the bench, while he seats himself on the other. I have seen as many as five pretty little dogs fastened in this way, and so accustomed are they to the method there is no quarreling. I have an idea they exchange gossip as London servants do, and it would be interesting to know what these dogs think of high life in London. —Marshall P. Wilder in New York Herald.

Help for Harvard Students.

A new help to student work is for a professor to gather out of the whole library such books (no matter how many) as he wishes his classes especially to study. These are put in an alcove under his name, his pupils having access to them all day and take them over night, returning them next morning. The plan is new, but it grows in favor. In 1880 thirty-five teachers thus reserved 3,330 books. In 1886 fifty-six teachers reserved 5,840. All books lent out numbered in 1880 41,986; in 1886, 60,195. This rate of increase greatly outruns that of the number of students. It speaks of an increasing industry and productiveness. And the best thing about the intellectual life here is that it is hopeful and not timid—it looks forward.—American Magazine.

A New Portable Cooker.

It is stated that the French government has ordered 20,000 of the new portable cooker for camp purposes. A few days ago it was shown in London to a gastronomic and scientific party of people. To prove the powers of the invention, the inventor, Mr. Wanzer, served up a dinner of three courses, which basted itself, for thirty persons, the entire cost of heating and cooking being less than two pence, and the arrangement goes by clockwork. The inventor claims to have discovered a potent heat in steam, and this is the basis of the invention.—Once a Week.

More Durable Ink Needed.

President Bayles, of the New York board of health, lately called attention to the subject of the use of more durable ink, and enforced his words by saying that it was of importance to people all over the land. He says that very many of the records of births, deaths and marriages received at the office of the board are written in aniline inks, and that the paper upon which these fugitive fluids are used becomes in ten years perfectly blank, the ink having entirely evaporated. —Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Concerning Eyesight.

The inhabitants of mountainous districts and of dry, elevated table lands may have a better sight than dwellers in low, humid, and level regions, although just the reverse may be the case. Among European nations the Germans are generally supposed to have weak eyes, owing, some imagine, to their excessive indulgence in tobacco, while others attribute the supposed decay to the form of type used in their books, which requires closer looking at than ours in reading.—Longman's Magazine.

What a Phil[illegible]her Said.

There recently died [illegible] city a well known Boston merch[illegible] of convivial habits, and who was known as a good liver in an epicurean [illegible]. Among those who attended the [illegible]neral were two friends, one of whom [illegible] to the other: "J—— ought to have lived twenty years longer; he had a constitution equal to it." "Yes," replied the philosopher of the two, an ex-member of the senate, "a man inherits his constitution; but he makes his own bylaws."—Boston Budget.

Boat Building of Old.

It is sad to think of the trouble Robinson Crusoe put himself to when he undertook to make himself a boat. Had he been up in archæology he would have hollowed out a tree trunk with red hot stones. His ancestors appear to have used this rude, but effective, method. A canoe found recently in the Tunhovd fiord, in Central Norway, has proved to have been fashioned after this manner. It is in good condition, and will be shown at the museum of Christiania.—Detroit Free Press.

A New Nickel Plated Bullet.

A new bullet proposed for the English army is of an unusually small caliber, and is encased in an outer sheet of nickel, which increases its power of penetration. It is used with a rifle of greater thickness of barrel, in which a heavier charge than usual can be fired. Several hundred of the rifles have been made for experimental use.—New York Sun.

He Knew the Latest Quotations.

Pentameter Dribblets—Say, see here! The paper says that Edwin Arnold has been offered $100,000 for his new poem. Now, that's all rot.

Jinks—That's a good deal of money, but it may be so.

Pentameter Dribblets—I know better. I've written a good deal of poetry myself, and I know just what it brings.—Boston Times.

Descendants of Revolutionists.

There lately died, and was buried humbly, in Paris, a person who deserves a line of obituary notice, if only by reason of his descent. This was a young man named Herault de Sechelles, whose great-grandfather went to the guillotine with Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Fabre d'Eglantine and fifteen other more obscure beings on April 6, 1794. The youthful descendant of this Republican celebrity was very poor, and his uncle, an old printer, whose eyesight is nearly gone, acts as a commissionnaire before The Figaro office. The descendants of Marat are luckier than these. They are really the offshoots of his youngest brother, Jean Pierre Marat, who died in 1845.

Marat's nephew, who was for a long time a clerk in the land tax office at Geneva, still lives in a green old age, but he has suppressed the final "t" in his name. It is supposed that he did this in order to escape souvenir hunters, autograph demons, and the like. Another nephew of Marat lives at Saint Nazaire, and his son, a banker's clerk, is in Paris, together with his married sister. Other relatives of Marat changed their family name and settled in Russia. It is said here that Lord Rosebery possesses most of Marat's papers, which were for so long in the faithful keeping of his favorite sister, Albertine Marat, who, as well as Simone Evrard, his mistress, lived separated from all the members of the family of the revolutionist. A descendant of Danton is now an inspector of the university, but, like the nephew of Marat, he is rather averse to being interrogated about his notorious ancestor. It is also to be noticed that the surviving Marats and the university inspector are, if anything, conservative in politics, and have never been distinguished for any lively sympathy toward the republic.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

Guillotin and His Machine.

Guillotin himself, as well as his machine, was a good deal pictured on cheap delf. A miniature of him has come down with the other flotsam and jetsam of the Revolution. It gives us the idea of a correct, judicious practitioner with the half closed eye of one who is mentally thinking out some problem. He was always improving his surgical instruments in order to abridge pain by rapidity in operating, and thought to minimize it at capital executions. The principle of equality was to be demonstrated by the guillotine, since kings, nobles and san culottes were to lose their heads by Dr. Guillotin's process.

His small model of his head lopping machine is near his miniature, and "is quite equal to cutting off a man's finger"—a policeman says who works it to oblige visitors. Samson, the public executioner, we find, took snuff. His snuff box, of plain brass, is on view also. Further on are grewsome relics, such, for instance, as a handkerchief steeped in Marie Antoinette's blood. Instruments of torture, which fell into disuse forever at the Revolution, are grouped round the guillotine, which, perhaps, was used as much as it was by the revolutionists because it was a novelty. It killed in the twinkling of an eye. Finishing off the king and queen gave it prestige and made it the rage as a gratis spectacle. An old evil is most dangerous in a new form.—Contemporary Review.

Keeping Promises.

Many failures occur because of promise breaking. Confidence is broken, and without that success is out of the question. A man's word must be as good as his bond if he would have others confide in him. But this is never true of one who does not keep his promises.

Mr. H——, a merchant, loaned a fellow tradesman fifty dollars for "two or three days." He wanted it just for "pocket money." The "two or three days" grew into two or three months, until the loaner inquired of the borrower if his days were the geological days of Genesis. "I declare I ought to have attended to that before, and I will," the latter replied. And he did when it became convenient, though many days more elapsed. A business man assures me that kindred looseness about keeping promises prevails in the business world; that men promise to pay in two or three days, more or less, when they do not mean it; that often one business man sacrifices the confidence of another for the paltry sum of twenty-five dollars, and even ten dollars, by breaking his promise.—Yankee Blade.

Checks for Large Sums.

Up to the present day Vanderbilt's check for $3,500,000 was erroneously supposed to be the largest ever drawn. This has been eclipsed, as one drawn by the Indian and Peninsula Railroad company for $6,250,000, on the London and County Bank of London, has just passed through the clearing house. In 1883 the Pennsylvania railroad drew a check in favor of Messrs. Kidder, Peabody & Co. for over $14,000,000, in payment of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore stock. This check was framed and hung up in the office of the Pennsylvania Railroad company.—London Financial News.

When Liszt Lived in a Flat.

Wrapped in his dressing gown, and with feet incased in slippers, Franz Liszt was sitting comfortably one evening in his arm chair, ready for work and inviting inspiration. On the floor above, in the apartments of a banker, a noisy musical soiree was in progress. Polonaises had succeeded waltzes, and nocturnes had followed polonaises, when suddenly the door of the salon opened and Liszt entered, still wrapped in his dressing gown. The astonishment of the company may be imagined. With slow steps Liszt walked toward the piano, and the young key pounder who was sitting at it quickly left his place. Liszt sat down at the instrument, carelessly swept his fingers over the keys as if to prelude, and then suddenly he shut down the cover and put the key in his pocket. And immediately, with the same tranquil air with which he had entered, he went out and returned to his room, where he could work at his ease.—San Francisco Argonaut.

ON SCRAP BOOKS.

Bill Nye Relates His Experience for a Reader's Benefit.

A correspondent writes from Pensacola, Fla., asking what is perfection or the nearest perfection in a scrap book, also desiring to know my own experience in scrap books, if I ever had any.

A scrap book generally is like a diary: you begin to keep it with extreme exuberance, and you gradually flag and flicker out and flummix, as one might say.

I began simply by ordering from my congressman an edition de luxe of the report of the commissioner of education, bound in plain muslin and boards. Taking a volume of this kind to my airy suit of hall bedroom and woodbox, with the keen blade of a butcher knife I cut out two leaves and left a third all the way through without marring the general plot of the book. This gave room for pasting excerpts and other literary gems, most of which referred to myself, and prevented that general fullness which would have resulted had I not done so.

Whenever a paper referred to me I bought some copies, and, having sent one to my dear one, I carefully cut out the excerpt from another copy and pasted it, by means of some loud and extremely offensive paste, on the page. Thus I filled at last a whole volume of the reports of the commissioner of education with paragraphs in which it was stated with more or less typographical inaccuracy that I was "in town and quartered at Riley's hotel," or that I was "on our streets," or that I "shook hands with friends here yesterday," or that I was "attending the quarterly conference in town," and many other statements which would be invaluable as references in future years. I also had a much larger book in which I kept the adverse criticisms of the press, paragraphs in which I was alluded to as "the intellectual wart on the editorial page of The Sassafras Commonwealth," and "the flea bitten fugitive from justice who edits the porous plaster across the street." Whenever my feelings were wounded I put the item in the large book and kept it where my children could see it when I should rest from my labors forever. I thought it would teach them humility and really do them good. The other book I used to keep on the center table for the use of visitors. If I had a visitor who had the habit of putting in a day or two at a time conversing with me about himself I generally asked him to glance over this scrap book, and while he was doing so I would slip out and take a train for some other point. It is a good plan.

Just keep an egotistical scrap book, using the sourest paste you can procure, and when a man insists on giving you large tales and mowsful of information about himself when you would rather converse about yourself, hand him this book to entertain himself with and then you can gently ooze out the side door and go to the remotest parts of the earth.

Finally I heard of a new patent scrap book with ready gummed pages, and I bought one. The price was big enough for a set of Dickens, but I had heard that it was a good thing, and so I got it. Then a period of humidity came along and that book closed forever. It wouldn't open any more than a marble slab.

I waited till autumn and then got another one. My wife filled it full of autumn leaves. They were not fully dry. She then put a heavy weight on the top. We still have the scrap book and the leaves, but the book opens with a time lock, and the time set for it to open is a profound secret between Gabriel and his wife.

Lately I have adopted the plan of purchasing several thousand manila envelopes, putting each newspaper clipping into one of these envelopes, and then writing the title on the outside. I then hire a house and, by using the gummed flaps of the envelopes, fasten them in rows tastefully on the inner walls of the house, marking a general heading over each row by means of red chalk. This gives the room a cheery appearance, adds to the acoustics of the house and is certainly very convenient. By means of a step ladder I am enabled to select anything I desire readily, and the space usually fooled away and covered by expensive but non-remunerative pictures is made highly useful.

Sometimes I have to hire an amanuensis to do this work, and it is not done the same way I would do it myself. Last year I went away for a few months to give some readings in aid of a few poor children for whom I feel myself responsible, and, while absent, I had a young man named Pulaski Murkley attend to this. He was very methodical and wrote a good hand, as I afterwards learned by comparing some of my own signatures at the bank with some studies which he had made of the same subject. They were better, if anything, than my own, I must admit, and the cashier at the bank agreed with me about it.

But he was very methodical, indeed, and kept my scrap book carefully, according to his own ideas. He came from a summer resort called Chisel-'em-out-of-their-eye-teeth-hurst-by-the-sea. His father resided at Up-six-flights-of-stairs-on-the-Hudson, and usually spent his summers at About-two-miles-behind-Burdick's-lath-lumber-and-shingle-mill-cash-paid-for-hides-undertaking-embalming-and-ice-cream-by-the-sea.

People who come from there always think they know all about everything, and so I allowed him to run my scrap book.

Last fall I had occasion to look for an article on the English colliery. For a week or two I could not find it and probably would never have run across it if I hadn't happened to look one day under the heading of epidemics.

How few people, even if well paid, can do a thing just exactly as we would do it ourselves.—Bill Nye in New York World.

Will Try It Later.

A scientific journal tells "how to light a lamp with a snowball." We would like to try the experiment, but somehow snowballs are scarce at Pittsburg now.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

It Had the Strength.

Capt. Salthorse (to landlady)—Mrs. Hasbetter, can you tell me where I can purchase a large quantity of this butter?

Mrs. Hasbetter (gushingly)—Now, my dear captain! What can you want of a quantity of that excellent butter?

Capt. S.—I intended arming my marines with it in place of cutlasses, as my experience with it here convinces me it's a great thing to repel boarders.—Judge.

The Passion for Knowing.

Knowledge is valuable as a lever to lift men and women to a higher plane of being, but it is not in itself the be-all and the end-all of existence. The passion for knowing is superior to the knowledge itself, but both together are not sufficient to insure the welfare of a nation. There must also be the desire, the effort and the wisdom so to use the knowledge as to improve and exalt the character, and so to cultivate the whole nature of those we teach as to make them not only better scholars, but better and nobler men and women.—New York Ledger.

MY LITTLE NEIGHBOR.

She stood at the open window,
A picture sweet and fair;
My neighbor's little daughter,
A lassie with nut brown hair.
A bonnie, winsome lassie,
With a face like a blossom sweet
She stood at the open window
Watching the busy street.

Homesick and sad and lonely,
At the close of the summer day,
I stood at my open window
On the other side of the way.
And I saw the little maiden,
So near me and yet so far;
In her innocent, childish beauty,
As pure as the angels are.

And a smile of radiant beauty,
As she saw me, flashed over her face
Like a ray of golden sunshine
That lights up some darkened place.
No more was I sad and lonely,
And gone where the shadows gray,
For that smile of friendly greeting
Had banished the gloom away.

Oh, bonnie little maiden,
If wish of mine could bring
Earth's choicest, richest blessings
To thee, on fortune's wing,
How free from care or sorrow
Thy happy life would be,
My neighbor's little daughter,
The lassie who smiled at me.
—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Insanity With Consciousness.

In a discussion at one of the congresses held in Paris on mental diseases Dr. Fabret, a distinguished alienist, remarked upon the undoubted existence of certain forms of mental alienation in which patients perfectly recognize the anomalous nature of the phenomena which they experience, but without being able to disembarrass themselves from them. Dr. Fabret dwelt on these intellectual obsessions as being emotive or instinctive, or veritable morbid impulsions, dominating the will, citing among other examples the obstinate search for words, the fear of a knife, of a window, the terror of open or closed spaces, the necessity for repeating certain words or certain phrases, etc.

These are ordinarily hereditary, periodical or remittent, and are accompanied by anguish and a sort of interior struggle, but never presenting hallucinations and never ending in dementia. The insanity of doubt is the most common expression of this psychical state, the patients continually ruminating in their minds over the same ideas and the same acts, questioning themselves on everything, and having senseless scruples in regard to everything. If the patient is a physician he doubts the prescriptions that he has just written, and frequently sends to bring them back in the fear of having committed some error. Another class consists of timorous subjects, and who are a prey to a sort of continued "cerebral pruritis."—New York Tribune.

A Virginia Girl's Project.

Miss Sallie Holley, a Virginia girl, has undertaken the education of the colored girls of her state. The work is purely philanthropic. Miss Holley has sent letters to nearly all the women's clubs in Union asking for a cash contribution or a year's service from a member as teacher in the south. Her method is the establishment of small schools throughout the state, where the colored girl can learn enough in a couple of years to make her way in the world. Instead of the tomfoolery with which the graded course of public school training is padded Miss Holley aims to teach the children how to read, write and make accurate change in one year. The fundamentals of arithmetic will be mastered according to the quickest methods and without taxing the child with a single rule. The newspaper is the preferred book, from which it is thought sufficient geography, spelling, history and the arts can be obtained, and together with this mental training the colored girls will receive practical lessons in industrial work by darning their own stockings, mending the holes in their dresses, retrimming their hats, altering old and making new garments and cooking as many meals as it is possible to provide. Miss Holley has undertaken a most important mission and stands a good chance of making her name famous.—Exchange.

At a Maine Funeral.

A Maine clergyman, who evidently is somewhat interested in the matter of funeral reform, writes: "Some time ago I attended a funeral which took place on the 'outskirts of civilization.' At the close of the services, as usual in the country, an invitation was given to the audience to 'view the remains.' After they had done so the relatives of the deceased went forward to take their last look at the familiar features, and naturally were much affected, some of them sobbing and crying in an audible manner. When all were again seated the person who had charge of the funeral arose and remarked, 'We will now allow the friends a few minutes to git control of their feelin's,' shen resumed his seat, while the silence was only broken by the sound of sighs and weeping, which gradually died away. It struck me as an innovation upon the usual funeral customs, but no one there seemed at all surprised."—Lewiston Journal.

A Large Hydraulic Riveting Plant.

An immense hydraulic riveting plant—the largest ever made—has been built in London for an engineering company in Holland, and is to be employed on marine boilers. The riveter has a gap 12 feet deep, closes its jaws with a power of 200 tons, and is capable of closing rivets up to 3¼ inches in diameter. A traveling crane, 50 feet high, is designed to raise and manipulate a boiler weighing anything up to 50 tons. The crane is operated by two engines, steam for which and the powerful pumps giving hydraulic power for the riveter's great accumulator is supplied by two steel boilers, each capable of doing duty equal to about 130 indicated horse power.—New York Telegram.

The Popularity of Pictures.

What will be the result of the popularization of the picture? Will harm or good follow, from an artistic standpoint? It seems reasonable to assume that good must come. The newspaper cut is laid before the eyes of thousands daily, who would otherwise take no interest in pictures of any kind. In the columns of their daily paper or their weekly journals these thousands must in time grow to look upon a picture with increased interest, and to value it as expressing an idea, a sentiment, more clearly and forcibly than types can do this. The child, familiarized daily with pictures, must grow to be an adult to whom a picture is a necessity. As a consequence he becomes a judge of pictures and a patron of art, though it may be an humble way. In time real art is the beneficiary. The entering wedge to this state of affairs is the newspaper cut. —Pittsburg Bulletin.

London now has several lines of half penny "buses," which connect with the various horse car lines.

MARBLEIZING PAPER.

Dexterous Manipulation of Gum Senegal Does the Work.

One of the funniest things that anybody ever imagined in this world was the notion of marbling paper. That is the name applied to the sort of red and vari-colored ornamentation on the edges of nicely bound books, and on their bindings, too, sometimes. Every one has observed such markings, but it is safe to say that not one person out of 10,000 has ever taken the trouble to speculate as to how the effect is produced. There is nothing commonplace about the process. On the contrary it is a marvel worthy of contemplation by the æsthete and the sage. You can see the thing done any time you please at the government printing office if you care to ask the privilege.

There is a tree in Senegal, Africa, from which exudes a gum, just as any other sort of gum exudes from a cherry or other kind of tree. The natives of Senegal collect the gum from this peculiar tree and sell it to contractors, who send it all over the world in the shape of little hard lumps. It is commercially known as "gum Senegal." The most important use for it is this one of marbling paper.

For this purpose a solution is made of the gum in water. A tank, say four feet long and two feet wide, is filled with the solution, and then the operation is ready to be performed. At the government printing office you can see it done any day; the courteous attendant in charge will show you how he does it.

To begin with, you will see nothing but a tank of a foot or so in depth filled with a liquid not especially describable. On a shelf close by are half a dozen paint pots filled with most brilliant water colors. The operator takes the blue brush and sprinkles the surface of the liquid in the tank with drops of that color. Then he seizes the brush from the vermilion pot and sprinkles a spatter of bright red also. Next he reaches for the green and distributes that. Finally a sprinkling of yellow is employed to wind up with.

Now the expert takes a long stick armed with fine teeth like a comb, and with it combs the surface of the liquid in the tank just once from one end to the other. Then he gives it a single comb crosswise. The result of this is a most curious mingling of the blue, vermilion, green and yellow. Next, on the surface of the fluid he carefully lays a sheet of white paper, and lifts it off again by one corner. Lo, the sheet has received a reproduction of the water color pattern from the liquid most elaborate and most beautiful. To reproduce it, even imperfectly, by hand would take months of labor. Each color in the pattern is as distinct and brilliant as water colors can possibly be.

This, however, is but a simple pattern. The expert takes a small comb with wire teeth and makes a wiggle waggle over the surface of the mixture. He lays down another white sheet upon it, and behold, a lovely design resembling a collection of conventionalized peacock's feathers appears. Another wiggle waggle of the wire comb and a sheet similarly treated exhibits a series of gorgeous arabesques altogether beyond description as to their brilliance and intricacy. But this is not all.

The operator stirs up the liquid in the tank again, so that all the colors disappear. Then he chooses other paints, making green the predominant one, and sprinkles them over the surface. As a magician might exercise his wand over a reflecting pool he disturbs the smooth solution with the wires, and weird and fantastic designs spring into view upon the white sheets that he floats for an instant and then lifts from the fluid. Giants, hobgoblins and monsters of all degrees pursue each other across the paper with glaring eyes and contorted attitudes.

When you were a little boy or girl perhaps you have rubbed with your slate pencil upon your school slate, and then with a moistened finger spread the whitey substance over the wooden bound stratum of plutonic mineral. You have wondered then to see what astonishing demons and creatures inconceivable started out upon the slate, caught by the eye of your imagination. It is the same way with the work of the artist in marbling for books, though he does not dare to produce such fantastic things to please the popular taste. Only the commonplace sort of marbling does one find on books and such things; whatever extraordinary the expert produces he keeps for himself, perhaps, to show what wonderful result the accidental mingling of random tints on a solution of gum Senegal will bring forth.—Washington Star.

"Tree Wool, or Wool Produced in Nuts."

The hermits of India, in the oldest mention of them, are required to wear clothes of yellow ocher color, all others being free to wear any color of vesture they please. When the Greeks with Alexander arrived in India they noticed that the garment worn by the people was made of "tree wool," or "wool produced in nuts." Megathenes says their robes were worked in gold and ornamented with various stones, and that they also wore flowered garments of the finest muslins.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

A Fetching Costume.

Cousin Tom—Yes, she's a darling girl, and she's going to be my wife.

Cousin Belle—What a sudden infatuation!

C. T.—Yes, I fell in love with her from the moment I saw her in her riding dress.

C. B.—Then you will marry her from sheer force of habit.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

He Forgot.

Speculator—Why, the boom in this town is about over, sir. In you letter to me you said the place was on the edge of a great boom.

Real Estate Agent—That's all very true, sir. I forget to tell you which edge.—Detroit Free Press.

Curiosities of the Patent Office.

The records of the patent office show some most remarkable devices. Among the instances of this lately quoted is an automatic bath tub, which starts the hot and cold water at a given time in the morning, maintains exactly the right temperature by a thermostatic arrangement, rings a bell when the bath is ready, and two minutes later suddenly drops the sleeper's pillow and turns him out. On the principle that prevention is better than cure another genius has devised an "illuminated cat." This animal is built of pasteboard and made luminous with phosphorous, and her steady glare through the livelong night fills the souls of the rats and mice with dismay. —New York Commercial Advertiser.

MA BELLE CREOLE.

Ma belle Creole, thy dusky eyes
In silken lashes hide their light
Like stars, that in deep summer skies,
Cloud veiled, are scarce revealed to sight.

Not shy are they, nor overbold,
But soft and languid, with the light
Of hidden meaning, which they hold
That love alone can read aright.

Though like a dove with folded wings,
Thy heart sleeps on, unwakened yet,
Till gently on its silent strings
The hands of love at last are set.

To make such music as he will,
Of joy or sadness, little one,
For thou art his own nursling still,
Sweet, dusk eyed daughter of the sun.
—Harry Hopemore in New Orleans Times Democrat.

VISIT TO KANAKA PEAK.

The town of Oriville was in gala attire, for spring had come to make an early call, as usual. March winds don't whistle through the valleys, nor snowflakes come and linger, as they have a habit of doing east. So the roses were not afraid of "Jack Frost's" cool touch, and were profuse in their blushing beauty. The orange trees were white with sweet scented buds, and purple and white violets were perfuming the air.

We, that is, Belle Corea, Mabel Black and I, were visiting an old school friend lately married, and living in a lovely home in the "Gem of the Foothills," as Oriville is called. We were a merry party, for Clara Agnew, our hostess, was of our own age, and her "hubby," "a prince of good fellows," just devoted to her.

For our pleasure they planned daily excursions, on horseback or by carriage, to various places of interest. We had already visited Fall River falls, the miniature Yosemite of northern California; we had been on the north fork of the Feather river, where camping out over night was not the least of our pleasures.

When the moon came over the tall, dark pines it sent brilliant shafts of light across the snowy mountain peaks above us, and the warm night air was fragrant with mingled pine and apple blossoms from the valley far below.

We had just returned from a carriage ride, and Clara was planning a trip to Kanaka peak. She had heard the Digger Indians were later this year in having their "burn," and were now mustering to the peak from their various camps in American Valley, Dog Town and San Juan. We had heard of their strange custom of burning clothing, baskets and all their valuables in fact, thinking that the smoke would arise and form into those same articles for the use of their friends in the "land of spirits."

"They don't like white people to come," Clara said.

But as we were anxious to see a burn, and had all promised not to "speak in meeting," she thought we might go—that is, if she could get sufficient male escort, say about three beside her own husband, and then we each would have a protector.

So early one bright morning we started, with a span of horses, a Chinaman cook, and a pack mule called a "jack." On this beast of burden we put our tents and the necessary provisions. Sometimes the cook towed the jack, sometimes he mounted it. Our horses were fresh and the buckboard light, so we soon left the valley behind and ascended the foothills and climbed the Sierras by a well graded road, that seemed to us rather dangerously near the steep canyons and deep ravines.

We passed "String Town," formerly a mining claim, and rode on up the steep hills till we came to a valley surrounded by tall, sentinel like pines. Then, as it was 8 o'clock, we stopped near Eagle Gulch for breakfast.

And, oh, the food did taste so delicious! for our ride in the fresh air had given us all good appetites for hot steak and coffee.

After breakfast we went on our way, meeting and passing several bands of diggers en route for the "burn." The squaws usually had large baskets, inverted cone shape, fastened across their foreheads by straps; in these, with round heads sticking out, were little brown pappooses. Other squaws were riding rough little jacks that bore patiently the combined load of household goods and children of various sizes. These native children of the golden west were barefooted, and those that walked left footprints on the dusty road, and shapely feet, if they were flat, with never a trace of a corn or a disfiguring bunion, which mar the feet of many a belle of the east and west.

After crossing the middle fork of Feather river we made the ascent on the other side, and as the sun was setting we saw the Moon Town ridge sharply defined against the clear, blue sky.

Another half hour's ride, and then we halted, and the men pegged our tents and made a fire, for the air was chilly.

The cook was soon preparing our supper. The men, finishing their work, walked downed to the river to fish. In the interval we walked up the trail to the Peak, to see if we could catch a glimpse of the "Campodie," about half a mile away. After walking a quarter of a mile we saw the smoke of the camp fires, and as our supper horn resounded through the hills we returned.

After supper the men thought, as we were to remain up all night without sleep a nap before the moon arose would be advisable. So we wrapped ourselves up like the Arabs, and stole away silently, one by one, to the Land of Nod, the men returning to the river to woo the "speckled beauties" from the river bed.

So silence fell on our tents, broken occasionally by a quail's whistle or an owl hooting mournfully. We dozed off, for we were tired after our long ride, and were loath to awaken when Mr. Agnew and the rest returned to arouse us to get ready for our walk to the Indian camps.

A light breeze was swaying the tall trees, and a few light clouds were obscuring the rays of the rising moon. Still it was light enough to see the trail.

We girls were walking ahead with Clara, and the men walking behind, the scent of their cigars mingling with piny odors. We were taking a short cut over the ridge, and our way was obstructed by brush, but we bravely pushed on. We had been discussing, in low tones, one of the men of our party, Bart Birmingham, a lively young fellow. Clara said teasingly:

"Belle, he would be a good match for you; he has lots of money."

She had hardly spoken the words when we were startled by the young man remarking in a clear voice:

"I don't want to hear that again."

Clara, fortunately, was too dumfounded to reply, and we plodded on in silence till over the peak, and before us burned brightly the camp fires.

There was a large fire in the center, and around it were poles hung with calico clothing, baskets and eatables. Smaller fires were around the circle. The clouds obscured the moon, and the flashing flames brought into relief the dark forms of the silent Indians.

The wind, rising, sighed through the pines and whistled drearily through the deep, dark ravines and passes surrounding the valley, as if the spirits of the departed were returning unwillingly.

As we stopped in the shade of a tall oak and spread our rugs and wraps we noticed large waterproof baskets that held some kind of broth, this was kept hot by red hot stones thrown in at intervals.

The Indians were standing or sitting around in groups, and now and again a dark, silent shape would steal quietly down some trail and join them.

More pine was thrown on the fire, and as the flame leaped higher the weird ceremonies commenced. A tall, muscular looking Indian arose, and, standing with arms across his chest, broke the intense silence with a low, deep toned exclamation. From the deep shadow came a response in a low voice, dying away in a moan, as of one grief stricken. This was repeated several times. Then they drew near the center fire, and all the squaws joined hands, walking around and chanting in a minor key, the men standing like statues. Then the clothing was thrown on, the chant, low at first in tone, rising higher and higher, till the weird wailing echoed from peak to peak, and every raven caught the mournful cry and responded.

This was kept up till the moon sank behind the pines. The fires died down, and all prostrated themselves. We left them feeling more respect for these untutored savages because of their memory for their dead. The whole scene was one never to be forgotten.

As we returned to our camp, talking over the strange rites, we hardly noticed how dark the trails had become. Two of the men walked ahead and two behind as body guards. As we came over the ridge Belle, who was ahead of me, was startled by an owl, which flitted from a bush close to her. Stepping hastily on one side, her foot slipped on the fallen pine needles, and with a startled cry of "Oh, save me!" she fell over the edge of a deep ravine. To light a match and ignite a piece of dry brush was the work of an instant, and then, too horrified to speak, Bart Birmingham threw himself down, facing the edge, and peered over. The light revealed Belle, in a fainting condition, caught by the braid of her dress on a projecting tree that was already creaking with the strain. Cautiously, with help, Bart unfastened the braid and drew her up carefully from the jaws of a most horrible death, and a "Thank God!" arose from relieved hearts at the thought of her miraculous escape.

It was a silent party that returned to camp on that dawning of another day. All laughter and jesting died to silence on our lips in the presence of an escaped danger to our bonnie Belle.

Well, our pleasant trip over, we returned home. A letter from Belle reached me lately, telling me of her engagement to Bart Birmingham, and containing an invitation to the wedding. In the same letter she said:

"Do you remember Clara's speech, which we thought Bart overheard when he said that he did not want to hear it again? Well, it was a rattlesnake's rattle he heard that night, close to the trail, the men thought we would be frightened, so never spoke of it. So Clara's mind is at rest, and—and—so is mine, for Bart is perfection!"—Waverly Magazine.

The Death Penalty in Corsica.

One might have imagined that in Corsica, the land of the vendetta, where brigands seem to be almost as plentiful as blossoms in the month of May, the guillotine would not be suffered to rust for want of use. At Bastia, however, juries have been proverbially merciful, perhaps on the "spare the rod and spoil the child" principle. Be this as it may, the condemnation to death of a ruffian of 24 years of age, named Rocchini, who not only murdered a man and a girl of 15, but endeavored on various occasions to make a veritable holocaust of the island gendarmerie, is regarded as an extraordinary phenomenon in the criminal annals of the town. It appears that for upward of forty years no Bastia jury had returned a verdict justifying the death penalty. Incidentally it may be added that Rocchini's father on the day of the trial was arrested as he was taking a constitutional in the lobbies of the court, a revolver, with its six chambers loaded, being as a matter of course found on his person. It is possibly owing to the arrest of his parent that the jury "made so bold" as to pronounce the culprit guilty of all the charges laid at his door. The vendetta, after all, sometimes forestalls the guillotine, and Rocchini the elder might have "prevailed" on some of the jury to stop long ere his son laid his head on the block. —Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

Success and Heroism.

There are no qualities which succeed so well in this world as selfishness and strict honesty. It pays to be honest. There is nothing heroic about it. And there is nothing heroic about the success of the self made man who takes all his chances and leaves his younger brothers and sisters to shift for themselves. The young man who stays at home in order to help those near him to rise from the slough of poverty is the hero. He is unselfish. We cannot gauge success by what appears to be success. If money making were the real test of success we would have no heroes. We should have no priests, no religions, no philanthropists, no poets, no orators. That man is truly successful and truly heroic who strictly performs his duty. The man who strains every nerve and sinew to make money is laying up for himself an old age of regrets. How many old women's homes and libraries, founded with his wealth when it becomes a burden to him, can compensate for the remembrance of the gray heads and worn fingers nearest and nearest, who, unconsoled by him, went to their rest?—Christian Union.

Lesson of the Learned Pig.

At a country station on one of our railways a pig used to be a constant visitor, and drove a thriving business in picking up stray grains of corn which dropped from the bags as they were loaded on the cars. One day the pig's greed so far overmastered his discretion that his tail got nipped between the brake shoe and the car wheel, and when the train started the tail was jerked out by the root. The victim of this sudden catastrophe was now confronted with the dismal prospect of having to navigate through the rest of his life with his steering apparatus a total wreck. He continued coming to the station after that, but whenever he heard the clatter of an approaching train he hurried off to a safe distance and backed up against a brick wall till the cars had passed; he was never going to permit himself to be subject to the risk of such an indignity again, even though there was no longer any tail left to be pulled out. He had acquired sufficient railroad experience to appreciate the magnitude of the loss of terminal facilities.—Gen. Horace Porter in The Century.

A Monarch's Powder Box.

A curious historical relic on view at this same house was the powder box once belonging to the king of Portugal, and manufactured for his majesty in Paris in 1760 by Germain, goldsmith to the king of France. It is a large round box in silver gilt, and was not intended to hold either gunpowder or face powder, but the aristocratic and at that time universally worn hair powder. Accompanying it is a large clothes brush mounted to match the box, and in the same precious metal, and made for the purpose of brushing off the coat of the royal owner after the powdering process had been completed.—Paris Letter.

Charles H. Fairbanks, a photographer of Adrian, Mich., is able to converse fluently in twenty languages, and yet he has difficulty at times in making it clear to the infant that he is not going to shoot its head off when about to take its picture.

A Slim Basis.

Jones—I want to have you understand, gentlemen, that I stand on my merits.

Smith—I should think you would lose your balance pretty often.—Burlington Free Press.