## EUGENE CITY, OREGON. "7-ZEL" ON THE FIRE NET. \_

Describes What Is Necessary to De in Order to Jump with Safety. nee the publicity which has been given my jump into the net used by the are department I have received so many letters that I find it impossible to answer each individual. The following covers, to a great extent questions that are asked;

at the same time the replies may be found

Before jumping the first essential thing is to draw into the lungs as much air as possible. Then hold the breath. As the time occupied in making the descent into the net is but a few seconds, it does not require practice to comply with this re-

"Why should the breath be held?" This is asked in many forms and as many

The expansion of the lungs aids to support and retain in place most of the inter nal organs The air acts as a cushion It enables the body to offer resistance to the atmosphere, making the body fall with less force, and serves to lessen the shock which comes the moment the body strikes the net. The same effect is produced in jumping into the water

Hold the elbows close to the side. Fore

arm almost at right angles, slightly in front of body, with hands closed. Bend knees just a little, with feet extended for ward. Keep head inclined forward; set the chin firmly on chest, and under no circumstances throw the head back.

The position in falling should be about the same as a person assumes when seated in a chair Keep all the muscles as rigid as possible The act of holding the breath will aid in this Use but little exertion in making the leap Spring lightly for ward and outward, not downward. The latter motion will take care of itself Jump as if about to cross a small ditch with land on each side of equal height.

When the net is struck the muscles will at once reinx, and, rebounding in the air, the body will fall again without pain or injury Avoid swinging the arms or spreading the limbs while in the air. To do either is to invite liability of breaking limbs Any sudden motion will have a tendency to revolve the body or cause it to deviate from its course.

Your readers will find it to their interest to practice inhaling and retaining the air as long as possible within the lungs. It will expand and develop the chest. In this country we have the fault of eating quick and breathing too fast.

If height causes hesitation do not look Keep the eyes fixed straight for Then go Remember our brave en are as auxious to save your life as you are to retain it In my endeavor to ow how safe it was to jump into the net now in use I were ordinary street costume in my leap My watch did not stop This fact ought to inspire confidence to those who may need it in case of fire.—"Zazel" (Mrs. G. O. Starr) in New York Evening

Children in the Hotels. "Yes, indeed, we entertain a decided antipathy to children, and have good reasons for it, too," said the day clerk of a

How is that?' inquired a reporter. thought every good natured person was

high priced hotel on upper Broadway.

"Oh, yes; no doubt they are nice, but a hotel is no place for them unless it be de voted exclusively to the use of families There are not more than a half dozen first class hotels in this city where children are welcome in the first place, they are ore trouble than they are worth, and in the second place they serve to keep away profitable patrons Now in every hotel from one end of the town to the other no tices are posted in all the rooms to the effect that children must not make a play ground of the corridors, or ride in th elevators for the sake of enjoying pleasure excursions. It is impossible to enforce With one or two exception New York hotels are largely patronized by business men from other cities. These are the transient guests, and they are the most profitable They do not, as a rule, take their families, and, although they may be fond of their own offspring, they idedly object to put up at a hotel where other people's youngsters are whooping things up in the corridors or upsetting dishes in the dining room.

Then, again, just think of an old bachelor

Rise of Boston Common. As is well known to Bostonians through the medium of New York papers, the dwellers in this city are morbidly sensitive to any disparaging reflections on the size or beauty of the common. As this sensi-tiveness is shared by old and young, the feelings of a young lady who took her little country cousin, aged six, to see the common must have been burt by the calmly critical way in which he looked it

tel."-New York Mail and Express.

"This is Boston common, Willia," ah said, "what do you think of it?" "It's a pretty yard!" responded the youthful visitor "A big yard but it sin't as big as our front yard down home."

ston Transcript.

One of "Nat" Goodwin's Franks. "That reminds me of the night I was out with Nat Goodwin," said the tall, board of trade man. "There's a fellow to make fun for you. We were going down to Kinsley's, and over on Dearborn street, where everyind over on Dearborn at young couple just hing was quiet, we saw a young couple just ahead of us going home, probably, from their after theatre supper. "If that fellow had any grit in him," said

Nat, 'Pli make him solid with that girl.'
"With this he took me by the arm, and we hurried along and overtook the couple. It pessing them Nat gave the young chap a push, and looking squarely at him, said: "What are you going to do shout it?"

promise, but could not be brought to the s young man spurred right up to Nat, me by the arm and we both turned

There, said Nat, 'won't that make him with his girl! She thinks he fright copie of big bullies who were just eat them both up." Chicago Times

At Home. ant (to Mr. John L. Sullivan at his hotel)—Her majorty, the queen, sir, has hex-pressed a desire to see you.

Mr. John L. Sullivan—Well, show de cid lady up at oncet.—New York Sun.

## THE DIAMOND BUTTON

FROM THE DIARY OF A LAWYER AND THE NOTE BOOK OF A REPORTER.

By BARCLAY NORTH.

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Now that he had taken a decisive step in the direction of endeavoring to fasten the responsibility of the murder upon one so near to Flora Ashgrove as the man ountain evidently was, he began to wish he hadn't gone so far as to excite Tom's suspicions in that direction it seemed a horrible thing to do.

And so, disgusted with himself and pore disturbed than he was willing to admit, he sought his chamber.

CHAPTER XII.

TWO VISITORS WHO INCREASE THE IN



OLBROOK has office long the next morning before Tem made appearance. bright and chipper as to ex-Holbrook's envy, for he felt stale and nerv

"I stupidly let you go off last night with that piece of cloth in your pocket, "said Tom, "and there

y have lost a good half day. "That's so," replied Holbrook, prolucing it.

Tom took it, and as he did so he said My shadow turned up bright and arly this morning with information of ountain. ·Well."

"Not very much. He is a physician who doesn't practice. Member of the Union club and the Lambs, at which he pends most of his time when he is not racticing athletics and visiting the wo men. Lives in apartments in Thirty the Witherspoons frequently and other families in the same set. Is supposed to have enough money to support him as an legant man of leisure, but not enough or extravagances; is seen at the theatres and the opera in the season frequently and has a chere amie in Fifth street; has o horses, drinks sparingly, breakfasts where he pleases, and dines at the Union club, when he doesn't dine on invitation Keeps a man, who has been very useful

But who is he? Who's his father? 'Shadow hadn't got that, so I trotted im out again. I think that is probably a cut above him and that I will have to pursue the inquiry myself But I must

He was about to step to the door when the messenger entered and handed a card to Holbrook

"The devil!" said Holbrook. Does he visit you frequently?" innocently inquired Tom. "Let me retire, if you please, before he enters." "Hold on. Stop here, boy." He hand-

ed the card to Tom, who read: MR. HENRY FORDVCE FOUNTAIR, 1100 E. Mills Street.

The devil!" said Tom

Pardon me. I remarked that myself "This is following things up." Tom, get behind that screen and hear

what he has to say." Tom concealed himself behind the screen where Holbrook's typewriter usually did her work.

Show the gentleman in." Fountain entered with an easy and

polite air. "Mr. Holbrook, I assume?"

'At your service, Mr. Fountain. 'My call upon you, Mr. Holbrook, I apprehend is almost futile, but as I am ngaged upon an enterprise somewhat clouded and intricate, I feel as if I ought leave no effort unmade, however improb-

Holbrook bowed. "If I have not been misinformed," cor tinued Fountain, "you were in partner ship with the late Judge Harkner?"

"Until the day of his death," replied Holbrook. "And for several years previous?

'Yes, from the day I was admitted to practice. The partnership lasted five ding, or trying to sleep, in a room ad-ing that occupied by a teething in-Why, he would pay his bill and years. The judge has been dead nearly 'My information was correct, then

leave the following morning. Oh, no; there is no money in children for any he-The judge had for a client one Charles Pierson Not during my connection with him.

Indeed! I supposed the relation be tween Mr. Pierson and Judge Harkner as counsel and client, continued until the death of the judge."

"No. You are misinformed. When tered the office of Judge Harkner to ead law, all relations between them had eased and the affairs were being closed

'The affairs of Mr. Pierson were exensiver

"I have so heard from Judge Harkner Phey had had a difference in respect of ome matter, I never heard what, and suarreled bitterly-the relations were bruptly terminated. The judge would over speak of the reason

"Ah, then there is no hope that any papers belonging to Mr Pierson may have remained in the hands of the judge or his successor.

'No, I recollect that the judge was scrupulous in returning every scrap of paper and even memoranda to Mr Pier

"You are aware that Mr. Pierson died without leaving a will?" 'Yes, and was not surprised to hear it.

had heard Judge Harkner say more than once that that was what Mr Piet on would do, as he had an unconquera ble aversion to making one, although

frequently urged to do so He would

"As I apprehended, my visit is futile out I have satisfied myself on the point It only remains for me to beg your par having taken so much of your

He passed out. Tom came from his "There is another point made," said

'I don't see it." We want to know something as to his connections, don't we?"

Well, here is one. We can work along the Pierson line to a result possi less surprised than Holbrook.

Not before I tell you of a little matter which occurred last night after I left

He recited his experience of the night previous after he had left Tom. "It is nothing," replied Tom.

mistook you for some one else." "That is the conclusion I came to." Tom went to the door and partially opened it. He drew back quickly. "I say, Holbrook, there is outside inquiring for you-the fellow

who saw the murder. We are in for surprises today!" "I'll get behind the scenes again," and

he disappeared. Wessing was soon shown in. After some insignificant conversation touching the murder and the failure to discover perpetrator, Wessing opened his

"You recollect, Mr. Holbrook, that at the time I was detained as a witness I declined to give my business in New York?"

"Perfectly well." found the concealment was subjecting me to suspicion. Briefly it was this My mother had reason to believe that she was closely related to a gentleman who had died in this city some time previously, leaving a large property and no heirs or will. She imagined she was lines which gave character to an heir, if not the sole heir. I have now age.

more favorably. The man's name was unquestionably an assumption of frank-Charles Pierson. Holbrook started violently, knocking a book from his desk and thus covering up a noise behind the screen which might otherwise have been heard.

is strange. What is strange?" Holbrook controlled himself. 'Why, Mr. Pierson used to be a client

of this office." "Precisely, and that is the reason why parent. I am here. I want to inquire if you can shed any light upon certain subjects and whether any papers relating to Mr. Pierson or his business are in your

"I shall have to disappoint you," re before I became connected with it Judge Harkner and he quarreled very bitterly; over what I never knew. He after Pierson's papers. was careful to send everything to Pierson, and I don't know who was his lawsiness he brought into the office was a him. tradition when I came in. However there is an old man who was a clerk in gan?" this office for many years-confidentia. clerk, and who is now retired because of of last January." age. He lives on Long Island, a short distance back of Brooklyn. I advise you to call upon him; I will give you s "Ah, nearly nine years ago." The old man pondered a short time.
"Was Mr. Charles Pierson a client of you to call upon him; I will give you a ne to him

Acting upon the impulse of the moent he wrote an introduction. Wessing took the note and went away

after promising to call upon Holbrook As soon as he was out of the door Tom came forth.

"You infernal ass!" cried Tom, "what under the heavens did you shove him out in that way for?" Holbrook's face fell.

"See here, Bryan, there is a limit to the things you may say to me." "I beg your pardon, Holbrook; I let my feelings master me. But what pos- returned to him? sessed you to shut him off that way. He

was disposed to talk." behind the screen.

"What of that?" "Well, the same circumstances do not able client." surround Wessing as do surround Fountain—the same suspicions—and I didn't want him to become confidential when he thought he was talking to a reputable before by different persons I have had counselor alone.

"But doesn't this queer state of things strike you? See here. We suspect Fountain of Templeton's murderslightly, to be sure-but suspect him He comes to see you inquiring for Pierson's papers Wessing sees that murder and he comes inquiring about Pierson's papers What connection is there?"

'I saw all that and recollect what you have forgotten." "What?"

"That we have our suspicions of Fountain through Flora Ashgrove's strange behavior and that she manifests great anger against Wessing, threatening to be his accuser, while denying knowledge not recollect the names. The inquiries

of him! "To be sure! To be sure! Don't you see that these coincidences have an important bearing upon the murder-that you lost an opportunity to get hold of a quiries, that my curiosity is excited. string which may lead us straight to the

"Oh, I don't believe Wessing knows anything of the affair." "My dear fellow, everything is guess

vork, but every line must be examined. How could you let Wessing slip through your fingers so?" "He is easily enough regained I can

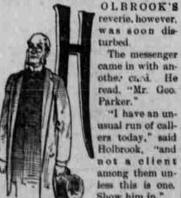
get his address from the police authorities, and he will unburden himself to the old clerk, George Dolwell. I'll tell you what I'll do I'll telegraph Dolwell to give him all the information be can and to extract as much as possible. The old boy is very shrewd."

"Do so at once. And now I must go after my new suit of clothes.'

"You will come for those buttons tomorrow?" 'Yes. This thing is getting thick, Yesterday we panted for a single bit of

daylight: today we have an embarrass-He disappeared, and Holbrook lost imself in thought.

CHAPTER XIII. THE INTEREST IS CONSIDERABLY



read. "Mr. Geo. Parker. "I have an unusual run of callers today," said Holbrook, "and not a client among them unless this is one. Show him in."

The door open-Hotbrook was startled, and betrayed his surprise. Well he might. It was his old gentle man of the night previous, who was not He smiled as he advanced and said: "We both of us seemed to have re-

ceived a shock of surprise." Holbrook assented, "I confess to the shock on my side." "I hardly expected to see you so soon

again, or to find in Mr. Holbrook the gentleman I met last night." Holbrook bowed courteously for answer and determined that he would hold

perfect control of himself. "I followed you last evening, Mr. Hot-"I was aware of that," replied Hol-

brook with a smile. "I did not suppose you were," said the old gentleman laughingly; "I must have done my work badly. Let me say, however, right here that I was mistaken in the person. You resemble the one I sup-posed I was following so much in build and manner that not until I had resorted to a little ruse to get a fair look at your face was I aware of my mistake. I hope you will accept my apologies for any annoyance I may have given you."

"None are needed. I became aware "Well, I did give it subsequently when of your mistake. We are all liable to

The old man mused a while and Holbrook studied his face. The more he studied it the less he liked it. There was blended weakness and strength in it and the want of those strong, rugged The lines began strongly but seemed to run into nothing, leaving an been closely following the matter, and while I did not take much stock in the impression of shiftiness. The eyes were idea at first, I have come to regard it cunning, not frank, though there was

ness in his manner.

At length he spoke. "In passing the Casino theatre I saw you turn a corner with a gentleman, and I leaped to the conclusion that you were a person for whom I have been looking "Bless my soulf" said Holbrook, "that these two years-a man from Chicagoto find whom I would give half of all I am worth or expect to be worth."

An angry look leaped into his eyes while vindictiveness was plainly ap-

"Do you not know his name?" asked Holbrook. "I know what it was two years ago Not what it is now. However, it is an old story of deep wrong and injury, and is not what I came to see you about. I

believe. Mr. Holbrook, you were a part ner of the fate Judge Harkner?" Holbrook could hardly repress a start. He wondered if this was also an inquiry

"Yes." he replied simply; firmly de termined that he would show no emoyer subsequently. The great amount of tion whatever questions might be asked

> "May I ask when that partnership be "Yes, it was eight years ago the first

the judge's at that time?' Holbrook was prepared for this ques tion, yet it was with difficulty he could

repress his surprise. He replied promptly: "No, the connection ceased through a quarrel before I came as a student to the judge three years previous."

'Hum." The old man pondered again. "What lawyer succeeded the judge with Mr. Pierson?" "I don't know. The judge would say

little about the matter. I know of it only through tradition in the office. "Were all the papers of Mr. Pierson "Every one, religiously, scrupulously

"Well, principally because you were a tradition in the office. It was much talked of when I came in, because Mr. Pierson had been a valued and prolit-"Yes, I presume so.

> ask the reason of this inquiry? Twice these inquiries made? "By two different persons?" spoke up the old man sharply. "How long ago?" There was great eagerness in his man-

ner and tone. "Within a month, I should imagine." "Two, you say? What were their names?" this was demanded almost

fiercely. "Men or women?" "Pardon me," said Holbrook coldly. 'you demand the names and information as if I were compelled to give

them. The old man glared at him savagely, but Holbrook continued calmly: "However, as a matter of fact, I can

made little or no impression on me, and I answered them as I have answered It is only now when you come-a" third - with practically the same in-They were both men," he added.

"Both men." repeated the old man, evidently puzzled and alarmed. "They were not the same person calling twice? "Upon my word it would be hard for

me to recollect were it not for the fact that they called the same day," and he added under his breath, "May I be forgiven for that lie. I recollect it," he continued, "because I was preparing a brief for an important cause and I was annoyed at the interruptions. I presume had reference—as I presume yours does-to some action before the courts in relation to his unclaimed property."

"I presume so," said the old man, ris-"I am employed by a client to establish a claim against the property. I am an attorney. I find it difficult to construct a chain of evidence. There is a missing link, which must be among the late Mr. Pierson's papers. I am annoyed to find the possibility of a second contestant, when I supposed there was but

"May I ask who that one is?" "You will pardon me if I maintain that as a secret."

Holbrook could only assent gracefully. The old man bade him good day and passed out "Your story may be true, or it may not be: I am inclined to believe the latter," said Holbrook aloud when he was

He picked up the card again and read clined to ask questions. He, nowever, the name. He touched the bell which did not carry out his intentio summoned his managing clerk. The travelers, mindful of their promise When that person entered he said: "Clark, do you know a lawyer by the name of George Parker?" "Yes, that was the man who just

in despair.

"What do you know about him? "Not much, and what I do, not to his advantage. A rather shady character. Said to have been disbarred many years ago. But I imagine he has been restored I'd fight very shy of him." "He came for information which couldn't, and therefore didn't, give

"It was for no good, I'll bet," replied the cierk as he left Holbrook.

passed out."

"THE SHEPHERD SOFTLY SAID,"

The shepherst, looking castward, softly said "Bright is they well of moon, as thou art bright?" Forthwith, that little cloud, in other spread And penetrated all with tender light. And presented all with broker light.
Size cost away, and smored her follows head.
Uncovered; dazgling the beholder weight.
As it to vindicate her beauty's right.
Her headty thoughtlessly disparaged.
Meanwhile that veil, removed or thrown aside, Went that red, removed or impose sales.
Went thating from her, darkening as it went;
and a luge mass, to bary or to hide,
Approached this glory of the firmament;
Who moskly yields, and is obscured—content.
With one calm trumph of a modest pride.

## A GHOST STORY.

The following story was told me by a She was the wife of a rich squire in east of England, after whose death she married a well known Italian. She was a woman of remarkable ability and of great information, though somewhat eccentric. She had heard the story, with dates and names of persons. These she had forgotten, and had never been able to supply them.

declared, however, that she positively assured that all the details had een verified by the French public authorities where the events narrated had occurred, and that the records still existed somewhere, if the place could only be

During the first French revolution, two Frenchmen of high birth, Count A. and Viscount B., were despatched by the Roy-

alist party on a mission to England.

During their journey on horseback to a northern port of France, where a vessel awaited them, they were on one occasion benighted in the middle of a wide heath. Riding slowly forward they perceived a light from what turned out to be a large and solitary chateau. After some knock-ing, steps were heard slowly coming in the yard within, and at last the door was cautiously unlocked. A porter or caretaker peered through the narrow opening and asked the reason of the knocking.
"We have lost our way and are to and hungry. We require shelter and food

for ourselves and our horses." "Impossible," was the churlish reply,, and the door was about to be closed when one of the travelers intercepted it with his foot, and, producing a pistol, said: "We are quite ready to pay for our lodging and supper, but we cannot go fur-

ther to-night."
The caretaker paused for a moment as though reflecting, and at last he said: "I will give you shelter for the night, and food for yourselves and your beasts, on one condition, viz., that you give me your word of honor as gentlemen, which I am sure you are, that nothing will in-

duce you to leave the room I give you,

go on your journey without asking any The promise given, the door was opened, and the horses taken to the stables, which were within the court. The porter then led the two travelers up a splendid staircase and through a long corridor hung with tapestry, at length turning into a large empty room, furnished as a drawing room, and evidently belonging to the

dwelling of a wealthy noble.

Near the door was a large fireplace, in which a fire soon blazed. Candles were lighted, and the travelers saw two large and luxurious beds, with rich hangings one nearer to the entrance than the other. A table was placed near the fire, and before long a substantial supper was brought, the utensils supplied for the meal, and all the belongings of the house

showing considerable luxury.

After eating their supper the two travelers went to rest. The elder took the bed nearest the door, leaving the other, at some feet off, to his companion. Logs had been placed on the fire sufficient for the night, the door was locked, and the wayfarers gladly betook themselves to

About an hour after going to sleep the elder suddenly woke, starting in his bed. He could not account for this sudden waking. The room was strongly eghted by the fire, there was no noise, and Count A, was about to lay himself once again on the pillow when a remarkable sight met him. A man of striking appearance, with a gray beard, but dressed in a blouse, "Pardon me," said Holbrook, "may I walked slowly toward the bed. When he had approached within a few feet he

beckoned three times to the count, as though wanting him to follow. The count gazed at him without moving, when the figure, bowing courteously, turneds round and walked slowly away, stopping from time to time and looking back, repeating his beckoning gesture with an imploring gaze till he reached the door, when he disappeared. Naturally startled at this unusual appearance, Count A. rose from his bed and walked to the door to see if it had been tampered with, but it was still locked. Very weary, he returned to his bed and once more fell asleep. About an hour later he again started in the same sudden manner. Again he saw the same figure, this time nearer the bed. Again did it beckon him to follow, and, moving toward the door, turned with great eagerness, and still oftener than before, to repeat the same motion with his hand. The hand that of a gentleman, small and white, and

with a ring on one of the fingers. Frightened at this extraordinary parition. Count A. this time woke his companion and narrated what had passed. 'Nonsense," replied the latter, "you ate too much supper and have been awakened

by a nightmare. I am really too tired to talk about it." The nervous earnestness with which the elder traveler repeated the story, however, impressed the younger, until he proposed that the curtains of the count's bed should be tied to the bedclothes of his, so that in the case of a third visit he could be awakened without noise. After se-curely fastening the curtains of one bed to the coverings of the other, each re-

turned to his own couch. A third time the count was awakened the same startling manner. The figure stood close to his bed, and the face of the visitor looked down on that of the awakened sleeper. The features of the ap parition were plainly marked. hibited great pain and sadness. count grasped the hangings. The apparition held up his hand. The count jerked at his curtains, but they fell back without resistance, for the knot had become un-Once again the figure retreated sor rowfully, turning but seldom to beckon, as though the attempt had been given up

awoke his companion, and they sat up together till morning. Shortly after dawn the caretaker, according to previous agreement, knocked at the door, which the count unlocked without difficulty, and the morning meal was brought in. The caretaker looked curiously at the two visitors as though in-

It was now near daybreak. The count

made no remark. The horses, well groomed and refreshed, were ready for their journey, and the two companions left the chateau, the caretaker refusing to accept any payment or gratuity. The two men rode away, reached their port of barkation, and arrived safely in Eng-

Not many years later the elder of the two returned to France, and accepted the new state of things. The Bonaparte government offered him an administrative ost in the north. This the count acpost in the north. This the count accepted, and among the other inducements which led to his acceptance was the chance of clucidating the mystery which conclicte and feed himself.—Carter Harrison afford to keep a dog.—Omaha World. of elucidating the mystery which con-stantly recurred to his memory. A very In Chicago Mail.

anort time elapsed after assuming his

chateau and its owners. The story told him was that the chateau belonged to the Marquis de —, a gentle-man of great wealth and of retired habits. When somewhat advanced in life he had married a girl of low extraction but of great beauty—the daughter of a peasant who now took care of the chateau year or two after their marriage a half brother of the marquis had left the army and come to reside with his brother, and some months later all three disappeared from the country together, without leaving any address, the chateau being placed under the care of the father of the marquise, an old gamekeeper. The rapid succession of incidents in the revolution, by absorbing public interest, had pre-vented inquiry. The caretaker led a gloomy, solitary life at the cnateau. He was little seen except when he went out to make purchases; but he always ap-peared to be well provided with money. Arming himself with the necessary legal authority, which probably lent itself easily to the functionaries of the state, the count prepared to investigate the mystery. He accordingly repaired to the chatcau with the agents of the law and a priest well

known in the neighborhood, to whom the story had been told.

On arriving at the house the caretaker endeavored to withstand the intrusion, but, yielding to force, the gate was opened, and the count and the priest proceeded straight to the room where the incident

had occurred. "I think," said the priest, "this affair at present belongs more to me than to the law. Allow me to spend the night here alone. All I require is a lantern and pistol. There will be force within hearing but I believe the mystery will be solved more easily by one man than by many." The brave old man's offer was many." accepted. The count and his attendants posted themselves in other parts of the use, keeping the caretaker with them. A fire was lighted in the large room, and the priest was left there alone with his

prayer book. He had not remained long when the figure appeared beckening him, and he at once rose to follow. It passed through the door, always looking from time to time to see that the priest was behind. It led the way through a long corridor, then into a room which still contained all the appearance of a lady's. In the corner was a small staircase, down which the priest descended in obedience to the summons of the apparition. It led to a small vestibule which led into a chapel. The figure walked slowly up the aisle, ascended the steps of the altar, then suddenly disappear.

The priest, following with his lantern,

rap door, which, however, resisted all the attempts of the priest to raise it. He fired and that to-morrow at daybreak you will his pistol, and soon the count and his attendants came to his help. The door raised, a steep ladder stair-case led into the vault. At the bottom of the ladder lay a human skeleton, dressed

in clothes similar to those worn by the apparition and with a beard still hanging to the chin. A ring was on the finger. The caretaker made little difficulty in confessing the real facts. The marquis, who was a man of the kindest disposition, and had treated his brother with un-wonted indulgence, had discovered that too intimate relations existed between him and his wife. Frightened at his orders to them to leave the house, the two had murdered him as he slept in the large room and conveyed his body along the passage through which the figure had led the priest. The caretaker was taken into confidence, and left to look after the stead of a massacre, prevailed house and property, while the criminal couple had left the country and were living in Beigium under an assumed name, supplied with money by the woman's father, the caretaker, from the resources

executed. years ago, at Jersey, during the year of ree and undoubted good faith. lieved the story had been officially recorded in the archives of some municipal such a small quantity to do the wor or provincial department in France. She was by birth of considerable rank, and members of her family had been in close friendship with many emigres. She promised to let me know if she ever heard of it again, but I saw little of her afterward. and she is now dead. It would be interesting to know whether her narrative had any foundation. Some one who may heard this tale may supply the information. I have never heard it from any other source nor read of it in any The parrator told me that those who had first related the story were evidently believers in its truth.—H. Drummond Wolff in Murray's Magazine.

There are today in the five states (of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin) more than 50,000 schoolhouses in which schools are maintained from three to ten months every year. The value of these buildings, with the grounds, is considerably over \$80,000,000, which is more than one-half that of all other public school property in the Union. Nearly 3,000,000 of children annually receive instruction in the public schools; while more than 85,000 teachers, a large number of whom have been trained especially for their work, are employed as their in The total amount expended each year for the support of these schools somewhat exceeds \$32,000,000, or more than eight dollars for each child of school age within the states. As to the character of the instruction given, it is sufficient to say that it is nowhere excelled. -- James Baldwin in Scribner's Magazine.

Bachelors Best for Firemen. It may be only a bachelor's notion, but will give it to you for what it is worth. freman in a down town engine company has no use for a wife, and a woman ought not to think of marrying a fireman. Why? Simply because firemen make poor husbands and women make bad firemen. A fireman can never go home to stay night with his wife and children, if he has any. He is constantly on duty, and is therefore not a desirable man for a husband. The first year of a fireman's married life unfits a man for good fire service The wife is generally young and excitable, and whenever the fire bell rings she flies over to the engine house to inquire whether her husband has gone to a fire where he is likely to be killed. is a source of a great many little annoy-ances to the department.—Assistant Fire Chief in Globe-Democrat.

It is painful to look into the huts of the farmers and laborers. They are merely mud walled peus and lack everything for comfort. Here, to-night, I am shivering in the house before a wood fire, yet I am well clad. These people have little more than a light cotton cloth, and fireplaces and chimneys are unknown in the native house. They wrap up their head and vital parts of the body, leaving the legs nearly bare, and rarely cover the feet at all. They squat before their little huts around a mere skilletful of fire, and a few put a small pot of coals under their cotton covering and drawing this about them husband the scanty heat. The pay of a cab or cart driver is from four to six rupees a month. A rupee is worth at

Miserable Homes in India.

REMINISCENCES OF CHICAGO.

Told by a Lady Who Came to the Place Fifty Years Ago,

"My father took a claim on the North "My father took a claim on the North Side near the river and not far from Mr. Clybourne a "said Mrs Mary Ann Draper." Here we lived for quite a long time I have gone through many dangers and hardships on the North Side in early days. The Indians were numerous and were always coming and going Sometimes they were friendly and sometimes they were not. My father always had his gun were not My father always had his gun and sword by the bed at night and a dog in the house. Often he would not remove his clothing. The Indians would come up and go around the bouse, and now and then strike their tomahawks into the logs. and cry Chan in chan muck a mu—no good white man I don't see why they didn't kill us. They did kill one man and woman just before they treated They hung the man up in the woods and threw the woman in the lake

"I think there were only thirteen dwelling bouses, all told when I came to Chicago My father helped to build the famous Green Tree Tavern These bouses could not all be seen at one view The grass was south and all the North Side nearly was covered with very heavy woods Wild rice grew in the river, and beautiful white and yellow pond lilies were to be seen along the shores. I had sev-eral adventures and some narrow escapes.

"But I want to tell you how. I some-times believe. I saved Chicago from a massacre This adventure I call my bridge disaster I was about 13 years old then and we lived on the North Side, near the junction of the north and south branches of the river Mother wanted me to go to market So I took the basket on my arm and started for the only bakery then in Chrosgo which was on the West Side, and also for the only meat market in town which was on the South Side, where Mr Clybourne had his shop Near the two rivers was a pole bridge which I had to cross I went over all right and secured my bread and meat but on my return I found the bridge blockaded with Indian pontes and I should say there were about 2,000 savages in that vicinity. The ponies were stationed on the bridge in such a manner that it was supposed no one could get through But I passed over with my basket by going along on the ends of the poles outside of a rough rail-ing At the farther end stood a big In-dian with a long knife in his hand I dian with a long knife in his hand I shied around him, too and had gotten fairly over only when the bridge broke down and tumbled poles and ponies pell mell together in the river A thousand war whoops seemed to rend the air, and the big Indian whooped the loudest of all,

The priest, following with his pass ring and lifting his great anne, perceived after some search a brass ring and lifting his great anne, on the very spot where the figure had after me "Run' I should think I did I ran "Run' I should think I did I ran had not be quicker than I through a bouse near by quicker than I can teil it and the indian after me dodged into a thicket of wild apple trees, and got into the woods and maot into the woods and made my es-But I did not feel safe until my cape But I did not feel safe until my long hair was shorn off and my disguise so complete that the Indians would not recog-nize me This racket called out the garrison at the fort. The drums beat, and even my brother ran around, crying out The war's commenced the war's commenced, get your guns ready quick. Alexander Robinson, the chief of the tribe used to tell me that the Indians-though I had bewitched the bridge and brought on the calamity and therefore tried to kill me Later in the day, however, they changed their minds and said I was a them because they would not treat the white men The treaty was agreed upon that very afternoon and peace, inexpect I helped to save Chicago."-Chi-

cago Herald Effects of Absinthe Tippling. The young men are cultivating abof the property, to which the half brother sinthe, and when the present generation was the natural heir. He and the woman reaches middle age the absinthe tippler were brought back to France, tried and will be one of the frequent guests at our hospitals, which are now full of drunk-ards and narcotic takers I am now treatthe first exhibition. Though in simple The effects are fearful It is a drink that language, it was related with great draserves as a powerful stimulant at first, but is the most injurious in the end be The lady declared to me that she fully be- cause of its strength. It is easy to drink

absinthe to excess because it requires The intoxication it causes is exhilarat-ing and pleasant, but after it is drank to excess the digestive organs are destroyed and the appetite ruined. With the and the appetite ruined. With the effects worn off comes a terrible thirst, with giddiness and a tingling in the ears, mental depression and finally hallucination and loss of brain power. The symptoms of an excessive drinker breaking down are muscular quiverings, loss of physicial strength, emaciation and a sal low complexion Paralysis finally sends him to the grave.—Physician in Globe-

Returned Without Thanks. Mr. A. E. Olmstead, of the Center market, was the recipient of a serviceable holiday present. Just one year ago Mr. O. had a new

Democrat.

ax mysteriously disappear from his premises and he could never even surmise what modern Elisha had spirited the useful implement away. Early on Christmas morning he found the missing article tied to one of the outer doors of his residence, and attached to it a bit of brown paper, on which was written, in pencil, the following brief but touching words: "Take you d--d old ax. Santa Claus,"-Connecticut Valley Adver-

The Deceptions of Fashion

York nowadays. Ye were a reg'ler spider legs when ye came up last summer-but jest look at ye now!-Texas Siftings. Omaha Man-Your sojourn in Texas seems to have done you a great deal of good; must

Returned Invalid-I feel like a new man,

Farmer Griggs (to his son)-Golly! They

must be feedin' you pretty well down to

but it wasn't the climate, it was the exercise "We never could prevail on you to take exercise here." "I was on the jump all the time in Texas."
"Well, well! Effect of the air!" "No, centipedes,"-Omaha World.

Getting a Pleasant Expression. Photographer (to sitter)—I saw you at church hist Sunday, Miss Smith. Sitter-Oh, did you!

Photographer-Yes, and also your friend Miss Brown-if you could raise your chin a trifle, thanks—and what an atrocious looking hat she had on. (After a panse). There Miss Smith, it is over, and I think we have caught a very pleasant expression.—New

Poverty and Progress.

Starving Supplicant-Please, sir, wouldn't you be willing to buy a dog to help a poor man along! I have two more than I need. Well Fed Clerk-Very sorry, but I can's