EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL, - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Beautiful and Expensive Fans.

The late Mrs. John Jacob Astor had probably the finest collection of fans in the country. There were among the number many charming specimens of that famous Vernis Martin, which time has not robbed of its soft luster. The mounts are of paper, silk and vellum, exquisitely painted, one representing the "Toilet of Venus." The sticks, in ivory, are overspread with the Vernis Martin, showing a surface of great brilliancy. Another dainty one in Mrs. Astor's collection represents a champetre group of youths and maidens upon a crag overhanging a bit of summer sea. Perhaps one of the choicest fans is one belonging to Mrs. Newbold Morris. It is of crepe lisse, delicately painted, edged with point d'Alencon and mounted on sticks of mother-of-pearl.

Of other fans belonging to New York ladies one is a regency fan, with a scriptural subject painted upon the mount, the sticks being decorated with Chinese enamel faces in cartouches. Mrs. Jesse Seligman has many costly fans. One of the Louis Quinze period has depicted upon it a scene from harem life, and is decorated with gilt and silver medallions upon kid. A regal fan made over a hundred years ago for some almond eyed empress of the Flowery Kingdom is now at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where this "thing of beauty and joy forever" has a large case devoted exclusively to its own royal use. This fan is an airy, fairy combination of gauze, ivory, jade and many other precious metals of exquisite workmanship.—New York World.

A Mexican Relic.

Among the many articles of interest in the new Natural History museum at Vienna perhaps nothing has been more discussed than an old Mexican relic which is preserved with great care under glass.

This relic, which is now known as the field badge of King Montezuma, had lain for 300 years in the Ambrase collection, where it was at first catalogued as a Moorish hat of long, heavy, glistening green and gold feathers.

One investigator held that it was an Indian hat, another an Indian apron; but in 1820 it was at last known to be a Mexican badge of high rank, and through Ferdinand Hochstetter it was proved to be the genuine field decoration of King Montezuma, captured by Cortez in 1520 after the battle of Otumba.

This battle was followed by the wild flight of the Mexicans and the robbing of the land by Cortez, who sent the standard and wardrobe of the king, with much gold, to the Emperor Charles V, of Spain. The latter gave the standard to Pope Clement VII, who sent it to Grand Duke Ferdinand, of Tyrol, for the Ambrase collection.

It is shaped like a fan, and is made from tail feathers of the bird of Paradise, which have a glitter like gold over their red, green and blue colors. The moths had partly destroyed it, but of the five hundred original feathers only forty-one were much injured, and those have been replaced by new ones, and the former beauty is fully restored.—Youth's Companion.

The Patient Car Conductor.

"There was a time not long ago when I used to kick off every boy who 'caught on behind' my car," said a Third avenue conductor. "I was more green then than I am now," he continued, "and I considered that it was my duty to do so. But I don't do it any more. I have been cured of such cruelty. The lesson was so impressive that I shall never forget it. It occurred late one night. A little chap ran after my car and hung on the platform. I rushed back and stepped on his fingers. He let go and fell upon the track. He was seriously hurt. I picked him up and found blood upon his head. I left the car in the care of the driver and carried him home.

"Two days later my car was stopped by a funeral procession, and I learned that it was the funeral of the boy who had sat on my car two evenings before. Yes, sir, every boy in Park row can ride on my car now. I wouldn't put one of them off if I lost my job the next day. There is such a thing, you know, sir, as being too strict."—Ernest Jarrold in New York Journal.

Barothermotelemeter.

The invention of an instrument to which the name barothermotelemete, has been given is announced. Its purpose is to enable observers to take readings as often as desired, and by a single wire, from barometers and thermometers placed at great heights or distances without the necessity of the observer being resident where the instruments are placed, thereby saving much expense and enabling observations to be taken at points where residence might be impossible.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Kind Hearted Official.

Guard (New York elevated railroad)—The doctor says I'm gitting dyspepsia.

Superintendent (kindly)—I'm sorry to hear that. What causes it?

"Why, sir, under the rules I've got ter take my meals while on duty on the train, and the doctor says eatin' so fast will kill me."

"I see. You have to swallow your meals at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Well, I'll order the engineers to reduce the speed to nineteen miles an hour at meal time."—Good News.

Dr. Smiles says: "I never studied the art of composition. I read a multitude of the best books, and from that I learned to compose."

The report of the Forests Commission to the New York Legislature on the proposed Adirondack State Park provides for a tract of 2,307,760 acres, of which the State at present owns about one-quarter. This will certainly be one of the most magnificent parks in existence.

THE DIAMOND BUTTON

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

By BARCLAY NORTH.

"Yes, I'll go with you, and would be glad to."

"But haven't we already ground enough to begin a judicial inquiry?"

"No; wait until I have established the identification of Fountain with the man who purchased the clothes. "I'll go about it now and then meet you."

"But I say, Tom, if Fountain don't own the gold button, who does?"

"I'll be hanged if I can tell—that is one of the puzzles in this most puzzling of all cases."

Tom hurried off to his friend, the leader writer, who had undertaken to obtain a surreptitious portrait of Fountain.

"Well, how did you make out?" asked Tom.

"First rate. I got two views of him—profile and full face." He took them from his desk.

Tom inspected them closely. "Capital," he said, "perfect pictures."

"What are you going to do with them?" asked the leader writer.

"Pardon me," said Tom, "I am in a desperate hurry, and if I do not wait to explain and thank you for them you will excuse me, I know."

Then he went to the clothing store and found the clerk.

"What kind of time did you have on your clambake?"

"Bang up," said Tom. "See here, you recollect my asking you if you could identify the man who bought that suit—the man outside of U. S. T.'s?"

"Yes."

"Well, here's the man I suspect. Do you recognize him?"

The clerk took the photographs and examined them carefully.

Tom waited in an agony of impatience, his heart beating with such throbs that he thought the clerk must surely hear it.

Finally the clerk said:

"I am certain—positive, that is the man."

"Good," said Tom. "He'll find his little joke turned upon him. Thank you. I'll tell you all about it shortly. I'll come here to tell you for your kindness."

He hurried out of the store.

"The coil is finally wound about him, Fountain, my boy, there is a surprise in store for you. In two days' time, my gentle lad, your name will be the best known in New York town."

He hurried off to meet Holbrook.

CHAPTER XXI.

TOM MEETS WITH A CRUSHER.

THE satisfaction with which Tom reviewed his work was mixed with wonder that Fountain should have been so easily and rapidly trapped.

He marveled that the police authorities had not seen that the obvious thing to do was to discover at once where the clothes worn by the murderer were purchased.

It was true, he admitted, that he had had an advantage in determining who the purchaser was, through Holbrook's acquaintance with Flora Ashgrove, but why had not the detectives of the regular force found out, as he had done where the clothes had been bought?

He was in high glee over his discovery and much pleased with himself. The facts were indisputable, and were to be recognized at a glance.

There was the conversation between Flora and Fountain on the veranda at Newport, and there was the identification of Fountain with the man who had purchased the one suit which had not been bought by the U. S. T's. While these were not conclusive, still they were sufficient to justify the immediate arrest of Fountain, when the facts necessary for proofs before the jury could be easily brought out by judicious inquiry.

To construct the chain of evidence which would convict Fountain in court was work for the authorities, not for him. He had detected the criminal, and that was all that could be demanded of him, and all that he had set out to do.

It was thus filled with triumph that he sought Holbrook to consult with him as to the next step—the placing of all the facts before the district attorney. To his surprise no less than to his indignation, he found the lawyer loath to go further in the matter.

So long as there was a question of doubt involved in the investigation, Holbrook had been earnest and energetic, but now, when all question of doubt had vanished—when the identification was complete, he hesitated, "baulked," as Tom said, "right at the finish."

The fact that Flora Ashgrove would be inevitably drawn into the matter disturbed Holbrook greatly. While all the tenderness with which he had formerly regarded her was wholly dissipated, still it seemed a horrible thing to him, that she should be dragged to the witness stand and compelled to give the evidence which would send to the gallows the man she had shown she so deeply, and even wildly, loved. He shrank from the idea that he should be instrumental in putting her in such a position.

With these sentiments Tom could not, or at least would not, sympathize. It might be hard for her, but it was hard also for Annie Templeton that her brother should be struck down and killed, and it was one of the inevitable consequences of crime that the innocent suffered no less than the guilty, and while it was unfortunate that Miss Ashgrove was in the position in which she was, yet justice must be done.

To all of this argument Holbrook had no reply, and he realized he could make none. In the end, however, he gave a reluctant consent that everything should be laid before the district attorney, but he positively refused to go with Tom to that official. If he appeared at all in the matter, it should only be as an unwilling witness to tell how his suspicions of Fountain had been aroused, and he sincerely hoped that even that much would not be required of him. So Tom was compelled to go alone. On his way he dismissed Holbrook's scruples as fanciful to the last degree, and busied himself with the order of the narrative which he was to submit to the prosecuting officer.

On entering the office he saw the door of the private room was closed, and he was about to send in his card, when a voice called out from an adjoining room:

"Hallo, Tom! Come in. Where have you been this month of Sundays?"

Tom passed into the room and saw an assistant of the district attorney, in the center of a group of his fellow deputies.

"Is the chief engaged," asked Tom after salutations.

"Yes," was the reply, "but only for a short time. Come in. I was just telling the boys some of my adventures while yachting. We were out in Teddy Braham's yacht—only a small party. Jack Hanshaw, Fred Cox, Harry Fountain and myself."

"Who? Fountain?"

"Yes, Harry Fountain. Do you know him? A fine fellow."

"What Fountain?" asked Tom, somewhat interested: "Fountain of the Union and the Lambs—athlete?"

"The same. Why?"

"Oh, nothing particular. When was this?"

"Oh, let me see. We were out the 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th of last month. We went on board the 14th at night, and sailed early the next morning."

"Of August," said Tom, with sudden alarm. "Hold on; where were you on the 17th?"

"We ran into Greenport bay, about 9 o'clock at night, under the brightest moon"—

"You are sure of that date?" queried Tom earnestly.

"Why, yes. Certainly. What's the matter with you?"

"This is important. You've made no mistake?"

"Mistake, no. Here's my diary with the entry. See," and he held it up for Tom to read.

"For heaven's sake!" cried Tom, "let us get this straight. When did that murder in Union square occur?"

"Ask Jim there; it's his case."

"You mean Templeton's?" asked the one referred to. "On the morning of the eighteenth, an hour after midnight."

"Great heavens!" cried Tom.

They all stared at him.

He took the photographs out of his pocket and handed them to the first speaker.

"Was this the man—the Fountain who was with you?"

"The very same. These are good pictures of him?"

"Was he never away from you during the trip?"

"Never, from the time he joined us on the fourteenth."

Tom stood like one rooted to the spot. In the meantime the others looked upon him amazed. Finally Tom said:

"I do not think I want to see the district attorney after all."

He turned on his heel without a word and walked out, leaving them wondering at his strange manner and questions.

"He's been drinking," he heard one say.

"One would suppose he thought Fountain had committed that murder," from another.

He paid no heed, but passed on and descended the stairs like one who had met with a distressful blow of misfortune.

He walked along the street dazed, unheedful of all about him. Without knowing just how he had gotten there he found himself in Broadway, opposite the postoffice.

His emotions were difficult to analyze. Heartfelt gratitude and thankfulness that the story had been told him before he had gone in to the district attorney possessed him, but dominating every other sentiment was his feeling of keen and bitter disappointment. His quest had ended in failure, his triumph had turned to ashes.

He made his way hurriedly to Holbrook. The lawyer was engaged with a client, and Tom paced the outer office in a fever of disappointment, thankfulness, humiliation and even anger. How could he have been such an idiot as to have supposed Fountain could have been guilty of such a crime? he asked himself, and then in the most illogical way he found himself growing angry with Fountain for going off on that yachting trip, and thus making it impossible for him to have committed the deed.

Unable to contain himself longer, he sent his card, on which was scribbled "Important. All the fat's in the fire," to Holbrook.

Holbrook came out immediately.

He looked wonderingly at Tom, who bore the visible traces of his crushing defeat.

"What's the matter, man?" asked Holbrook.

"Harry Fountain didn't commit the murder."

Holbrook could not have suppressed his surprise if he had desired, nor his evident relief at the information.

That increased Tom's bitterness.

"Why?" asked Holbrook. "Do they know who did it?"

"No."

"How do you know, then, that he didn't?"

"He was not within a hundred miles of Union square when the deed was done."

Holbrook told him to wait a moment and he would dismiss his client at once. This he did speedily, and calling Tom in made him tell all that had occurred.

There was silence at the conclusion.

After a moment Tom said:

"We are just where we were ten days ago. We've been on a false scent."

"No," said Holbrook, "not quite. There is the motive we reasoned out this morning. We must now follow up the Pierson inquiry."

"Until we get near the finish, when I suppose you'll baulk again," replied Tom bitterly.

Holbrook laughed.

"Be reasonable, Tom. You know it was a hard thing to bring Flora Ashgrove into the matter, and I am sincerely glad she is out of it."

"Unless," said Tom, "Fountain hired some one to do it."

"Oh, dismiss that idea," replied Holbrook. "Our suspicions of Fountain were caused wholly from our belief that Flora thought Fountain had himself done the deed. If her manner and words did not mean this, they meant nothing. No, the 'handsome Flora' herself has been on a wrong scent."

"But she didn't think so without there was a reason for it."

"You're right there, Tom. Now what was that reason?"

"To find that out would put us on the right track again. By Jove, Holbrook, I've an idea."

"Let us have it, then."

"See. The Ashgrove girl thinks Fountain did the murder. She hasn't told him of her belief, nor won't—you remember the conversation. Now, she still labors under that belief. You can go to her and earn her undying gratitude by disabusing her mind of that error."

"Well, what then?"

"In her joy at finding that the object of her love is not a guilty man, she will tell you her reason for supposing he was."

"You have an idea, Tom."

"Yes, and besides, she'll tell you who was the owner of the diamond button."

"Surely. But she is still in Newport."

"No," said Tom, "I saw in this morning's papers that the Witherspoons have returned to the city."

"Then I'll go to her this very day."

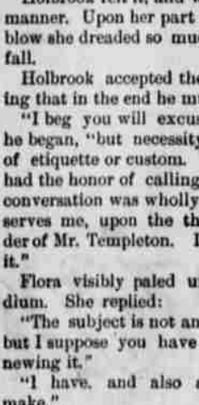
"Do. And while you are on that line I'll seek out Fountain, tell him my former suspicions, and ask his assistance in our effort."

"He won't talk to you."

"Well, I can try all the same."

Having agreed to this plan, and appointed a place of meeting, they parted.

CHAPTER XXII.



FROM the manner in which Flora had received him on the night he had met her at the Casino, Holbrook had no reason to suppose his visit would be met with much cordiality.

Therefore, when the servant returned after he had presented his card, with the information that the lady was not at home, he was not surprised or disconcerted.

"If that means," he said to the servant, "that Miss Ashgrove is denying herself to visitors this afternoon, please say to the lady that Mr. Holbrook calls upon business of the utmost importance and of unusual interest to her."

The servant went away a second time, leaving him seated in the reception room, and returned to say that the lady would see him in a few moments.

He did not wait long, for Flora, still in morning toilet, followed the servant closely. She was cold and haughty in the extreme, but none the less wearied and anxious.

She saluted Mr. Holbrook, and without waiting for a return, she said to the servant:

"I am not at home to any other callers, no matter who they may be."

She closed the door after her, and sat down in such a position that the light was upon Holbrook's face, while her own was in the shadow. She waited for Holbrook to speak, turning upon him with a polite look of inquiry.

Her manner conveyed that the call was to be regarded as one purely of business.

Holbrook felt it, and was stung by her manner. Upon her part she felt that the blow she dreaded so much was about to fall.

Holbrook accepted the situation, feeling that in the end he must win.

"I beg you will excuse my urgency," he began, "but necessity knows no law of etiquette or custom. The last time I had the honor of calling upon you, the conversation was wholly, if my memory serves me, upon the then recent murder of Mr. Templeton. I desire to renew it."

Flora visibly paled under this exordium. She replied:

"The subject is not an agreeable one, but I suppose you have a purpose in renewing it."

"I have, and also a confession to make."

"A confession!" she repeated in surprise."

"Yes, a confession. From your manner and from your words at that time, and subsequently from your manner at the Casino, where I met you some days afterwards, I arrived at the conclusion that you suspected Mr. Fountain of having committed the murder."

"The dreaded blow has fallen," she thought, as she gasped out, her face ghastly white, "but you did not know him; he told me so."

"I learned who he was that night at the Casino," he replied calmly.

"I feared so," she said, with a low moan. "And yet he went to you the next morning. Fool, fool, fool, that he was!"

"That conclusion," continued Holbrook, conscious he was torturing her as a cat does a mouse, "was strengthened by the report of an interview between yourself and Mr. Fountain on the veranda of your uncle's house at Newport."

She sprang to her feet, nerved by the strong tide of anger and contempt that swept over her.

"And were you low enough, base enough, to spy upon us, or to place a spy upon us?"

Holbrook was struck with her great beauty as she stood before him, burning with scorn, and he admired her.

"No, Miss Ashgrove," he replied, quietly, "you wrong me. You are mistaken in both conjectures. I neither spied on you nor placed one on you. The report came to me in my professional capacity, after it was all over, and without my knowledge that Mr. Fountain was being followed and watched. This, I say, confirmed the suspicions and strengthened my conclusions, but I desire to say to you now that both of us have been wrong. I hasten to inform you that Mr. Fountain did not commit the deed."

"Did not!" The revulsion of feeling was too great. She sank back in her chair, and for a moment Holbrook thought she would swoon.

He started up hastily to go to her assistance, but she waved him back, and after a supreme effort regained control of herself.

"How—he is innocent?"

"Yes, innocent. He was not within a hundred miles of Union square when the deed was done."

"And why do you come to me with all this?"

Having repossessed herself, she took refuge in haughtiness, while her manner was an assumption of extreme indifference.

She made Holbrook angry, and it was with difficulty he could control himself.

"You will pardon me, Miss Ashgrove, I hope, if I remark that your tone and manner are particularly offensive to me, and neither wise nor just. It is far from my purpose to descend so low as to threaten a lady, but prudence should suggest to you that it is not wise to show such contempt, whatever you may feel, toward a man who is in possession of such knowledge as you know I am."

"And pray, what may that be?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Relic of the War.

The Listener witnessed recently an interesting little ceremony—the removal of three charges from an old revolver, which had been borne, and evidently used, by an officer on the field of Cedar Creek, on Oct. 19, 1864. On that day, Capt. G. F. W——, of the Thirtieth Massachusetts, had, as he charged with his company the stone wall behind which the Confederates were entrenched, drawn this old five shooter, of the most approved ante war type, which looks about as much like the ordinary Colt or Smith & Wesson of this day as a revolutionary firelock does like the latest pattern of magazine rifle. The revolver was loaded, but the captain had discharged two shots from it. Then he was himself shot through the heart, and fell. The men pushed on; the Confederates were driven from their position, and defeat turned into victory; but when Gen. Sheridan rode before the reformed line, and complimented the troops upon their bravery, the gallant captain lay back upon the field, among the dead and wounded.

His revolver, with the remaining three charges in it, was sent home to his family, and from that day to this the charges remained in it, like a sheathed weapon ready for service. Occasion had arisen, however, to pass the old pistol on to a still younger hand, and it was deemed best to draw the old charges at last. So the three percussion caps, that looked as old fashioned as a flint lock itself to this generation, were removed. The bullets, with their paper cartridges, were carefully drawn; and the powder fell out of them, some of it as bright and doubtless as energetic, if one were to test it, as when the captain loaded his revolver before the battle of Cedar Creek. To one who was there, the sight of those old cartridges must have brought back a grim and moving spectacle of as gallant a charge as the war had known. — Boston Transcript "Listener."

Light Depth of Arctic Snows.

The comparatively light depth of snow in the north frigid zone is tolerably easy of explanation, but the difference in consistency between it and the same material further south is not so easy to understand. In the former case we really have but two seasons when the snow falls—the spring and autumn—the intensely cold weather of winter being as unfavorable for a snow storm seemingly as the summer itself; in fact, I have seen a snow storm every July and August I was in the Arctic, while there were a number of months in each winter of which I could not say the same. The Eskimo plainly recognize these two seasons of snow storms, and have two different names for the spring and fall snows.

During the winter there may be high winds, which carry the loose snow in drifting packs, so that a person caught out in such a gale would think at first sight that he was in a first class snowstorm; but, nevertheless, none has fallen, and although drifts have formed deeper here and there, this has been picked up from the ridges and hilltops and the average depth is the same as before. For this, too, the natives have a name, and will inform you that at that temperature and that time of the year no snow falls. In Greenland observations have been carried on for many years by Danish meteorologists, and Dr. Rink, the best authority on that region, says that "in north Greenland the amount of snow annually falling is inferior to that of south Greenland," and this law seems to be general. In short, the heaviest fall of snow is not in the frigid no more than in the torrid zone, but somewhere between the two.—Lieut. Frederick Schwatka.

Crossing the Muddy Street.

I stood at a corner on Main street the other day and watched the people making their way across the muddy street. Did you ever notice how differently this is done by different people.

There is the lady who pauses momentarily in dismay, then gathers her skirts with one hand and daintily picks her way, striving to step where some man's big brogan has left its imprint, but failing because the brogan took such long steps.

Then comes the well dressed man who never deforms his shapely feet with overshoes. He glances down at his well polished boots, mutters an imprecation about the street commissioner, and walks across on his heels, maintaining his balance with difficulty and losing his temper altogether.

The old resident who is used to this sort of thing, and who would not feel at home with a clean pavement in the spring time, does not permit the muddy crossing to delay him, but with a skill, born of long experience, takes advantage of every projecting dry spot that the pavement affords, and doesn't get very muddy after all.

But the man who produced the strongest impression upon me, the man whom you will at once recognize, was the man whose unpolished boots and insensibility to dirt enabled him to disregard the mud. This man sets his foot down like a pile driver, or yanks it through the liquid mud like a snow plow and liberally bespatters everybody and everything within a radius of five yards. You have met him; everybody has met him. He has splashed you with mud; he has splashed everybody.

He should be abated as a public nuisance.—Kansas City Journal.

Conserve Your Force.

Hamerton says: "It often happens that mere activity is a waste of time, that people who have a morbid habit of being busy are often terrible time wasters; while, on the contrary, those who are judiciously deliberate, and allow themselves intervals of leisure, see the way before them in those intervals, and save time by the accuracy of their calculations."

Another writer, unknown, says: "Some men are in incessant action, early and late, and all through the day. They have no time for family or friends. As for holidays, the less for them the better. They have inherited a nervous temperament, and are doing just the wrong thing with it—allowing it to hurry them to an untimely end. They wear themselves out. Their brain is ever in a state of morbid activity almost like that of an insane man. A little careful planning, and a proper laying out of work, and especially doing everything in the proper time, would avoid all such hurry and worry, make work much easier, secure an abundance of leisure and greatly increase length of life."—Scientific American.

The Deaf Called by a Drum.

Who would think of calling deaf men by beating a drum? Yet this is exactly what is done in the institute for the deaf and dumb at Flint, Mich. With the drum resting on the floor and beaten in the usual way, everybody in the building is awakened in the morning. It is also used to call the boys from the playgrounds. The teachers state that those who cannot hear at all feel the vibrations and answer the summons.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Horse Sense vs. Fashion.

McAllister—I noticed you kept your front blinds open all the summer. Going out of society?

Smith—No; but we concluded that all the people we really cared to have think us out of town were out of town themselves.—Puck.

There are now over eighty miles of electric railways in the United States. Eighteen towns have plants in operation, varying from one to eleven miles in length. Contracts have been let for roads in seventeen other towns, and sixty-nine more are projected.—Chicago Times.

SEEING HUMAN NATURE.

ITS DEVELOPMENT AS SEEN BY A SUPERINTENDENT OF THE POOR.

The Female Shylock—A Mother's Love for Her Afflicted Boy—A Recent Arrival—Shipping Paupers from Europe. A Discharged Sailor.

Mr. William Blake, superintendent of outdoor poor, works from 8 a. m. until 5 p. m. every week day, and while he talks he is listening to complaints, appeals, arguments and inquiries, and his hands are busy signing papers, making memoranda, handing out bottles of cough mixture, putting his name to vouchers, opening letters and various other occupations. By dint of doing three or four things at once when he is most rushed, he manages to get the average down to about nine things per minute that he gets through with all day long.

While the reporter sat watching him and waiting to hear about his observations upon human nature, the dull brown tatter-festooned chain of misery that moved its human links along the front of his desk was suddenly broken by a very charming variation upon its monotony. An exceedingly pretty young woman, with pouting red lips, sparkling eyes and rose leaf complexion; a young woman prettily gloved, wearing rich furs and costly jewelry, and a marvelously handsome hat—altogether quite a patrician-esque young woman—stopped before Mr. Blake and said:

"We have a tenant; a widow with a child, who cannot pay her rent. We have dispossessed her, or at least served her with a notice of dispossession, but we can't put her out because her child is very sick. So I want you to send an ambulance and take the child away to some hospital."

"You want us to take the sick and perhaps dying child away from its mother, so that you can throw the mother into the street and let your room to a better paying tenant!"

"Yes, sir," replied the young woman, stiffly, but with a little flush on her cheeks, as if she was just beginning to realize that her attitude might not be admired by people weak enough to be humane.

Mr. Blake's eyes projected themselves, and he seemed making an effort to swallow some words that would not have sounded prettily. After a brief but impressive silence he answered sternly:

"No, I shall do nothing of the sort. If the poor mother brings her sick child and asks us to care for it, we will do the best we can, but we have no right to do what you ask. We never interfere between landlord and tenant."

The handsome young woman reddened angrily, and exclaimed argumentatively:

"But she can't pay her rent!"

"I have told you that I can do nothing for you," replied Mr. Blake, in a tone of disgust; "we do not interfere between landlord and tenant."

The pretty female Shylock gave her head an indignant toss, flashed a look of scorn upon the poor wretches surrounding her—who were listening and viewing her with expressions of loathing and surprise—and quickly went out.

A pale, thin, weary looking young woman, still bearing traces of beauty, came up to the desk, and said, with evident effort:

"My little boy is deaf and dumb, and paralyzed. I can no longer keep him. I have come to see if you will put him in some institution where he will be warm and taken care of."

"Are you a widow?"

"No, sir. I have a husband, but he can get little work to do. We are very poor, and have another child, which is all we can take care of."

"I will send your child to Randall's island, where he will be very well cared for, if you desire it. When will you be ready to have the ambulance take him away?"

She seemed to hesitate, but nerving herself, replied:

"Any time, sir."

"Very well, the ambulance will call for him to-morrow morning."

She turned very pale, her lips quivered, and her eyes filled with tears as she exclaimed impulsively:

"Oh! sir, make it Friday. Let me have him one more day."

Mr. Blake kindly told her how well her little afflicted boy would be cared for, which was the best consolation she could have had, and when she went away remarked to the reporter: "There's more human nature for you. I wonder if that young Shylock who was in here a while ago will ever have in her breast a mother's heart as tender as that of the woman who just went out."

The clanking of the human chain that drags itself before Superintendent Blake's desk is almost wholly in a minor key. Now and then, however, there is a little relief to its monotony.

A young German stood confidently up, and in response to the question, asked in German, "How long have you been in this country?" replied placidly: "I arrived yesterday."

"My God!" ejaculated Blake. "And you've found this place already! Well, I've known of their being pretty soon before, but he is the freshest thing I've seen yet."

The recent arrival was sent back to Castle Garden. The state board of charities and our municipal commissioners of charities and correction have plenty of business in shipping off paupers, the burden of whose support properly belongs upon other communities and even in other countries.

"The Swiss cantons," said Dr. Hoyt, "openly and boldly ship us their paupers, even claiming a right to do so, and complacently invite us to reciprocate by sending our paupers to them, if we can. But we cannot. Catch our paupers going to Switzerland! Not much. They know when they are well off. We also get great numbers of the most undesirable class of immigrants from the Austro-Polish, Italian and German lowest classes; the greater numbers and the worst the Austro Polish. They come here to live by begging and crime, and if we do not succeed in catching them and turning them back they are a burden practically from the day they land."

A tall, thin man, erect, bronzed by exposure to the elements, and wearing a sailor's hat, wanted to be sent to Boston.

"I have been discharged from the Trenton," he said, "and it seems pretty hard, for I've been in the service since 1861; but it was my own fault. I want now to go back to where I have friends and take a fresh start."

Whatever his fault had been, the poor fellow looked as if he had repented of it, and his manly way of accepting the situation disarmed criticism and moralizing. He got his transportation.

"There," said Mr. Blake, "I think you've got some samples of human nature as I see it every day, and if they are not enough for you come again."—New York Sun.

Electric Oil Well Drills.

A patent has been granted for an electrical drill for oil wells. The device consists of a series of motors in tandem, connected in such a way as to make one motor. The design has been to get the power within a six inch diameter, so that the entire mechanism, which much resembles a common boiler, can be lowered in the well, and the power can be applied at the bottom. The drill bits are firmly fastened on the rod, which is worked rapidly in and out of a cylinder, after the manner of a piston rod.—New York Telegram.

The Cruel Russian Despotism.

The Russians determining a thing in advance let nothing stop them. Take the case of a young lawyer I met in eastern Siberia. He had been arrested as one of the 200 propagandists, the men who went about preaching liberality in government and literature. Tried, he was one of the 193 acquitted. Some months afterward he was asked to come to dinner with the governor of his province. The two had taken coffee, when the official said:

"I am very sorry, but I have a telegram telling me to order you to eastern Siberia."

"But on what grounds?"

"I don't know; these are my only instructions."

Getting a three weeks' respite in which to settle up his business, he was put into Moscow prison, and finally, traveling by stages, reached the place of his exile. Repeatedly on his route he pressed his captors for the reason of his arrest. Finally he was informed. The charge was not having abandoned his former criminal activity. And he had just been acquitted of having any previous activity.

"One day after the young man's arrival, as he told me," said Mr. Kennan, "he was discussing with some of his companions the cause of their presence in eastern Siberia. One had been circulating a forbidden book, and so on. It came to the lawyer. He confessed he had been unable to find out any real cause for his punishment. 'Your father had a black and white cow, didn't he?' laughed one.

"'Yes, I suppose so.'

"'Oh, well, you needn't look any further for the reason of your exile. The possession of a cow is sufficient.'"—George Kennan.

Dangerous Cosmetics in France.

In a report submitted to the Hygienic council of Paris by Drs. Dubrisay and Chatin, the authors state that the perfumery and toilet products now sold contain so many noxious substances that it is desirable the factories should be placed under special surveillance. They give a number of instances in support of their statement. The so-called "harmless and purely vegetable" hair dyes, they say, are all poisonous. "Progressive dyes" are ammoniacal solutions of nitrate of silver. The "instantaneous dyes" are a solution of litharge in lime water.

"Eau des Fees" is a solution of sulphate of lead in hyposulphite of soda. "Eau Figaro" consists of three solutions (1) of nitrate of silver and sulphate of copper; (2) sulphide of sodium; (3) cyanide of potassium (to remove the silver stains). "Eau des Fleurs" is composed of rose water, 95.5; flowers of sulphur, 2.7; acetate of lead, 2.8. Passing to cosmetics, they say "Lait antipellique" is composed of corrosive sublimate, 1.7; oxide of lead, 4.22; sulphuric acid and camphor. "Lait de manille" is a mixture of borax, copper, tincture of benzoin, and essence of bitter almonds; "Lait de Ninon," of bismuth and zinc; "Eau Magique," oxide of lead and hyposulphite of zinc; "Eau de fleur de lys," protochloride of mercury; "Eau royal de Windsor," glycerine and oxide of lead; "Eau de Castille," hyposulphite of soda and acetate of lead. The "Poudre Pilivore de Laforet" contains mercury (?), 60 grains; sulphide of arsenic, 30 grains; litharge, 30 grains, and starch, 30 grains. "Epetiene" is simply sulphite of calcium, and "Antiboldos" hyposulpuite of soda. Pomades against baldness all contain cantharides and croton oil.—American Druggist.

Cities in the Wrong Place.

Nevertheless, we must all regret that in the original foundation of cities the pioneers are frequently so short sighted as to choose spots which will give posterity no end of expense. I never could see much reason for putting the city of Rome where it stood, and then having to bring water to it on high arched aqueducts from distant mountains and to find a port down in the unhealthy marshes miles away from the city. Paris and Edinburgh and Constantinople are well placed cities. New York could have been placed elsewhere than on this island of gneiss, which is probably a series of rock islets with sand hills and quick sands between. Brooklyn has been growing prodigiously of late, because it was so much easier to form a city there than upon the site of New York. Newark has also grown with great rapidity, because it has advantages on the continental mainland not enjoyed by New York.

Westchester county, north of New York island, would have been the easiest of all places to put a great city, which would then have been fronted upon Long Island Sound and on the Hudson river, and also on the main continent, while the Harlem river in front of it would long ago have been made into a sort of Thames. Still, the impediments put in man's way lead to his art and civilization, and, as New York is, enterprise will continue to figure and scheme upon it so that the last complaint which can be made against its comfort and intercourse shall subside to peace.—George Alfred Townsend in Boston Globe.

Horses for Cavalry Service.

The horses that were raised in the country districts of Kentucky and Missouri were splendid animals for all around use, but now there seems to be nothing between the weedy, delicate racer good for a mile dash, but who would break down in a three days' forced march, and the heavy animal that does excellently for wagon or light artillery use, but is too slow and clumsy for the cavalry. Even when we get a horse that has at once bone and stamina it is nearly always the case that he has a long back, that curse of the cavalry horse, for weak kidneys are inevitably the result after one season's campaign. Horse boards now have to go over the country with a fine toothed comb to find the active, short coupled horses that are the best for service and which used to be found on every large farm. Unless something is done by the breeders the splendid saddle horses for which the Mississippi valley once was famous will entirely disappear. —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Pickle Industry.

The pickle industry is a large one in some localities. At Fredericksburg, Va., the supply reached 30,000,000 cucumbers. They are picked an inch and a half long, and bring eighty cents per 1,000. A boy can pick 3,000 per day. Picking them off when they are small increases the productiveness of the vines, as others quickly grow as the first ones are picked off.—Boston Budget.

A Luxury in Paris.

Fires are considered a great luxury here. We have immense andirons, and the fires are built on the stone or tile floors. They generally burn a sort of brick made of pressed coal, called a briquette, warranted to last five hours. As I tell sister, a common brick would last longer and give as much heat. The French people are so economical they jump up and pour water on the fire to keep it from burning up too quickly.—Elizabeth Nourse in Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

A New Kind of Oars.

Oars are coming into use in which the blade is made from the best sheet steel, highly tempered, and is alleged to be much stronger than the ordinary wooden one, and cannot be broken without undue violence; the handle fits into the socket, running nearly the whole length of the blade, and forming a backbone of great strength; and the oar, being much thinner in the blade than the wooden one, enters and leaves the water cleaner. The handles are made separately, of spruce or ash.—New York Sun.