# EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON.


## ON THE ROAD.

The fields are all sweet with hay,
The brakes are all blithe with song,
On the hedges rose garlands sway,
Convolvulus clusters throng,
As shoeless, and tattered, and grimy, and gray
He shuffles along.

A skylark sings high above,
A thrush from yon hanging bough,
Far away in the wood a dove;
But he passes with scowling brow.
Their melodies once he was wont to love;
He hates them now.

Hates all; save the sheltering night,
When under a bank he creeps,
And Squalor is out of sight,
And Hunger its distance keeps,
And unmocked by the birds and the meadows bright,
His misery sleeps.

—New York Tribune.

### An Affecting Incident.

The conflagration of the scaffolds intended for fireworks for the celebration of the marriage of Louis XVI is generally known. Amidst the distracted multitude pressing on every side, trampled under the horses' feet, precipitated into the ditches of the Rue Royale and the square, was a young man, with a girl with whom he was in love. She was beautiful; their attachment had lasted several years; pecuniary causes had delayed their union; but the following day they were to be married. For a long time the lover, protecting his betrothed, keeping her behind him, covering her with his own person, sustained her strength and courage. But the tumult, the cries, the terror and peril every moment increased. "I am sinking," she said; "my strength fails. I can go no further."

"There is yet a way!" cried the lover in despair; "get on my shoulders." He feels that his advice has been followed, and the hope of saving her whom he loves redoubles his ardor and strength. He resists the most violent concussions; with his arms firmly extended before his breast he with difficulty forces his way through the crowd; at length he clears it. Arrived at one of the extremities of the place, having set down his precious burden, faltering, exhausted, fatigued to death, but intoxicated with joy, he turns round. It was a different person! Another, more active, had taken advantage of his recommendation. His beloved was no more!—New York Ledger.

### Just an Ordinary Woodchuck Log.

When I was a boy my father had a fine field of clover, and he discovered that woodchucks were making sad havoc with it. On the field was a log, and near the log the destruction was the greatest. My father told me I must kill those woodchucks. I went to the field a number of times, but could not get a shot at them. I came to the conclusion that I must use a little strategy; so one morning I went to the field before light. With my gun both barrels loaded with a heavy charge of BB shot, I got in a position where I could take a range of the log lengthwise.

As it began to grow light the woodchucks began to gather for their morning frolic. They mounted the log, sat up and looked around to see there was nothing to disturb them. When I thought the log was nearly covered with them I pulled both barrels at once. The gun kicked me over. When I got up there were no woodchucks to be seen. I went to the log and picked up fourteen dead woodchucks, and it wasn't any great log for woodchucks, either.—Boston Record.

### But Office Cats Are Very Useful.

We have edited a newspaper for several years, and in that time we have received propositions to advertise goods on shares, to advertise and take the pay in pills, in trees, in flowers, in free tickets, have even had opera house managers demand advertisements as a matter of news, and then demand pay for admission or no go; but it remained for an enterprising merchant of Temple to cap the climax with his proposition. He has a lot of strayed animals, and after hinting around and suggesting "news" items that would contain some reference to the lost animals, he finally proposed to advertise for them if we would take the pay in cats.—Temple Times.

### Her Regard for Propriety.

A gentleman on a cycling tour staid a night at a prim old lady's cottage, the inns being full. He was very deaf, and took care to impress the fact on his hostess, with instructions that some one must enter his room to wake him at a particular time in the morning. Waking of himself some time later he found that the old lady, with creditable regard for propriety, had slipped under his door a note inscribed:

"Sir, it is half-past 7!"—London Tit-Bits.

### Simple Safeguards on Electric Railways.

M. C. Sullivan suggests in The Electrical Engineer that a very wise and simple precaution will be the supplying to each car operated by electricity of a pair of rubber gloves, insulated pliers and nippers, and suitable inscriptions to indicate their use. These may possibly be the means of preventing delay and inconvenience, and of obviating serious results in case of accidents.

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The greatest measure of variability in the matter of lopped ears is to be found among dogs. Spaniels, setters, pointers, bloodhounds, beagles and foxhounds all have long, pendulous ears; bulldogs, terriers, collies and greyhounds droop only the tips of their ears; the spitz has erect ears, while mastiffs and many other breeds have short, pendulous or semi-pendulous ears.

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The elephant probably came of an ancestral stock that had erect ears, but for ages past there has been no creature powerful enough to cause it alarm, and for want of exercise the muscles which move the ear have lost tone and wasted away, leaving the ear to lop or hang pendulous.

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Directly one enters a room there is a sense either of cheer or the reverse. After leaving the apartment one may not be able to tell how it was furnished, but every one knows the effect produced.

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The Duke of Westminster, the wealthiest of the English noblemen, is engaged in a squabble in the courts with a surgeon named Surell over the cost of embalming the Duke's son, Lord Robert Grosvenor, who died at Constantinople.

# THE DIAMOND BUTTON

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

By BARCLAY NORTH.



"That $250,000 be given Mrs. Fountain if alive at my death, and if not then to her son Harry Fountain if he be alive, but if not of age to then be held in trust for him by Judge Harkner. If he be dead, then the sum to be divided equally among Mrs. Templeton's children.

"That $250,000 be given to Mrs. Simpson under the same circumstances and conditions as the gift to the Fountain woman.

"I desire also that Mrs. Templeton shall pay weekly to my scamp and jailbird of a brother, James Preston, $50, in the hope that he will soon drink himself to death.

"I am quite conscious that this is not a will, but if Mrs. Templeton is as good a woman as her mother was she will obey these instructions.

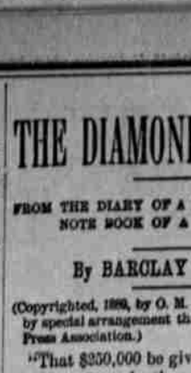
"CHARLES PIERSON.

"New York, April 10, 1874."

Holbrook laid the paper down, overwhelmed.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

TOM EXPERIENCES A SENSATION AKIN TO A SHOCK.



IT WAS in no enviable frame of mind that Tom turned out of bed on the morning following the night he had endeavored to find Fountain. He had been unsuccessful, and his Shadow had been unable to assist him through Fountain's man.

Tom was in fact discouraged, and he made up his mind that if Holbrook had not succeeded in eliciting anything of value from Flora, he would give up the whole matter and confess himself beaten.

The first ten minutes after a tired man wakes in the morning and faces the fresh difficulties of the day are the bluest of the twenty-four hours, and on this particular morning Tom answered with emphasis the old German philosopher's famous question. Life was not worth living. He broke a hair brush in endeavoring to give the answer additional emphasis.

But by the time that he had disposed of his matutinal cup of coffee and lit his cigar the mental horizon cleared somewhat and the vapors began to disappear.

By the time he had walked a half dozen blocks and felt the joy of exercise, he began to pluck up some hope and to manifest a curiosity as to what Holbrook might have to tell him.

He by no means anticipated such a sensation as he was to experience.

When Tom entered Holbrook's office the lawyer was staring out of the window.

The only return he made to Tom's salutation was to hand him the document which had overwhelmed him without a word.

Tom took it, turned the paper over and read the signature and date.

"The deuce!" he exclaimed, and devoured it rapidly.

"Holy jumping Jehosaphat!" he cried. "What an old scamp! How unblushingly he writes of his villainy!"

"And yet tries to make amends at the close of a long and evil life," commented Holbrook.

"Well," said Tom, hardly recovered from his astonishment, "the motive lying at the bottom of the murder is clear enough."

"But who is the murderer?"

"There lies the information," replied Tom, striking the paper he had laid upon Holbrook's desk. "But which? It was not Templeton, for he didn't kill himself for his own benefit. It was not Fountain, for we know he didn't do it. It is either Wessing, the woman Simpson or Preston."

"Preston. What Preston?"

"Why, James Preston—the old drunkard."

"Yes, but where is he? Who ever heard of him?"

"Who ever heard—why—hold hard—I say, didn't I?—why, bless my soul! but I did tell you, didn't I?"

"You are particularly lucid and intelligent this morning, not to say ejaculatory."

"But I say, didn't I ever tell you?"

"In the course of our somewhat extended and frequent intimacy you have told me many things and left untold many others, I suppose. But which particular piece of information you are referring to in your usual perspicuous manner, I am unable to ascertain without a little more light."

"Oh, stow that gibing! you are never so uninteresting as when you think you are sarcastic. But I say, didn't I ever tell you what the Shadow reported to me about an old man Preston and Parker?"

"Never, my royal youth."

Tom, who was too seriously intent over the discovery of the paper to fall into the vein of Holbrook, told with brevity the scene in the old house in Varick street.

The recital soon won Holbrook's close attention.

"If you had told me this," he said at its conclusion, "we would have been well along in the quest without the aid of this document."

"I cannot for the life of me tell how I came to neglect it, but you see, on my side I never knew, for you never told me, that the name of Mrs. Templeton's father was Carroll Preston."

"However, we have the connecting link now, and the question as to who is the person is narrowed to a very few."

"True. It must be either Wessing, the woman Simpson, or Preston."

"Or Parker."

"Ah, by George, he comes into the game, too, doesn't he?"

"Yes, by reason of his connection and conspiracy with Preston."

"Holbrook," said Tom, after a moment's thought, "I do not believe that either Preston or Parker are in this part of the job."

"Why—equally so with the others."

"Listen to me a moment. In this paper, Pierson is at pains to state that Parker had no knowledge of his previous life—that he never knew that he bore another name previous to that of Pierson."

"Yes, I remember; I see what your line of reasoning will be."

"Well. Now he did know about the Fountain and Simpson marriages. In my interview with him he was only disturbed when I talked of Fountain. He was lawyer enough to know that if there was no prior marriage, the Fountain ceremony, whether mock or not, would be binding if the supposed Fountain could be identified with the dead Pierson. Hence his disturbance at my knowledge of the matter—a knowledge which at that time I did not have, but most recklessly assumed to have."

"Well, but you forget Preston, the drunkard."

"No, I don't. This paper is dated 1874 ten years ago, and in it is distinctly stated that old Preston, the drunkard, turned up five years previously. The old sot you will remember, wanted to argue with Parker that he certainly was a brother, because for fifteen years Pierson had paid him money, and you must give full weight to the answer of Parker, that it made little difference whether money was paid him because he was a brother or whether it was because he possessed a secret which induced old Pierson to give hush money—he was brother enough for their purposes. Now this argues that Parker was not fully acquainted with this relation, and that he really entertained doubts of the verity of the brothership between the two—that the relation, if not the acquaintanceship, between Preston and Parker had sprung up since Pierson's death."

"I see, I see. Yes, your reasoning is close."

"Now," continued Tom, "whatever else we may think of Parker, it won't do to take him for a fool. And fool he would have been to open up this property question, by his own motion right on the heels of the murder, if he had been guilty of it, or implicated in it. The fact that he and his client would have been benefited by it would have been too patent, and if he knew the relation Templeton bore to the property, he had every reason to believe others would know it; and with a guilty conscience would think that that fact would be the first to be pitched on."

"I am disposed to believe with you Tom."

"You will, the more you turn over in your mind that scene in Varick street and my conversation with Parker. I'll send for the Shadow, and together we'll go over the conversation again, and I'll write down both for you to study at your leisure. It is quite as important to get those out of the case who did not do it, as to get those in who possibly could have done it."

"That is shrewdly put, Tom," replied Holbrook. "But you do not forget Parker's call on me?"

"No, I do not. That call, in my judgment, was to find if possible whether or not Pierson had been engaged in mock matrimonial scrapes prior to the Fountain episode, and of which he had no knowledge. Now, take fast hold of this fact: Fountain could only be a disturbing claimant in the event of there having been no previous marriage. If Parker had known of the marriage of Carroll Preston, the issue of which was Mrs Templeton, he would not have been at all disturbed by my precipitation of the Fountain name. He was visibly disturbed when I falsely assumed to know what I didn't then know, that Pierson had once passed as Fountain. As for the driveling old idiot of a brother, he is too far gone in rum to have ever conceived or executed the murder."

"I think you have made out a case, Tom. At all events, if the other lines of inquiry fail, we have the precious pair to fall back on."

"Now, if you agree with me, as you seem to, then it follows that there are only two left—the Simpson woman and Wessing."

"Well, then, let's consider these two. About Simpson we know no more than this document tells us."

"As to that, I'll have to send the Shadow to New Rochelle to make inquiries. But I want to note a fact. There are only left now under our process Simpson and Wessing"—

"And Wessing was at the place of murder when the deed was done."

"Precisely. There's our first line of work."

Holbrook did not reply. He was intent on his thoughts, and was nervously tearing paper into long shreds, a habit when he was profoundly thinking. Finally he said:

"Tom, some very singular things in the way of omissions present themselves. You never told me of that Varick street interview, and I never told you that Mrs Templeton's family name was Preston. Here were two broken links that we might have joined without the aid of this paper. Now, here is another omission."

"What?" said Tom, with an air of annoyance. "Are you going to make us out a pair of blunderers?"

"Yes, apparently. We never attempted to find out whether Wessing knew anything about the diamond button?"

"You always scouted the idea of Wessing being connected with the affair."

"I admit that, and I am going also to admit that I came near forgetting to tell you that I know who has worn a pair precisely like them."

"Who? For gracious sake!" said Tom irritably. "You increase rather than decrease the possibilities."

"Kendrick Noble. Do you know him?"

"Yes. He is in the same set as the Ashgrove girl and Fountain. But what possible connection can he have with Wessing?"

"Not any that I know of. But we must find out what he has to say about it."

"Well, I'll take that in hand myself," said Tom. "But, Holbrook, old man, there is one thing you ought to do and at once—you ought to go to the Templetons. With all the knowledge you now possess you may bring out some startling truths. Your clients are now first claimants to a large property."

"True. That has been in my mind to say for some time. Why not go up with me? In this case two minds will be better than one."

"Agreed," cried Tom, springing from his seat. "We have plenty to do now, so let us be on the move."

After safely locking up the precious document, they set forth to call upon the Templetons.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOLBROOK MAKES A STIRRING DISCOVERY AS TO HIMSELF.

MRS. TEMPLETON was alone when Holbrook and Tom were ushered into her apartments. Holbrook looked eagerly for Annie, but she was not present, and there was a void in the room and disappointment in his heart.

After Tom had been presented to Mrs. Templeton, for up to this time he had never met her, Holbrook opened the conversation by saying:

"We came upon some rather startling information this morning, Mrs. Templeton, which closely concerns yourself and your daughter. I regret she is not here to listen to the story."

"Why, was she to meet you here?" asked Mrs. Templeton.

Holbrook stared at the old lady.

"I do not understand you," he said.

"But where did she go to after she left you?"

"Left me?" said Holbrook, much puzzled. "I have not seen her today."

"Then she missed you. She went out to see you."

"To see me?" replied Holbrook, still more puzzled.

"Why, yes," said the old lady, much alarmed by his manner. "In response to this note from you."

She rose from her seat and, crossing to the table, took from it an open letter, which she handed to Holbrook.

Tom, who had quickly perceived something was wrong, did not hesitate to lean over Holbrook's shoulder and read with him:

"MY DEAR MISS TEMPLETON—I desire to meet you at the surrogate's office, where we were day before yesterday, at 10 this morning. Your signature to some papers is necessary. The presence of your mother is not necessary.

"Yours respectfully,

"HENRY HOLBROOK."

"What horrible thing is this?" cried Holbrook. "This note is a forgery. I never wrote it."

Mrs. Templeton burst into moans and lamentations.

"Some one has abducted her!" cried Holbrook. "I'll turn the city upside down; I'll go to the police at once."

"Stop," said Tom. "Holbrook, be quiet a moment."

"Quiet, man?" turned Holbrook on him fiercely; "she's in danger. Can I be quiet when perhaps her life hangs in the balance? Come, let's go. We'll alarm the city."

Tom seized Holbrook by the arm and said sternly:

"Stop, man alive, and make sure what you are about to do."

"Let me loose!" demanded Holbrook, beside himself. "I'm dangerous. Do you know I love that girl—love her, heaven only knows how much! I must. I will find her."

Tom held him firmly.

"Granted," he said, "you love her, and I believe you. But to go bellowing like a wild bull about town in this manner is not the way to find her. Be a man. Look at this thing coolly. I'll go anywhere with you, but you must not lose self control. All of your faculties are needed in this work. If you are to help the girl or this poor old mother—heavens, she has fainted!"

They both hastened to take her from the floor, to which she had fallen, and to bear her into the adjoining room, the door of which was open, and lay her upon the bed.

The diversion this created helped Holbrook to resume control of himself. While he sought for water, Tom hastened into the hall to summon assistance, but as he opened the door a lady stood before him, probably attracted thither by Holbrook's outcries.

Tom hastily told her what had occurred, and begged that she would go to Mrs. Templeton.

He then went back to Holbrook, and took him aside. He said sternly to him:

"Holbrook, you must summon all your self control, all your manhood. There's work to be done that can be done only by men, not boys or whimpering fools. Let me see you steady yourself. Let me say something to you. The search will not be long. The man who knifed James Templeton is the person who enticed Annie Templeton away."

"You are right, Tom," said Holbrook, grasping his hand and wringing it. "In the first sharp agony of fear for her I was unnerved. You shall not complain of my want of manhood again. But where can she be? Who can have done this? What shall we do? Where shall we go? Think for me, Tom; act, only don't let us stop here. I shall lose my mind if we don't do something."

"One moment. Let us see to Mrs. Templeton first."

At this moment the lady who had gone to Mrs. Templeton's assistance entered the room, and said that the old lady had revived and desired to see the gentlemen.

They entered her room.

"My daughter," she feebly moaned.

"Have no fear," said Tom promptly. "She will soon be restored to your embrace."

"Yes," said Holbrook, "I shall neither sleep nor eat until I can clasp her in my arms."

"God speed and bless you!" said the old lady faintly.

They hurried out.

"Now," said Tom, as soon as they were well out in the street, "the first thing to do is to see that you are cooled down and steadied. You and I want to sit down for a careful examination of this thing, before we take a step or make a move."

"The first thing to do is to go to the police," replied Holbrook.

"I don't agree with you—stop, speak low, we are followed. Don't show that you are aware of it."

"Let me get at the scoundrel," demanded Holbrook.

Tom seized him so tightly that he gave Holbrook pain.

"Would you ruin everything? Oh, if the Shadow were only here to follow the spy! But let us take a cab here at the corner."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## DESERTS OF AMERICA.

The Mud Plains of the West in Midsummer—Uncomfortable Dust Columns.

A desert is generally considered as a barren waste of sand; probably on account of our familiarity with descriptions of the sandy deserts of Egypt. The American deserts, however, are flat mud plains, the beds of ancient lakes, and are but seldom covered with drifting sand. During the dry season, when not a drop of rain falls on their surfaces for four, five or even six months at a time, they become dry and hard, and broken in every direction by intersecting shrinkage cracks. At such times they bear a striking resemblance to some of the old Roman pavements made of small blocks of cream colored marble.

When in this condition one may ride over them without leaving more than a faint impression of the horse's hoofs on their smooth, glossy surfaces. In the stillness of night—and no one can appreciate the stillness of a desert until he has slept alone with only the boundless plain about him—the hoof beats of a galloping horse ring out as on the pavements of a city. As the summer's sun dries the desert mud, the salts that the waters bring to the surface in solution are left behind, and gradually accumulate until they are several inches thick, and make the deserts appear as if covered with snow. This illusion is especially marked when one traverses the deserts by moonlight.

During the long, hot days of summer, when the dome of blue is above the deserts without a cloud, the strange delusive mirage transforms the landscape beyond all recognition, and makes it appear tenfold more strange and weird than it is in reality. At such times bright clear lakes, with rippling surfaces and willow fringed banks, allure the unwary traveler, and would lead him to destruction should he believe them real. The mountains around the desert are also deformed by the mirage and made to assume the most extravagant and fantastic shapes.

During hot summer days the monotony of the desert is varied by dust columns, formed by small whirlwinds, which sometimes reach such magnitudes as to be decidedly uncomfortable to the traveler who chances to be in their path. Many times these columns are 2,000 or 3,000 feet in height, and have an approximate diameter of from thirty to fifty feet. The fact that they are hollow, whirling colums of dust is indicated, even from a distance, by their spiral appearance and by a light line in the center of each. These bending and swaying columns moving here and there across the desert landscape, impart a novel feature to the plain, and call to mind the genii of Arabian tales.

Such in brief are the deserts of the far west during the arid season. In winter they change and become impassable mud plains.—Israel C. Russell in Overland Monthly.

### Emma Abbot on "Artistic Sense."

"Can you define the artistic sense to which you referred?"

"Ah, there is the thing. That is what no opera singer can get on without. To define it would be to define art itself. It includes taste and a thousand other things which are indefinable. You know the best of everything is indefinable. But what is the use of defining it? The person who has the artistic sense knows what it is without a definition and the person who has it not can not understand any definition of it. The person who has it in the greatest degree becomes the greatest artist, the roundest and most symmetrical. Michael Angelo had it, and therefore he was a great painter, a great poet, a great sculptor and a great architect. If he had a voice he would have been a great singer. Adelaide Neilson had it, and therefore was a great actress. Nature gave her about the ugliest pair of hands I ever saw on a woman, but it gave to her also the artistic sense to learn so to use those hands as to make them seem to look perfectly beautiful. If I were to attempt a brief definition of this sense I should say it is that in us which prompts us to make beautiful everything with which we have to do. The opera singer must have a beautiful voice, beautiful manners, beautiful costumes, beautiful stage settings, and she must have the artistic sense to know what constitutes these."—Chicago Times Interview.

### Buying Historical Chairs.

An incident of Gen. Sheridan's visit to Europe during the Franco-Prussian war is omitted from his article in the November Scribner's, perhaps, through ignorance of the facts. When the general reached Berlin he asked the American minister to recommend to him some young American, who could speak German fluently, to act as an interpreter. The minister recommended Mr. Charles F. MacLean, better known to New Yorkers as a police commissioner than as an interpreter, and he followed Gen. Sheridan through the campaign. The general relates in Scribner's how Bismarck the great and Napoleon the little sat on rude wooden chairs in front of a cottage near Sedan, discussing the situation, and there is a picture showing the two men, one triumphant, the other downcast, in the peasant's garden. A few days later Gen. Sheridan dined with Bismarck, who began to talk of the surrender. "That meeting," said the Prussian chancellor, "will be historical. I sent over yesterday and bought those two chairs from the peasant for ten francs apiece; now I have them as mementoes; and I suppose," he added, with a laugh, "the English will go on buying those chairs for years to come." There was a general laugh at this remark, but one officer had more to laugh at than the others, and gave his reasons to Mr. MacLean afterward. "You see," he said, "I knew as well as Bismarck that the meeting would be historical, so the very next day I rode over myself and got the chairs for five francs for the pair."—San Francisco Argonaut.

### How College Men Turn Out.

The "ten year book" of Cornell university shows that during the last twenty years the total number of degrees conferred is 1,437 and the total number of graduates is 1,353. Of this number 45 are engaged in agriculture, 51 in architecture and building, 5 in art, 23 in banking, 11 in chemistry and assaying, 159 in civil engineering, 246 in education, 30 in electrical engineering, 61 in newspaper work, 235 in law, 39 in manufacturing, 43 in mechanical engineering, 65 in medicine and surgery, 115 in mercantile pursuits, 30 in the ministry, 5 in publishing, 12 in scientific investigation, 65 in study. One hundred and twenty-one are without occupation or are unreported.—New York Tribune.

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"I declare, Robert," said the old man irascibly, "you are the most stupid boy I ever saw. I wonder at your ignorance. It seems to me I'll never be able to learn you anything."

"Do you mean teach me anything, Pa?" asked Bobby calmly, picking a toothpick.

### That Most Serious Problem.

Too many young mothers, in their effort to make their first child perfect, go to great extremes in noticing every fault and laying too great stress upon government. This is done before every one, even the passing caller. I think it has the tendency to harden a child, and the expostulation loses its effect. It is proverbial that children always act their worst when there is company in the house. I had one child who seemed to take advantage every time any one called. I grew perfectly discouraged, and felt as if there was no remedy for it. He would slide down the banisters, go whooping through the house, slam doors and do the most unexpected things, till I was mortified beyond expression.

I finally made it a point to take him by the hand, and ask my caller to excuse us a moment—take him to another part of the house, set him in a chair and say that I would send for him when he was wanted. He would remain there quietly waiting. When the caller was gone I would go and release him. It seemed the only way to do. The more he was punished and admonished before people the worse he became. So I tried hiding his faults and praising him for the good he did. It had a much better effect, and is still as effective. To some children's natures it is even humiliating to be reproved before other children. I do not think humiliation the proper way to reform.

Self respect is a much better trait to develop. Let your child begin to feel early that you expect only the best things of it, and you will start it in a much better way. Do not allow it to argue with you from the beginning, and never laugh at cute things it may do or say, and repeat them to your friends in the presence of the child. If it is a wide awake child it will do and say many things that will be intensely amusing, and, if you wish, keep a book and put them down for future enjoyment—but never let the child know it.—Philadelphia Call.

### Gauss' Invention of the Telegraph.

"I don't remember," writes Gauss to Olbers on the 20th of November of the year 1833, "my having made any previous mention to you of an astonishing piece of mechanism that we have devised. It consists of a galvanic circuit conducted through wires stretched through the air over the houses up to the steeple of St. John and down again, and connecting the observatory with the physical laboratory, which is under the direction of Weber. The entire length of wire may be computed at about 8,000 feet. Both ends of the wire are connected with a multiplicator, the one at my end consisting of 170, that in Weber's laboratory of 50 coils of wire, each wound around a one pound magnet suspended according to a method which I have devised. By a simple contrivance—which I have named a commutator—I can reverse the current instantaneously. Carefully operating my voltaic pile, I can cause so violent a motion of the needle in the laboratory to take place that it strikes a bell, the sound of which is audible in the adjoining room. This serves merely as an amusement. Our aim is to display the movements with the utmost accuracy. We have already made use of this apparatus for telegraphic experiments, which have resulted successfully in the transmission of entire words and small phrases. This method of telegraphing has the advantage of being quite independent of either daytime or weather; the one who gives the signal and the one who receives it remain in their rooms, with, if they desire it, the shutters drawn. The employment of sufficiently stout wires, I feel convinced, would enable us to telegraph with but a single tap from Gottingen to Hanover, or from Hanover to Bremen."—"Gauss and the Electric Telegraph" in Popular Science Monthly.

### Educated Horses.

Doubtless most of you think when you see the performances of trained horses in the circuses of today that a great advance has been made in educating the animals over what was done in ancient times. But you are mistaken, for even the most wonderful exploits of the horses of the present day are repetitions of what was done with them several hundred years ago. In those days horses not only danced upon their hind legs, but fought mock battles, striking at their enemies with their fore feet, and showing what appeared to be remarkable intelligence. Perhaps the most surprising feat ever performed by a horse was in the olden time. A large three sided braided rope was stretched several feet from the ground, and upon this the horse walked, preserving its balance perfectly. In an old print a picture of the act is shown, while another cut represents a horse striking the shield of a soldier with its hoofs. Even the elephant, generally considered the most ungainly of animals, was trained in those days to walk the tight rope, not only near the ground, but, if we may believe the old writers, it traversed ropes swung above the heads of the audience, and not only preserved its balance, but bore a man upon its back.—Philadelphia Times.

### The Way to Wash Windows.

There is a right and wrong way to wash windows, and as this operation is usually dreaded, the following method will doubtless be appreciated, as it saves both time and labor: Choose a dull day, or at least a time when the sun is not shining on the window, for when the sun shines on the window it causes it to be dry streaked, no matter how much it is rubbed. Take a painter's brush and dust them inside and out, washing all the wood work inside before touching the glass. The latter must be washed simply in warm water diluted with ammonia—do not use soap. Use a small cloth with a pointed stick to get the dust out of the corners; wipe dry with a soft piece of cotton cloth—do not use linen, as it makes the glass linty when dry. Polish with tissue paper or old newspaper. You will find this can be done in half the time taken where soap is used, and the result will be brighter windows.—Pittsburg Reporter.

### Barbers in Olden Times.

It is seldom in these days that you hear of a person being leeched or cupped. It is rapidly becoming a lost art. Not a great many years back it was a very important business in connection with a tonsorial establishment. In fact it was almost a profession of its own. Cupping and leeching were very popular among the Germans, and, whether weak or strong, they followed the use. Not a great many years ago an apprentice barber invariably had to become as proficient in the application of the leech as he did in the shaving line. Barbers also did a good deal of tooth jerking, but that part of the business is also no more, since dentists are so numerous.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Why It Went Out.

"Keep your seats, please, ladies and gentlemen," said a theatrical manager, "there is no trouble whatever, but for some inexplicable reason the gas went out."

Then a boy shouted from the gallery: "Perhaps it didn't like the play."—New York Sun.

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The writer of a book on dancing estimates that eighteen waltzes are equal to about fourteen miles of straight work.

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The dog gnaws the bone because he cannot swallow it.

# AT THE STAMP WINDOW.

QUEER STUDIES IN HUMAN NATURE AT THE POSTOFFICE.

Those Who Know What They Want and Those Who Don't—Inquiries Which Belong Properly to the Depot—Bother Over the Special Delivery Stamp.

There is a broad and fertile field in the postoffice for those who are given to making character studies. A man has only to stand near one of the stamp windows for a few minutes to see more odd specimens of man perhaps than are to be found in any other one place in the to be found in any other one place in the city, and that means in the country. One has only to watch the hurrying, nervous, pushing line of people rushing in one door and out another to realize what a peculiar world this is. There is the dapper young lawyer's clerk. He knows what he wants and how to get it with the least trouble. He falls into line, impatiently tapping his foot until his turn comes. Then he puts down a dollar, says shortly "Fifty twos," snatches up his stamps and darts through the crowd. Behind him, perhaps, is an old, bent, gray haired man, dressed in a jumper and a pair of overalls. He asks for one stamp, and when this is laid down before him on the thick pane of glass, he goes down into his pocket and pulls forth a greasy, dilapidated looking leather wallet. He hunts around in this for a couple of pennies, and finally, when he has found them, takes his stamp and goes off to the side carefully to paste it on the letter.

FOOD FOR THE WOMAN HATER.

The office boy comes in like a flash, buys a great roll of the little green, hideous things, tears it rapidly into strips, and, skillfully running his tongue along the under side of them, slaps them on to a pile of letters, tearing each one from the strip with a quick, ripping sound. Some girl hovers on the outskirts of the crowd for a while, and then, watching for a clear field, goes up to the window. "When does the next train leave for Farmington?" she asks.

"Don't know: this is a stamp window."

She blushes and begins to stammer. "Couldn't you find out for me?"

"Time table over on the wall," gruffly; and she goes over to look at the schedule, which no living man could figure out. Meanwhile the short man, in a silk hat, with large glasses across his nose, has been snorting and fussing about "women." He makes his purchase, follows her over to the wall, and, casting a withering look at her, grunts out, "Hum!" He slams the door in a disgusted manner behind him, still muttering about "women."

In ten minutes the girl comes back to the window and says timidly: "I can't find Farmington."

"Well, that ain't my fault, is it?" says the man sharply, peering over the glass at her. She flees in dismay.

And so they come and go, men, women and children, not more than half of them knowing how to buy stamps, and one slow one delaying a dozen more business like and energetic people. The reporter asked the stamp clerk to tell him some of the more amusing experiences he went through in the course of a week.

AN ODD LITTLE MAN.

"A week," he said grimly; "I couldn't tell you all that happened in a day. Did you notice that little shuffling man, whose head scarcely comes up to the window? He never comes here less than six times a day and he never buys more than one stamp at a time. I asked him once why he did not get twenty or thirty in a lot. 'Oh,' he said, with a shrewd air, 'people like to borrow them too much.' He is the queerest one of all the queer ones who come here. His office is several blocks away from the postoffice, and yet he will hobble down here again and again in a day rather than take more than one stamp. I have tried to get him to buy more, but he won't think of such a thing. He always comes to my window. I have seen him go to the end of a line of ten or twenty before my window when there were not five at the next one. If I happen to be away at dinner or off duty when he wants a stamp, he goes out and comes in again every minute or two until I return. He is a queer one, he is.

"Then," he went on, "there is the special delivery stamp. That makes a good deal of trouble. Only one man in ten can remember the name of it. I have had it called the 'hurry up' stamp, the 'get there' stamp, the 'quick,' 'rush,' 'special,' 'extra' stamp, and a dozen other names, but seldom the right one, while about twenty times a day some funny man comes in and asks with a big grin for a 'P. D. Q.' stamp. I have got so tired of that stale old joke that I always pretend not to know what he means. I can stand anything but that. Oh, yes, this is a good place to see strange people, but it isn't worth your while to listen to me. Just stand here and watch them for yourself."—New York Tribune.

### Returned for Their Tails.

The following story illustrates how much mice love their tails: In Norwich, Conn., the other night a young lady set a mouse trap in her parlor—a trap that was like a diminutive railroad round house, with arched doorways, and with a delicate little loop of steel under each doorsill to fly up and catch a mouse by the muzzle. The steel nooses snapped busily all night, and next morning the lady found five mice clinging in five of the inhospitable doorways, and, what was very mysterious to her, three long mouse tails hanging from the three other entrances. She puzzled her head long over the inscrutable problem. Why did three mice visit her trap over night and deliberately leave their tails behind them? But there was no answer to it. A very bright idea, however, flashed into her mind, and she set her trap again. Verily, the three tailless mice came back to recover their tails, and in the gray dawn of the following day the young lady found three tailless mice dangling from the trap.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

### A Mountain in Motion.

A tremendous snow slide recently came down the northern face of Castle Peak, sweeping everything before it. Its track can be plainly seen from a point on Mount Scowden high enough to overlook the intervening ridge. Judging from the furrow on the side of the mountain it must have been a terrific affair. Starting near the summit, it multiplied in volume, taking rocks and earth to the depth of many feet. At the timber line it cut a swath a hundred yards wide, and left not a tree standing for half a mile along the base of the peak. Where it finally stopped a young mountain of huge bowlders, earth and shattered trunks of trees, many of them three and four feet in diameter, blocks a deep ravine.—Territorial Enterprise.

### Earthquakes Versus Nerves.

Many persons who experienced the earthquake in the Riviera have since suffered seriously from nervous shock, although they did not at the time appear to be greatly disturbed. This indicates that more injury may be done to the nerves by an undue excitement than is perceived at the time. The nerve centers may, as an English medical journal suggests, be likened to batteries, and regarded as apt to be discharged suddenly and sometimes unconsciously; and when once their residual stock of energy is consumed it can be restored only after a long time and by the exercise of extreme care. —Public Opinion.