EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

INDIAN BOYS AS FARMERS.

Buchs County Agriculturists Say They Make Splendid Field Hands. The farmers of Bucks county say the Indian problem is solved. Two or three years ago one of them applied to the training school at Carlisle for an Indian boy to work in his fields during the summer. The school authorities investigated the man's character, and then sent him a young brave who had given up his toy tomahawk for spelling

books and carpenter's tools. At the end of the summer the farmer was so pleased that the next year he and several friends, who owned farms near Wheat Sheaf, secured the services of other Indians, and the number has been increased until about fifty of the copper haed youngsters hustled hoes it. If, on the contrary, we go quietly and dug 'taters within a radius of ten to your office, they will be thrown off miles from Tullytown and Wheat

One of those who has employed the Carlisle pupils for several years is John Carter, who lives at the summit of Turkey hill, a couple of miles from Tully

"The Indian boys I had," he said, "behaved themselves well."

J. W. Wright, of Wheat Sheaf, has also experimented with redskin help, and he is very enthusiastic about the

"Why, those boys from Carlisle are splendid," said Mr. Wright. "We take them for a term of months or for a year, just as we care to arrange, only if we get them by the year they must be sent to school during the winter. The Carlisle people make no definite arrangements about pay; we give the boys from \$4 to \$12 a month and their board. They work hard and seem to take the greatest delight in doing a job neatly.

Then they don't waste time; there's no white boy 'slouch' to 'em. Give an Indian work and he'll bend down over it and stick there until it's finished. They almost invariably tell the truth, and the boys I have had never misbehaved. Then they are doubly valuable as farm hands, because nearly all the lads are masters of one or more trades, such as carpentering, blacksmithing or harness making. We farmers up here would rather have to work for us one Carlisle boy than two white boys, such as grow up right here in the county."

In Mr. Wright's mind the only deplorable hereditary trait that is possessed by the young braves is their love for finery. They cannot get wampum, beads, eagles, feathers and red ochre, and they do not want these adjuncts to happiness. But their spare cash goes for nice clothing, new hats and becoming neckwear.—Philadelphia Press.

Why Politicians Are Big Men.

There is no more trying business than polities. Men of long experience in the elections in New York watch the leaders of the different parties with an interest that is more or less grewsome. The steady, interminable and violent wear and tear on the men who head did so a clerk said: the big political movements tell on their looks, weight and manner so rapidly that the most sturdy constitutions would break down under it if it were not for the short period during which the excitement lasts.

The men who are so fond of tracing the subtle connection between the physical appearance of man and his mental occupations should consider that one reason why the successful New York politician is always represented as a broad shouldered, power fully built man, with a thick neck, a round head and a plentiful supply of strength is because about the only successful ward workers in town who are able to hold their own as the years roll by must have a strong physique.—New

Care of the Teeth.

Nothing is more conducive to sweetness of breath, and consequently of general health of the mouth, than to brush the teeth regularly shortly before retiring, that all particles of food, as well as the natural secretions, may be removed. Castile soap is the best which can be used for cleansing the mouth, with which a little magnesia may be employed; a solution of oil of peppermint in water makes an agree able and useful mouth wash; while a silken thread may be employed to eleanse the spaces between the teeth which can be effectively reached in no other way. A fine tooth powder can be made of six ounces of prepared chalk, cassia powder half an ounce, and an ounce of orris root. These are to be she was not displeased with the opporwell mixed, and may be colored with red lake or any other innocent substance, according to the fancy.-Good

Not What He Expected. Artist (showing sketches)-Oh, that sketch you've got there is nothing; it's a thing I did ten years ago. I often laugh when I come across the things I

She-And perhaps you'll laugh ten years hence over the things you do now. It's wonderful what a difference time makes, isn't it?-Judy.

A number of horseflesh restaurants have been started at Berlin, and they are doing a brisk trade. It is strange that they have not been opened soon-r in Berlin, for those which have existed for several years past in Dresden, Ham- say that for any delay Mr. Holbrook will burg, Magdeburg and Frankfort have ne an immense business from the

The ezar has three sets of police to watch over him. The ordinary, or third section police; the palace police, under the controller of the household; and the private body police, whose chief takes his orders from the czar in

"How was it such a mean fellow as De Jinks handed you his cigar case?"

THE DIAMOND BUTTON

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

By BARGLAY NORTH.

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Holbrook had been restrained with into a cab, where he could reason with

straight to Holbrook's office. When they were once on their way

Tom said. "I'm not sure that the best way is not

to tell the police. I want to discuss it. I fear it is not. The result of giving the matter to the police would be that a general alarm would be given and the bird take flight. I am positive we are followed. If we were to go to the police, in ten minutes the party would know of and suppose that we have not yet waked up to the affair. To lull their suspicions is to make a great gain. Believe me, this is the surer way. Be guided by me. thus far at all events."

"Well, suppose I submit, what then! What is gained? Time will have been lost-precious time."

"I have gained something when I have got you to a point that you will argue

"What do you mean?"

"That your reason is restored-we want cool thought on this subject."

Thus Tom, who was fighting for time succeeded in gaining it. The truth was, the reporter was not altogether disingenuous or disinterested in the policy he was pursuing. He quickly realized that any application to the police for assistance must result in telling to the authorities everything they knew. Convinced as he was that the same hand that struck down the brother had seized the girl would lead straightway to the discovery of the murderer.

To give this matter into the hands of means to unravel the crime of Usion credit of the detection and arrest.

He was in momentary fear that Holbrook would detect his purpose, and he was at his wit's end to furnish argument a quick trip, to pass through a disagreein favor of the position he had taken His great trouble was that he could not suggest to himself, let alone Holbrook, a feasible plan of procedure if the matter were not given to the police, nor indeed even invent a plausible one.

Time was the great desideratum, and this, by all the ingenuity he could exercise, he endeavored to gain. His task was made not an easy one by the impatience of Holbrook.

While thus arguing, talking, declaiming and lecturing with Holbrook, Tom caught a glimpse of the Shadow standing upon the curbstone, and perceived that the shadow had seen him. He gave him a hasty signal to follow,

and was pleased to observe that it was recognized.

This incident afforded Tom another pretext, and thus, by dint of one device and another, he succeeded in getting Holbrook to his office. They both entered together. As they

"There is Mr. Holbrook,"

Upon this a very dirty, a very ragged permission, and and a very small boy came up to Hol- street. brook and asked:

"Be you Mr. Holebook?" "Yes," replied the lawyer. "I'm Mr.

"Den dis here's for you," handing a dirty slip of paper nearly rolled into a Before either Tom or Holbrook could

realize what had taken place the boy had shot through the half open door and scampered off.

It was with difficulty that Holbrook could decipher it, for it was written with a lead pencil upon the margin of a

When he did he uttered a cry of joy.

CHAPTER XXIX. THE ABDUCTION OF ANNIE



truth be told, tunity of spending an hour or two in the society of her lawyer. His companionship had become agreeable to her, and though she was far from admitting to herself the idea of any especial fondness for him, still the more she saw of him the more welcome his visits became. He was so strong, so comforting, and he

knew just what was the right thing to do, and he had the faculty of lifting her mother from the contemplation of her griefs. When Annie arrived at the door of the surrogate's office a young man of gentle-

man like appearance stepped forward. and, lifting his hat, said: "I have been waiting some time for

you, Miss Templeton, and quite impatiently. Annie drew back astonished.

"I am afraid I have been awkward in my speech," he continued. "I meant to blame me. He is very exacting in business matters. That is why I say I am mpatient. "Why, it is not yet 10 o'clock," ex-

claimed Annie. "Pardon me, I am afraid your time plece is out of order. It is considerably after 10. But here is a note I am charged

by Mr. Helbrook to deliver to you." He handed it to her with a bow, Annie took it and read: "SURROGATE'S OFFICE, New York, Sept. 14, 1884.

"MY DEAR MISS TEMPLETON-I regret so much to cause you the annoyance l undoubtedly do this morning, but business knows no other law than its own. dn't a cigar left."—New York Evening —a fact I only learned on arriving here. The surrogate sits at home this morning I have other business as well as your own before the surrogate, and as he will sit but for a short time. I must hurry off. I leave a clerk to escort you. Your sin-HENRY HOLBROOK." ere friend.

note she looked up with a confiding smile, saving: "You are then a clerk of Mr. Hol-

When Annie had finished reading the

brook? "Yes, Miss Templeton, and entirely at your service. The surrogate is confined to his house with a cold, and sent word difficulty, and Tom desired to get him down that he would not dare to venture out, but that he would listen to all who had pressing business at his house. Now, His companion submitted, a cab was if you please, we will go there. Here is called, and the driver directed to go a carriage I have had in waiting for

The concocters of the design against Annie's freedom had evidently counted upon her ignorance of the methods of conducting business, for while to almost any one experienced in the world this would have proved but a clumsy device, yet, directed against an unsophisticated creature like Annie, its very simplicity and transparency made it the more skill-

It is true that after entering the car riage, and after she had had time to make a furtive examination of the young man who had taken the seat opposite her, she had mentally concluded that she did not like him, and that he seemed to be everything else than a gentleman, though he dressed like one and assumed the speech of one. There were certain signs which influenced her judgment, as they do that of most women. His hands were unmistakably dirty, and his finger

nails were in mourning.

A male observer, especially if slangy, would have said that the young man had seen on a "bat" the night before; his pair was harsh and tangled, though well piled; the inflamed rims of his eyes, his parched lips, and the heavy puffs like cushions under his eyes, would have shown this, if a plain odor of gin cockails, above the breath heavy with the flavor of cloves and roast coffee beans. had not told the tale.

But Annie was not experienced in such things, and she gave little heed to one sister, he felt that the discovery of the who, after all, was nothing to hermerely an instrument of Mr. Holbrook. She did wonder, however, why it was

that he had gotten a coach so close, and the police would be to give them the one in which there were such small windows. It was so stuffy. The young man square, and they, not be, would have the did not obtrude himself. He was apparently busy with memoranda and papers. Once he lifted his head to say that it was necessary for them, in order to make

> able portion of the town. To this she made no reply. Finally they turned into the street, the dirt of which passed all comprehension upon her part.

Children seemed to swarm on the sidewalks; women, often drunk even at that early hour, and clothed in rags, talked and quarreled on the sidewalks and on the stoops of the squalid dwellings. She became interested in the scene.

novel to her, and leaned forward to look from the window. She did not notice that the young man had drawn the curtain over the window on the opposite side of the coach.
He broke the silence that had con

tinued for some time: "I beg you will excuse me, Miss Templeton. 1 know it is not the proper thing to do, but I am suffering greatly with my eyes this morning. Have your permission to apply a lotion to

Wondering at the strangeness of the request, she nevertheless murmured her

He drew his handkerchief from his pocket and then a bottle, with the con tents of which he plentifully saturated the handkerchief.

Before she could realize what was be ing done the young man snapped a spring, the curtain shot up over the window in front of her, she was forced back on the cushions with a vigorous push on her shoulder, the handkerchief was closely pressed on her nose and mouth, and though she struggled ineffectually for a time, unable to make a noise, she soon lost all consciousness.

CHAPTER XXX.



HEN Annie next was conscious of external things, she was lying upon a rough bed.

head and an intolerable thirst consumed "Water," she murmured.

"She's coming to," said a voice, seemingly from a great distance, which nevertheless fell upon her ear with a strangely familiar sound. A cup was pressed to her lips, and she

drank eagerly. "She'll do now, and I'll go," said the same voice. A moment later she heard a few steps, and a door open and close. She opened her eyes. A man of rough exterior stood over her. She closed them again in fright, and nearly

swooned.

When next she opened them she was Unable to collect her thoughts, she lay still a few moments. By and by the experiences of the morning rushed over

"For heaven's sake, where am I?" she cried. Then she sprang from her couch, forgetful of her sufferings.

She was dazed. The room she found serself in was evidently an attic room. The roof sloped down low and close to the floor on one side. There was neither ceiling nor walls; the rafters and studding were hare of plaster. The floor was uncarpeted. A dormer window broke through the roof and gave light to the room. She flew to it, but could not reach it; a strong iron grating set in the timbers and floor barred her way.

She shook it in the desperation of despair. As well might she have tried to she flew to the door at the foot of the so that they can get their sugar into the move one of the Brooklyn bridge towers. bed; it was locked and bolted from the

ontside There was a strong board partition running up to the roof, and in it was a door; she flew to that. It opened, and she entered a similar room. Another dormer window, and another iron grating, and another door leading to the stairs; that also was locked and bolted on the outside.

She was like a frightened bird, with throbbing breast, beating the bars of

Then for the first time she realized that her dress appeared strange. She examined it. It was a coarse cal

ico garment of vulgar figure. She was bewildered. Then she found it had been slipped over the other dress How? She could not comprehend, Her head began to whirl, and before

she could reach the other room darkness overcame her. When she awoke to consciousness again she was lying upon the floor. She staggered to her feet.

How long she had lain there she could not tell. It was still bright day, but whether it had been five minutes or five ours, she was unable to determine.

Her eyes fell again upon the calico dres which covered her. She stripped it off with hurried action. She stood a moment, her senses numbed utterly confused.

By and by the events of the day began o pass before her vividly. She traced hem one by one, to the final scene in the mach. "It was chloroform," she said aloud.

Then she thought of her mother, of her alarm because Annie had not returned. and of the mother's distress over the new calamity, falling so closely on the murler of her brother. This thought touched a tender chord

and she wept violently. The storm of tears acted like a storm on a sultry day; it cleared the atmos-

When she recovered berself she began She made a close examination of the room: it was similar in size and appear-

ance to the one she had first found her-

A mattress lay in the corner with a pillow and a horse blanket tumbled on t, as if some one had slept there. Two chairs stood near the dormer window. On one was a newspaper. She picked it up. It was of the date of the 14th of September. That was the day she was last at home. It must still be that day The newspaper was new and fresh; i

and not been opened. A small, round table stood in the cen ter of the room, a plain, wooden top table, not particularly clean. A plate, a cup, both dirty, and some crumbs. howed that not long before some one had eaten there. A stump of a lead pencil lay on the

mble She went into the other room. It was bare of everything save a chair

and the bed on which she had lain. Apparently there was no hope of es cape. She listened. She could hear no sounds in the house. Only the noise from the street-the cries of hawkers. the shouts of children at play, the roll of vehicles-all these came to her deadened

y the distance. What was the meaning of her seizure and confinement, she asked herself. Who was the enemy of her family who first killed her brother and then abducted her? Why were these calamities so suddenly precipitated upon them, who had always lived such quiet and uneventful

lives? It was a problem too deep for her to solve: she was not even aware of an

Her thoughts instinctively turned to Holbrook. He would assist her if he knew of her distress, and he would know because of her failure to meet him as re-

Ah, a thought! She had been trapped by forged notes from him. She grew the nore frightened by the thought. Oh, if she could but communicate

with Holbrook! She prayed heaven to nen a way. "Hi, missy, hi?" A voice startled her. She looked in

very direction but the right one. "Hi, missy, look up. She did. In the roof there was a sky ight. Through a broken pane the very dirty face of a boy looked down upon

If it had been the face of an angel it could not have appeared more beautiful to her. "I seed them when they brung you

ip here. Was you sick?" "Yes. Can't you come down here?" "No, de winder is nailed tight. 'Sides he'd trash me. He kicked me downstairs onct.

"Who's he?" "De feller 'wot's got yer locked up Oh, he's a tuff!" "He's a bad man?"

"He's an orful bad man, I'm tellin yer, missy. "Do you want to help me?

"You'd tell on me." "No, indeed I won't. If you would only help me, I could get a bad man pun-

"What, trashed? What, walloped right up and down, his eyes blackened and his teeth knocked out-say, missy, would

yer if I'd help yer?"

His eyes danced with glee at the pros-"Indeed, I would," said Annie; and he was quite sincere.

"I golly! dat would be good. vouldn't tell on me, sure?" "No. indeed." "Den I will if I kin."

"I want you to go to Mr. Holbrook"-

and she gave him the address-"and tell

him where I am, that I am locked up "Write it down, missy." "I have no paper. Wait," she said, as he ran hastily into the other room. She natched up the paper and tore a strip

from the margin, and catching up the pencil on the table she wrote hurriedly "Help. I am locked up on the top floor of a house"-But where?

She looked up at the boy. Where am IF The boy snickered. "Why, right down lere, missy. "No, no, but in what street?" "Oh, in Mott street, tree doors from

Bayard. "In Mott street, three doors from Bayand street. Come quickly and help me "ANNIE TEMPLETON." TO BE CONTINUED.

A RAILWAY BLACK LIST.

Not Many Copies Are Printed and Outsiders Seldom See One of Them. A decidedly queer little pamphlet i The Confidential Memorandum," which intended "for the exclusive use of those persons to whom it is sent." little book does not bear the name of its printer, proprietor or compiler, and beides having an exceedingly small circulation it makes its appearance only about twice a year. The persons to whom it is mysteriously sent keep it under lock and key and refer to it in a surreptitious manner. It passes through the mails in a plain sealed envelope, and letter postage is paid thereon. Nothing improper is printed in the "Memorandum," and yet its pages are guarded with jealous

"The Confidential Memorandum" is neither more nor less than a railroad black list, and it contains some startling information about various people whose names are not unknown to the American public. Only the higher officers of railways can obtain it. Some persons whose names are contained therein might consider the charges brought against them libelous, and so to avoid responsibility and evade law suits the names of the publishers and the place of publication are not printed upon the title page.

Nearly every railroad in the United States is a part proprietor in the "Memorandum," and those who compile it draw their pay and inspiration from the records of hundreds of railroads in Uncle Sam's domain. Little short of a special dispensation of Providence enbles any one except a railroad official to see the book. The book contains nineteen pages of

names of delinquents and seven pages of the names of periodicals and their editors who abused the courtesies extended to them by railroads. Notwithstanding the edicts of the interstate commerce law an uncommonly large number of persons other than railroad men secure passes and reduced rates from railroads. and it frequently happens that the recipients dispose of these favors to friends, scalpers and even to strangers "for a onsideration."

When a person is detected in loaning. elling, exchanging or altering a pass, his name appears in the next issue of the 'Memorandum," and when he next applies to any road for favors he is met with a fixed smile and a polite excuse but never the true one.

Unhappily there are found on the black list the names and residences of several clergymen, as well as statesmen. who have abused the privilege. The charges are in some cases stated in an almost brutally specific manner, and would prove rather shocking reading to the wives, children or friends of the cul-

Among the "A's" are twenty-three names, including that of a clergyman. who is charged with altering and loaning half-fare permits. The list of sixty eight names commencing with "B" de scribes one as a theatrical agent and a d. b., first water."

There are sixty-five names under the head of "C:" among them is that of a man in Houston, Tex., who represents himself as a special correspondent of a New York newspaper, and is summed up as "a fraud." A Santa Fe preacher is accused of altering a half-fare permit to include his wife, and an ex-representative in Congress is charged with loaning his pass.

A member of Chicago's Citizen's league is known to have sold his pass to a scalper, and so will get no more such favors.

Hangers-on of theatrical companies, a member of the lower legislature and editors of small journals are mentioned on the list .- New York World.

Miss Bonheur's Costume Makes Trouble A young Frenchwoman who is now married tells a story of how her engagement was nearly broken off through her acquaintance with Mlle. Bonheur, who at the time was busy on a picture in Paris, working in the house of the young

Frenchwoman's cousin. One afternoon the painting did not go well, and Mlle. Bonheur went to the Jarthe regulators, "we have decided to give you forty-nine lashes with a horsewhip din des Plantes for information, taking the happy girl as a companion. Sitting on a bench in the shaded walk they saw in lay them on well."
"I have only one favor to ask, gentlethe distance the girl's betrothed, who instead of joining them looked a moment, then flung away in a passion, and for the space of a week was not heard from. Then finally be paid a sulky visit, demanding an explanation of her apparently intimate relations with an-

other man. "A man?" said the langhing girl, now comprehending the desertion, "shall I call the gentleman?"

"What, in your house?" said the mystified caller. A minute later Mlle. Bonheur stood in

the doorway listening smilingly to the ceremony of presentation.

"Ah," said the only half pacified lover, "then monsieur"-

"Monsieur," interrupted the triumphant girl, "is mademoiselle, and if you like you may come into the studio and

see her latest picture."-Cor. New York Commercial Advertiser. The Soudan Raven.

In the Soudan the respect for the "Bird of the Shade" is unbounded; he is endearngly known to the Arabs as their "Uncle," and they are more exorbitant in exacting blood money for his chance slaughter by the hand of the stranger than if it were really the relative in que tion. Shoot their dove, their ostrich, their varied scavengers of the vulture kind, their once sacred ibis even, and they grin and bear it; but once aim a bolt at the "Noah bird" and a hundred lean but muscular brown arms will be raised, and the bereaved, white teethed relatives will gesticulate and shout round you, while they explain how black hued was your accidental crime. Apart from this, the raven, with his jetty plumage, will always be a point of interest in the Soudan, from the strong contrast he pre-sents to the ordinary "desert colored" birds which preserve a neutral tint of gray or fawn, which renders them al-most invisible.—All the Year Round.

He Follows His Master.

I can tell a short story of a dog that has come under my observation. The dog was owned by a physician. A lady was sick and the doctor attended her until out of danger. He always let the dog, Bromo, go with him to the sick Bromo would watch every motion of his master. At last the doctor's visits were dropped, but the dog con-tinued them daily, and would go to her door and if he found it closed would e to be let in. These visits were looked for by the patient. Her nurse would refuse sometimes to let him enter. but he would not go without seeing her. The nurse would set a chair beside bed, and he would sit there just as his master had, and look at her and whine as if trying to speak. Bromo was called the doctor's student.—Animal World.

Two Ways for Sunday, "Do you sell hand painted pictures here!" asked a lank woman, in an avenue picture

"You bet! Particular style is just what

I'm after Some folks out our way bought a

picture here that bung two ways for Sun-day. That's the kind I want."
"Two ways for Sunday! I don't think I

"You don't look as if you did. Wall, when

they fust got it they hung it up and it was the nicest picture of all out doors. You ever

"On Sunday they turned it up side down,

and it was one of them foreign cathedral

churches, with fourteen steeples and a re-

ligious atmosphere. Now, I want one just

like it, for if them stuck up Poppers can have

The picture dealer struck a compromise on

ne that represented a fire scene in winter,

and an ice palace in summer, but he said it

It Does Not Always Work,

first was a little Aroostook man, and one day

he went with a warrant to arrest a certain farmer. He found him in the field and made

known his errand. "All right," said the

farmer, a big burly fellow, "I'm ready," and

with that be lay down at full length on the

ground. "But you don't expect me to carry

you, do you" asked the sheriff. "Certainly;

and the unshot was that the sheriff went

back without his prisoner. The other sheriff was a Franklin county man, likewise small, but plucky He was sent to arrest a notori-

ous offender, a 200 pounder, and found him

on the hillside. Grinning at the officer, he

lay back on the grass, saying, "If you get me you'll have to take me." Quick as a

wink the sheriff grabbed the fellow by his

feet and started down hill with him as fast

as he could go, and the bumping the big man

got soon shook all the fun out of him and he

begged to be allowed to walk quietly by the

The gold headed cane which loving

children present to dear papa, to remind him that he is growing old and that his

tottering footsteps are fetching him to

the grave: or which poorly paid em-

ployes present to the superintendent as bit of taffy; or which the retiring minis

ter receives from his doting congrega-

tion to help him on his journey, is going

out of favor as a gift, in holidays or

other times. The gold headed umbrella has taken its place. The umbrella an-

swers all the purposes of a walking stick,

without the disadvantage of the latter. It is not a hint of old age, and is more

convenient in a rain storm. As eloquent

donation speeches may be made over a fine silk umbrella with a gold headed

handle as over an ebony wood club that

but few men will carry about with them.

Possibly the umbrella is more likely to

turn up as lost, strayed or stolen, with

ess chance of finding its true owner

again than the cane, but that is a disad-

vantage that comes entirely from the

superior value of the umbrella. There

is the same distinction between gold and

brass.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Footing a Jehu.

"Some bright newspaper man," re-

marked my marine engineer friend, "ought to ship as a deck hand or coal passer on a big lake boat and write up

his experiences. He'd get an idea of life unfamiliar to him, and be able to inter-

est his readers with glimpses of a strange,

he had a good constitution he'd be all the better for roughing it for a few weeks.

He would see some amusing things, too.

remember one night in Chicago, as we

were lying near the Clark street bridge,

a cab was driven rapidly on to the bridge

just as it was in the act of swinging. The cabby was half tipsy, but he had a

he says; 'I always do, and you can't stop

tenders as he and his cab swung around

with the bridge. The vessel went through,

the bridge swung to place, but the bridge

tenders had put up a job on the jehu. Away rattled the cab, the driver crack-

ing his whip and yelling, 'I'll get there.'

turned him the wrong way. They swung

the bridge clear around. - Buffalo News

Wanted It Done Fashionably.

"Inasmuch as the animal you stole was only a colt," remarked the leader of

instead of hanging you. But we shall

I Told You So.

He went on sassing the bridge

Oh, I'll get there,

fare and was rushing awa

one of the depots.

me.

flinching.

"What is it?"

rough, reckless existence, and perhap

s present to the superintendent as a

side of the sheriff .- New York Sur

you must take my body, you know."

you wait till I get a team?"

Here are two stories of Maine sheriffs. The

was a close call. - Detroit Free Press.

see a real hand painted land escape?"

acbeth, "any particular style?"

understand you, me'am."

one, I can. Trot it out."

WHEN JIM WAS DEAD "Hit surved him right," the notion and An bused him for the life he d led, An' bim a lying that at rest "Yes, ma'am, we do," said the obliging picture dealer, rolling his hands a la Lady With not a rose upon his breast

Ah! meany crust words they sed When Jim was dead "Jes' killed hisself," "Too mean ter hear

They didn't kny' one word tor give Of comfort as they hovered near An' gazed on Jim a lying there! "Thar ain't no use to talk," they sed,

But suddenly the room grew still. While God's white sunshine scenned to an The dark place with a gleam of its. An o'er the dead she bent—Jim's wifet An' with her lips close, close to his, As though he knew and felt the kiss, She sobbed - a touchin' sight for sec-"Ah! Jim was arways good ter me!

I tell you when that cum ter light, An' round the weepin' woman they
Throwed kindly arms of love that day.
And mingied with their own they shed
The tenderest tears—when Jim was dead.
—F. L. Stanton in Atlanta Constinuis

Rabbit Coursing.

Coursing, while comparatively a new field sport in this locality, is not entirely a present day importation from Eagland. For many years it has been a recognized sport in California and wes of the Mississippi. On the Pacific coast there are a number of coursing clubs using greyhounds against the local jack rabbit. The coursing by the Hempsters club is with fox terriers against the con mon wild rabbit, of the "cottonial species, an animal very destructive to the growing crops, and for the exter-mination of which the authorities of Australia and New Zealand have offered large rewards. In the United States, however, the

rabbit is protected by the game kwa and can only be killed in the states of New York and New Jersey between Nov. New York and New Jersey between Nov. 1 and Feb. 1. The rabbits are procured either by rotting them or with box traps that insure their non-injury. They are fed and cared for until wanted, and then conveyed to the coursing ground in large boxes. The rabbits used at Hempsten are mostly experted in the neighborhood of Babylon, with several small lots from New Jersey. - New York World.

A Political Trick.

Mr. Labouchere once made good un of the Irish members' hatred of Capt. O'Shea. Mr. Price had appealed despairs ingly to Mr. Labouchere to secure the attendance of members hostile to some bill which was to cut up common land on Hayling Island. "Nothing can be easier." Hayling Island. "Nothing can be easier" said Mr. Labouchere, and he at once sought out Mr. Biggar. "By-the-bye," said he, with his usual air of engaging confidence. "do you know that Capt. O'Shen is personally interested in securing the passage of the Hayling Island bill? "Indeed?" said Mr. Biggar. "Yes," said Mr. Labouchere, "and perhaps the boys" — "Say no more," said Mr. Biggar, "the bhoys will be there." He was not mistaken. The "Labous" came down in

mistaken. The "bhoys" came down in force, and it was not until after the bill was thrown out they discovered that the captain had no more to do with it than the man in the moon. - Chicago Journal,

His Occupation. Many a loving young bridegroom may deserve the epithet which illumines the following anecdote, but, as a general thing, no one discovers the fact in to short a time after marriage.

The niece of a deaf old gentleman, "way down in Meine," married one of

the best musical critics of the west. On their bridal tour the husband was for the first time presented to this relative, who asked another niece in a loud whis "What does he do?" "He's a musical critic," was the load

"Want," said the uncle, gazing at the young man, "no accountin' fer tastes; but why did she marry him, if he's a

Electric Prostration.

Several cases of this new malady are reported from Creusot, France, It af-fects workers under electric light. The light exceeds 100,000 candle power, and it appears that it is this excess of light, and not the heat, which produces the nervous symptoms. A painful sensation in the throat, face and temples is first but he didn't, for the bridge tenders noticed, then the skin becomes coppery red, and irritation is felt about the much lackrymation ensues, and these symptoms then disappear, while the skin peels off in five days. The effects are comparable to those produced by walking over fresh snow in the sunlight, and

may be regarded as a sort of "sun burning."—Lancet. Speed in Telegraphing.

said the prisoner, pale but un-When the first electric telegraph was established the speed of transmission was from four to five words a minute with "Gentlemen," he replied, "I have not the five needle instruments; in 1849 the always been a criminal and an outcast. average rate for newspaper messages was seventeen words a minute; the present I have moved in good society and I know the customs that prevail among our best people. I will take it as a favor, gentlepace of the electric telegraph between London and Dublin, where the Wheat-stone instrument is employed, is 48 men, if you will lay the lashes on, as far as possible, in regular checks or diagwords; and thus what was regarded as onals. Perpendicular stripes are not worn this sesson "—Chicago Tribune. miraculous sixty years ago has multi-plied a hundred fold in half a century.—

Journal of Telegraph. The Salaries of Choir Boys. The latest things in trusts is the Epis-copal Choir Guild of the Diocese of Long Island. According to its regulations is choir boy can leave the church with which he is connected without receiving a written discharge from the gentleman in charge of the music. There is considerable jealousy between the different surplice choirs of that diocese, and this rule is intended to prevent boys who have developed good voices from being coaxed away from their churches.-New

She Was Only Mistaken. A pretty girl and a young contleman met on West Seventh street, Checinnati, and the following conversation took

She-Why, Will! What are you doing down here? I thought you were in He-Oh, I'm down here attending the College of Pharmacy, over here on Court

Wonderful Porbearance.

street. She-And so you are going to be a farmer? How nice that will be (gleefully clapping her hands).-Exchange. morning and enught cold. Brown - Hat's tad.

One of the editors of this paper was assaulted by a drunken Mexican the other day while crossing the turbid current of events which divides the two them of too soon - Life. republics, but refrained from adopting a olicy of retaliation from a bashful hesincy of becoming the subject of inter you to open the front gate without permis

national controversy and an unwilling Bobby went into the back yard, and was so ness to deprive this section of his bril-liant contributions to the columns of The quiet and good that at the end of an hour his nother relented and told him that be could Guide. Now is the time to subscribe.-Eagle Pass (Tex.) Guide. play on the sidewalk a little while if he wouldn't go into the street.
"Ma," he said, "can't I play in the back yard a little while longer?"—New York Sun.

Robinson-Oh, I don't care anything about

the cold but my wife told me I was leaving

In Great Luck.

Friend-Was your uncle's will satisfactory you. Brown?

Brown-Perfectly so, I'm a lucky dog! He left his entire fortune to an insane asylum. Friend-You mean that you are an up

Brown-No. I don't; the other relations are going to contest the will, and I'm to be the

"Say, undertaker, I want to buy the fines coffin you bave." "Who's dead?" "Old Aunt Eliza, the colored woman who lived south of town. She was over 115 years

"How did she come to die?" "Sickness and poverty." "How is it that so fine a coffin is wanted?" "Oh, the grateful neighbors contributed to

Worthy a Mooument.

it. You see she never claimed to have been servant to George Washington."-Nebraska