EUGENE CITY. OREGON.

A Visit to Ancient Carthage. But the chief interest in Tunis is in its arness to the site of one of the most fa mous cities of the ancient world. It is but a drive of six miles to the spot where once stood Carthage. In our visit we had again the invaluable companionship of our archeologist. As we rode across the plain it was very easy to see that the anment city had ample room to spread out on every side except toward the sea, where it had the most splendid position on the very shore, presenting a long front to the Mediterranean, while a headland which projected into the sea served as a mighty breakwater, and formed a harbor ich all the Roman and Carthagenian fleets could ride together. On that headland Scipio Africanus landed the army which, marching round to the mainland, took Carthage in the rear and finally cap-

tured the city.

No city of antiquity has left so few ruins as Carthage. When it was taken by the Romans the decree of implacable hate, Carthago est delenda—Carthage must be destroyed—was inexorably carried out. Its merciless conquerors left but few monnments of its former greatness. Indeed, the only structures of imposing size which remain are the disterns—great reservoirs covered by arches—which supplied water to the city, and these are said to be of Roman origin. All that is distinctly Carthagenian is the mound on which stood the ancient citadel, around which gathered all the martial life of a city which had the climax of its power and glory hundreds of years before Christ. Beneath that tumulus lie buried the foundations of temples and palaces, all mingled in one undistin ruin.-Cor. Chicago Inter

A Rateatcher's Methods.

"A rat that is caught by the tail will not squeal," said a professional rat-catcher. "In those cases where they squealed I had caught them by the body, not having time to get my favorite grip on them. The rat, you see, is paralyzed for a minute by the light; he rises up and tries to reach over it, and as he is doing that I reach the tongs in under him and catch him by the tail if I can, and if I miss the tail I catch anywhere. When he's thrown into the sack he lies quiet; they don't squeal if you let them alone. not even if there's a dozen of them to-gether. They are content to lie still and await events rather than raise a row; they're thinking all the time maybe I'll forget all about them. That's where they're off. Another thing. A rat cannot gnaw through a hanging bag—the bag 'gives' and the rat cannot get hold. If the bag is laid down they can grip on the creases and gnaw their way out in short order, but a hanging bag is as good as an two above, which are about a half an inch long, and two below, which are about an inch and a haif and run clear through the under jaw."—Chicago Tribune.

Why Americans Grow Bald.

"People become bald from washing the head," said an English burber. "The use of water on the scalp may make a man feel buoyant for a time, but you will no-tice that the hair becomes dry and brittle afterward. The water and subsequent rubbing with a towel dry up the oil in the and drops out. In England people never think of washing the hair. A good comb and stiff brush are all that are needed to keep the head clean. The women often spend hours in combing out their hair, and that is the most laborious part of a maid's work. Instead of shampooing, barbers use a machine shaped like a little barrel and covered with stiff gine, and will winnow every speck of dirt out of a man's head in a few minutes. I have heard there are some in use in this city, but I have never seen one."-New York Sun.

Burnt Cork Notes.

The popular idea is that we put some sort of greasy preparation on our faces to make the burnt cork come off easily, said make the burnt cork come of reporter; but
if a man wants to become permanently
black, all he needs to do is to grease his
face before he blacks up. It would keep
him scrubbing all night, and he would have to take the skin off before he would get it out. The preparation of the cork is simple. The property man puts his corks in a pan, pours a little alcohol over them, lights the alcohol, and the heat does the A little rubbing between the hands smoothes out the lumps and the grit. There's another way to take out the grit, which is to drop the burnt cork into a tub of water, and the grit goes to the bottom. he has to do then is to skim off the floating substance and he has the fine particles. A little water makes this into a paste ready for use. — Philadelphia News.

A Tenderfoot in Boom City. Eastern Man-Yes, I like this climate

and have about concluded to send for my Boom City Man-Well, sir, I can show

you some of the finest lots in—
"I can't afford to build. I must live in a rented house at the start. By the way, where is this Boom City you have been talking about? You are in Boom City now. This rail-

road depot is at the foot of Metropolitan avenue, facing Monument square."
"But where are the houses? There isn't

"See here, young fellow; if you are so

danged unaesthetic that you can't enjoy the beauties of nature without having it spotted all over with houses you'd better go back East."—Omaha World.

Barbers have a trick for the countrymen who visit the city and yo into the shop to get shaved. They want to get off as cheap as possible, but generally they have the entire bill to pay before leaving. For instance, the barber will take a piece of black pomatum and smearing it on his hand, run it through the countryman's hair and remark, "You need a shampoo. Look how dirty your hair is; you must have been about a smoke stack." catches him, and he has to pay for a shampoo. He gets what is called in the ion a "razzle azie" shave. That is, the razor is run over his face, and what is left belongs to him. That is the way the countryman is served.-Globeemocrat.

A Midnight Dish. ekled tront served cold with lettuce and Mayonnaise dressing is said by a Bos-ton man to be worthy the attention of who know a good thing when they taste it. The dish is particularly palata-ble along about midnight.

Detroit manufacturers are now using to a considerable extent in the place of coal or coke for generating steam. They find it cheaper and more convenient

The estate left by Governor Waterman of California is valued at \$800,000, and the heirs named are: Mrs. James G. Waterman, his wife; Mary P. Race of New York; Helen J. Waterman, Waldo Waterman and Annie C. Waterman, his children. The witnesses to the signature are Helen J. Waterman, Elmer E. Rowell and C. W. C. Rowell,

ANOTHER'S CRIME.

FROM THE DIARY OF INSPECTOR SYRNES.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE, Author of "The Great Bank Robbery," "An American Penman," Eta.

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She was standing with her eyes down and her hands hanging folded before her, leaning against the table. She was in a delicate position, and she knew it. If she sided with Percy, it would be tantamount to a defiance of her husband -a defiance which he would never forgive and would fight out to the bitter end. It would mean for her loss of social position and consequent exile and obscurity, or, if not obscurity, a kind of prominence that no one would envy her. If. on the other hand, she took sides with her busband, it would afford the strongest possible indication, in his eyes, of he virtuous and wifely conduct and rebuke of the suspicions he had entertained against her. Moreover, the evidence against Percy was very strong and plausible. It might be misleading--and n the bottom of her heart she did not believe him guilty-but, in case it should turn out that he had yielded to some sudden temptation, it would be awkward, to say the least, to have compromised herself for a felon. Had she loved him, indeed, there might have been a tragic pleasure in sacrificing herself; but it was now revealed to her that the only love in the matter was a love, not of Percy; but of excitement. The excitement had run itself out, and was succeeded by a desire to get out of the scrape by the shortest route. But did she feel no remorse at abandoning her lover at the moment of his greatest need? No; the feminine conscience is not so easily caught. It was with a glow of conscious virtue and connubial rectitude that she lifted her pretty face, and addressing her husband, said

Well, I suppose he must have done it. I don't see who else could have. Yes, I will make the complaint, though it will be very disagreeable to appear in court among a lot of criminals!

She just glanced at Percy as she turned away, perhaps to see how he would take it. His eyes were fixed upon her with an expression of half incredulous curiosity but the next moment he threw back his head and burst into a loud laugh. She shrank a little at that sound, and edged toward the door; and this was the lovers' parting scene.

Such was the train of events that brought a young gentleman who might have made a good and respectable figure in the world to the office of Inspector Byrnes at police headquarters. The in-

pector listened to the story, contemplating the prisoner and his accusers dreamily in the meanwhile, and after it was told he sat for a while absently making lines on the blotting pad in front of him with the point of a paper knife.

Finally be looked up and briefly repuested that every one should withdraw except Mrs. Tunstall and Percy Nolen. When the three were alone together he regarded Mrs. Tunstall pensively and

'How long have you known the prisoner?

"Oh, a year or more," 'Has your husband approved of the acquaintance? How do you mean sir?" inquired the

lady, with a blush.

You know what I mean, I think." "I don't think my husband has ever liked Mr. Nolen," she replied, uneasily. "Considered him rather detrimental, I

uppose? Well, I suppose so."

"Were the prisoner and your husband at any time intimately known to each

"They knew each other scarcely at

"And yet your husband considered him detrimental? There ought to have been some reason for that! Are you prepared to state to me, Mrs. Tunstall, in Percy Nolen's presence, that your husband's ill opinion of him was in no way connected with what he knew or suspected of Percy Nolen's relations with

The question was put so sternly and gravely that Mrs. Tunstall was unable to maintain the composure of her countenance. She stammered and hesitated, and looked first one way and then another. Was it possible that the inspector, in some incomprehensible manner, had become acquainted with the truth?

"He-1-never asked him the reason

of his opinion," she faltered at length. "There are many ways of getting rid of a man when he ceases to be convenient and becomes objectionable," con tinued the inspector. "Are you ready to stand before me and take your oath that you honestly and truly believe this man guilty of stealing your pocket book? Remember, Mrs. Tunstall, your answer may be the means of condemning an innocent man to irrevocable ruin!"

But she had gone too far to withdraw: selfishness and cowardice alike forbade Yet it was not without an inward struggle that left her pale and trembling that she said desperately, "Yes, I be-lieve he stole it!" and then, "The evi-

dence shows it-it is not I!" "That is for neither you nor me to de termine, Mrs. Tunstall," returned the inspector, rising. "I will not detain you any longer now; you will be informed when your aworn testimony will be required hereafter." And Mrs. Tunstall went out.

The inspector resumed his seat, and

addressed himself to the prisoner. "I was willing," he said, "for the sake of your family and friends, to give you every chance to which you were entitled. You had every advantage of training and education; but you have lived a fool ish and useless life, and this is the result of it. You were in need of money-in immediate and pressing need of it; you had tried every way you knew to get it; you found those bank notes in your hand this morning, and you were unable to resist the temptation to take them. From a gentleman you became-what you are

"Inspector Byrnes," said Percy, firmly but apathetically, "I did not commit that crime. I have lived a bad and useless life, and no doubt I deserve to suffer for it; but I honestly believe that no temptation would have induced me to do such a thing as that. I am obliged to you for suggesting to Mrs. Tunstall that she would reconsider her accusation; but it will be no satisfaction to me to escape in any such way. If I cannot prove my inno

where else.

"Innocent men are very seldom convicted," said the inspector impassively. The facts are against you. No one but you is known to have been near the muff after Mrs. Tunstall laid it down. You admit having had it in your hands, the pocket book was found in your pocket. t is true that the bank notes were not found; but the presence of a confederate would account for that. It is for you to judge whether or not your plea should be guilty.

"I am innocent, and that's the end of it," said Percy "I don't expect to prove The evidence is all the other way Somebody must have taken the purse out of the muff and put it in my pocket: as for the notes, I know nothing. You my I may have had a confederate. he was near enough to take the notes tory? It has never been published. from me, he was near enough to rob the muff, and if he could do that, it would remain to be proved that he was my con- that is the part the stories leave out federate, or that I knew anything about him. But all that would be in my favor is guess work, and all that's against me is fact; so it's a bad look out!"

"Undoubtedly it is." assented the inpector quietly. "There was only one minute when a thief could have taken the money and left the purse in your pocket, and that was when you were talking to Mrs. Tunstall and her back was turned towards the must. If any one had been near enough to put the purse in your pocket, you could hardly expect a jury to believe that you would not have noticed him."

Percy maintained a gloomy silence for moment: then his expression suddenly lightened and he exclaimed, "Now that I think of it, some one did touch me on the arm, and when I turned round he asked me if his cane was standing against the counter. Perhaps he was the man!"

"Can you describe him?" asked the inspector indifferently.

Percy shook his head. "He had a dark mustache, I believe; he might have been under 30, but I hardly looked at him. doubt if I should know him again."

The inspector stroked his mustache 'That will hardly do," said he. "You have no defense at all. The best advice I can give you is to make a clean breast of it. Such a defense as that is worse than nothing."

"Probably you are right, but I am innocent, and I will never say the contrary," replied the prisoner with a sigh. 'So far as I am concerned. I don't care much what becomes of me. I owe money I can't pay, and-there are other things. I am sorry for my mother and sister; but I never was much good to them, and Judge Ketelle will look after them, I hope." "Is Judge Ketelle a friend of yours?"

"He was my father's partner, and is the executor of his will. "Do you wish to send for him? There

will be the question of bail to consider as well as other matters." "I suppose that will be the best thing

I can do: I thank you for suggesting it. inspector. Don't trouble yourself to thank

until you find out whether there is occasion for it," returned the chief detective coldly He touched a bell, made a sign to the officer who entered and Percy was led out.

'That boy never took that money," he said to himself, when he was alone Such fellows as he don't steal, least of all from the woman they're in love with. As for her!"-the inspector's face grew very stern, and he brought his hand down heavily on the table. him to pull wool over her husband's eyes. Either Nolen's suggestion is the true one, or else she invented the story to get rid of him. It's a bad lookout; but let's see if we can't straighten it out!"

CHAPTER VII.



HILE these untoward events were occurring at the jewelry shop and the police office, an affair of a different nature was being transacted at the house of Mrs. Nolen. A couple of

weeks had passed since Valentine Martin had called on Mrs. Noten and her daugh-

ter, so that his appearance there that day had something of the charm of novelty. Mrs. Nolen, however, was too much upset by her interview with Percy to be able to extend the visitor a welcome, and that duty therefore devolved upon Pauline. The latter, it may be observed. had not been informed of her brother's pecuniary troubles, and only knew that her mother was for some reason greatly distressed. She came down stairs and found Valentine in the library.

Judge Ketelle had pronounced Pauline a beautiful girl, and beauty was her most noticeable external quality; but it was not ber chief claim to distinction among those who knew her. She was finely or ganized and trained in mind as well as body, and possessed a charm separate from any physical attraction. It was not that she was a learned young woman. she never embarrassed any one by revealing the presence of more information than might reasonably be supposed to belong to her, but there was in her expression a spirit and understanding that promised whatever was delightful in mental scenery and tone. Her temperament was calm and equable because it was deep and healthy; it could not be aroused save for adequate cause, but when aroused it would clothe itself in power. This wide and vigorous nature would go on ripening and enriching itself long after ordinary people dry up and dwindle away. Pauline could not be measured or assigned her definite and fixed place in human nature. Her sympathies were broad, and what she might do or be depended rather upon the demands made upon her than upon any limitations in herself

The young Englishman, after the first conventional things were said, did not appear to be in a loquacious mood. He replied in monosyllables to Pauline's observations, but his eyes kept returning to fix themselves upon her with an expression of somber thoughtfulness.

"Are you getting tired of America?

she asked him at length. "I have enjoyed some of it, very much," he replied. "I wish I had known, years ago, what I should find when I came here."

"Would you have come sooner?" "It isn't that; but I should have left undone some things that I have done in the past. A fellow is generally a fool in

cence, I may as well be in jail as any- the beginning. He gets sense after a while, but the things the fool did re-

main-worse luck!" "If they did not, you would never

grow wise. What is the use of wisdom, if it only makes a man curse himself for having been not wise?" "What do you expect wisdom to bring

"It ought to bring fortune and happi ness, but it doesn't. "No, wise people don't seem to be

happy or fortunate. But they are wise:

they should expect to pay for that." "Very true. Miss Nolen: we can't eat our cake and have it. too But I might have been content to have eaten my cake if only it hadn't turned out to be made of bran and shavings. How would you If like to hear my strange, eventful his "I would like to hear the real life of a

man-what he thought and felt. But "Well, the whole truth is a vulgar and sordid affair, a good deal of it is. And there's a reason for it, too. For it is

chiefly the analysis of a lie.' "That is not the truth's fault." "Oh, of course not: the children of light always have the best of the argument! There has been plenty of muck in my career, but plenty of variety and adventure, too. Younger sons have that advantage, at least, over the elders."

"According to our American way of thinking, it is no advantage to inherit a great estate. It can only tempt a man to be like his ancestors. I would choose to be a younger son myself."

"If it were a matter of choice, perhaps those most concerned might more often agree with you. But, if you are born a

younger son, your preferences are not consulted; and it is not in human nature to enjoy having even a good thing crammed down your throat. However, will say for my governor-he was Sir Henniker Martin, of Derwent Hall, near Kiswick, Cumberland-that he did very fairly by me, as a whole. To begin with he laid the foundation of my future discontent by giving me what is called a liberal education-the Eton and Oxford business. you know. 1 distinguished myself in both places."

Not for scholarship?" 'Since you will have it, no: but for running up debts. The trouble with me was, I was too good a fellow. I was the most popular fellow in Eton, at the time I left it. I had documentary evidence of

"Documentary?"

Yes. When a boy leaves Eton, the fellows who liked him each give him a book-something swell, you know, bound in calf, and all that, such as he will be sure not to spoil by reading it too much. Well, I got a hundred and eighty of those 'leaving books,' as they call 'em.
"A popular library!"

Yes, and all gone now, like the popu larity. It was the same way at Oxford, only bigger bills and less innocence. But the governor paid up like a man, and then got me a clerkship in the foreiga of fice. If he had made me chief secretary of foreign affairs, I might have buckled down to business, but the clerkship only made bad worse. Easy hours, light work. Of course I went out into society. head over ears. No end of friends-lots of popularity! You never saw such a clever, good looking, good humored chap as I was. I had no time to waste in my office; my chiefs began to growl, at last father called me up, told me I was no gave me two thousand pounds and an outfit and packed me off to New Zealand. It was to be sink or swim, as luck might have it, but no more life preservers from the old gentleman!"

"Were you popular there, too?" "It's every man for himself there. I went to Napier-Hawke's Bay-the best sheep farming country in the colony There I ran across a chap I had known at Etop, Cartwright Brown his name was, he had a station (that's what they call a ranch out there), Matapiro, on the banks of the Ngararoro river. Cartwright initiated me into the mysteries of sheep farming, docking, tailing, and all the rest of it. Very different from Mayfair and Piccadilly, I can tell

you!" "Was there no society out there?" "Very entertaining society in Napier, and plenty of it. Oh, yes, there are women everywhere," said Valentine; and he was silent for a time, and seemed to lose himself in revery. "There was a neighbor of Brown's, Hector Pope, between us and Napier; I invested my money in his ranch, and got to spending a good deal of my time there and at the club in town. I didn't scrimp myself much; I kept a couple of race horses and played unlimited loo at the club. my sheep and my other investments had to take care of themselves. You can imagine what the end would be, with out my telling you.

"Mr. Martin," said Pauline, "you have left out something! You would not have gone on in that way if you had not had some experience that influenced you." He raised his head and looked at her; after a moment she added, "I don't mean that you should tell it. You lost

your money, you were saying?" "All but fifty pounds, and a heap of clothes. I packed the clothes in my trunks, forty of the fifty pounds I handed to Brown to employ as events might require, and I was just on the point of shipping for Australia when a Maori outbreak in the Taupo district was reported. I came to the conclusion that I was probably born to be shot; so I entered the service as full private in the Armed Constabulary. You have heard of the Irish Constabulary This was something of the same sort.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Building Associations.

The Bedford association, of Brooklyn, has just finished its first year. Mortgages amounting to \$23,550 have been effected among thirty-two members, representing 117 shares.

The Brooklyn Home Seekers' association, of Hussner's hall, Third avenue and Twenty-fourth street, on Monday evening received \$275 in dues and enrolled ten new members, making a total membership of 125. The board of directors has decided to hold the first loan sale on

The New York Co-operative is a new association formed recently at the New York hotel. It will probably have to change its name though, as there is already one association in Harlem bearing

that name. Ohio is to have a state league of building associations. The Local league, of York. Having a room in a hotel on Broad-Dayton, has taken the initiative and has a call for a meeting of delegates of all at night. One night it occurred to him to lie

The Lost Vandalia's Dog. There is a small dog along the city front that feels just about as disconsolate

as small dogs are supposed to feel when they have done anything out of the way. This little dog, however, is rather a hero, having survived the wreck of the Vandalia at Samoa, and returned with his shipmates on the Rockton to Mare island, where he was adopted by the crew of the Adams.

Having been boss of the Vandalia, this little dog, who goes by the euphonious name of Nig. thought that he should hold the same position on the Adams, and when it was discovered by Lieut. Winslow's setter, Nig became indignant and whipped the lieutenant's dog so badly that for some time his life was despaired of. This was a horrible indignity for the quarterdeck to sustain at the hands of a forecastle dog, and Lieut. Winslow ordered the sailors to throw Nig overboard as a dishonorably discharged dog. This was something the Jack tars could not think of doing, and as they could not keep their pet aboard, and had no way of getting him back to Mare Island, as the Adams was about to go to sea, they brought Nig ashore and turned him over to the Vandalia sailors, who are waiting along the water front for their back pay and bag money. Getting a dishonorable discharge after

four years' service in the navy was pretty tough on Nig, and Thursday night he managed to get full. Yesterday he was sick and felt pretty badly, and as he had never been ashore before he did not know how to act. The number of people and the number of dogs nearly drove him crazy, and he lay down on the sidewalk and moaned. The dog feels so padly ashore that the Vandalia sailors are going to try to get him back into the service in some way, and they think that after his gallant service in Samoa they will be able to have Lieut. Winslow dishonorable discharge set aside and Nig restored to his former proud position on one of Uncle Sam's war ships.-San Francisco Chronicle

The Grand Old Man's Hat.

During the last few days Mr. Gladstone has been occupied in one of the committee rooms upon a private bill. In this, for him, unwonted character, says a London gossip, the right honorable gentleman has astonished his friends and embarrassed his opponents by the extraordinary vivacity of his manner. Under examination he answered questions by making little speeches, and when not himself in the witness box gayly prepared others to withstand the terrors of that ordeal, while, by way of a little variety, he discussed law with the counsel, and roods and perches with the engineers. Armed with a bundle of papers in which were several maps, the veteran leader was here, there and everywhere almost at the same time, presenting throughout a truly remarkable picture of invincible animation. fertility of resource and inexhaustible

energy. His white hat had a curious fashion of turning up in odd places. I saw a knot of the promoters examining this interesting chapeau as it lay in one of the windows, one of the gentlemen making so bold in its owner's absence as to try it on. Later it got upon the desk in front of the chairman of the committee, then it fell in the way of the counsel, and finally two police officers might have been seen speculating upon its ownership, Mr. Gladstone having sudenly run good and that he was tired paying for it. off to the house, leaving it upon a bench, where it was found after the adjournment of the inquiry. Truly a wonderful old gentleman is Mr. Gladstone.-Pall Mall Budget.

An Underground Railway for Paris. It appears that we may at last look forward to a metropolitan railway, but it will only serve one point of Paris south of the Seine. The projected line is to be seven miles long, with a short branch line. A central terminus will stand at the back of the Madeleine. The main line will run from that point to the Bastile by the Opera house and near the Boulevard. It will connect the termini of the Bastile-Vincennes, the Paris-Lyons and the Paris-Orleans railway, From the latter it will be brought round again by the Rue de Rivoli and the Place de la Concorde to the Madeleine. The underground part of the line will be four miles long; the rest will go through cuttings and by viaducts. M. Yvez-Gnyot is granting the concession of the metropolitan to a syndicate of capitalists, who are to make it without a state subvention or guarantee of interest. They will issue shares of the value of 25,000,000 francs and bonds for 86,000,000 francs.+ -Paris Cor. London News.

A Monster Petrified Turtle A Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette let-

ter from Brazil, Ind., says: "From time out of mind a curious rock, half hidden, has attracted attention at a point several miles north, in Parke county. An investigation recently made revealed a monster petrified turtle, the weight of which aggregates 53,000 pounds. A house mover is now at work transporting his turtleship to the railroad, whence it will be taken to purchasers in Cincinnati.

Not Encouraging.

The report of Dr. Nansen, the Norwegian who crossed Greenland last year near the latitude of the arctic circle, will hardly encourage further exploration there. He found the country there simply one immense sheet of rugged ice, without animal or vegetable life. The land is elevated, his route once taking him to an altitude of 12,000 feet. The thermometer on one occasion recorded 90 degs. below zero.-Boston Budget.

The cheapest postage in the world will soon be enjoyed by the people of Hyderabad. Quarter-anna post cards (a little over 4d.) are to be introduced. Speaking of postage, Bavaria was the first German state to use postage stamps, and she intends to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of their introduction on Nov. 1. The Philatelist society will hold a grand stamp exhibition at Munich in honor of the event Berlin Letter.

Bold Western Hyperbole. "Did it rain!" exclaimed the western man, in the course of a thrilling recital of border life. "Say, it rained so hard that afternoon that the water stood three feet on a slant roof.-Buffalo Courier.

An Ingenious Deaf Man. A Somerville man who is afflicted with deafness in one ear found his affliction a positive advantage during a recent visit to New

AN EPIC IN FIVE FITS.

The editor in genial mood, sat in his office chair; he run his jeweled fingers through his mass of tawny hair; he took his golden pen and wrote some grand and flery screeds, of wars abroad, of politics, and of his country's eds; he also wrote a touching poem about a lover bold, who went across the raging sea to search for gleaming gold; and how a maiden waited long down on the ocean shore, to weicome him when he returned-who would re-

turn no more. CLOUDS. The office hireling came to him; an ugly youth was he, with freckles scattered on face most wonderful to see; he jerked the pre s, this hireling did, he swept the dirty floors, he stuffed the coal into the stove and did the other chores. But now his freekled cheeks were binnehed, his voice was hoarse with fear: he said: "Old Smith, who a ton, is waiting for you here; his face is stern, his lips are set, I fear be's come for gore-Oh, master, shall I let him pass inside

your sanctum door!" COURAGE. Then spake the editor with pride, to that lone youth spake he: "Oh, Absalom, the coward's fear a stranger is to me; why should I tremble, though he arnes to wallow in my like neck and goref I'll take him by ike neck and with him sweep the floor. as Macbeth said, what man may da e, that also will I dare, and should old Smith but make a crack, I'll smash him with a chair; go, then, to where he panting waits, and show him in to me, and though he's once or doubly armed, no terror will be see." DANGER.

Then trembling went the freckled youth, as he'd instructed been; he led the Bad Man to the door, and, quaking, showed him in; the door was closed behind him then, and Absalom stood near, that all the sounds of raging war securely he might hear; there was a silence, long, profound, and then his master's voice, rang out in loud, defiant tones that made his heart rejoice; it sounded through the oaken door and echoed down the hall; it ceased, the silence came again, and then a beavy fall.

With winged feet young Absalom flew to his master's side; all still and pale that master lay, as though he just had died; but soon he opened wide his eyes that fell the boy upon; they swept the room to see Old Smith, but Smith, the wretch, was gone, "What did he dof cried Absalom, "that you have swooned away! You show no marks to show that you have had a bloody fray; oh, master, did he draw his gun, your form with lead to "No, no, my boy, he drew no gun; far worse-he drew a bill!"-Nebraska State Journal.



Citizen (poking his head out of a back winow)-See here, Uncle Rastus, what are you doing around my hencoop at this hour of the

Uncle Rastus (promptly)-I was gwine to ast yo', Mistah Smif, ef yo' don' wan' ter git dat hencoop whitewashed. It needs it bad, 'deed it do. -Scribner's Magazine

In "Indigent Circumstances."

The announcement that the family of the Rev. J. G. Wood, the popular Entures have been so much enjoyed, is left almost penniiess has led to the publication of surprising facts in regard to other popular persons. The English pension list, to which special attention has been called by the Society of Authors, among those receiving grants recently on account of "indigent circumstances," includes the names of Sir John Steell, the artist, of Miss Gordon Cumming, of Mr. John Bell, the sculptor, of three daughters of Principal Tulloch, of three sisters of John Leech, the famous caricaturist, and of the widow of Professor Balfour Stewart. It is almost incredible that the talent indicated by such names has not earned a moderate competence. - Clergyman in St. Louis Republic.

Chinese Are Still Coming.

It is said that the Chinese Six Companies are evading the exclusion act by bringing coolies over the Mexican line at Tia Juana, a few miles south of San Diego. The boundary line is 200 miles long and there is only one United States officer to watch it, with his office at Tia Juana. The Chinese colony in San Diego is mysteriously increasing with great rapidity and the attention of the government has been called to this singular invasion.-Chicago Tribune.

Lightning Took His Shoes Off.

A miraculous escape from death was reported this morning. A young man named George Beatz, living in the extreme southern portion of this city, was struck by lightning last night, but although the bolt tore the shoes from his feet, the burning and breaking of the skin, and the shock he sustained, were the worst result. Only the toe of one shoe with the torn upper was left on one foot.-Richmond (Ind.) Cor. Indianapolis Journal An Immigrant's Fortune.

Thomas Monahan, an Irish million-

aire, who lived in Melbourne for half a century, died recently. He was one of the 360 poor Irish immigrants who sailed for Australia in 1839, and the ship was in such a terrible sanitary condition that ninety of them died on the voyage. Monahan shrewdly invested his little earnings in land about Melbourne, with the result that blocks for which he paid £500 in those early days are now worth £250,000 each. His aggregate wealth is estimated at £2,000,000. - Exchange.

A Twin Watermelon.

Aleck West, colored, we believe, is entitled to the ginger cake for the greatest curiosity this season in the way of a watermelon. He exhibits two perfect melons joined together. Both melons were fully developed and the meat was juicy and sweet-just like an ordinary melon. Aleck states that he first noticed that the runners from the vine grew double. They moved side by side and the result was the double meion It was certainly a curiosity.-Greensboro (Ga.)

Tail Trees.

Journal.

A recent discussion about the height of trees in the forests of Victoria brings from the government botanist the state ment that he has seen one 525 feet high. a call for a meeting of delegates of all with the deaf ear up. The morning after he building associations in the state at Co-was late to breakfast.—Somerville Journal change a fallen one that was 485 feet high.—Ex The chief inspector of forests measured WAY OF THE WORLD

Aloft on the bough the fair fruit hun-Caressed by the wind and kissed by the mand standing below as it swung out of the One longed for a taste of so luncions a

One just as perfect was lying below Where the fickle wind to sed it hours as: Its tints as dainty, its form as round, But nobody cared—for it lay on the ground.

It is ever the fruit that is just beyond reco Be it fame or honor, or love or a peach. That man longs for the most why

will know, he scorns to pick where the fruk pres -Ada E. Field in New York Berge

An Englishman Couldn't See h. Little Marshall P. Wilder, the famous merrymaker, is perennial, and has abmorous skit for every hour of the day This is one of his latest, illustrative of

This is one of the same of an Englishman's appreciation of huser.

I have been in England, and I has studied English humor. Its fundamen tal principles are not related to the American article that raises a cyclone w laughter. An Englishman was dining at a swell hotel out west, and after he finished his regular dinner he asked for sweets. A waiter from the Bowery had gone west for employment, and was waiting on the particular table at which the Englishman sat.

"And phwat is sweets, sur?" asked the

waiter. The Englishman finally explained that he meant dessert, pudding, etc. "We 'ave apple and mince pie," said

the Bowery man. "Give me mince pie." "What's der matter wid der apple pie?" asked the waiter in a hard, I-don't care-a-continental tone of voice. Many heard the remark and laughed. An hour later I happened to meet the English man, and he asked me if I heard the waiter ask him what was the matter with the apple pie. I said 'Yes.' Then

the Englishman naively asked me: "Well, what was the matter with the apple pie"-New York World.

That Lovely Narcissus. Narcissus was a mythological young

person who had so much beauty that it was in the way. He was interrupted during office hours by people who wanted to admire him, and a case went on record of a woman's thinking so much of him that she would always keep still until he got clear through talking. At last he got a good look at himself in a mirror, and he said he couldn't blame them. He felt that he was a memos to society, and history says that hedrowned himself. But he didn't.

He went and got a pair of voluminous trousers, decorated his eye with a large piece of glass, took the fit out of the back of his coat, shoved his chin out of place with his collar, and went about his business satisfied that he had restored their peaces of mind to the feminine members of his acquaintance. But it was in vain. And he is obliged to devote large portions of his time-in fact, nearly all of it-to the search for improvements that will make his garments effective for their true purpose. In the meantime he is obliged to go on bothersomely belove 1. - Washington Post.

Clothing of the Esquimaux. Clothing for men consists of knee breaches, belted at the loins, a loss-

fitting cloak trimmed around the bottom, and the hood with wolf or wolverine, or a blending of both, a pair of stocking and a short legged pair of boots with sealskin soles. In winter two suits are worn, the inner suit with the hair next the body and the outer with the hair turned out The difference between the dress of men and women is that the latter have

their boots, stockings and pantaloons all in one garment. The cloaks of all females have at the back of the necks fullness for carrying infants. These cloaks come down below the knees and are gored out at the sides up to the hips, making the front look like

an apron. - Exchange. Many Roman and Greek epicures were very fond of dog's flesh. Before Christianity was established among the Danes, on every ninth year ninety-nine dogs were sacrificed. In Sweden each ninth day ninety-nine dogs were destroyed But later on dogs were not thought good enough, and every ninth year ninetynine human beings were immolated, the sons of the reigning tyrant among the

rest, in order that the life of the monarch might be prolonged. It has been concluded that whatever preservative is to be applied, the timber for piles subjected to the action of seaworms should first be charred, so as to kill any germs near the surface, open the pores of the wood for the antiseptic, and destroy the nutritive matter upon which the worm lives while beginning its ac-

His Gray Hair Turning Black.

Mrs. Robert Stephens, who has just returned from Eddyville, tells us that the the hair upon the bead of Mr. W. P. Emerson, which has for years been gray, is now turning black. It is claimed that no dye has been used to produce the effect, but that it is a freak of nature Mr. Emerson removed to Eddyville from this city about a year ago, and when he left here his head was nearly white. It is the only instance of the kind we have ever heard of and is, indeed, very remarkable. Mr. Emerson is a man about 60 years of age .- Frankfort (Ky.) Round about.

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