

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

A. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

A Family Puzzle.

This is the fifteenth year of ex-Governor Garcelon's practice of medicine in Lewiston. Now 76 years old, he is constantly at work, driving from fifteen to forty miles every day. His health has not been quite so good as usual this fall, but his chaise has been seen bobbing over our roads just the same. The ex-governor sat down the other day and figured up how many miles he had ridden in those fifty years. He found that he had gone around the globe many times. His long journey amounted to a trifle over 360,000 miles! It further impressed upon the doctor the fact that he is getting along in years when he reflects that he has been personally acquainted with five generations of his own family, and is now visiting professionally families in Lewiston whom he has attended for five generations. What a procession he has seen go on and off the stage!

Over an evening lunch in his cozy home the other night the ex-governor gave out a conundrum. "I am now visiting regularly," said he, "a family composed of the following relatives, all living under one roof: One great-grandmother, two grandmothers, three mothers, one grandfather, one father, three sons, one great-grandson, one grandson, six sisters, six daughters, one daughter-in-law, two great aunts, five aunts, one uncle, three brothers, one widow, one stepdaughter, four granddaughters, one great-granddaughter, one great-grandson, two wives, one husband, one grandnephew, one grandniece, four nieces, two nephews.

"The question is," said the doctor, "how many people are there in the house?"—Lewiston Journal.

The Paris Exposition.

The statistics of the Paris exhibition are now being busily collected for official publication. So far as at present known 25,399,000 persons visited the exhibition, and used some 28,000,000 tickets of the 30,000,000 issued—to say nothing of the 30,000 passes belonging to exhibitors and officials. In 1878 the visitors reached 12,516,993, and in 1887, 8,407,209. The daily average in 1889 was 137,289 visitors, and on the last day 370,000 persons entered and used 511,000 tickets, five being required for each entrance to the night fete. The entrance money to the Eiffel tower since May 15 amounts to \$100,000, and the receipts of the Decauville railway to \$200,000, from 24 pence fares.

The cafes and restaurants reaped an equal harvest, the three Bouillons Duval alone making a net profit of \$90,000, and the exhibitors have sold their wares largely, many several times over. Five million provincials and 1,500,000 foreigners visited Paris for the occasion, and while the frugal French only spent on an average \$4 during their stay, the foreigners' expenditure generally reached \$20 apiece, making the little sum of nearly \$50,000,000 into the Parisians' pockets. The English stood at the head of the foreign guests, with 380,000 visitors, the Belgians coming second with 225,000.—London Illustrated News.

Physical Culture at College.

Every student is entitled to an examination, and the most of them avail themselves of it. The student is then required to go through certain exercises, and measurements of the different portions of his body are taken. These are kept for comparison, and to show what advance he is making. The gymnasium is now so managed that a student is not required to compete with men stronger than himself, but can exercise alone. Gentle running exercise is recommended, as it promotes circulation and starts perspiration. This renders bathing necessary, which is very important for the health of the student. Sponging or shower baths are regarded as the best. Heavy gymnastics are no part of the college training, but are carried on by the students belonging to athletic clubs. It is believed that it is better to have 100 men strong, healthy and athletic, than one man, or a team, who can break records. There are in Harvard college 245 students today who can surpass the tests applied to the strongest men of 1880. Although attendance on the gymnasium is entirely voluntary there are 1,300 students who make use of its advantages.—Dr. D. A. Sargent.

German's Frisky Emperor.

The German emperor decidedly astonished the stolid Turk during his visit to Constantinople. They expected to see a staid, grave personage, always moving in solemn state, as befitted so great a monarch, but instead they found a brisk young man, who preferred to ride on horseback with a few attendants and rushed about from morning to night with his wife like the most curious tourist. Emperor William often vexed his escort by turning suddenly into by-streets which had not been done up for imperial eye, and would ride down steep descents at breakneck speed, with the cavalry jolting after him in mortal terror. His majesty missed two of the most characteristic features of Constantinople, the dogs and the beggars. The dogs were shut up during his stay. The beggars were housed in two large buildings in the suburbs and the beggars inhabited a wing of the Stamboul prison, being well fed at the government expense till the German sovereign departed.—London Graphic.

The Egg Interest.

Poultry and eggs may not promise much in the way of fame and fortune to the average reader, but they would be sorely missed by his stomach on Thanksgiving and Christmas days were the supply unequal to the demand. In his first report the secretary of the department of agriculture demands the recognition of the importance of this interest, and places the farm value of poultry products in the United States at \$200,000,000 for last year, while no less than 192,100,000 eggs were imported at an average first cost of over fifteen cents a dozen; and for the past four years we have averaged pay ments of \$2,316,326 per annum for foreign eggs. Here are facts and food for reflection and incubation.—Albany Journal.

A few years ago wild pigeons were unknown in this country, says the *Norfolk Record*, but within the past couple of years, where one was seen, then hundreds can be seen now. Farmers throughout Elk Valley, Smith river and at Lake Earl report immense flocks of the birds, the grain fields at times being black with them.

ANOTHER'S CRIME.

FROM THE DIARY OF INSPECTOR BYRNES.

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

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Martin's rooms were in a bachelor apartment house, not far from the junction of Fifth avenue and Broadway. The roar of the streets was audible as a continuous sound; and to Percy, sitting in an easy chair before the fire, and wearied with the emotions and vicissitudes of the day, it had the soporific influence of the wind among pines, or the noise of surf on a shore. The sun had set, and the room became dusky. Percy's eyes closed, and he was just on the point of falling asleep.

The sharp sound of the electric bell aroused him. Had Martin returned already? He must have left his pass key to be obliged to ring. Still partly asleep, Percy arose and went to the door and opened it. A lady stood on the threshold, and as the door swung back she stepped quickly inside.

Percy recoiled a pace or two with a disagreeable sensation. He thought that the visitor was Mrs. Tunstall. But the next moment, she spoke, and the voice was that of his sister. "I am so glad you are here!" she said breathlessly. "I feared I should miss you."

"Are you alone? How did you come here?" returned he. He closed the door and led her into the sitting room.

"Judge Ketelle told us that you were staying with Mr. Martin. Is he?" she glanced about the room and hesitated.

"He has gone out," said Percy. "Did you come to see him?"

"I came to see you, Percy. I can understand why you kept away from me, but I wanted to tell you that I am your sister. I love you and believe in you, and whatever happens you can trust me. Let me do something for you!" She spoke with great emotion, though in a controlled voice, and he could perceive that a tremor passed through her now and then as she stood before him.

A feeling of strong brotherly tenderness and gratitude came over the young man; he put his arms round Pauline and kissed her. "I couldn't do that if I wasn't innocent, my dear," he said.

"Of course I know you are innocent!" she exclaimed indignantly. "What made that woman accuse you? She knows it is false. Why is she your enemy?"

Percy hesitated. "Appearances were against me," he muttered.

"What are appearances to any one who knows you?" broke out Pauline, impatiently. "She must have hated you. Why did she hate you? Women do not hate unless . . . has she ever loved you, Percy?" she demanded with a changed voice.

"She—why, she's a married woman!" he returned, uneasily.

There was a pause. "Yes, I understand now," continued the girl, with a sad laugh. "Oh, my poor brother! She caught her breath and sobbed once or twice. "I am so sorry it is so," she said, tremulously.

"I have been a fool, but nothing worse than that," said the young man. "There is no actual sin on my conscience, Pauline. It is no thanks to me, but it is the truth. It is all over now, and I thank heaven it is over."

"I thank heaven, too, Percy; for whatever you had done I should support you and defend you; and if you were wicked I should be wicked, too. I am your sister"—it seemed to give her satisfaction to repeat this—"we are the same flesh and blood; if we do not stand by each other who else will? But what shall you do, Percy? You cannot tell that in court."

He took a quick resolution. "I shall never appear in court," he said.

"Has the case been put aside?" she exclaimed eagerly.

"No, I am going away. I am going with Martin. He has gone to take our passages to the West Indies by to-morrow's steamer."

"Well, perhaps it is best," she returned, with a composure that surprised him. "Your bail has to be paid, has it not? I will do that—I have money."

"Martin has done it already. He will pay everything. I shall leave no debts, thanks to him. I thank you just the same, my darling sister."

"He is a good friend—he is a good man," she said thoughtfully. "I can afford to let him do it, for I know he does it willingly. So you are going away together?" She gave a long sigh. "Well, I will take care of mother."

"Poor mother!" said Percy, a great wave of grief and remorse coming over him. "Tell her the best you can of me, Pauline."

"I can manage her—don't fear! I will come right at last, I know. I will go now, brother." She threw her arms around him. "Be good," she said; "do the best you can. Oh, Percy, Percy!" she suddenly cried out, with a heart-breaking sob, pressing him to her with passionate energy. "I must go now, or never," she said, controlling herself by an immense effort; and the next moment he was alone. But the ardor of her last embrace had something more than sisterly; it conveyed a message to one who was absent.

CHAPTER XI.

MARTIN came back about 7 o'clock. He had secured a state-room with two good berths; he had paid Percy's bill at the tradesmen's and at his lodging house, and from the latter place he had brought the trunk containing the young man's worldly possessions, which were fortunately not numerous, and consisted chiefly of suits of clothes and underwear. They went to a quiet restaurant and had dinner, and then returned to Martin's, and spent the rest of the evening in packing up his effects.

Percy said nothing to his friend about Pauline's unexpected and hurried visit that evening, not on account of any predetermined purpose, but because the in-

terview had affected him too deeply to make it an easy topic of conversation; because, knowing Martin's feeling towards her, he was uncertain whether it would be expedient to mention her at present; and, further, because he doubted whether Martin would approve of his course in admitting Pauline to a knowledge of their plans. In revealing the secret to her, Percy had acted on the spur of the moment; but he felt that the impulse was a wise one, and subsequent reflection had not caused him to regret it.

They went to bed at midnight thor-

oughly tired out; but were up again by 8 in the morning, and had some coffee and eggs brought to them by the janitor.

"The chances are," observed Martin, as he cracked his egg in the English style, and put some salt in it, "that the authorities, who are pretty wide awake in this country, may have conceived the idea that you contemplate giving them the slip. When I went out yesterday afternoon, I noticed a man smoking a pipe on the opposite corner of the street, and when I returned in the evening I passed the same man under the gas lamp just below. That may have been a coincidence, but then it may have been."

"A detective?" said Percy.

"Something of that sort. At all events, it is well to be on the safe side. Now what I propose is this. We are of the same height and build, and look not unlike. If we were dressed alike, the chief point of distinction between us, to one who did not know us well, would be the fact that you wear a mustache and I whiskers. What do you say to a bit of disguise? You will find a razor in the dressing case; shave off your mustache and then put on these." As he spoke, he produced from his pocket a small pair of false whiskers. "All you have to do is beat this inside surface at the gas jet, and they will cling to you as if they had grown. Then put on my cap and overcoat, and our detective will be a clever fellow if he recognizes you."

"But what will you do?"

"I shall remain what I am. You will start an hour before I do, and by the way, you had better turn up town when you leave here, so as to give the impression that you are bound anywhere rather than to the United States and Brazil Steamship company's wharf. Afterwards you can cross over to Sixth avenue and take the elevated down. I will meet you on board the steamer; the trunks will go by express in my name."

"All right," said Percy, with a sigh, for he was a good looking fellow, and his mustache was not wholly indifferent to him. "And when we are safe at sea we can resume our natural selves."

"As soon as you like," returned Martin, "though perhaps it would do no harm if we exchanged names for a while longer. There is no telling what may happen, or where some spy may turn up who might find it for his interest or amusement to gossip about us in the wrong quarter."

Breakfast being over, nothing remained but to label the trunks, which Martin did by writing his name and that of the steamer on tags, and attaching them to the handles, an expressman was then called and the trunks were removed. Percy sacrificed his mustache and affixed the whiskers, and finally, attired in his friend's outer garments, left the house without interference and strolled up to the Thirty-third street elevated station. From there it was a twenty minutes' ride to his destination, and then all he had to do was to go on board and wait for Martin. The latter arrived in due course, and at 2 o'clock the steamer moved out into the river and pointed her nose toward the Narrows, much to the relief of two at least of her passengers. And yet both of them were leaving behind what was dearer than anything they could expect to encounter. But those thoughts lay deep; the more trifling ones only appeared on the surface.

There were but few other passengers on the steamer, and those not being people whose society was especially attractive, Percy and Valentine passed the greater part of the time in each other's company. Valentine had an almost inexhaustible fund of anecdotes concerning his past life and adventures on land, and many hours were spent in narrating those experiences to Percy, until the American had become almost as conversant with the Englishman's past career as if it had been his own. The episode of his marriage interested him more than anything else.

Valentine had met the girl upon the outward bound steamer from England to New Zealand. He had previously known nothing of her, nor heard her name, but it afterwards transpired that she was well acquainted with his family history, a cousin of hers, with whom she corresponded having been engaged as companion to Lady Martin during several years. She had thus learned a fact that was supposed to be known by few or none outside the family circle—that Valentine's elder brother, who inherited the estate, was subject to a species of fits, which, though not always incompatible with long life, might bring his career to a close at any moment. In such an event, the property would descend to Valentine. Meanwhile, Valentine's London extravagances were not suspected by the girl, and she believed him to be possessed of a comfortable fortune of something like twenty thousand pounds—a sum not much in excess, to be sure, of what he would have had, had he invested his money to advantage and lived within his income.

She was a handsome girl, of about the same age as Valentine, and with a manner and temperament exceedingly alluring to a young fellow whose blood flows warmly in his veins, and who finds the interminable leisure of a voyage to the antipodes hang very heavy on his hands. She permitted him to acquire the conviction that he was anything but indifferent to her; in fact, to use the colloquial phrase, she set her cap at him; and Valentine, who spoke of himself without reserve as a poor man, and who was not aware that she disbelieved all his assertions on that head, and interpreted them as polite attempts to conceal his real wealth and prospects—Valentine was completely fascinated by the charm of her person and conversation, and so far committed himself with her, that by the time the voyage was ended he felt that he could not do less than offer her marriage.

She consented, and the ceremony was performed on their reaching New Zealand. But she stipulated that the marriage was to remain for the time being a secret; for she had come on to visit some relatives of hers and was unwilling, for reasons satisfactory to herself, that they should know anything of the hope she privately entertained of becoming Lady Martin. Valentine, on his side, offered

no objection to this arrangement; he had his place to make in the colony, and the necessity of providing a suitable home for his wife at the outset would have seriously hampered him. She went to her relatives in Napier, and he, as has been already related, cast in his lot with his friend Brown, and visited her in town whenever opportunity served.

Now that she was his wife, however, she no longer felt any necessity of concealing from him her real belief as to the extent of his means; she proceeded from veiled intimations to plain speech, and he became aware for the first time that she had married him, not for himself, but for something that he did not possess. Her plain speech led to explanations on his part equally plain, and thus they speedily arrived at a perfectly clear understanding of their mutual attitude. The consequence was a bitter quarrel and recriminations. The woman appeared in her true colors, which were not engaging; she called him a variety of hard names, and if he had refrained from retorting in kind it was not because there was any lack of suitable expressions waiting behind his lips. But they were still husband and wife, and the bond between them could not be severed.

As their marriage was a secret, however, there was no difficulty about a separation; and Valentine agreed to whatever pecuniary conditions she chose to dictate. In case of his brother's death she would come in for her share of the inheritance; but here he stipulated that she should receive the money only on condition that she forbore to assume the title, or allow her relation to him to be known. She at first demurred to this; but on his offering to hand over everything except the real estate and lands—an offer extremely advantageous to her from a pecuniary point of view—she finally consented, probably reflecting that it would be difficult or impossible to make such a contract legally binding, and that when the time came—if it ever should come—she would be able to repudiate it with impunity.

This affair produced a bad effect on Valentine; he became reckless and indifferent to his business interests, and ill fortune attended him. He welcomed the Maori revolt as an opportunity of ridding himself of his troubles by stopping a bullet; but he received the bullet, and the legacy that he received changed considerably the complexion of affairs. He placed half the sum in the bank at Napier for the benefit of his wife, and sailed for San Francisco with the rest. He had no settled plan in leaving New Zealand, except to appease his restless desire for change and excitement. The future could hold nothing good for him, because, however good in itself it might be, it would be defiled by the chronic and inevitable necessity of sharing it with that wife of his—for what is the greatest blessing, stimulus and joy, to a man happily married, is the dreariest of miseries to the man misnamed.

One misfortune, however, he did not look for; one danger he did not fear; one emotion of all others he was confident he could not feel. And yet this emotion, this danger, this misfortune were precisely those to which he was destined to fall a victim. He could not foresee the meeting with Pauline Nolen, nor the effect that she would produce on him. Up to that time his unhappiness had been chiefly negative—the ordinary disappointment and disillusion; now he had to deal with a positive pain—the impossibility of being united to the only woman he had ever loved. It was like tantalizing a prisoner for life with scenes of freedom and felicity.

"I am talking a lot about myself," he remarked one day to Percy, as they were sitting smoking together on the deck, "but it isn't entirely egotism either. I have a motive in it, connected with you."

"What have I to do with it?"

"You and Brown are about the only friends I have in the world. I want you to know what my life has been and what my situation is in order that you may be able to act intelligently in case anything happens to me."

"Come, Val, you're not contemplating a premature end, are you?"

"Oh, my health is good, and I am in good shape generally—never better. I am speaking of accidents, which are liable to happen to the best regulated gentlemen. In case of my sudden taking off occurring while I am in your company, I want you to be competent to act as my agent, representative or executor; I want to give you my unrestricted power of attorney, in short. And to that end," he added, taking a wallet from his pocket, "I have written out a paper which empowers you to use the requisite authority, and also indicates what I would like to have done in case certain other things happened. Here's the document; put it in your pocket, and don't bother yourself to look at it unless circumstances should make it necessary."

"If I had anything to leave or to manage," said Percy, taking the paper which Valentine handed him, "I would retaliate by appointing you my sole legatee and executor; but all I possess are my clothes and the receipted bills you paid for me. However, if I die, you must say those whom it may concern that I maintained to the last that I did not steal Mrs. Tunstall's money. Send my love to my mother and Pauline, and, if I die on shore, get me buried if possible. I can't be serious about it," he went on, with a laugh, "and yet I have had a presentiment ever since we started that I shall never see the end of this voyage. Of course, presentiments are all nonsense, and I don't in the least believe in this one; but it is there all the same. So, if it comes out true, I shall say, 'I told you so.' At least, you will know I told you so if I could!"

"I'll remember," replied Valentine. "As for presentiments, I believe they do come out true, though my theory of existence assures me they must be coincidences. I have no presentiment regarding myself, only a business like solicitude that, when I am gone, my regrets shall not occasion any avoidable inconvenience."

Just then the second officer sauntered up and nodded to windward. "Looks pretty nasty up there," said he.

"Shouldn't wonder if we had a blow before night."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Governor-General of the Amoor region in Siberia has planned to employ convicts at hard labor on the Transiberian railroad. For every year such convicts are employed on the road they will be credited with eighteen months of the term they have to serve.

F. W. Kennedy, President, and H. W. Kennedy, cashier of the suspended Spring Garden National Bank of Philadelphia, have been arrested.

HISTORIC NORWICH TOWN.

A GROUP OF BUILDINGS MORE THAN TWO CENTURIES OLD.

Substantial dwellings That Were Old Before the Revolution—House in Which Benedict Arnold Learned to Be a Druggist—John Trutt's Elder "Flips."

While there are several neglected and isolated houses scattered throughout various parts of Connecticut of greater age than any in Norwich, probably nowhere else in this country is to be found such a group of ancient dwellings as that in this old town. The famous stone house of Guilford, which was a fortress in Indian times and the history of which runs back to 1639, is only twenty years older than some of this group. They all stand in historic Norwich town, which a century or more ago was the town proper, and when the present site of the city was known as "The Landing." Indians held possession of the river in those days, and the white settlers away. Here generation after generation of families have been reared, and the houses remain now almost as they did then. The people here have cared more to keep their possessions intact than to have modern improvements, until Norwich is pre-eminently the banner historical city of New England.

THE BLISS MANSION.

Passing up the two aristocratic thoroughfares of the city, Broadway and Washington street, to the "plains" and out upon the old road, the change is most remarkable. Fashionable dwellings give way to ancient looking rookeries, whose weather beaten sides are marked with time. The first and most famous of these old dwellings is the Bliss house, which stands squarely on the main road to the old town. It is the oldest house in New London county, having been built in 1659 by Thomas Bliss, one of the original settlers of Norwich. It was, without doubt, the first dwelling built in eastern Connecticut. The first town clerk had his office in this house for years. From the time of its erection, 230 years ago, the old house remained in the uninterrupted ownership of the Bliss family until a few years ago, when it was sold to Mr. Angel Stead, the present owner.

A few rods south of this old family mansion stands another ancient building, an odd, angular, unpainted, gambrel roofed structure, which is now used as a dwelling by a very old lady. This little building was erected long before the revolution for the purpose of weaving stockings in. The sign which for years hung over the door represented an unsymmetrical leg clothed in a gaudy stocking. But this industry was evidently unprofitable, and it was succeeded by a newspaper, the first in Connecticut. Separated from this building by a narrow lane is the Reynolds homestead, and above the front door are scrolled the figures 1659, representing the year in which it was built. This house has remained in the Reynolds family since the land was set aside for them, and is now occupied by the family of the late Henry L. Reynolds.

Diagonally across the street from the Bliss place, partially hidden by shrubs and trees, is a brown two story dwelling known as the Thomas Leffingwell house. It is fully 300 years old. The old stone chimney, which is twelve feet square at its base, and the stones of which were laid in clay instead of mortar, the material that is used in the construction of walls today, still performs its service.

THE OLD DRUG STORE.

Above this place is another but more unpretentious house, also once the property of the Leffingwells. It is, if anything, a trifle older than the former and much smaller. The Leffingwells were a big family and very prominent in early history. Col. Christopher Leffingwell's massive mansion is next in order. The colonel was methodically correct, and the house stands due north and south, one angle of its frame protruding partially out into the road. Col. Leffingwell was the first postmaster of the old town, operated the first paper mill in eastern Connecticut, and carried on various other industries.

These six places are all within a radius of fifteen rods, while some fifty rods further on another line of ancient dwellings is approached. First comes the residence of Mrs. Laura Thurston and Mr. Henry McNelly, which was the home of Dr. Joshua Lathrop long before the revolution. Directly opposite is the dwelling of the family of the late William C. Gilman, which was occupied by Dr. Daniel Lathrop at the same time. These brothers kept the first drug store which was opened between Hartford and Boston. Their old store was in existence until two years ago and was popularly known as the "Benedict Arnold drug store."

Because within it Arnold was trained to be a druggist. Just above these two places stands an immense, gambrel roofed, venerable looking two story structure which was the residence of Gen. Jabez Huntington prior to and during the revolution.

The house is on land that was deeded to ancestors of Gen. Huntington by the Indians, and the mansion has been in the hands of the Huntington family for two centuries. The general and all his sons were prominent in the revolutionary war. Nearly opposite the Huntington place is another old house, built for Governor Samuel Huntington.

Surrounding Norwich town green is an endless chain of these venerable mansions, all 200 or more years old. One of the most notable is the old Trutt place, which was occupied by John Trutt as a tavern prior to and during the revolutionary war, and where Gen. Washington and Lafayette and others often drank his famous elder "Flips." The Tracy house, too, is quite conspicuous and quite well preserved, as are also the Sylvanus Jones and the Lathrop places.—Cor. New York Times.

How to Thaw Frozen Pipes.

Mr. F. H. Shelton says: "I took off from the pipe some 4 inches or 5 inches, just a crust of earth, and then put a couple of bushels of lime in the space, poured water over it, and slaked it, and then put canvas over that, and the wind from getting underneath. Next morning, on returning there, I found that the frost had been drawn out from the ground for nearly three feet. You can appreciate what an advantage that was, for picking through frozen ground, with the pickaxe below zero, is no joke. Since then we have tried it several times. It is an excellent plan if you have time, enough to let the time work. In the daytime you cannot afford to waste the time, but if you have a spare night in which to work, it is worth while to try it."—Scientific American.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

A St. Louis Ghost Story That Reads Like Some of the Old Novels.

Stories have been afloat for some time which have excited a great deal of comment among residents of the West End, and which have given employment to the tongues of the gossips. It is a veritable ghost story, and while the incredulous have smiled and affected a contempt for what they term nonsense of that kind, the fact remains that the tale continues to go the rounds and to increase in interest as the days go by.

The house which is the scene of operations for this alleged ghostship stands on the south side of Chestnut street, west of Twenty-ninth, and is just such a looking place as might be selected for such a strange inhabitant. It is a dark, gloomy looking structure, rearing its solemn front above the street in strange contrast to the cheerful aspect of its neighbors. From week to week the somber shutters which hide its windows from the eyes of the curious are never opened, and no noise of cheerful sunshine, and no noise of laughter or prattle of children at play greet the passer by. An air of mystery pervades the place, and a strange, uncanny feeling comes over those who pass it.

The weird visitor is said to be the ghost of a young man who, in days gone by, blew out his brains upon the very threshold of the house. A young lady, with whom he fell in love and who had plighted him her troth, grew tired of his attentions, and broke her engagement with him. By every means within his power he sought to regain her affections, but in vain. She turned a deaf ear to his most earnest entreaties, and finally forbade his visits entirely.

Still clinging to the hope that he might in time regain her love, he sought an interview, which was denied him, and filled with despair, he resolved to end his life. He called to see her, but finding that she had gone to visit a neighbor he repaired to the house where it was supposed she had gone, and, reaching the door, he placed a pistol to his head and coolly blew himself into eternity.

It chanced, however, that he had mistaken the house, and the story is that his spirit, which had gone in search of the lady he had loved and failing to find her, has from that time, as each recurring day brings back the hour at which he died, returned to renew the fruitless search. Inhabitants of the house were startled by strange, unearthly noises and on more than one occasion the weird visitor was seen to ascend the steps leading up from the cellar and go wandering about the house as if vainly searching for some one. It groped its way from room to room, and after accomplishing its rounds would disappear. So thoroughly frightened did the inmates of the house become, that, overcome at last by fear, they removed to another locality and for a time his ghostship was left in sole possession of the premises. Then the property was sold and the new owner, who had heard the weird stories that were told, resolved to remodel the house with a view to driving out the unwelcome visitor. The cellar from which the phantom had arisen on the occasion of his visits was filled completely up, in the hope that when his hiding place was gone it (the ghost) would take its departure, and the interior of the house was carefully rearranged, but without avail.

The ghostly visitant still remained. It is said that it still wanders through the house, and rumors go abroad of strange sights and sounds to be seen and heard at night. However it may be, no one has been able to solve the mystery, and the inmates of the house are seldom aloof from the outer world, and maintain an air of mystery that lends credence to the tale. No one is seen to come or go across the mysterious threshold darkened by the blood of the self murdered man, and the neighbors glance at the house significantly and relate the story with an air of general belief.

A reporter, in order to learn the exact facts, called at the house, but was denied admission. Inquiry among the neighbors, however, verified the statements here made.—St. Louis Republic.

Presidential Trains.

"We don't like presidential trains," said a railroad man. "Why?" "For several reasons. They are very expensive. The best cars, the most competent train men are employed. The president seldom is aware of the fact that his train is guarded by detectives, but we have our secret service men there, just the same. Every other train must keep out of the way of the president's train. Fast freights that usually run within ten minutes of ordinary passenger trains are not allowed to be within thirty minutes of the president's special. You can see, it costs considerable to side track a train for thirty minutes. Passenger trains must take the siding, and mail trains lay by. In the case of mail trains, we are under heavy bond to make a certain time, and just imagine how a mail car must run to make up time lost on side tracks. Bridges must be guarded and inspected, and nothing left undone that will insure the absolutely safe passage of the presidential party. Then the strain on every man employed is severe. We always feel greatly relieved when the presidential train leaves our division, and the fellows on the next division or the other road have to do the sweating. You never heard of a presidential train being wrecked, did you?"—Indianapolis News.

Scenery for the Passion Plays.

The Oberammergau Passion plays are fast becoming modernized. Hermann Burghardt, of Vienna, has received an order to paint the scenery for the new stage, and call bells will be introduced. The scenery is taken for the most part from the old masters—"The Last Supper" of Leonardo, and "The Crucifixion," after Raphael, etc. Two drop scenes, which are painted upon wood are also being prepared, and will be shifted backward and forward by means of rollers. The stage receives all its light from above, being covered by a glass roof.—London Graphic.

Forty-four Miles of Cabs.

The spectacle of forty-four old miles of cabs is enough to make any one shudder, yet that is the length to which the London cabs would extend if they were placed in a line. We owe this interesting calculation to Sir Charles Warren. It cannot be said after this that he died no good as chief commissioner. But we are also told that there is only standing room for twenty-three miles of cabs, so that we have twenty-one miles of cabs always wandering about the streets of London. No wonder there are numerous complaints about "crawlers."—London Court Journal.

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