

# EUGENE AT THE GUARD ANOTHER STRIKE

...the strike proved partly correct. The case being called, counsel for the plaintiff submitted that their client was disposed to abandon the prosecution. The court asked where the prisoner was and the report of his death was put in. The court observed that the prisoner appeared to have intended forfeiting his bail, and was of opinion that the evidence of death was insufficient. But as the plaintiff wished to withdraw, and there was only a moderate presumption of guilt, the case would be adjourned pending confirmation of the report of death, when the question of estrating the bail would be decided.

## CHAPTER XIV. A POWERFUL ALLY.

EVERAL days after this event, the inspector was informed that a lady desired to see him. He gave orders that she be admitted, and a young woman dressed in mourning entered the room. She was pale and handsome, with powerful dark eyes. The inspector rose and placed a chair for her. She sat down, regarding him with great interest, as if endeavoring to satisfy herself what manner of man he was. "Can I be of any assistance to you, madam?" the detective inquired. "I hope you may," was her reply, "for I don't know where to look for help, unless to you. You were officially cognizant, were you not, of the case of Mr. Percy Nolen, who was accused of a robbery a few weeks ago?" The inspector inclined his head. "It came to my knowledge in the ordinary routine," he said. "It has been adjourned, as you are probably aware, and the chances are that it will not soon be heard of again."

## CHAPTER XV. A COSTLY EXPERIMENT.

A man living in the shade of the Catskill mountains heard that well water could be had a half mile to his well. On account of the dryness of the season there proved to be only three feet of water in the well, and ever since the experiment he has been selling a good article of whitewash to his neighbors at 2 cents a bucket and walked a mile and a half to a creek for drinking water for his family.—Hotel Mail.

## CHAPTER XVI. A SERIOUS DRAWBACK.

New Yorker who has obtained a place for his boy in Philadelphia—Well, Mr. Johnny-mak, how are you pleased with the boy so far? Mr. Johnny-mak—He seems a very likely lad; the only fault I have to find with him is he is always in such a hurry.—The Epoch.

# ON LIFE'S THRESHOLD.

A Letter Senator Evans Received from His Granddaughter. Chancey Dupuy says: "Evans once sent a donkey up to his Windsor farm in Vermont. A week afterwards he received the following letter from his little granddaughter: "DEAR GRANDPA—The little donkey is very gentle, but he makes a big noise at night. He is very lonesome. I guess he misses you. I hope you will come soon; then he won't be so lonesome. MIMIE."—Elk Park, N. Y.

## An Accommodating Guest.

Their little minds the children's, home from vacation are full with the story of their summer pastime, and they are eager to relate their experiences, some with a little too much attention to detail. This latter point was illustrated the other day by one of the young fellows, in conversation with another about his own age, who had evidently been a fellow passenger on the train to Boston.

## Told of a Young Legionnaire.

From the mouth of our young hero of five summers, who was with us in San Francisco a short time since, and was out in Market street when the governor's funeral was passing: "He was very much affected by the music, and looking around to me, he said: 'Mother, there are two things that will make anybody cry.' 'What are they?' I said. 'Oh, onions and solemn tunes,' he said.—Boston Globe.

## Deserved It.

"My dear boy," said a mother to her son, as he handed round his plate for more turkey. "This is the fourth time you have been helped." "I know, mother," replied the boy, "but that turkey pecked me once, and I want to get square with him."—San Francisco West.

## Little Molly's Sarcasm.

DEAR FATHER—It is all well and happy. The baby has grown ever so much, and has a great deal more sense than he used to have. Hoping the same of you, I remain your daughter, MOLLY.—From the German.

## Taught by Experience.

Minister—You say a great many bright things, Bobby, don't you? Bobby—Not as many as I used to. Minister—Why not? Bobby—Slippers.—New York Sun.

## A Boston Child.

Our little boy, 6 years old, was sent to school last week for the first time, and on his return home asked his papa: "Who taught the first man his letters?"—Boston Globe.

## An Imposition.

Bobby at the circus, anxious to see the giant, but seen dwarf instead—Why, papa, that's the smallest giant I ever heard of.—Texas Sittings.

## His Object.

"Are you going to Europe on business, Mr. Bigland?" "Not exactly, sir." "Oh, pleasure then, of course?" "Hardly that, either." "For what purpose then, may I ask?" "Why, to get a reception on my return, of course."—Yonkers Gazette.

## A Sure Cure.

Policeman—I've just arrested him. Citizen—But he's as deaf as a post. Policeman—He'll get his hearing before the magistrate.—Harper's Bazar.

## Shabby Treatment.

Railroad Official—I am exceedingly sorry, but I cannot renew your pass. Citizen (indignantly)—Why not? I've had a pass on your road for fifteen years! Is that the way you treat old customers?—Harper's Bazar.

## Terrible Results of Baseball.

Wife—John, I don't see why the authorities permit people to play that horrid game, baseball. "Why?" "Why? Because it causes so much violence and death. In this newspaper account of a single game I see that one man was knocked out of the box and three other unfortunate fellows died at first base. It's really shocking!"—Lincoln Journal.

## Shivering in the Street.

In many cities on the continent in these days of extreme cold, the municipal governments, from a fund previously set apart for the purpose, place at intervals among the crowded neighborhoods of the poor large iron braziers, which are kept filled day and night with hot coals. They are circular upright receptacles, about the size of a barrel, with an open top and with bars pierced in the sides for the purpose of a draught. They are placed upon the pavement near the sidewalk at the corners of streets, where crowds may collect about them with the least obstruction to traffic. During the bitter cold weather crowds of half frozen people huddle about these braziers.—Boston Advertiser.

# Whalebone is Scarce.

There is a remarkable scarcity of whalebone in the market at present, and in consequence the poorest qualities are being disposed of at prices heretofore hardly ever realized for the best that the hardy New Bedford men could procure. Parts of bone usually discarded a few years ago are now a staple article, and find ready purchasers among manufacturers.

## What Little Bone of First Quality is Placed upon the Market is Sold at Prices which will astonish persons not familiar with the trade.

A well known Pearl street firm disposed of several thousand pounds several days ago at \$5.20 a pound, and a similar figure has been realized by dealers in Europe. "Whalebone is getting scarcer every season," said an old South street whale ship boat steerer, "and pretty soon there won't be any at all. The blackfish, humpbacks and sperm whales, from which most of the bone is taken, don't breed very fast. They are killed off faster than they breed, and in consequence it is only a question of time when they will be exterminated altogether, and the humpback will be as much a curiosity as the departed mammoth.

"There's no more money in whaling for sailors," he continued, "nor for anybody but the big concerns which control a number of these newfangled steam whalers. If you don't believe what I say, go to New Bedford. There you will see lots of vessels, brave ships once, but old hulks now, with their bones bleaching on the sands around the bay. They were driven out of the business, and the sailors were driven out with them.

"The whales got scarce, and 3 or 4 per cent on invested capital didn't pay expenses to the owners of single ships, so they had to give up. Only a few of the old timers are left, and I guess they won't last much longer."—New York Herald.

## The Minneapolis Mummy.

There has long been a veil of mystery and romance enshrouding the mummy which Thomas Lowry Manned for exhibition at the public library. Something like a year ago Miss Amelia B. Edwards, who is supposed to be an expert in such matters, was in Minneapolis, and was called on to shed some light upon the individuality of this mummy. With a great flourish the result of her investigations was proclaimed to an anxiously waiting world.

Her observations were limited to the exterior emblems, for the "inside facts" were not then revealed. Miss Edwards was quite positive that the body was that of a woman, Amen-hotep by name. Miss Edwards wrote out the following in the early morning of my day dash right into it, the stout threads twined round your face like a lace veil, while as the creature who has worn it takes up his position in the middle, he generally catches you right on the nose, and though he seldom bites or stings, the contact of his large body and long legs is anything but pleasant. If you forget yourself and try to catch him, bite he will, and, though not venomous, his jaws are as powerful as a bird's beak, and you are not likely to forget the encounter.

The bodies of these spiders are very handsomely decorated, being bright gold or scarlet underneath, while the upper part is covered with the most delicate slate colored fur. So strong are the webs that birds the size of larks are frequently caught therein, and even the small but powerful scaly lizard falls a victim. A writer says that he has often sat and watched the yellow and scarlet monster, measuring, when waiting for his prey with his legs stretched out, fully six inches, striding across the middle of the net, and noted the rapid manner in which he winds his stout threads around the unfortunate captive. He usually throws the coils about the head till the wretched victim is first blinded and then choked. In many unfrequented dark nooks of the jungle you come across most perfect skeletons of small birds caught in these terrible snares, the strong folds of which prevent the delicate bones from falling to the ground after the wind and weather have dispersed the flesh and feathers.—Rare Bits.

## Monster Spiders.

Far up in the mountains of Ceylon and India there is a spider that spins a web like bright yellow silk, the central net of which is five feet in diameter, while the supporting lines, or gyms as they are called, measure sometimes ten or twelve feet long; and riding quickly in the early morning you may dash right into it, the stout threads twined round your face like a lace veil, while as the creature who has worn it takes up his position in the middle, he generally catches you right on the nose, and though he seldom bites or stings, the contact of his large body and long legs is anything but pleasant. If you forget yourself and try to catch him, bite he will, and, though not venomous, his jaws are as powerful as a bird's beak, and you are not likely to forget the encounter.

## Reward for Saving 1,200 Whalers.

The owners and crews of the whaling vessels Midea, Lagoda, Progress and Daniel Webster, of New Bedford, and the Europa, of Edgartown, have just received the money appropriated for them for their rescue of 1,200 men in the Arctic fleet in 1871.

In that year twenty-two of the whale-ships were hemmed in by ice and abandoned. The crews took refuge on the shore, where they heard that there were five ships further shore. An imploring message was sent to the captains by Henry Pesse, one of the men, asking them to abandon the voyage in the cause of humanity and to take the wrecked men aboard. The captains held a conference and agreed to bring the men down and sacrificed their voyage thereby.

The award gives \$19,871.27 to the owners of the Midea, \$31,237.95 to the owners of the Daniel Webster, \$33,611.20 to the owners of the Lagoda, \$39,111.32 to the owners of the Progress, and \$33,889.16 to the owners of the Europa. The award was made in proportion to the number of men brought down.

It will be distributed by the owners among themselves and crews in the proportion to their respective lays. About one-half of the award will go to the claim agent.—Cor. Boston Globe.

## Luck in the Loss of an Overboard.

A young man at Peak's Island lost his rubber in the road the other night, there by bringing great good luck to his father. That gentleman, Mr. Charles Trefethen, lost a pocketbook last fall that contained \$1,500 in notes and money, and all his search for it was unavailing. But while the son was hunting for his lost rubber he came upon the long missing wallet with all its contents intact.—Lewiston Journal.

## St. Helena Becoming a Deserted Island.

For twenty years St. Helena has been going to the dogs, and has now very nearly arrived there. It is the Suez canal that has killed it. A final blow was given when quite recently the French government decided to withdraw the garrison of imperial troops. Last year this order began to come into effect, and St. Helena is rapidly drifting into a position of a deserted island.—London Tr. Bits.

## An Amazed Subscriber.

Presman to a subscriber from Sagadahoc—Yes, sir, that press will print, count and fold 50,000 copies an hour. Sagadahoc Subscriber (amazed)—Gosh, ya don't say so! An' that's the thing—ma-jig-wag swears to the circulation, too!—Phil. Welch in The Epoch.

## Philosophy of Etiquette.

"Is it now considered ill bred to take the hot biscuit off the plate?" queried Richelieu of Wagley. "Well, no; but it is decidedly unwise." "Unwise?" "Yes; always wait a minute, and they'll bring on some hot ones!"—Detroit Free Press.

# An Emperor's Student Days.

During his school career the German Emperor was a model of the studious German youth. He took his place as a common pupil in the public school at Cassel, and played and studied with the other scholars. At the final examination he was, indeed, only tenth in the list; but then he was two years younger than his mates, and was rightly considered to have done so well that his tutor was immediately knighted. There is no cramming system in Germany; he passed without aid or favor.

At the University of Bonn I have sat on the same benches with him, and seen him, with his little note book, writing down, like a hard worked reporter, nearly all the professor uttered in his lectures on the great German authors on the genius of our own Shakespeare. The prince was anxious also to study subjects not just then in the curriculum, and for these the professors attended at his rooms.

By the professors the prince was treated with an almost servile adulation, and he won their esteem and love. He had them all in turn to dinner at his rooms in a villa which overhung the Rhine, with the honeysuckle, clematis and Virginia creepers reaching over and down the garden walls almost to the water's edge.

The queen sent him out from England a splendid boat, costing nearly £200, but he used it very little, and it generally lay moored by the bank beneath his garden, idly rocking in the ripple of the Rhine.

But he took part heartily in all the amusements common among German students, namely, beer drinking, dueling, torchlight processions, carriage driving, bathing and, in winter, sledging. I do not think he ever fought a real duel, but he mingled freely with the duellers, and in knelpen (drinking bouts) and torchlight serenades, sipping and sitting with the sippers of light German beer till late into the night.—All the Year Round.

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