

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

BIG MONEY IN A NECKTIE.

It Cost Only Fifty Cents, but It Was Worth Twenty Thousand Dollars.

His necktie was worth \$20,000. A plain, black, ordinary looking, every day four-in-hand, but worth \$20,000. He was a traveler who had just come in on the Santa Fe route direct from Arizona, and he removed his coat and vest preparatory to cleaning his slender speckled face in the lavatory of a prominent Michigan avenue hotel. With the carelessness of a western man he flung his coat and vest on a contiguous chair, but his necktie, his four-in-hand, he carefully rolled up in a small compass and thrust deep into his trousers pocket.

This unusual exhibition of caution excited the curiosity of a friend, and the natural query: "Wherefore?" developed a most ingenious device.

"That necktie is worth just \$20,000 plus the cost price of the article itself. Sabe?"

The smile of incredulity brought the valuable piece of black silk to view again. With his penknife the traveler opened the seam, and while unfolding the ripped portions, dazzled the eyes of the skeptic with ten crisp, clean \$1,000 bills. "Ten thousand dollars on this end and the same ante on the other. Beats a money belt all hollow."

"I was held up by the James and Younger boys in Blue Clay Cut one time, and Jim Younger ran his hand over my body and felt the money belt, and I handed over just \$1,200. But what thief would ever look twice at a fifty cent necktie? They might corn it if it was red or yellow, or even sky blue, but plain black is too unobtrusive, for those chaps run to high color. This plan is better than the porous plaster scheme too. Never heard of it?"

"Well, next time you travel with more ready cash than you care to have obtainable, step into a drug store and buy two porous plasters. Fold your vest neatly and flat, wrap around it a piece of oiled silk and stick a plaster over it and on to the outside of the other plaster. Then slap this double deck plaster on your chest and no one's the wiser. But the four-in-hand necktie's the best," and the man with the \$20,000 necktie gave it a final twist as he tied it around his collar, slipped on his vest and coat and walked out, serene and secure with twenty \$1,000 bills snugly laid away in his queer safety deposit vault.—Chicago News.

New York's Literary and Artistic Clubs.

The Century is assisted by other clubs in looking after the literary and artistic needs of New York. Among these may be mentioned the Lotus, the Players, the Fellowship, the Authors' and the Aldine. The Lotus has long been familiar to the public, and a great deal has been said of the brilliant gift which Mr. Booth has made to New York in the handsome house of the Players' in Gramercy park. The complaint is indeed made that in these two clubs the non-professional element tends to strengthen itself at the expense of the professional.

The complaint is not an unusual one; it has been made with regard to the Garrick in London. The Fellowship is composed of writers and artists connected with the press. The Authors' club is, as its name indicates, made up of men who have written books. It has rooms, but no club house. The Aldine, founded by publishers and artists, has within two years taken possession of a house in Lafayette place.—E. S. Nadal in Scribner's.

When Rome Fell.

A certain librarian declares that one day a visitor pointed to a bust which adorns the reading room of the establishment with which he is connected and asked, "Is that anybody about here?"

The librarian, supposing that the questioner was simply attempting to gyp him, answered:

"He has been dead too long for me to presume to say where he is."

"I mean was a man who lived here," corrected the stranger; and then without waiting for a reply he added, "What was his name?"

"Nero," the librarian answered.

"Nero?" the other repeated thoughtfully; "that don't seem just like an American name. What was his business?"

"He was at the head of the fire department," the librarian replied unblushingly.—Boston Courier.

The Spider as a Remedy.

It is not surprising that so uneasy looking a creature as the spider should have various attributes of a more or less surprising nature awarded to it. In rural districts it is no very uncommon occurrence to find that there is a firm belief in the curative powers of spiders in cases of ague. Eleazar Albin says that he has been instrumental in curing several children of this complaint "by hanging a large spider, confined in a box, about their necks, reaching to the pit of the stomach, without giving any internal remedies."—Cornhill Magazine.

The Mexican boy has plenty of play, though he cares little for hoops or balls, tops, kites or marbles. Unless he is unusually poor he has a horse and saddle of his own, especially if he lives in the country; and no matter how poor he may be, he has a donkey, or can borrow one in five minutes.

Professor Boyesen, the Norwegian novelist and teacher, is a short, thick set man, with brown beard and curly hair. He is about 40 years old and looks more like a man of business than a college professor.

The pollution of the Ohio river is being investigated by the State Board of Health. Dr. Probst says that his report will be very unfavorable as to the use of Ohio-river water for drinking purposes. An interstate agreement would be necessary to prevent further pollution.

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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"We had agreed before to go to Mexico. He had letters and papers. I took them and went traveling as Valentine Martin. I saw that in that way I should get a standing in the place which I could not have obtained for myself, and that the report of my death would throw off the police. I was cordially received in Mexico, and put in the way of doing some valuable business. Everything prospered with me, as it had never done before. The story is too long to tell fully now, but in the midst of my success an extraordinary thing occurred: an English agent of the Martin estate came over and told me—supposing me to be Valentine—that by my brother's death I was the heir. I did not wish to enter into explanations, so I simply told him that I did not want the estate, and that it might go to the next of kin. I had forgotten that Val had a wife, though, of course, I knew all about her. She had ruined his life in more ways than one, and was no better than she should be, but if his death were known she would be entitled to a share of the estate. It seems she had got wind of the English agent's business, and had followed him from New Zealand. I had a curious interview with her; she charged me finally with having made away with her husband in order by personating him to get his property, and treating my assertion that I was not going to touch the property as mere bluntness. But the next day I got a letter from her in which she actually offered, in case I would make common cause with her, to go to England, prove her marriage to Valentine, get the estate and then divide with me."

"Poor Valentine!" murmured Pauline, with a trembling lip.

"When I refused she declared war, and said she would expose me as an impostor and probable murderer. She learned that I was manager and part owner of a valuable mine that I had discovered near Pachuca. The other owners were two high officers of the government. She went to them with her story."

"They told me what she had said. I had already made up my mind what to do; I gave them the whole history of what had happened since Valentine and I had left New York. I told them what he had told me about his wife, and then I showed them the letter she had just written me. I knew I was risking everything in making a clean breast of it, but the fact was I was tired of living under a name that did not belong to me, and I wanted to put an end to it all hazards."

"I am glad of that," said Pauline.

"They were rather upset by the story, and for a while I thought the affair would go against me. But I suspect they considered me too useful a man to lose. I was making a great deal of money for them and doing all the work, and then the woman's letter tipped the beam. They said finally that they would accept me for what I was if I could give them satisfactory proof that I was what I declared myself to be. Let me show letters or vouchers from reputable persons in New York bearing out my account of myself and they would accept me as a full equivalent for what I had pretended to be. I had a power of attorney that Val had given me on the steamer, but of course I could not tell them what had led to my leaving New York. I could not ask any one here for a certificate of good character until my name had been cleared of the charge against it. But it wouldn't do to hesitate, so I said, on the spur of the moment, that I would go to New York, get the evidence they required and return to them with it. So here I am; I overheard some conversation coming down on the boat between the English agent and a New York detective which made it seem probable that my affairs will be investigated whether I like it or not, and that meanwhile the true story of how the robbery was committed has not been revealed yet. How is it?"

The answer to this question led to a long conversation, in the course of which I learned all that had happened during his absence, including Pauline's marriage. The search for the thief for whose crime he had suffered had as yet met with no success, but it was still being carried on. After discussing the matter, it was decided that Percy's presence in the city should, for the moment, be kept a secret from every one, even from his mother and Judge Kettle. He should conceal himself in lodgings in the upper part of the town, where Pauline could visit him from time to time, and report the progress of affairs, and learn, if possible, from Inspector Byrnes, what were the object and result of the English agent Clifton's mission to New York. There might be difficulties in the way, but the brother and sister were young and believed that the longest lane has a turning.

It was late when Pauline drove up to the door of her house, and, alighting, walked up the steps of the porch. Her mind was full of her brother, and she did not notice the tall man with the black mustache who stood on the corner of the street tapping his boot with his cane.

CHAPTER XX.

A CHECK.

HAVING seen the lady into the house, the man with the black mustache turned on his heel and sauntered away.

Black Horace (as he was known to his intimates) was not born to a criminal career, and his present position and character were the result partly of innate evil and partly of circumstances. He had received an excellent education and had graduated from the New York Medical school in good standing. Up to that time, beyond a tendency to loose company and irregular habits, he had developed no noticeably bad tendencies. The changes were that he would outgrow his

youthful follies and become a useful member of society.

Almost immediately upon his graduation, however, his destiny took a sinister turn. At a party supper with his comrades he got into a quarrel with one of them, ending in a scuffle in which blows were exchanged. The quarrel was patched up and the two antagonists shook hands and drank together, but Horace secretly bore a grudge, and was determined to "get even." At the end of the evening, his late antagonist being somewhat the worse for liquor, Horace volunteered to see him home. They walked off together, Horace resolving in his mind the scheme of some practical joke.

That night Horace's companion was found insensible on his doorstep with the mark of a blow from a slungshot behind his ear. He never entirely recovered consciousness, and died the next day after uttering the name of Horace Dupee.

Horace was arrested on a charge of murder, and in default of bail was thrown into prison. After a long series of delays extending over a year, he was brought to trial and acquitted. The evidence, though amounting to a strong probability, was not conclusive, and the jury gave him the benefit of the doubt. He went forth nominally a free man, but his social and professional career were blasted ere they had fairly begun. The shadow of the mark of Cain, if not the mark itself, was upon him.

He might have changed his name and achieved success in another country. But half from sullen obstinacy, half from lack of business energy, he did not do this. Instead, he drifted into bad society and soon found himself in harmony with it. The class of society in which he had formerly moved ceased to know him. The police began to take an interest in him, but he was shrewd and cautious enough to avoid falling into their hands. Some of his escapades were very narrow, but up to the present time his photograph had not appeared in the rogue's gallery. In such a case, however, detection is sure to come sooner or later. Some oversight is committed, some "pal" turns out to be evidence, or some fatality occurs.

Since the time of his downfall Horace Dupee had wandered from place to place and lived in most states of the Union. But again and again he returned to New York, though he knew that he ran greater risks there than elsewhere. At the time we came up with him he had been absent from the city for nearly a year. It was on the day after his arrival that his companion, Grish, had called his attention to Mrs. Kettle.

She was the sister of the man of whose murder he had been accused. This fact was sufficient to inspire him with animosity against her. He had never seen her before. The only member of the family with whom he had ever come in personal contact was Jerrold Nolen. But he owed them all a grudge. If it had not been for them he might have had a successful career. He was prepared, therefore, to do her whatever ill turn came in his way. It was an additional motive that the ill turn to her could be made of advantage to himself. Grish had suggested this, and though he had turned aside the suggestion he considered it none the less. There was no need of letting Grish into the affair. In secret councils was safety. Besides Grish had no claims upon him—quite the contrary, he, too, was associated with whatever was disastrous in his life. He made up his mind to carry out his purpose without saying anything to Grish about it.

Several days passed. One afternoon Mrs. Kettle left her house and took a Fourth avenue car uptown. She left it in the neighborhood of Harlem, walked across town a couple of blocks and entered the door of a small flat that formed part of an unfinished block on a side street. She remained there for upwards of an hour. Twilight was beginning to fall when she came out.

She had not walked far when she heard a step behind her, and a voice said, "Good evening, Mrs. Kettle. How is the judge today?"

She turned and saw at her side a well dressed man of dark complexion, who fixed his eyes upon her in a manner she did not like. But his knowledge of her name and of her husband led her to suppose that she must have met him somewhere and forgotten him. "You must excuse me, sir," she said, "but you have the advantage of me."

"Indeed, I believe you are right," he answered, with a short laugh. "The advantage is all on my side. But tell me, Mrs. Kettle, how does married life suit you? Does the judge come up to your expectations? For my part I should think twice before marrying a woman so much younger than myself. By the time you are coming into full bloom the judge will be in the red and yellow leaf. But I suppose you know how to manage him. He hasn't betrayed any symptoms of the green eyed monster yet, has he?"

This speech produced such astonishment in Pauline that she could not find words to interrupt it. But when the speaker paused she stood still and looked him curiously in the face.

"You don't seem to be intoxicated," she said at length. "You may be crazy whatever you are, I advise you to go. I do not want you."

"No, I suppose not," he replied, returning her glance insolently. "I am not the lucky man. The judge has no cause to be jealous of me. But, on the other hand, I may be of some use to him. Of course, it will be a pity to spoil your little game. You have managed it all so nicely, even to providing him with lodgings, and he is such a fine looking young fellow, and it is all so lovely and romantic. But, you see, I have a high regard for the judge, and I can't bear to see him made a fool of these billings and cooings in the park and assignations in flats—they must be stopped. Society won't stand it. And the best way to stop it that I can think of is to tell Judge Kettle."

Pauline listened to all this attentively, at first with a dreadful fear that this unknown man had become acquainted with the fact that her brother had returned to New York. But as he went on she perceived that the speaker was to be her lover, and then his object became clear. A deep blush overspread her face. That she should be thought capable, even by a wretch who did not know her, of an illicit intrigue, filled her with horror and anger. But underneath this feeling there was another and a more powerful one. It was a feeling of relief and joy that her brother was safe, at least that she could save him by the sacrifice (so far as this man was concerned) of her reputation as a pure woman. By letting him continue to suppose that it was an ordinary intrigue in which she was engaged, and paying him for his silence—for she divined that it was for that purpose he had accosted

her—she could keep Percy's secret until the time arrived when it might safely be divulged. The sacrifice was perhaps as arduous a one as to make, but there was no hesitation in her mind as to whether or not she should make it.

"I have heard that I never saw one before," she said. "You are a blackmailer, are you not?"

There was something in her tone that touched a sore spot in him, cautious and degraded though he had become. To see her beautiful face and angry eyes glaring straight at him was far too great for her to make any attempt to express it in words, was an experience that even he found trying. He remembered, with a pang of hopeless rage, that he might have so liked to have the right to meet this lovely woman on terms of social equality, and to win her respect and perhaps her regard. As it was, it was impossible for one human being to despise another more than she despised him. And yet what right had she to despise him if she were herself reprehensible before society? The thought hardened him again.

"I see you are up to business as well as to some other things," he said. "I have my living to make; you are paid for your husband and amuse yourself by deceiving him. If he divorces you, you may find out what it is to make your own way in the world, as long as your good looks last no doubt it will be easy; but after that you may be ready to take a few lessons from me. But meantime I intend to bleed you for what I want. As soon as you get tired of paying me I shall go to the judge—and you will go to the devil. Is that plain?"

"Yes, I understand you. You will certainly earn your money," she remarked, with a smile that made him grind his teeth. "Well, then, I will pay you for your silence. Now, as to the amount. Have you thought about that?"

"You will hand over five hundred dollars this evening. I will let you know when I want any more."

"No," she said decisively. "I will not give you five hundred dollars. That is absurd."

"Either that, or your husband knows all about your performances before he goes to bed to-night."

"Very well. But recollect that by betraying me to him you will free me from every restraint and scruple. I suppose you don't need to be told that I am not kindly disposed toward you. The pleasure of destroying you would compensate me for the loss of social position you speak of. While you are with my husband I shall be with Inspector Byrnes. I promise you faithfully that you shall suffer the utmost penalty of the law, and after the law has done with you I will take you in hand myself. When that time comes you will wish that the law had kept you longer. You will never draw a breath that is not free from pain and terror as long as you live. Look at me, sir. Don't you think I mean what I say?"

The quietness of anger at white heat was in her eyes and voice, and it scared the man somewhat, as it would have forced a much more doughty rascal. He feared a laugh and struck his boot with his cane. After a moment she turned and resumed her walk up the street.

He remained where he was until she was half a block distant. Then he hastened after her and overtook her.

"Look here, Mrs. Kettle," he said, "business is business. I'm not a fool. Tell me what you can do, and I'll give you my answer."

She replied at once, continuing her walking, but keeping her eyes upon him as she spoke. "I am allowed by my husband fifty dollars a week pocket money. I will pay you twenty dollars a week until in my opinion you have had enough. I will pay you your first month's wages in advance—eighty dollars. You must be careful not to apply for more until the month is out. Those are my terms."

"They won't do," said he, blusteringly. "You'll pay me two hundred now and fifty a week, or it's no deal! Come, now!"

"If you address me again, except to accept my proposition, I will have you arrested, come what may." The color rushed to her face and her eyes flashed. She was losing her temper, and she was evidently in earnest.

He was silent a moment, and then shrugged his shoulders. "All right, I'll take it," he said. "Hand over the money."

"I do not carry that amount in my purse," she returned quietly.

"How am I to get it, then?"

"You will come to my house like any other person to whom things are paid. Did you think I was going to make appointments to meet you at the street corners, or in liquor saloons? My husband will pay you."

"Your husband! Look here, Mrs. Kettle, you are a smart woman; but if you think you can play any game on me, you are mistaken. You have more at stake than I have. Don't try to bluff me!"

"If I have the most at stake, why do you feel uneasy? You will receive your money in that way, or not at all. It is just as you choose."

They had now reached the corner of the avenue. Pauline signaled the down town car that was approaching, and got in. The man followed her. She handed the conductor a double fare, remarking, "I am paying for that person."

No conversation passed while they were in the car. Dupee was ill at ease, but he could not see but that he had the best of the situation. She could not afford to betray him. On the other hand, what if Judge Kettle should happen to know him by sight? No; he was certain they had never met; the judge had taken no part in his trial, either as witness or jurist. Besides, again, was it not her interest to protect him?

The car stopped, and they got out and walked across to her house. The door was open to her ring, and they entered.

"Is Judge Kettle in?" she asked the servant.

"Yes, madam. He has just gone into the library."

"Sit down here," she said to Dupee, addressing him as if he were a tradesman's clerk who had called for his bill. "I will let you know when it is ready."

She passed through a door on the right, leaving him there. Presently he heard her voice and another—the judge's—in conversation. Then she opened another door further up the hall and called to him, "Come this way, please."

He went forward, and found himself in the library. The judge was seated at a writing table on which stood a student's lamp. He was in the act of taking his check book from a drawer.

A single grateful thought toward heaven is the most effective prayer.—Lesing

TO BE CONTINUED.

KRAKATOA'S ERUPTION.

SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION OF THE NOTED VOLCANIC EXPLOSION.

PRELIMINARY PERFORMANCES OF THE VOLCANO.

When the Crisis Came—Noise of the Great Crash—Effects of the Explosion—Optical Phenomena.

In 1880 there were earthquakes along the shores of the Straits of Sunda, but Krakatoa gave no sign of reawakening until May 20, 1883, when there was a sudden and violent eruption by which a column of dust and steam was thrown to a height of seven miles, and some of the matter ejected was carried as far as 300 miles beyond the volcano to the earth. This eruption descended by noises which in Krakatoa, 100 miles away, sounded like the booming of cannon, while doors and windows were shaken. The force of this outbreak soon subsided, and such things are so common in that part of the world that little attention was paid to it. On May 28 an excursion party from Batavia visited the neighborhood and obtained a photograph of the mountain as it then appeared. In the middle of June another crater opened, and the dense pall of vapor that had been hanging over the region was perceptibly increased. After that the island became even deader than the great island of Java. On August 11 there were three principal and eight minor volcanic fires visible upon it.

WHEN THE CRISIS CAME.

The climax came on the 27th of August. On the afternoon before it could be seen that a crisis was approaching. The story as told from the logs of various ships that were in the neighborhood shows that from a quiet explosion, then occurred, and that the air was filled with vapor, pumice and dust, illuminated by a glow from the volcano below, and by continuous flashes of lightning from above. The sound of frequent explosions was heard at great distances, and waves were started that were felt hundreds of miles away.

The investigation of the committee was convinced that these eruptions were the result of the afternoon of Aug. 26, by shattering the island and tearing away great fragments from it down to below the level of the sea, were the direct cause of the terrific outburst of the following morning, by which the island was nearly destroyed, and the sea level started to rise, and the islands for a hundred miles about. Through the breaches made by these explosions in the walls of the craters the sea rushed in torrents. The first effect, as when dirt or stones are thrown into the mouth of a geyser, was to deaden the violence of the eruption, and produce a season of comparative quietness, through the morning of the 29th, and well along into the night of the next day. But the terrible energy that smothered was merely suppressed for a time. It accumulated deep in the earth beneath the small sea that quickly filled up the crater above, and the longer it was confined the greater became the pressure. At 5:30 o'clock in the morning came the first outbreak, but it was not enough; the water poured in faster than the power below could throw it out, and the forces of fire below were held in subjection by the sea. There was another outburst at 6:14 o'clock, but this, too, the sea subdued, driving the beast of terror across, where it raged and raged for nearly four hours. Then, at 10:02 o'clock, it burst out with an awful violence, flinging the ocean back in waves a hundred feet high, that rolled on for thousands of miles before they wholly subsided.

EFFECTS OF THE EXPLOSION.

In the immediate vicinity of the island the effect of the explosion was almost incredible. Two-thirds of the island of Krakatoa and the whole of a neighboring island disappeared entirely. Lang Island was increased by an addition to its northern end, and Verlaten Island was enlarged to three times its former dimensions. The mass of matter which was blown away from Krakatoa has been calculated at 200,000,000,000 cubic feet. One of the incidental effects of the explosion was the exposure of a magnificent section of the island, nearly 2,000 feet high, showing admirably the formation of the interior of a crater.

The most curious part of the report is that devoted to the optical phenomena that followed the eruption, including the remarkable colored sunsets in all parts of the globe, which were almost certainly the result of it. The Hon. Rollo Russell and Mr. Douglas Archibald had charge of the preparation of the parts of the report devoted to this subject. They found that at the time the explosion so great a mass of dust and vapor was thrown into the air to heights estimated at from 12 to 25 miles that for 150 miles around darkness prevailed at midday. Much of this matter fell quickly to the earth, masses of pumice stone covering the sea thickly for a long distance about, and were carried by the ocean currents to all parts of the world, so that even yet they are being washed ashore in places far remote from the straits of Sunda.—New York Sun.

A note obtained by fraud or from a person in a state of intoxication cannot be collected.

A single grateful thought toward heaven is the most effective prayer.—Lesing

TO BE CONTINUED.

A FEW HEALTH HINTS.

Wearing Night Clothes—Dressing the Neck—Outer Wrap—Foot Coverings.

It cannot be generally known that we practically breathe through the skin—in other words, that the skin has a function something like that of the lungs. It can, of course, be active, unless kept clean. But in other ways its usefulness is impaired. Tight clothing cripples it and keeps the poisons which should be thrown out at the surface locked up in the system, and also shuts out pure air which should reach the skin. In purchasing underclothing, therefore, it should be large that, even after it is worn, it will be loose and shrinking, it will still be loose and permit of a volume of air between it and the body. It naturally follows that the outer garments should also be comparatively large, and at least enough so to permit every movement to be made with as much ease when they are on as when they are off.

There is a habit which, while it is safe to say that not one man in ten of our people do follow it. Reference is made to the removal of the undercoat on retiring, and the substitution of one kept for night wear alone. The underclothing, during the day, become filled with emanations from the body, and must be well washed, and regularly every night, otherwise it becomes to a considerable extent poisonous, and the noxious matters are again absorbed by the skin. This self poisoning is sure to go on unless the rule given is observed.

Safety from "colds" depends in no slight degree upon how the neck is dressed. Nothing should be worn about it which interferes with its freedom of movement, nor should it be encumbered with handkerchiefs, which so many wear as a protection for appearance as for comfort. Let each one now choose a certain kind of collar, and wear no other style until spring comes. Even a very slight variation in this important article of dress will favor a sore throat. The habit of wearing the fashionable handkerchiefs of neckwear is exceedingly bad one to get into, and, as a rule, those who have it are frequent sufferers from throat troubles. Practically the collar and necktie will be sufficient protection for the throat. When the cold is intense, turning up the coat collar will be a sufficient additional protection, unless one is riding far in a strong wind.

When leaving the cold air and entering warm rooms, remove the outer wraps at once. Ladies fail to observe this rule often, and do men. When people have been long enough in warm rooms to become heated, they should not leave them and at once enter their carriage or a street car. Under these conditions they are chilled even by a short exposure. During the prolonged exposure to cold, as on a simple drive, hot drinks should not be indulged in, for they render the body yet more sensitive to cold.

A word about foot coverings. Woolen stockings, of course, should be worn by all. Wear now heavy shoes and delay to put on overshoes as long as possible; when once they are on, keep them in service until next spring. Car drivers, conductors and other men out all day in the cold will be far more comfortable if they discard leather boots and shoes and wear cloth shoes inside their overshoes. Then their feet will be better ventilated, perspire less and hence keep much warmer.—Boston Herald.

Took Her at Her Word.

A queer episode in Connaught life was the case of the king at the relation of Dennis Bodkin versus Patrick French. The plaintiff and defendant were neighbors. The latter was of the "old school," full of airs, and possessed of an intolerable temper. He and wife had conceived a deep dislike for Mr. Bodkin, who entertained an equal aversion to the Frenches. Bodkin had happened to offend the squire and lady. That evening they entertained a large company at dinner, when Mrs. French launched out in abuse of her enemy, concluding her wish "that somebody would cut off the fellow's ears, and that might quiet him."

The subject was changed after a while, and all went on well till supper, at which time, when everybody was happy, the old butler, one Ned Regan, who, according to custom, had drunk enough, came in the doorway, and, in a loud voice, said, "I do not want to see your mistress here, but I will give her a large snuff box into her hand."

Fancying it was some whim of her old servant, she opened the box and shook out its contents, when lo! a pair of bloody ears dropped out on the table. The lady of the company was awakened, upon which old Ned exclaimed, "Sure, my lady, you wished that Dennis Bodkin's ears were cut off, so I told old George the gamekeeper, and he took a few heavy boys with him, and brought back his ears, and there they are, and I hope you are pleased, my lady."

The gamekeeper and the "boys" left the county. French district came in to call in heavy ball at the Galway assizes, but the guests proved no such word were given, that it was a mistake on the part of the servant. They were acquitted. The "boys" and their leader never reappeared in the county until after the death of Bodkin, who lost his ears many years before his death.—Argonaut.

The Magnificence of Civilization.

Talking about the early days in California, there was an old fellow down in the country who was the first senator to go to the legislature from his district. His district was a rural one, and there were no houses—only cabins there—rough wooden cabins, with nails for hat racks and a rope for a wardrobe and a cracked looking glass for a dressing table. He went to Sacramento, and when he got back the entire district came in to call upon him, and he gave them a wonderful account of the magnificence of civilization in the capital of the state.

"Yes, boys, I had a china basin an' a cake o' soap scented by gosh; smelt like the flowers, an' there was a little place in the wall with a row of big hooks in it, an' I said to the waiter, 'What's that for? To hang your clothes in,' says he, 'well, I didn't have any clothes to hang in it; but it was splendid; but, boys, that was nothin'." What do you think I had? A real bureau, a real, carved bureau, with a looking glass bigger in this window in it. It was gorgeous, gorgeous."—Under-tones in San Francisco Chronicle.

He Did Splendidly.

Sunday School Teacher—Jehnni, you did splendidly today.

"Yes, ma'am.

"I wish all the little boys in the class would study their lessons as you do. Are you struggling to win the prize?"

"Now, Dad said he'd gimme a ticket to the next circus if I got off my lesson without a break."—New York Graphic.

Reporters' Work and Pay.

The pay and work of different reporters vary widely. A column a day is more than most city reporters write. The pay of such reporters varies from \$5 to \$10 a week, and there are more who get \$5 than there are who get \$10. I doubt if the average of city reporters' pay throughout the country exceeds \$13 a week.—W. H. H. in the Writer.

ABOUT DARK AFRICA.

MISSIONARY HORN TELLS ABOUT HIS EXPLORATIONS.

The Climate Is Healthy—Many Phenomena Physical Character Are Seen There—The People Are Grown Up Babies—Some Things Are the Cause of the Continent.

There arrived in San Francisco from Australia an English gentleman, with his wife, has passed the night portion of the last thirteen years in Central Africa. His name is Capt. C. Horn, and under the auspices of the London Missionary society he has been employed building roads on the coast of Lake Tanganyika and traveling through the dark continent.

Capt. Horn in a conversation with a reporter said: "Reports on the land and people of Africa are varied, but all are unanimous in their conclusions that the slave trade is the chief obstruction to civilization and commerce. Africa has, until the past twenty years, been a barren and unproductive country, the cause outside of a given distance from the coast, that great tract of country is barren and