

# EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

## A TIGER HUNTER'S TALE.

Account of One of His Astonishing Performances—An Amazed Sportsman.

An English officer I heard of, who had served in India, was a distinguished sportsman, having bagged scores of tigers and other large game, besides being a capital bird shot. His reputation in this class of field sports was well established, so that on his return home he was in great requisition at the London club, where he was often called upon to relate some of his hunting achievements, many of which were of so marvelous a character that he was suspected by some of drawing a bow of unusual length.

Upon one occasion, after entertaining his friends with an elaborate account of one of his most astonishing performances, a member of the party very delicately insinuated a slight suspicion of incredulity as to the verity of the occurrence, whereupon the captain, with an exceedingly consequential air, remarked: "Why, my dear sir, that is a mere bagatelle when contrasted with one of my encounters with tigers."

"By no means, for an instant, question the accuracy of your statement," said the other. "Indeed, I have been greatly interested in them, and I assure you nothing would afford me more pleasure than to hear further of your astonishing success in the rare sport of tiger hunting."

"Yes," he replied, "it is good sport enough unless the tiger takes it into his head to bump the hunter, when the excitement becomes rather too intense to be agreeable. I remember in India, I went out for a morning's shooting, taking my largest-calibered Westley Richards, the right barrel charged with an elongated steel pointed ball and the left with a snipe shot, and after hunting some time without seeing game, I entered a thicket jungle, and had only gone a few yards when an enormous man eating tiger dashed at me from one side, and at the same instant I flashed an English snipe upon the opposite side.

"Whereupon I fired hasty snipe shots to the right and left, and to my supreme gratification for I am free to admit I was a little agitated the tiger fell dead within three feet of me, and the snipe dropped upon the other side. But you can imagine my amazement, gentlemen, when I approached the majestic monster and discovered that I had killed him with the snipe shot, while the three ounce bullet had torn the poor bird into 10,000 atoms, leaving nothing tangible save a slight suspicion of a few feathers.—Gen. Marcy in Outing.

## Secret of the Lifter's Power.

Topham lifted a weight of nearly 3,000 pounds by the use of the strength of his whole body. He stood within a well balanced framework heavily loaded, and to be raised by broad straps, two passing over his shoulders and two attached to a strong waistband. The lifting power was obtained by straightening his lower limbs almost straight just before lifting and at the same time slightly raising his shoulders. The heavily loaded framework was thus raised an inch or two, a very slight swaying movement showing the operators that it was really free from all contact with the ground. So powerful was Topham's frame for this sort of work that he was backed to pull against two strong dry horses—his body being in a horizontal position, and the pull of the horses resisted by the pressure of his legs against a fixed horizontal bar close to the ground, so that the action was precisely the same as that employed in the lifting experiment.

The secret of the great lifting power of the legs in such work is in the fact that the action has that exceedingly effective leverage which is employed in the Staliope press, familiarly known, in fact, for this very reason, as "two levers." When the legs are nearly upright the knees may be perhaps half a foot from the position they take when the legs are straightened. While they move through this half foot the body is not raised more than perhaps half an inch; consequently the power used in straightening the legs is multiplied into a twelve fold greater lifting power. It is because of this powerful knee straightening action that lifting exercises are apt to develop abnormally the muscles of the lower and inner end of the front thigh.—Richard A. Proctor.

## The Equipages of the People.

There is considerable rivalry among the wealthy families of Petersburg in the matter of riding and driving, and one can see on the islands in the summer and on the Neva or Nevki Prospect in winter the finest horse-flesh in the world. The pavements of the city are distressingly bad, as bad as those of Chicago, and of a similar style—cobble stones laid in the roughest manner. There is some excuse for this in Petersburg, however, as the streets are so wide it would bankrupt the city to pave them with anything that would wear out. A sort of compromise with comfort has been effected, however, by laying a strip of wood pavement on each side of the roadway, next the sidewalk, wide enough for two carriages to go abreast, and the drivers usually stick to that.

The streets are kept very clean, under the direction of Dr. Dumas, a jolly and brilliant Scotchman, who occupies the office of director general of public health, and squads of men are kept constantly at work sweeping them with little brooms and carrying off the dirt in carts. There is a law against throwing paper or other refuse in the street, and it is rigidly enforced. There was formerly a law prohibiting smoking on the streets, but that it obsolete. The country is constantly sprinkled during the summer season, not by sprinkling carts such as we have, but by gangs of men with hoses, which they attach to the hydrants. One man with a hose of hose is given a couple of blocks, and keeps sprinkling from sunrise to sunset. In the winter after every snowfall the pavements are cleared by the soldiers, leaving only a few inches in the road for skidding, which lasts constantly from November to April.—William Elroy Curtis in Chicago News.

## What a Columbia Professor Says.

These firms of manufacturers of proprietary medicines, nine out of ten, live solely by the newspapers, and sometimes are admirably managed. I know some establishments in which there is a regular staff employed; I know something about them, because they try to bribe me to certify to the value of their concoctions. As I say, they are a regular staff. There is the literary man who writes the letters, giving marvelous accounts of marvelous cures; there is the artist who shows the patient before and after taking twenty-two bottles of the medicine; there is the poet who composes poems upon the subject; there is the liar who swears to what he knows isn't true, and the forger who produces testimonials from his own imagination. Without exaggeration I should say that nine out of ten of these proprietary medicines are fraud, pure and simple; the real business is advertising for dupes. The medical part of it is but a side issue. I am pretty sure if I were to pound up brickbats and spend \$100,000 in offering it as an cure as a sure cure for some disease which cannot be cured, I should get back at least \$100,000, thus giving me \$100,000 for my trouble. Nine-tenths of the medicines sent out in this fashion have no more curative properties than brickbat dust.—Professor Chandler in New York Post.

## Funds to the amount of \$25,000 have been

raised from London for the construction of a canal and dam in Santa Cruz Valley near Tucson. The sum of \$7,700 has already been raised to the dam-site owners. The canal will irrigate land for the thousands of settlers, and will be of inestimable value to that region.

# OLD MAN GILBERT.

By ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY,

(KAMBA THORPE.)

Author of "Four Oaks," "Little Joanna," etc.

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"How much do you love me?" Nicholas asked, with a great craving for love's support.

"No'n anybody else in all the world," Missy answered, with emphatic decision.

"Oh, monstrous!" cried Nicholas, so much moved that he was constrained to speak lightly. "I suppose you could undertake to fight dragons for me?"

"Dragons?" contemptuously. "I could fight—the devil and all his works."

"What in the world?"—exclaimed Nicholas, with a burst of laughter.

"Well," said Missy, discreetly, "them's the strongest words I can use, bein' a girl. They're in the catechism," she added, by way of recommendation, "or the baptism, I forget which."

"Missy, Missy, I'm afraid you're a sad pickle!"

"I'm goin' to be very good now, since I've got you home. I'll do just everything to please you. I'm all the sister you've got."

"Yes, you're all the sister I've got! Oh, Missy, how I wish you were older!"

"H'm!" said Missy, not at all complimented. "Then I'd be a young lady to the planner, like my cousin Flora, always afraid of spoiling my clothes. Bound you wouldn't get her to ride double, this or way."

"I shouldn't think of asking her," laughed Nicholas.

"No," Missy asserted, comfortably, "I'm nicer than her." She was bitterly jealous of Flora.

The family were at tea when the brother and sister came in, Missy clinging to Nicholas' arm.

"How you do spoil that child," said Mrs. Leonard Thorne. She disapproved of Missy's ways with Nicholas; in fact, disapproved of Missy altogether.

"No," said Missy, with a motherly air, "it's me that spoils him."

The colonel frowned. "Flora," he said, "I wish you would undertake to smooth my little daughter."

"Is she a flat iron?" said Missy, pertly, stuffing her handkerchief into her mouth. Nicholas and Flora exchanged glances and frankly smiled.

"Winifred!" expostulated Miss Elvira; but Missy had seen her brother smile and she cared naught for her Aunt Elvira.

In the privacy of her own room that night Mrs. Leonard Thorne expressed the opinion that Winifred Thorne was born to be a mortification to her family. "She makes herself a perfect nuisance to Nicholas."

"Oh, ma!" Flora remonstrated; and, seeing that her mother was bent upon talking about Nicholas, she began to comb her beautiful, luxuriant hair over her eyes.

"Not but that it's very admirable in Nicholas to be so indulgent toward her, I always did justice to Nicholas' good qualities. He may have been a little wild, but what of that? All young men of spirit are restive under restraint. My brother-in-law, the colonel, demands perfection in his son and heir—as if he were anywhere near perfection himself."

"Oh, ma!" said Flora again. You know Uncle Jasper never was—like Nicholas."

"No, he never was," repeated Mrs. Thorne, with emphasis. "Catch Col. Thorne confessing his follies and shortcomings, as Nicholas has to me. That is what I call honorable in the highest degree. It's what most young men wouldn't do—under the circumstances. I always knew he would come out right in time. And what a property he will have, Flora! Three fine plantations, besides the Fernald place to be divided between him and that little monkey of a Missy. Then your Aunt Elvira will probably leave all she has to Nicholas; he always was her favorite. And Nick is so pleasant; he hasn't lost any of his bright spirits."

"I don't know about that, ma," said the more observant Flora, behind her brown tresses. "My Cousin Nicholas hasn't such bright spirits as he'd like to have a body believe. They're too bright; and he is moody enough when he thinks nobody is noticing. And then"—

"And then?" repeated Mrs. Thorne, all attention.

"He is in another scrape, I fancy," said Flora, slowly. "There is certainly something weighing on his mind."

"Or his heart?" suggested Mrs. Thorne.

It afforded Miss Flora's mamma exquisite enjoyment to watch the progress of affairs between Nicholas and her daughter. It was like a vivified novel, and upon no account would she have been willing to see this romance hurried to a precipitate conclusion with the music of marriage bells. It was quite the proper thing that the young lady should be coy and disdainful, denying her true feelings and flirting with a rival, while the young gentleman distrusted his own desert, counterfeited gayety, and was a prey to gloom; all this was too delicious to be marred by inconsiderate haste.

Never had Mrs. Thorne seen devotion so delicate as that displayed by Nicholas. Every morning, immediately after breakfast, he hastened away to see about the work on his aunt's house; every noon he returned with suggestions for improvements and conveniences that he detailed to Mrs. Thorne, with an interest and enthusiasm that took her vanity captive. Devotion to Flora's mamma was sure to be appreciated by Mrs. Thorne; it was the dream of her heart that her son-in-law should be in love with herself. Farnival was now at work upon the house, and it pleased Mrs. Thorne to fancy that the impetuous Nicholas must worry the life out of that dilatory mechanic.

"Not that I am in haste to have you leave us, aunt, you understand," said Nicholas, blushing, when called upon by his energy in pushing on the work.

Mrs. Thorne thought she did understand perfectly. It was out of the question that Flora should be married in any other house than her mother's. Farnival had been heard to say to Nicholas: "When a boy lak you takes a marry'n notion he stands fair to make a durnd fool of himself." That Farnival, the carpenter, should presume to make such a speech to Col. Thorne's son was immensely amusing to Mrs. Leonard Thorne. She tried to persuade Nicholas to tell her what had provoked it, but Nicholas only turned scarlet and quickly changed the subject.

When he was not with Farnival Nicholas devoted himself to Flora, doing all that a young man may to win a maiden's favor; for he did ardently desire to win

his cousin's favor that he might count upon her womanly sympathy.

Missy raged over this state of things. "Brer Nicholas ain't no 'no' use to me than a settin'-in," she declared. It required Glory-Ann's strictest vigilance to keep the child from dogging the steps of the two young people.

As for Flora, she was sorely perplexed. Nicholas had never been so attractive to her as now. Alone with his pretty cousin, he abandoned all pretence to gayety, and gave himself up to a sadness that was not without its fascination for a young girl's heart; and there were moments when Flora hardly knew whether she preferred her cousin or Aleck Gage.

And there was Aleck Gage coming every few days. "Wonder what makes him such a fool?" was the colonel's unspoken comment. "But it's Flora's privilege to keep him dangling."

Nicholas did not quit the parlor or the piazza when Aleck came now, and he always made one of the party when a walk was proposed; but when once they were out in the shrubbery, Nicholas disappeared.

This was Missy's hour of triumph, when she pounced upon her brother, and bore him off to inspect a bird's nest, to carve her name in the bark of a tree, to make etchings with a thorn upon the leaves of the century plant.

And this was also young Aleck's hour, when he waxed eloquent and confidential; though never a hint would his sense of honor permit him to breathe of the glimpse that had been given him of Nicholas Thorne's heart.

In this state of things Flora was sorry for Nicholas, and angry with him, too. Often she fancied that he was upon the point of speaking but lacked the courage, which was indeed the case. She wished he could speak, that they might come to an understanding; and yet she dreaded to have him speak, knowing what wrath and bitterness would follow upon her answer. Every member of the family, she was well aware, would take Nicholas' part; everybody would blame her except Aleck Gage. If Nicholas would only be content to be a brother!

And all that Nicholas desired was that Flora should be to him as a sister.

## CHAPTER VII. CONFESSION.

"Your wife?" Flora gasped.

The days went by; the moon that had lighted old Gilbert while he played the spy in Eden had waned and vanished, and the crescent that succeeded had expanded to the full orb of glory of the nights of June; the warm air was heavy with perfume and vocal with the mocking bird's rapturous song.

These were nights no lover could afford to lose, and Aleck Gage did not fail to take advantage of them; time and again was he a visitor at Thorne Hill when the colonel little suspected his presence. Nicholas and Flora would stroll out after tea, and after tea would Aleck arrive and join them in some remote alley of the extensive shrubbery.

His appearance was the signal for Nicholas to retire and meditate in solitude, a solitude that Missy did not now intrude upon. For Missy had invented a new amusement for these nights of June. With Amity as audience, and the wide supping arbor on the confines of the vegetable garden to serve as a stage, she had given herself up to the fascination of private theatricals. The dusty volumes in the recesses of the dormer windows supplied her quick fancy with material, and now she was Puck, now Ariel, sometimes the Queen of Faerie, or again the Ghost in "Hamlet," a favorite character that froze the blood in Amity's veins; and not infrequently she was her genuine self, raging against her handmaidens' stupidity. All this was in preparation for a long promised visit from Lottie and Bess Herry, with whose assistance Missy hoped to accomplish something very delightful in the way of histrionic art.

No one inquired what the child was doing with herself during these moonlit hours; Glory-Ann, satisfied that her troublesome charge was somewhere with Amity, held her little court in the kitchen; the colonel and Miss Elvira and Flora's mamma talked on the back piazza, content to leave the young people the freedom of the front premises.

"Flora, my daughter, take your shawl," Mrs. Leonard always said, and it was Nicholas' privilege to wrap it around his cousin's shoulder, after which he drew her pretty hand within his arm, and surely there was abundant opportunity for him to speak in the long walk half way around the grounds.

But Nicholas talked only of indifferent things in a half hearted fashion, and when they reached the gate where usually they met Aleck Gage just dismounting he would laugh and whisper, "See the conquering hero comes," and leave Flora blushing.

It had seemed to Nicholas that the wisest thing he could do would be to take his cousin Flora into his confidence; but whenever the occasion offered his courage forsook him, his tongue refused his office. He had let slip his opportunity many times before he realized that delays are dangerous; but when once he began to feel this it was not possible for him to hesitate longer. He was sure that he could count upon Flora's sympathy, at least, even if she could do nothing to aid him, and it seemed like an omen of good fortune that, at the very moment when he began to feel so impatient to tell his cousin all, Aleck Gage should make his visit so very much shorter than usual, the cause for which was that Aleck and Flora had indulged in the luxury of a quarrel.

Nicholas saw the angry lover striding down the walk and did not hail him for a parting word. "Let him go," he said.

"For this once the sooner the better," and he rose up quickly from the bench under the mimosa tree and almost ran to seek his cousin.

Flora was in the old fashioned summer house, screened at the back by many mingling vines; the moonlight streaming

through the wide archway in front revealed her, seated, with her head bowed down, her face hidden in her hands.

"Flora! Flora! My cousin!" cried Nicholas. "What is the matter?"

A terrible fear seized upon him. Could it be that Flora did not care for Aleck Gage? Or was she so dominated by her heart's will that she dared not allow her heart fair play? But no—Flora had a will of her own. What if her uncle's wish were her wish, too? All this rushed through Nicholas' brain as Flora sprang up and demanded laughingly:

"How dare you come spying upon me?" "I am not spying upon you, Flora," said Nicholas, as he staggered back against the wall of the summer house. "I wish to be your friend," he added, determined to assume that his cousin's preference was for Aleck Gage.

"Do you mean to say," cried Flora, with sudden illumination, as she went to him and laid her hand on his arm, "do you mean to say, Nick, that you won't ask me to marry you?"

"I won't ask you to marry me," Nicholas answered and smiled—anything but a heartbroken smile, and yet it was so sad a smile that Flora was overwhelmingly sorry for him.

"Oh, Nick!" she cried, and clasped her hands around his arm and laid her head against it. "You are a dear, good fellow and I love you dearly, dearly; but you know—if you were to ask me I'd just have to say 'no,' and then there would be a dreadful time. But if only you would take my part!"

"My dearest cousin! Of course I will take your part. But then—will you go halves and take my part?" Nicholas asked tremulously and with an uneasy laugh.

"You know I will," said Flora, who was far from suspecting her cousin's meaning. "Why, I should be the basest ingrate not to stand up for you as if I were your sister."

Nicholas put his arm around her, and just then the mocking bird in the thicket behind them suddenly ceased its song, and fluttered through the foliage with a quick, short, unmelodious chirp. "I don't believe in omens," returned Flora, impatiently. "I believe in my own determination."

"I was thinking of myself," said Nicholas, with an uncontrollable shiver, "not of you." He took both her hands in his, and looked in her face—and smiled.

"But with you to take my part, you who can understand how love comes unbidden!"

"Yes, dear Nick," said Flora, softly. "I can understand. I will always be on your side, whatever my uncle may say."

Flora was far from exulting in the thought that her cousin loved her hopelessly, but she found it exquisitely interesting to feel herself thus beloved.

"I do not know how it is—I cannot tell how it began," said Nicholas, with almost a sob in his voice, "but—I love one who is so dear and beautiful and good." He dropped Flora's hands and clasped his own with intensity of feeling.

"Love her! But she can never please my father. There is my bitter trouble."

It seemed to Flora as if she heard these words in a dream; and yet she fully and instantly understood him as she never hitherto had understood him; it was not in the nature of the case that she should not feel resentment at this unexpected discovery that, after all, Nicholas had never been in love with herself; that his sighs and his sadness were, after all, not for her.

"I hope, Nicholas," said she, with a little air of virtuous superiority, "I do hope you have not fixed your affections upon some one beneath you?"

"No," said Nicholas, lifting his head proudly; "I have set my affections upon one infinitely above me—in all that is lovely and of good report," he added, with a bitter laugh. "And I love her with all the strength that Aleck Gage loves you, if that is any criterion."

He continued, fast losing his self control: "And, thank God, Dosa loves me."

"Dosa—Furnival?" cried Flora, clasping her hands and drawing away from him by a sudden, almost violent movement. "Cousin Myrtilla's protégé? You expect us to countenance her? Oh, Nicholas! Nicholas! you cannot be in earnest? You must break away, and at once, from all this."

"I am in earnest," Nicholas answered. His face was pale; his voice shook; he was very angry. "And as to breaking away—Dosa is my wife, Flora; respect her."

"Your wife?" Flora gasped, and sank upon the bench. "Oh, my uncle! It will break his heart!"

"It ought not to break his heart," said Nicholas, coolly. "She has saved his son."

"How will you ever tell him? How will he ever be able to bear it?" Flora asked, bitterly.

"Oh, Flora!" cried Nicholas, "it is my duty by night and day how to break it to him. I love my father in spite of all; but Dosa is my very life! I dread so his visiting his wrath upon her in any way. I could not bear to have her wounded—I—I—could hate—but oh! I do so wish to have my father and my Aunt Elvira—all of you, welcome her."

"They never will; we never can," said Flora, bursting into miserable tears of distress and fright.

Nicholas sat down beside her, and put his hand on hers. "But you, dear Flora," he said beseechingly, "you who know what it is to be tenderly beloved!"

Flora was touched. "What can I do, Nicholas?" she faltered. "Oh, it is dreadful!" she sobbed. "How could you?"

"Oh, Flora!" Nicholas broke in, "if you would try to make them understand they would listen to you. She has been the saving of me. I was going on in my bad courses, reckless and defiant in my lonely exile; I fell into bad company, over there at Sunrise; and there was a quarrel, in which I got a bad cut. My father knows nothing of it; but I should have died had it not been for the Furnivals—and Dosa. Ah, if you really knew I—she is far superior to these other Furnivals; she is educated, and she is so good. And, poor girl, her mother has just died."

"How could you marry in secret?" said Flora, with a touch of indignation she could not curb. Her sympathies were entirely with her uncle.

"I will tell you why," said Nicholas, nettled. "It was done in haste."

"To be repented at leisure," said Flora, with a fresh burst of tears. "Oh, Nicholas!"

Flora was in the old fashioned summer house, screened at the back by many mingling vines; the moonlight streaming

# MISS SYBIL SANDERSON.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE COAST PRIMA DONNA.

Her Debut in Brussels and Her Great Run of One Hundred Nights in the Beautiful Opera of "Esclarmonde"—Her Early Life.

In the summer of 1888 the habitues of Vau's restaurant, so well known to Americans who visit Paris, were much exercised over the identity of a remarkably handsome young girl who frequently dined there in the company of Jules Massenet, the composer, and a middle-aged lady, who was evidently her mother.

The younger lady was small, with a well rounded figure. She was probably about 20, perhaps a year or two more. She had a perfectly shaped oval face and great, heavy, velvety brown eyes, which were full of expression. Her head was covered with a mass of dark brown hair. Her complexion was beautifully clear.

Her vivacious manner and great flow of animal spirits, as well as her great beauty, always attracted attention.

Who was she? Every one wanted to know, and although plenty of Americans dined at the restaurant, no one could answer.

Vau shrugged his shoulders when asked the question. He supposed she was a pupil of Massenet, the great composer. Good-natured, plump, madam thought she must be one American, and were certain they could find out, and got pour-boires on the strength of the information they were going to supply. But they failed to earn them honestly.

At last, the cat was out of the bag. Massenet happened one evening, as he was leaving Vau's to meet the dramatic critic of the New York Herald. To him the master confessed that he had discovered a most marvelous singer, a second Patti, and that he was training her wonderful voice and was engaged in writing an opera for her.

Her name was Sybil Sanderson and she hailed from California.

On the 16th of May, 1889, Miss Sanderson made her first bow to the Parisian public at the Opera Comique in the opera "Esclarmonde," which M. Massenet had written expressly for her.

It was a brilliant debut, and Miss Sanderson, in the third act, brought down the house with a sensational cadenza which was the talk of the boulevard for weeks after.

The quantity of strychnine required in some cases has amounted to a grain or more within a few hours. Both poisons are thoroughly antagonistic, and no hesitation need be felt in pushing the use of the drug to quantities that would be fatal in the absence of snake poison.

Out of about 100 cases treated by this method, some of them at the point of death, there has been but one failure; and that arose from the injections being discontinued after 15 grains of strychnine had been injected.

Part of the body will do for the injections, but Dr. Mueller is in the habit of making them in the neighborhood of the bitten part or directly upon it.

A Pretty French Girl. One of the prettiest girls I saw in France was selling flowers on the grand balcony. Her beauty won her many buyers as well as admirers. Her hair was as dark as the raven's wing, her eyes flashed and softened by turns, her features were as clean as from a sculptor's chisel, her cheeks red roses. However she might be addressed she answered with a smile, a melodious laugh of pleasure followed by a low, pleasant, low-frown clouding her face but adding to her beauty if she would improve. But she did not lose the evenness of her temper. "I do so want to sell all ze gentelmen flowers," she would say in broken English, with a delicious French accent that stole right through the hearts and into the pocketbooks of some American gentlemen. I knew, and to whom she often turned during the evening, "but I want them to buy for their own good, not mine. I love ze flowers. They are sweet flowers, lovely flowers," and her face ran red with blushes like her roses. I gave up thinking of her when I heard next morning that she had a husband whom she regularly whipped twice a day.—D. A. Orr in Chambersburg Spirit.

Private Railway Cars. So far this season nearly sixty private cars of railroad and other officials and men of wealth and influence have been in St. Augustine—probably a larger number than in the case with any other city in the south. Some of these cars are veritable "palaces on wheels," while others are only plainly elegant. On Sunday Superintendent Crawford, of the J., St. A. and H. R. railway, told a correspondent that he was prevented from attending services owing to official duties in connection with the hauling of these private cars. "There are several of them here over Sunday," said the superintendent, "and up to today our road has hauled fifty-four private cars in and out of St. Augustine this season."—Florida Times-Union.

A convenient piece of work for summer is a sun apron to be embroidered. Our model is in black satin. At the bottom is a hem three inches deep above which a tuck an inch and a half deep is made, a space the width of the tuck being left between it and the hem. A jaunty pocket is added at the right side, and the yoke is fastened by means of the strings made of black satin-edged No. 12 ribbon.

Stories of human beings with their hearts on the wrong side have occasionally made their appearance, but Cincinnati comes to the front with one about a man in that city who has his brain placed wrong side foremost in his head.

Edmunds was only thirty-eight years old when he entered the senate. His venerable appearance of late years gave him a strong resemblance to the portraits of St. Jerome, but the resemblance was solely physical.

George Justice, probably the only Choctaw Indian in Indiana, is dying of brain disease at Jeffersonville. It seems like the irony of fate that he has been gravely ill for the writes for many years.

The venerable John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet, has a lingering fondness for the train he learned as a boy, that of shoe-making.

# CAPTURING A BRIDE.

One Way Savages Have of Choosing a Wife When Many Men Want Her.

The oblong wedge, the Maori order of battle, advanced, singing in a low tone, and gesticulating in what they would have called a mild manner. On they advanced, the movement raising no suspicion in the breasts of their adversaries, it being part of the customary ritual of the war dance, until the thin end of the phalanx overlapped the Mania, and stood between them and the gates of the pa.

Suddenly a change was visible in the antics of the Ngatiroa. Their gesticulations became violent, their eyes protruded, their heads were thrown back, and their throats uttered a mighty shout. As the cry passed their lips a stream of warriors rushed up the banks of the gully and joined the cluster of their comrades, now swollen to a compact mass of 600 men.

When the Mania realized the ruse practiced upon them they never for a moment thought of giving up the fair cause of the incursion without a struggle. Into the pa poured both parties—the Mania to rally round the girl; the Ngatiroa, except the small party expressly told off to carry away the lady, seeking every man an opponent to wrestle with. Each party was anxious to avoid bloodshed, both being "Tribes of the River." The uproar was therefore greater than had they been engaged in actual warfare, it being more difficult to master a man by strength of muscle than to knock a hole through him. At length superior numbers prevailed.

Those who fought around the lady were dragged away. She was roughly seized, and such a tugging and hauling ensued that, had she not been to the manner born, she must have been rent in pieces. At last but one young man, a secret admirer of the lady, retained his hold. An active young fellow, he had so twisted his hands and arms into the girl's hair, and fought so vigorously with his legs, that he could not be removed until he was knocked down senseless.

The contest ended, and the bride being borne in triumph to the canoes, both parties proceeded to pick up their weapons and smooth their feathers. Everything had been conducted in the most honorable and satisfactory manner.

Antidote for Snake Bites. An interesting illustration of the antagonistic action of poisons is mentioned in the current number of the Pharmaceutical Journal. Dr. Mueller, of Yackandandah, Victoria, has written a letter in which he states, says our contemporary, that in cases of snake bite he is using a solution of nitrate of strychnine in 240 parts of water mixed with a little glycerine. It is injected in the usual manner of a hypodermic injection, and the frequency of repetition depends upon the symptoms being more or less threatening, say from ten to twenty minutes. When all symptoms have disappeared, the first independent action of the strychnine is shown by slight muscular spasms, and then the injections must be discontinued unless, after a time the snake poison reasserts itself.

The quantity of strychnine required in some cases has amounted to a grain or more within a few hours. Both poisons are thoroughly antagonistic, and no hesitation need be felt in pushing the use of the drug to quantities that would be fatal in the absence of snake poison.

Out of about 100 cases treated by this method, some of them at the point of death, there has been but one failure; and that arose from the injections