EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Mexican Bull Fighters Astonished. The somewhat tame performances of the bull fights at Paso del Norte were enlivened during the proceedings by the daring exploit of a Texas cowboy, who was cheered to the echo by the densely packed audience who filled every nook in the vast amphitheatre. The performance lagged a little and the bulls would not at first fight in spite of all that the picadores might do. One or two of the bulls, after having been unsuccessfully worried and goaded without working them up to the proper fighting point, had been ignominisly driven out of the arens, and a new e, full of fight and fairly bellowing with rage, had just been turned into the amphitheatre, when a Texan cowboy who was present announced that for the honor and glory of Texas he would ride the bull with his legs tied around the animal's neck and his face to the tail, if they would first throw the bull so that he could get

the animal's neck. He was at once taken at his word, and the mounted Mexican built fighters soon had the animal lasseed and thrown. The cowboy then had himself fixed in the proper position, and the now perfectly buil was turned loose. To the wonder and astonishment and the intense delight of the andience, the animal was unable to shake the daring cowbow off, who not only held on and kept his perilous seat, but after some wild plunges succeeded by some means in manipulating the beast's horns and head in such a manner that he was thrown. The Mexican performers rushed at once to the struggling mass, and in a twinkling had the all of us. Is there no possible way to Texan untied and released. It was a undo it?" wonderful piece of daring and dare deviltry, and exceeded anything done by the Mexicans, -- Cor. Globe-Democrat.

Japan's Marvelous Progress.

The lighthouse system is truly a magnificent monument of spirit and liberality, maintained, it should never be forgotten, for the benefit of humanity at large, and not with a narrow view to Japan's selfish interests, since the home keeping navigators have little need of the safeguards munificently provided upon the coasts of to obtain relief from the inconvenie a foreign metallic currency, and partly to secure the prestige which belongs to an independent national coinage, gives characteristic evidence of artistic taste as well as mechanical dexterity, the gold and silver tokens being pronounced by connoisseurs superior in beauty of design, and at least equal in workmanship, to those of any other country. Telegraphs unite every part of the islands, and it is worth while to mention that wherever foreigners dwell, or are likely to penetrate, the operators are required to speak foreign languages-a mark of consideration not found nor looked for in less remote lands. The postoffice enjoys a distinction almost unparalled, even in the most advanced western nations. With one exception it is the only institution of its kind the receipts of which often so far exceed the expenses as to contribute materially to the revenues of the state.—Atlantic.

Hypocrisy of a Love Token.

"I have become a hopeless cynic from my thirteen years' experience as a jeweler," said the foreman of a leading "I have learned that so much is tinsel that shines as gold that I can only look on the world's splendor as clinquant. hollow sham. Even when the genuine glittering gold, plucked from the bowels of rich Potest and set with gems of purest ray serene, adorna fair throat, or rounded arm, or tapering linger, it only produces a sentiment of scorn for the hypocrisy of human nature.

"Let me illustrate: It has been for some time a favorite fad with young men in society when one becomes engaged to present his fiancee with a jeweled bracelet, which the jeweler rivets on the wrist so that it cannot be slipped off. This is supposed to be a token of the eternal bondage of the wearer to the donor and a perpetual reminder of fidelity. But in a day or two the young lady receives a note from the jeweler requesting her to call. When she does so she is shown a secret spring, whereby she can put aside the bond at 'And I have observed," the jeweler, "that although the fair lady protests against making use of the spring she is delighted to find the secret of it."-Philadelphia Press.

Gen. Grant's Son-In-Law.

"Sartoris told me how he asked Gen. Grant for the young indy's (Nellie's) hand. With all the awe of an Englishman for the head of a state he was invited to dinner at the White Honse, knowing what was expected of him. After dinner the president led the way to the billiard room and offered him a cigar. 'Then,' said Sartoris, 'I knew my time had come. waited and hoped the president would help me, but not a word did he say. He sat silent, looking at me. I hesitated and fidgeted and coughed and thought I would sink through the floor. Finally, I ex-claimed in desperation: "Mr. President, I want to marry your daughter." took a bold man to say that to Gen. Grant, but doubtless the boldness recommended him, for Sartoris carried off the prize."-Badeau's Memoirs.

Value of a Hobby.

If we ever became vindictive toward a fellow man, and desired to punish him, we would deprive him of his hobby; without that he would be lonesome in a crowd, and crowded in a wilderness, and would seek what he had lost and find it not. The business man with a hobby that he as for Amity, I drove her off; she ain't rides is a happy man; but if the hobby rides him, the business will suffer sooner or later. The man without a hobby will be found in the club room, the billiard room, or eard room. The hobbyist, with his loft of pigeons, his bird skins or eggs, bugs or beetles, takes more substantial happiness than all the members of the hest toned club in a city combined. Besides that, home and Dame Nature is all the world to him and all the heaven he ever aspires to -Wade's Fibre.

An Anti-Railroad Collisioner.

A western genius has an invention that he calls an anti-railroad collisioner. This invention consists of a train of cars with nurse commented to herself. "En' she a railroad track attached, passing over it gwan have bad dreams. and down at either end, near enough to connect with the main track, so that on own in the house of her daughter, Tom meeting a train it passes directly over in Quash's mother, but being a high authorishair. He understood it all now; Missy

The Best Three Books.

Mr. Rider Haggard, in answer to question concerning the best three books. next to the Bible, for a young man enter ing life, recommended Shakespeare, "Don Quixote" and "The Pilgrim's Progress." Professor Elmslie makes a queer choice— Æsop's Fables, Livy, and "Romola."— Chicago Tribune. ago Tribune.

All the reports received at the internalrevenue bureau indicate that the pro-duction of sugar from beets, sorghum, maple syrup and cane will be up to the original estimates of the producers, under which the bounty was estimated at about \$10,500,000 per year.

"And I can't stay to sleep, Mom Bee; tell me bout the rabbit and the tar baby."

By ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY, ("KAMBA THORPE,")

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

(Copyrighted. All rights reserved. Published by special arrangement with the Belford Company. Special arrangement was New York 1 Nicholas, hot-"No such thing!" cried Nicholas, hot-"No such thing!" cried Nicholas, hot-Until three days before I came up from Sunrise, I had no thought of marrying Dosia without speaking to my father; but my father wrote to me and laid down the law-you know what he has always

wished. He insisted"-But Nicholas, angry though he was, had it not in him to tell his cousin that he had been commanded to ask her in marriage, and that he had married suddenly the girl he loved, to escape obeying that command; nevertheless, Flora understood.

"It would have been useless," she said

his legs properly around and underneath stifffy. "Her mother was dying," Nicholas continued, sadly, "and I did not know when I could go back to Dosia; so we were married beside her mother's death bed. Of course it was intended to be kept a secret for the present. Nobody knows except her father and the preacher who married us; her mother died, as you

"It is a miserable business," said Flora, with fresh tears. Nicholas sighed; his anger was exhausted. "And I do not know what is to be done, Nicholas. Oh. it will make everything so unhappy for

"Just heaven, Floraf" exclaimed Nicholas, recoiling. "What manner of woman are you? Undo it? Never, while I live! My father must bear it, all of you must bear it, as such things may be borne. I am neither sorry nor ashamed that Dosia is my wife; understand that, once for all. And I shall tell my father now, as soon as I can."

"Oh, Nicholas, you might wait until ma and I are at home again," Flora entreated. "We could do no good-and it their country. The mint, which was established nearly twenty years ago, partly

You might show some consideration for

> Nicholas did not reply for some moments; when at last he spoke, it was to "I will wait; you shall not be called

upon to take my part." Flora felt the reproach, but she felt it

as a wrong. "You cannot expect ma and me to be willing to be subjected to unpleasant scenes," she said; "and what could I do? Married to Dosia Furnival! Oh, Nicholas! it is as if you were dead!

"I dare say it will result in my being as good as dead to all my kindred," re turned Nicholas, gloomily; "but that cannot make me regret that Dosia is my wife; nothing can make me sorry for that." And he rose; he had said his last Flora rose, too; she felt that there was

nothing more to be said.

With one consent the cousins went into the house, each conscious of carrying a tell tale face and each shrinking instinctively from the scrutiny that they knew awaited them upon their entrance.

But just as they came in a scene was enacting upon the back gallery that diverted attention from Flora and Nich-

CHAPTER VIII. WINIFRED DEMANDS A PROMISE.



"Will you be silent?" thundered the colonel "It is a lie!" Glory-Ann came struggling up the steps, half dragging, half carrying Missy, a fantastic figure, clad in a long white gown, on her head a little cap fashioned of the broad, stiff magnolia leaves, pinned together with thorns; in her hand a long

wand of spirea, with three green leaves "Missle-virey, you see dis chile?" Glory Ann panted. "Hit's time de wuz a stop put ter all dis projeckin' en' cavortin' in de moonshine, mekin' b'lieve in sperrits, en' witches, en' what not. Whey you 'spect I foun' Missy? Out un'er de scuppernong arbor, flat on de groun', wid her face kivered up, en' jes' a-howlin' all by herself, en' plum' skeered wid her own

foolishniss. Whey dat fool nigger. Amity, is, I don't know." "I ain't scared of nothin'," Missy protested, though her white face belied her words, "I'm mad! That's what! And no mo' good than if she didn' belong to me. She don't know nothin' 'bout play actin'; she won't understand; and I ain't goin' to have no mo' play actin' of char-

acters. At this there was a general laugh, and Missy was borne wailing to bed. In spite of all protestations to the con-

trary, Glory-Ann was confirmed in the me what will make you happy? You opinion that Missy had frightened herself with her own performances when the child insisted upon saying her prayers over and over again.

"Tain't 'ligion, hit ain't," the old Glory-Ann had an apartment of her

perfect safety, or if one comes up in the ty in all childish ailments, she always slept upon a pallet in Missy's room. Late in the night Missy awoke and

Mom Bee, sleeping the sleep of the just, was hard to arouse, and scant of pleaded Missy.

sympathy. "Wha' de matter, honey? Whyn't you go to sleep?" she grumbled. your brother marries you will have "I can't!" gasped Misay. "Somethin' is goin' to happen. No, de ain' nothin' gwan happen,"

said Mom Bee, with sleepy security. "You jes' dreamin'." "I ain't dreamin'!" retorted Missy. indignantly. "And I can't stay to sleep,

So Mom Bee roused herself to recite

the dramatic adventure, which, long before the day of Uncle Remus's introduction to the general public, had done duty in Southern nurseries.

But Missy soon interrupted. "I'm sick of the rabbit and the everlastin' brier path!" she declared ungratefully. "I wish it would be day." "Hit gwan-be day-b'om bye," said

Mom Bee, with a mighty yawn. When day came, Missy was asleep and her aunt, upon hearing Glory-Ann's report, would not have her called for reakfast. It was the day for her music lesson, but Missy slept so late that the trip to town had to be abandoned.

Flora's night had been no happier than Missy's. She was very fond of her cousin Nicholas, in a way, and through the darkness and silence her sentiments underwent a reaction in his favor; but it was a reaction in which Dosia had no share whatever. Nicholas's marriage was, in Flora's opinion, an injury not to be forgiven by any of his family; but she found herself wishing that, somehow, the consequences of that rash step might be visited upon Dosia alone, who wasso Flora believed-alone to blame. Dosia, as a clever and useful dependent of Mrs. Herry (that cousin of the Thornes on whom Miss Elvira leaned for guidance in all perplexities), was well enough, Flora thought. She had grace, she had beauty, she had a fair education and pleasing manners, and Flora was quite willing to concede that if Cousin Myrtilla Herry chose to advance her protege, Dosia might lay claim to some notice from the social world of Tallahasseebut married to Nicholas! The thought was intolerable. And the day would surely come-Miss Flora was convinced -when Nicholas himself would bitterly repent it. Surely some way might be devised by which the secret marriage might be secretly dissolved, and Nicholas freed from the bonds into which he had allowed himself to be entrapped. Money might do it; the Furnivals were poor; they might be bribed to take themselves off to parts unknown. And Flora decided that it should be her task to make Nicholas listen to reason.

In spite of a sleepless night, she was early at breakfast the next morning, but Nicholas had already breakfasted and

"Gone where?" Flora faltered, conscious that she was pale and trembling. "Gone to hurry Furnival," the colone explained. "The workmen are losing

"Oh?" said Flora, and the color rushed back to her face. "For all that, we are in no hurry to

have you leave us, Flora," the colonel said, patting her hand. Nichelas remained away until long after tea, and as Aleck Gage came not, Miss Flora walked alone in the shrub-

bery. Never yet had she been so eager to welcome Aleck Gage, for her cousin's secret was fast becoming a terrifying burden; it seemed that she could not live another day and bear it alone, and there was no one to whom she dare tell it, except Aleck Gage; but the days went by, and Aleck kept gloof, and Nicholas, resenting her lack of sympathy, was careful not to give her an opportunity to speak with him alone.

The strain in these three or four days was beginning to tell upon Flora to an extent that could hardly have escaped notice, but that Missy had now attracted the anxious attention of her family. Night after night the child waked Moun Bee with the piteous complaint that she could not "stay to sleep,"

"De laws-a-massy!" exclaimed Glorynn. "What ail de chile? Honey, whey

"Nowhere," said Missy. "I'm just mizzable. Somethin' is goin' to happen." "De ain' nothin' gwan happen," Mom Bee assured her. "What you scairt on?" Missy did not know. By day she followed after Nicholas with a persistency that drew upon her Glory-Ann's severe rebuke.

"Mawse Nick is growed; he doan want chillens taggin' at his heels cawtinual. Whyn't you rest satisfied?" commanded the old nurse.

But that was what Missy could not do, and at last Glory-Ann became alarmed. "Missle-virey," said she, "you gotter look atter dishyr chile. She don't eat, en' she don't sleep, en' she is cawnstant frettin' bout somethin' gwan happen."

Miss Elvira, who never in her life had arrived at an unaided decision, appealed to Mrs. Leonard. Ars. Leonard insisted that it must be green fruit, and recommended rhubarb; but Missy stoutly denied the green fruit, and as stoutly rejected the rhubarb. When the case was discussed in the kitchen it was decided that Missy had seen a sign, and all the old family servants shook their heads with great solemnity.

At last Col. Thorne himself became uneasy, and spoke of sending for the doctor. It was a dismal, rainy evening, after tea, and the ladies were gathered around the table in the parlor, Mrs. Leonard with a novel, Miss Elvira with Bishop Ken, Flora with her embroidery. The colonel sat apart, feeling Missy's pulse, and wondering why Nicholas. who had gone to Tallahassee in the morning, was so late returning. It was then that he declared his intention of sending for Dr. Lane, whereupon Missy began to cry piteously and protest that she was not ill.

"What then is the matter?" her father demanded, with the sharpness of anxiety

"I'm just mizzable," sobbed Missy, She looked so thin and worn and her childish voice sounded so shrill and weak that the colonel was moved to an unwonted demonstration of tenderness "My poor little daughter," said he, holding out his arms, "come to me and tell

shall have anything you ask. Missy threw herself upon his breast in a paroxysm of tears. "Oh, my father!" she wailed, "may I have anything?"

"Yes, Winifred; anything." "Then," said Missy, eagerly, "promise. promise now, that you won't never send Brer Nicholas away no more."

was jealous, jealous of Flora. "My dear child, we won't send him away-not I at called: "Mom Bee! Mom Bee! Wake Flora, whose hands shook so that she least." And he glanced with a smile at could hardly hold her needle.

"Not even if he was to be-married?" "You must understand that when gained a sister," the colonel said, in his

accustomed tone of authority. Missy's jealousy of Flora was something to be smiled at-and subdued. "And if he was to be married to Dosia Furnival-she would be my sister," pur-

sued Missy. Flora uttered a low cry and hid her face. She remembered now, and understood the mocking bird's sudden and

startled flight from the thicket behind

Mrs. Thorne and Miss Elvira looked up; they doubted whether they had heard aright; the colonel doubted likewise, and yet a great dread seized him,

in spite of his pride, in spite of his will. "What?" he said, at last, with angry emphasis, and pushed the child roughly. 'What infernal nonsense is this?" be de manded, as if of the room at large; and then his gaze fixed itself upon Flora. It was the first black look he had ever given her; but her face was hidden, and she did not see it. "What absurdity have you been putting into the child's head, Flora?' he said, severely. "A jest of this sort is simply scandalous.

"Tain't her!" cried Missy, with shrill impetuosity. "Brer Nicholas is done married a ready to Dosia-I heard him tell my consin Flora.' Nicholas at this instant entered the

room. Flora looked at him and saw that he had heard. His face was pale, but he did not flinch. "It is a lie!" said the colonel, fiercely.

"Oh, yes, Missy," quavered Miss Elvira, with an agonizing thought of Roxanna White's missive which she had not the courage to show to her brother. "You shouldn't be too ready to repeat what you hear. Children cannot understand

"Will you be silent?" thundered the colonel; then he strode up to his son and repeated, with an oath, "It is a lie!" "It is the truth, father," said Nicholas; Dosia is my wife."

Miss Elvira uttered a moan and wrunher hands. Mrs. Thorne stared; she did not yet fully comprehend the situation. Flora turned her face away; there was that in the eyes of her uncle and her cousin she could not endure to look "Now you see!" cried Missy, with shrill. infantile triumph.

The colonel staggered as if he would have fallen; for an instant he could not speak, but when he did speak it was with a calmness more dreadful than any outburst of fury.

"Get you gone," he said, contemptu-

Never more be son of mine. Missy threw herself face downward upon the floor and wailed: "I asked you to promise! to promise!

No one heeded her. "Father," said Nicholas, "hear at least what I have to say"-

"Out of my sight," his father inter rupted, with cold, inexorable sternness. Beg, steal, starve. Never darken these doors again.

Nicholas turned without another word and strode from the room; whereupon Missy whirled over and sat bolt upright, glaring defiance. "Then I'm goin' too!" she declared, and scrambled to her feet and rushed away.

No one heeded her; she was but a child. The colonel turned to Flora and held out his arms. "My daughter!" was all

he said. He did not know whether he was giving or asking comfort. And Flora cared not what construction her uncle might put upon her tears. Miss Elvira sat and moaned and wrung

her hands; there was no one to give her comfort.

"Well, I never, never knew anything equal to this!" said Mrs. Thorne, having found her tongue at last. "I shall never get over it, never!" Having made this announcement, she uttered a series of little shricks, and Miss Elvira "ceased wringing of her helpless hands" and rose and shut the door.

CHAPTER IX. OLD GILBERT TO THE RESCUE.



"You hol' on ter me wid one han'." Heedless of the rain, Missy rushed out into the dark night, following the sound of her brother's footsteps as he strode through the grounds. His horse was still at the hitching post, and Missy had divined that he meant to ride away at

"Brer Nicholas! Brer Nicholas!" she cried, distractedly. "Take me-me, too! I ain't afraid! I can stick closer than a

cockle burr!" But there came no answer through the rainy darkness, and she heard the horse's hoofs beat the ground, and grow fainter and fainter as Nicholas rode away into the night. When she could hear them no more she turned wildly and ran down the dark and muddy lane to old Gilbert's spasmodic movements. Thus a knee may cabin. She beat upon the door with her small fists, she burst it open in her impetuous passion, and stood, dripping and naggard, in the light of the pine knot blazing in the hearth.

Old Gilbert, seated on the sweet gum block, was patching an ancient jacket. Bending low to catch the light from the pine knot, and peering through a pair of clumsy spectacles, he was pushing at his needle by means of a leathern circle in the palm of his hand. His needle was big, his thread was coarse, and monstrous were his stitches.

Missy, with a wild cry, as if she were the blast incarnate, swept the jacket from his hands into the hearth, where it lay and scorehed and was forgotten. "In de name o' de Lawd!" Gilbert ejac-

ulated. "De chile is sho'ly possessed." "Brer Nicholas is gone! gone!" father has drove him away!" And Missy. in sheer exhaustion, threw herself upon the floor.

"Dat squeech owelf" muttered the old negro, with a superstitious shudder. black letters on that of Mrs. Mahone Startling as was Missy's statement, it was received with absolute conviction. "De Lawd's will be done!" he signed. "You mean old nigger!" cried the outrageous Missy, lifting her face. "Tain't

the Lord's will! It's my father's will

TO BE CONTINUED

BURIED ALIVE.

STORIES TOLD OF LIVING PEOPLS BEING PUT IN THE GRAVE.

Natural Explanations.

To be buried while only apparently dead and to come back to life in a coffin four feet and paying low rents as their owners do under earth is, of course, a dreadful thing, they are able to sell fruit more cheaply and the fear of people to meet this terrible than people who keep regular fruit fate has at all times been proportionately strong. It has resulted in all kinds of de-In fact, our readers will be surprised to hear

Have people ever been buried alive! True, we cannot absolutely deny such occurrences, for several cases have been reported under competent medical supervision, but the number of well authenticated cases this accident for every person living upon the globe this minute than to get on a train for only one bour In the face of these facts we would naturally put the question:

Why is it that such cases are reported or believed to have taken place so often?

and abnormal manifestations. They do not remember that every rule has its exceptions, even as applied to the human organism. in short, they do not fully understand the nature of death and hence will sometimes confound it with life. We will be a little less abstract to illustrate. We often hear the remark "I don't believe such and such a person is dead. Just remember how red his cheeks were, even up to the day of his burial." True, the characteristic appearance of the dead is that waxy and pale aspect known to everybody. However, the mere manner of dying may determine an exception to this rule. So the face presents a bluish coloration, where death has been the result of a disturbance in the functions of the lungs or, to be more exact, of the lesser circulation. Here we can enumerate all uses of hanging, drowning, suffocation, coal gas, poisoning. etc.

OTHER EXCEPTIONS.

A still more striking, but also rare exception, occurs in people with habitually red faces. In their case a bright arterial bue may remain up to the time of burial, although death may be absolute in every sense. People also believe that a hand held up sgainst a light denotes life as long as the nargin shows a reddish, semi transparent aspect. While this test is a reliable one, it does not noid true in people dead with dropsy Here the transparency will be preserved in spite of death. Another sign formerly employed by medical men as infallible has spread among the public. It is known that the application of mustard to the skin causes redness and blisters in the living body. We can therefore always conclude as to the persistence of life whenever such an application reacts. Unfortunately, however, the plaster might not show any results when life is not yet extinct and recovery is still possible. This has been observed in cases of extreme intoxication by means of narcotics, such as morphine. The fact that pricking of the skin is followed by the appearance of a drop of blood is often cited as a proof for the existence of life. Now, everybody knows that such is possible also some limited time after death, although the manner of appearing and the shape and color of the drop differ from that drawn from a living body The peculiar signs mentioned at the beginning of this article, and usually considered so conclusive, also find more natural explanations than the absurd

theory of apparent death. original position while being lowered into the grave. Biting in the fingers and scratches in the face may be due to rats infesting the grave yards; noises referred to a coffin are usually the result of an over excited imagination. In fact, there is no sense more liable to deception than audition, especially when we want to hear Everybody remembers, perhaps, how often he thought he heard the train arrive

when anxiously waiting for it.

THRILLING STORIES. There is, however, good reason to think that many of these stories are manufactured without the presence or observation even of any of the above signs. It is only natural to the human mind that, with their profound exciting power, they should be in equal demand with the over and again repeated ghost and snake stories. It would be a pity to leave them out from the list, when the narrator can enjoy the pleasure of seeing an eager audience follow every motion of his (most usually here tips, and then, how sublime to be looked upon as the witness, or as even a more interested party, of such a thrilling experience: It is worth the sacrifice of a little veracity! In fact, every careful observer cannot fail to discover in the numerous accounts the variations of one original, true or fancied case to suit the particu-

lar taste of the author. But there is one post-mortem occurrence which, at least to the laity, might at first seem incompatible with death. It is sometimes observed that dead people will change the position of certain parts. So it is seen that after life has escaped the month is open. because the lower jaw, following the laws of gravity, hangs down drooping. In some four to tweive hours the mouth may be found closed. This is due to the peculiar phenomenon known by the name rigor mortis, which, being essentially a coagulation of the muscle substance, results in contraction and the latter in movements. Of course a part would always be moved in the direction of the stronger muscles or the flexors. While these movements go on gradually and are hardly visible we witness occasionally sudden or suddenly rise up in bending itself. An arm may sweep through the air with a quick motion or the muscles of the face may be twitching. The purposeless and inco-ordinate character makes these manifestations appear so much more as expressions of distress and nelplessness as would be the case in a living person considered dead. After death from cholera these occurrences are relatively often observed.—Cincinnati Commercial Ga-

Cards in Washington. One of the modest cards among those of public men is that of Gen. Beale, who was, it will be remembered, such an intimate friend of Gen. Grant, and who is one of the most cultured gentlemen in Washington. The family cards in which father, mother and daughter call with one presentation, are well represented in that of Mr. and Mrs. Marshal Wilson, whose day is Friday, and who live on G Washington McLean, the veteran Missy howled, "never to come no mo"! editor of The Cincinnati Enquirer, though He is married to Dosia Furnival, and my an old man, still goes out in society, and his card is as fashionable as that of a dude. Mrs. Stanley Matthews has a eatly engraved piece of pasteboard, and Mrs. Senator Stockbridge's lightly lettered card looks very simple beside the heavy Carpenter's Washington Letter.

The word catarrh, as popularly used, means either nasal catarrh or bronchitis. Nasai catarrh is often helped by snuffing up, so as to carry it into the mouth, And I want Brer Nicholas back! I could a weak solution of salt and water, rea' rode behind him; but for all my callin' peating the operation several times a he wouldn't come back, nor he wouldn't day. Where the disease is very persistent, it is well, when possible, to try a change of climate. In bronchitis the case should be attended by a physician.

She Wants a Store Where She Can Buy It Cheaply and Eat It on the Spot. "New York has a big standing army, fruit standing army, I mean," said woman the other day, "and I know of no other city where such fine fruit can Is Small-Why Superficial Observers be procured at one corner, anyway, of Are Likely to Be Mistaken-Some almost every block of buildings in the town, and at all seasons of the year. These open air fruit stands do an im mense trade in the aggregate, I am sure

A WOMAN WHO LOVES FRUIT.

than people who keep regular fruit stores and pay proportionate rents. "Such a merchant, when he thinks of signs and plans to enable persons in case of premature burial to inform the living world his landlord's bill, must often envy the f the horrible mistake. If we inquire into poor man who sells just as good fruit the matter a little more closely, however, across the way under the cover of an we will find that such a fear is unreasonable. awning or an umbrella, and is able to set a cheaper price on his commodities, because his expenses are so small.

"I have often thought, however, that merchants who keep fruit stores might add largely to their revenues if they would provide tables and seats where is really so small that we must look upon their customers could sit and devour the them as a thing extremely rare. In fact, it fresh fruit when they buy it. Many would be safer to take the risk of meeting people are attracted by the sight of purpeople are attracted by the sight of purple grapes, rosy cheeked peaches or mellow pears as they pass by the windows where the fruits are displayed, who long to sink their teeth in the luscious things, and yet do not like to do so in the street The answer to this is easy. People who do and cannot be bothered carrying the not know the wonderful working of the sys- fruit home. Moreover, they do not feel tem are liable to misinterpret certain rare like buying enough to make it worth while sending it home, so they pass on

and forget it. "Now, if they knew that inside the store there were a table and a chair or two that they were welcome to use, with perhaps a trifling extra charge for table, napkin and finger bowl, I am sure women especially, who are out shopping and who like sweet things and fruits, would often and often drop into such stores and buy a peach or two, or bananas or oranges, etc., and eat them on the spot. "If one goes into a restaurant and or-

ders fruit, one pays a big price for it, too big; but if I, for one, could buy luscious ripe fruit at all seasons of the year in this way at the ordinary rates, I would be only too glad to eat it on the spot, standing up at a plain, unvarnished luncheon counter if need be."-New York Tribune.

A Pickle That Was Not Eaten.

"My most embarrassing experience, repeated the young lady thoughtfully. Well, as nearly as I can remember, it was connected with a pickle. I was a guest at a dinner in Washington. It was not a very formal affair-merely formal enough for the gentlemen present to wear evening dress. There was a dish of dainty pickles near me, and l took one-a baby cucumber. It was about big enough for two bites, and I tried to cut it with my fork, when suddenly it launched itself like a skyrocket across the table and struck the immaculate shirt bosom of a very particular

swell opposite, fairly in the middle. "I don't quite know how it could have appened so fortunately, but conversation had been going on so briskly that no one save the man who had taken me into dinner saw who was the author of the accident. I never blush, a fact, I trust, not to be set down seriously to my discredit-and I managed to so skillfully dissemble otherwise that nobody, with the exception I have mentioned.

suspected me at all. "None of the other guests were so illbred as to take visible notice of the occurrence, and the talk went on almost uninterrupted, while my victim administered surreptitious wipes to his manly chest in a hopeless attempt to remove the stains of pickle. To this day I am unsuspected as the author of the mischief."-Washington Star.

Wycliffe's Bible.

The first complete translation of the Bible into the English tongue was effected by John Wycliffe about 1380. This was the Lollards' Bible, and a large number of manuscript copies must have been written and circulated, for 170 copies are still in existence. There were also many transcripts of certain books, as well as of the whole Bible. Wycliffe could not go to the original texts, so he translated from the Vulgate, or accepted Latin version. It was not a perfect performance; but the reformer was prevented by death from revising it, as he doubtless intended to do.

The revision, therefore, was undertaken by John Purvey, and completed in 1388. It is curious that the whole of Wycliffe's Bible was not printed as one book until 1850, when it was published under the editorial care of the Rev. Josiah Forshall and Sir Frederic Madden. -Chambers' Journal.

Protections for Gunners. Experiments are being made by the navy department with a new system of protection for gunners in exposed places on men-of-war during action. From a Pennsylvania factory has been procured a peculiar description of wire webbing made of interlocking steel spirals which is remarkably flexible and strong. It bears some resemblance to old fashioned chain armor, and it is proposed to use curtains of this material to protect gunners behind shields from tragments of exploding shells. The resisting quality of the netting is believed to be equal to a solid plate of steel an inch thick.-Ex-

The Idols of India.

change.

Idols usually occupy a little shedlike structure at the entrance to the villages. Every little village or hamlet one passes through south of Agra seems laudably de termined to own a god of some sort; those whose finances fail to justify them in sporting a nice red painted god with trimmings, sometimes console themselves with an humble little two dollar soapstone deity, that looks as if he has been rudely chipped into shape by some unskillful "'prentice hand." God making is a highly respectable and lucrative profession in India, but only those able to afford it can expect the luxury of a nice painted and varnished deity right to their hand every day. Of course people cannot expect first class deity for a couple of rupees; although the best of everything is generally understood to be the cheapest in the end, it takes money to buy marble, red paint and gold leaf. - Thomas Stevens in Outing.

The Famous "Oaken Bucket." Mrs. Betsey Torrey, of Scituate, Mass. who is 90 years old, says that in her youth she lived at the Northey homestead, Scituate, where Woodworth wrote the "Old Oaken Bucket." Many is the time she has lowered the famous bucket into the well, and drank deep draughts of the pure spring water. She has an idea that it was better than the water that flows from nickel plated faucets.

By the etiquette of congress representa-tives are called "gentlemen," but United States senators are "senators."

THE JAPANESE IN

THE ARTIST WHO KNEE RUBS THE MUSCLE

Our Almond Eyed Bren Woman's Hard Work-1 b

As I am sitting in my room to my ears the sound of a c sounding not unlike a fife. in Japan, go where he may ably hears the sound at his told in answer to his inqu performance is a professor, or amma. Many of these pe and at night pass up and deans and at night pass up and deans feeling their way with loss at they hold in one-hand, which other hand they play upon the pipe, which seems to notify the their presence.

The amma is not a share

American sense of the term confine his operations to the hair. He practices what is by French as the massage. Have in kneading all the mucles of and bringing them into play, and garded as a useful functionary, se garded as a user in marketar in importance to the physician may of physicial disorders. The may ticed not only by men, but also by and at almost every im view stopped among the first person their services have been the annual their services have been the area once have I yielded to their into allow my body to be treated like of dough, and that was at selections of dough, and that was at selections are their services are selected as a selection of dough. mediately after my descent feet Tired and aching from the see tion of climbing the mounts as gestion of Dr. Knipping that he well to allow an amma to a was acceded to, more from curio the possible results than for a in the efficacy of the treatment The particular amma who case room and shampooed us was a

and awfully ugly woman of the whose blackened teeth when is a looked like a row of waterness. in her face. During the proces ! opportunity to question her faired business, and learned from her number of interesting facts. She us that before commencing the passion obliged to a apprenticeship of three par, is which time she read a large man Japanese books teaching of the body, and especially the musis, a body, and especially the masks at become learned in anatomy at a ology. She had practiced the ma-ten years already, and had by sea gained her livelihood. She saw she was able in one evening from to treat four persons, who paid is of fifteen sen apiece. Herdaly and were, however, not more than the on an average, or about twenty-in

of American currency.

In the operation of shamps practiced by the amma, the pare upon a futon or rug, while ther kneels beside him. The first at drama deals with the abdomini Placing one hand on either sisabdomen, above the hips, the ma presses the body laterally a mi times, then drawing up the lose is flesh, he kneads and pinches tien same time making passes with spond in their direction with that colon. This portion of the ba ended, each leg is attacked and the rubbed and kneaded, the process ating by a smart bastinad admi to the soles of the feet.
In rubbing and kneading that

use is made of a round ball of br though the amma to whose reservable though the amma to whose reservable submitted employed only her far knuckles. The arms and chest are as the legs, and then the patientist over face downward, and the o back are punched and kas the breath almost forsakes the bot entire performance ends with an rubbing of the neck, which, in my seemed to threaten the dislocat cervical vertebræ. The and strength in fingers and wrists of by the amma is quite remarkable amma shampooed four persons it sion the evening we engaged let a ing four hours in the task, during she was working with all bern most constantly, only stopping un

the perspiration which flowed h The result of the experiment si I personally was concerned, was I such as to warrant the repetiti treatment under like circumsta awcke on the morrow feeling fach and sore than I had reason to bis mountain climbing would have kn

The art of the amma appears live for a long time in Japan, at some respects founded upon raise ciples. This is not, however, it with the medical practitioner di Chinese school, whose practice is and surely dwindling away as the of western medical theory and put becoming more and more recogni old style of practitioner, with is trums and enchantments, his mill villainous herbs and minerals, ders made of dried snake skins dung, is still in the numerical when a census of the practitioners of Japan is take. young men, graduates of the mit Tokio, are rapidly absorbing the practice among the wealthier intelligent classes. The medical ment at the Imperial university is under the care of German [8] men of thorough ability and ap and the results achieved dum years have been most marked at beneficial to the country as a th is the feeling of not a few Europe dent in Japan that, while always ring the services of a European ican practitioner, the graduated versity at Tokio may generally be to treat a patient carefully said Cor. Cincinnati Commercial 6222

To Prevent Bailroad Collision A most wonderful invention in from Vienna. An Austrian enginit is said, designed a truck to ma every railway train, being main ways at a fixed (but adjustable in front by the force of an election transmitted along the metals in namo on the engine. The came ducted through mercury con glass tubes on the pilot truck fore, the truck comes into coll tubes are broken and the confi quently destroyed. The intention the current instantly and and applies the breaks on the follows It is claimed by the inventor the presses, fitted with this system with impunity be set to run fil each other. The collision of trucks would arrest the progress trains before they could meet ment of human fallibility is see through a whole series of danger without risk, being automa ed the moment they reach the really dangerous.-St. James

A Cold Place. Halleck is the coldest place at the Central Pacific. It is a terror men. At the point a current of down from the north through a see loys—a sort of trough that extend arctic regions.—Virginia (Ner.) In

A bureau of journalism has lished at Johns Hopkins unit now under full headway.