

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor. EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Mexican Bull Fighters Astonished.

The somewhat tame performance 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 amphitheatre.

It is a miserably 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 all of us. Is there no possible way to undo it?"

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.

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 firm. "I have learned that so much of the time that shines as gold that I can only look on the world's splendor as a shadowy, hollow sham."

Gen. Grant's Non-in-Law.

"Sartoris told me how he asked Gen. Grant for the young lady'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 House, knowing what was expected of him."

Value of a Hobby.

If we ever become vindictive toward a fellow man, and desired to punish him, we would deprive him of his hobby; without that he would be homeless, a crowd, and crowded in a wilderness, and would seek what he had lost and find it not.

An Anti-Railroad Collision.

A western genius has an invention that he calls an anti-railroad collisioner. This invention consists of a train of cars with a railroad track attached, passing over it and down at either end, near enough to connect with the main track, so that on meeting a train it passes directly over in perfect safety, or if one comes up in the rear it passes over in the same way.

The Best Three Books.

Mr. Rider Haggard, in answer to a question concerning the best three books next to the Bible, for a young man entering life, recommends "Shakespeare," "Don Quixote" and "The Pilgrim's Progress."

All the reports received at the international bureau indicate that the production 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.

OLD MAN GILBERT.

By ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY, ("KAMBA THORPE.") Author of "Four Oaks," "Little Joanna," etc.

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"No such thing!" cried Nicholas, hotly. "You shall know the truth, Flora. Until three days before I came up from Sunrise, I had no thought of marrying Dossia 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.

"Her mother was dying," Nicholas continued, sadly, "and I did not know when I could go back to Dossia; 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 know."

"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 all of us. Is there no possible way to undo it?"

"Just heaven, Flora!" 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 Dossia 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 would be so—so—uncomfortable for us. You might show some consideration for us."

Nicholas did not reply for some moments; when at last he spoke, it was to say coldly: "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 Dossia Farnival! 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," returned Nicholas, gloomily; "but that cannot make me regret that Dossia is my wife; nothing can make me sorry for that." And he rose; he had said his last word.

CHAPTER VIII. WINIFRED DEMANDS A PROMISE.

With one consent the cousins went into the house, each conscious of carrying a tall 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 enacted upon the back gallery that diverted attention from Flora and Nicholas. "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 together with thorns; in her hand a long wand of spiraea, with three green leaves at top.

"Missie-virey, you see dis chile?" Glory-Ann panted. "Hit's time to do was a stop put ter all dis projectin' en' cavortin' in de moonshine, mekin' b'lieve in sperrits, en' wiches, en' what not. Why you 'spect I'm Missy? Out 'n'er de scuppernon arbor, flat on de groun', wid her face kivered up, en' jes' a-howlin' all by herseelf, en' plum' skered wid her own Amity, is I, don't you?"

"I ain't scared of nothin'," Missy protested, though her white face belied her words. "I'm mad! That's what! And no mo' fool than if she didn' belong to me. She don't know nothin' 'bout play actin'; she can'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 contrary, Glory-Ann was confirmed in the opinion that Missy had frightened herself with her own performances when the child insisted upon saying her prayers over and over again.

"Tain't 'logion, hit ain't," the old nurse legitimated to herself. "En' she gwain have bad dreams."

Glory-Ann had an apartment of her own in the house of her daughter, Tom Quash's mother, but being a high authority in all childish ailments, she always slept upon a pallet in Missy's room.

Late in the night Missy awoke and called: "Mom! Mom! Mom! Wake up!"

Mom Bee, sleeping the sleep of the just, was hard to arouse, and scant of sympathy. "What's de matter, honey? Why'n't you go to sleep?" she grumbled. "I can't!" gasped Missy. "Somethin' is goin' to happen."

"No, do ain't nothin' gwain happen," said Mom Bee, with sleepy security. "You jes' dreamin'."

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 everlasting brier path!" she declared ungratefully. "I wish it would be lay."

"Hit gwain—be day—byom 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 breakfast. 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 Dossia 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 Dossia alone, who was so Flora believed—alone to blame.

Dossia, as a clever and useful dependent of Mrs. Henry (that cousin of the Thornes on whom Miss Elvira leaned for guidance in all perplexities), was well-liked, 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 Myrtille Herry chose to advance her protégée, Dossia might lay claim to some notice from the social world of Tallahassee—but 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 Farnivals 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!

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

"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.

Nicholas remained away until long after tea, and as Aleck Gage came on, Miss Flora walked alone in the shrubbery. 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 aloof, 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 Mom Bee with the piteous complaint that she could not "stay to sleep."

"De laws-a-massy!" exclaimed Glory-Ann. "What all de chile? Honey, why hu'y?"

"Nowhere," said Missy. "I'm just mizzable. Somethin' is goin' to happen."

"De ain't nothin' gwain happen," Mom Bee assured her. "What you scart 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 cavortin'. Why'n't you rest satisfied?" commanded the old nurse.

But that was what Missy could do, and at last Glory-Ann became alarmed. "Missie-virey," said she, "you gotter look after disyer chile. She don't eat, en' she don't sleep, en' she is cawstantin' frettin' 'bout somethin' gwain happen."

Miss Elvira, who never in her life had arrived at an unaided decision, appealed to Mrs. Leonard. Mrs. Leonard insisted that it must be green fruit, and recommended rhubarb; but Missy stoutly rejected 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 unthought demonstration of tenderness.

"My poor little daughter," said he, holding her up to him, "come to me and tell me what will make you happy? You 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."

startled flight from the thicket behind the summer house.

Mrs. Thorne and Miss Elvira looked up; they doubted whether they had heard aright; the colonel dozed like wise, 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?" he demanded, 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 already to Dossia—I heard him tell my cousin 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 misadventure 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 every thing."

"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; "Dossia is my wife."

Miss Elvira uttered a moan and wrung her 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 upon.

"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, contemptuously. "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; 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 shrieks, and Miss Elvira "ceased wringing of her helpless hands" and rose and shut the door.

CHAPTER IX. OLD GILBERT TO THE RESCUE.

Headless 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 once.

"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 cabin. She beat upon the door with her small fists, she burst it open in her impetuous passion, and stood, dripping and haggard, 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 blasphemous, swept the jacket from his hands into the hearth, where it lay and scorched and was forgotten.

"In de name of de Lawd!" Gilbert ejaculated. "De chile is sholy possessed."

"Brer Nicholas is gone! gone!" Missy howled, "never to come no mo'!" He is married to Dossia Farnival, and my father has drove him away! And Missy, in sheer exhaustion, threw herself upon the floor.

BURIED ALIVE.

STORIES TOLD OF LIVING PEOPLE BEING PUT IN THE GRAVE.

The Number of Well Authenticated Cases Is Small—Why Superstitious Observers Are Likely to Be Mistaken—Some Natural Explanations.

To be buried while only apparently dead and to come back to life in a coffin four feet under earth is, of course, a dreadful thing, and few of people to meet this terrible fate has at all times been proportionately strong. It has resulted in all kinds of signs and plans to enable persons in case of premature burial to inform the living world of the horrible mistake. If we inquire into the matter a little more closely, however, we will find that such a fear is unreasonable. In fact, our readers will be surprised to hear us say:

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 is really so small that we must look upon them as a thing extremely rare. In fact, it would be safer to take the risk of meeting this accident for every person living upon the globe than to get on a train for only one hour. 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? The answer to this is easy. People who do not know the wonderful working of the system are liable to misinterpret certain rare 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 the waxy and pale aspect known to everybody. However, the 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 cases of hanging, drowning, suffocation, coal gas poisoning, etc.

OTHER EXCEPTIONS. A still more striking, but also rare exception, occurs in people with abnormally red faces. In their case a bright arterial hue may remain up to the time of burial, although death may be absolute in every sense. People also believe that a hand held up against a light denotes life as long as the margin shows a reddish, semi-transparent aspect. While this test is a reliable one, it does not hold true in people dead with served in the soil of earth. 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. The fact that the 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 color of the appearing and the shape and position of the top 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.

A body may change its 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.

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 scientific power, they should be in equal demand with the superstitious. The ghost and snake stories, which 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 her) lips, 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 can find it to discover in the numerous accounts the variations of one original, true or fancied cause to suit the particular 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 of the body that after life has escaped the month's law of gravity, hangs down drooping. In some four to twelve 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 later in movements. The direction of these movements go on gradually and are hardly visible we witness occasionally sudden or spasmodic movements. Thus a knee may 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 purposes and manifestations appear so much more as expressions of distress and helplessness as would be the case of a living person considered dead. After death from cholera these occurrences are relatively often observed.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

THE IDEALS OF WASHINGTON. One of the modest cards among those of public men is that of Gen. Heale, 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 his father, mother and daughter call with that of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Wilson, whose day is Friday, and who live on G street. Washington McLean, the veteran editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer, though an old man, still goes out in society, and is as dandy as fashionable as that of a middle-aged Stanley Matthews has a neatly engraved piece of pasteboard, and Mrs. Senator Stockbridge's lightly lettered cards look very simple beside the heavy black letters on that of Mrs. Mahone—Carpenter's Washington Letter.

The word catarrh, as popularly used, means either nasal catarrh or bronchitis. Nasal catarrh is often helped by sniffing up, so as to carry it into the mouth, a weak solution of salt and water, repeating the operation several times a day. Here 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.

A WOMAN WHO LOVES FRUIT.

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 a woman the other day, "and I know of no other city where such fine fruit can be procured at one corner, anyway, of almost every block of buildings in the town, and at all seasons of the year. These open air fruit stands do an immense trade in the aggregate, I am sure, and paying low rents as their owners do, they are able to sell fruit more cheaply than people who keep regular fruit stores and pay proportionate rents."

"Such a merchant, when he thinks of his landlord's bill, must often envy the poor man who sells just as good fruit across the way under the cover of an 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 their customers could sit and devour the fresh fruit when they buy it. Many people are attracted by the sight of purple grapes, rosy cheeked peaches or melon 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 and cannot be bothered carrying the fruit home. Moreover, they do not feel 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 orders fruit, one pays a big price for it, too big; but if, 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, "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 I 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 happened 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 ill-bred as to take visible notice of the occurrence, and the talk went on almost uninterrupted, while my victim administered surreptitious wipes to his many 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 Lollard's Bible, and a large number of manuscript copies must have been written and circulated. 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 bears some resemblance to old fashioned chain armor, and it is proposed to use curtains of this material to protect gunners behind shields from fragments of exploding shells. The resisting quality of the netting is believed to be equal to a solid plate of steel an inch thick.—Exchange.

The Idols of India.

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 loudly to demand the sight of a god of some sort; those whose finances fail to justify them with a humble little two dollar rudely carved deity, that looks as if he has been rudely clipped 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 a 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 lives at the Northey homestead, near Oaken Bucket, says that in her youth she saw 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.

To Prevent Railroad Collisions.

A most wonderful invention has come from Vienna. An Austrian engineer, it is said, designed a truck to run on every railway train, being connected with ways at a fixed (but adjustable) distance in front by the force of an electric current transmitted along the metals between the rails on the engine. The truck carries a glass tube on the pilot track. If the truck comes into collision with another truck, the tube is broken and the current instantly and automatically applies the breaks on the following train. It is claimed by the inventor that the truck with its apparatus is so constructed that it will not be damaged by the collision of the trucks, and that the progress of the trains before they could meet, would be entirely eliminated, and drivers would be without risk, being automatically stopped the moment they reached the spot really dangerous.—St. James' Gazette.

A Cold Place.

Hallock is the coldest place in the Central Pacific. It is a barren, treeless plain. At that point a current of cold winds from the north through a series of gorges—a sort of trough that is known as Arctic regions—Virginia (Nev.) and Nevada.

A Bureau of Journalism.

A bureau of journalism has been established at Johns Hopkins university, under full headway.

THE JAPANESE ARTIST WHO KNEW RUBS THE MUSCLE.

Our Almost Eved Intentional Woman's Hard Work—Some Japanese Medical Theories.

As I am sitting in my room, the sound of the piano is heard. It is a Japanese piano, and the sound is not unlike a life. The piano is heard in the sound of the piano, and the sound is not unlike a life. The piano is heard in the sound of the piano, and the sound is not unlike a life.

The amma is not a shampanse, as some of our Americans seem to think. She is a professional masseuse, and she is not unlike a life. The amma is not a shampanse, as some of our Americans seem to think. She is a professional masseuse, and she is not unlike a life.

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