EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

How Women Sometimes Change. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," it is said. If not sweet they have proved at least wonderfully transforming in two cases recently under the writer's notice. In each instance the wife living in affluence has suddenly become an almost desti-tute widow, and has done as so many other unsupported women have established a boarding house. Here, however, the simi-larity ceases. Mrs. A. in her former home was a model of housekeeping strictuess in all its details of managing servants and

Now she will frequently answer the bell berself, goes in and out of the basement door if it seems in the least more convenient, calls her servants Katie and Mamie names that under the old regime would have been Catharine and Mary, and be-trays in numberless ways that her ambition, so far as ceremonials are concerned, has fled with the change in her circum-

Mrs. B., on the contrary, who in prosper ity was the most careless and happy-go-lucky of mistresses, is now exactly the reverse. She came in to greet a visitor the other morning drawing off a pair of rub-ber gloves. "I've been helping a little in the pantry this busy Monday," she explained, "and though, as you know, I am the last person to bother over my hands, I wear them nowadays to establish a differ ence between my dish washing and Ann's And she preserves this distance rigidly in every respect.—New York Times.

Mme. Virot's Romance.

There is much of romance in the history of Mme. Virot, the most famous millin of Paris. She began her career when a young girl as assistant to Laure, then the most famous milliner in Europe; but after marrying M. Virot, who was a poor young locksmith, with a passion for art and sculpture, she established a small business of her own on a side street. The wife de-voted herself to bonnets, and her husband to bric-a-brac and sculpture. One day the Empress Eugenie passing down the street saw a bonnet in a shop window which struck her as being a remarkable compo

sition.

She sent for the bonnet and the bonnet naker. Virot instantly became the rage In a short time she removed her shop to the Rue de la Paix, near to Worth, and in one of the millionaires of Paris. With the opportunity given by the wealth of his wife Virot became a noted connoisseur in bric-a-brac, his wife sharing fully in his

A Bright Literary Critic.

Said a famous writer the other day: Do you known that the best literary critic in New York—at once the subtlest and the most sympathetic—is a woman? I mean Miss Lillie Hamilton French. She served her apprenticeship as literary editor of The Star and afterward did excellent work on The Commercial Advertiser. The head of one of our largest publishing houses also r and afterward did excellent work on came to them hers was the very best. She is doing original work now for the

magazines and syndicates, and her judgment is privately taken by some of the most eminent and successful of our lit-terateurs. Personally Miss French is a tall, handsome woman, thoroughbred in tall, handsome woman, thoroughbred in every line. She is gracious, graceful and full of the most exquisite guilelessness. Socially she belongs to the creme de la creme. Her home is one of the most artisthe in New York, and in it you may meet all this good town.-Epoch.

Man in the Iron Mask

The identity of the famous "Man in the Iron Mask" has never been made known. The mask was not of Iron, as has generally been supposed, but of black velvet. The fanciful stories of his wearing an iron credence during his removal to the castle of Pignerol in 1679. During this removal orders were given that if he revealed his identity he was to be killed on the spot. In 1686 he was again transferred, this time to the Isle of Sainte Marguerite. During the passage the strictest watch was kept that he might not reveal himself. In 1098 he was again removed, this time back to the Bastile, his first place of imprisonment. He died on Nov. 19, 1708, and was buried

next day under the name of Machioti; the place of burial, the old Cemetery of St. Paul, Paris. It is now generally supposed that "The Man in the Iron Mask" was Count Matthioll, a minister of Charles III, duke of Mantua. According to the story, Louis XIV, of France, had bribed Matthioli, but finding the latter playing him false, lured him to the French frontier, and then had him secretly arrested and imprisoned.-St. Louis Republic.

The Future Queen of Holland. Princess Wilhelmins, the Dutch heir apparent, is now 10 years old. The princess governess is an English lady. The princess can express herself very well both in French and English. She has not learned Serman, the language of her mother. She has a pretty garden of her own, with chalet and pigeoneroft. The princess rises at 7 goes to her father and gives him a morning kiss. At 8 the royal family take breakfast, the princess being present, as at

After breakfast she receives lessons till 11 o'clock. She then goes to the queen's rooms, where the time is spent in conversation, or her majesty reads and explains a chapter in the Bible. Before lunch, which served at 12:30, the princess takes a drive in a pony carriage or amuses herself in a beat on the large ponds of Loo. After lunch she has more lessons, plays with her toys and takes a drive with the queen. At per is served, and a few bours after ward the royal family retire to their apart-ments.—Chicago Post.

Nursing as a Noble Work.

There are many women entering the pro-fession of nursing whose sense of honor is not high, and whose appreciation of the dignity of labor is not great, but who see in nursing either the means of gaining a livelihood or a way to escape from the rather dull and petty routine of a single girl's life at home. They like the eclat of doing a noble work and the independence which is essential to it, but are unwilling to do more work than they can help to at-

tain their desire.

There are, however, other women who, in taking up nursing, often as a means of livelihood, do so with the highest motives, and who, in rendering themselves inde-pendent, have at the same time the great pleasure of helping others in their strug-gle through life. From this class come all our best matrons, sisters and nurses, and to them is due the high position nursing olds as a profession for women. -- Murray's

An excellent cold cream may be made of an ounce of white rose perfume, a half ounce of spermaceti, a half pint of rose water, and sweet almonds enough to make a paste; but all together well.

At a meeting of the Fruit Growers' geles a motion was adopted pledging the bers to send fruit to the union or pay 2 cents a box for fruit otherwise shipped. It was also agreed to appoint agents at Chicago and other large East-

By ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY. ("KAHBA THORPE,") Author of "Four Oaks," "Little Joan na," Etc.

Copyrighted. All rights reserved. Published by special arrangement with the Belford Company. special arrangeme "It means that he has hidden himsel

out of our reach," answered the colonel, gloomity. "If I were a man," cried Missy, clinch-

the big world over."

forts he had made to discover, for her them now, sake, his son's retreat; and Missy, ignorant of this, felt her heart waxing ever She did not know that she was miserable strange new world of sorrow. ecause of this bitterness; she thought she was miscrable only because she missed her brother.

ome, and in this confident expectation go. rain; she must strive for the commenda- know-is a waiter at the hotel, ort to reach him.

morbid through the indulgence of this insistent desire to recover her brother. and he suddenly determined to take her repeatedly urged him to lo.

This was in the summer of 1860. Col. hesitate to leave her when he returned home in October. His child, he thought. could travel homeward with friends at any time, or he could go to her.

When the fighting began the colonel, like many others, declared that it would all be over in less than sixty days; but as the war went on-an ever deepening horror-he rejoiced, even while his heart ached for the sight of her, that his little lame daughter had been left in New York. He did not see Missy again until the

> CHAPTER XXII. NEWS OF NICHOLAS.

Five years had added some inches to Winifred Thorne's stature, but she was a tiny creature still, and she still went lame, leaning on a quaint little crutch with a handle of carved ivory, by help of which she moved with a grace and facility that mocked at pity. The hue of health was on her cheek, whence the obno longer looked too large for her face: father's gifts!" her great gray eyes had taken a deeper coloring, a warmer light; the sunburned turned, with a proud, sad smile.

streaks in her brown hair had disappeared: Winifred Thorne had bloomed into a piquant, unusual beauty, and her very lameness gave her a romantic charm. Her father's beart, even in the midst of the misfortunes following the war, throbbed with a proud joy when he mask, locked behind with a padlock, gained | looked at her. | She surpassed his utmost hopes-this dainty creature, all spist, and fire, and grace.



"Why didn't you follow him?"

Col. Thorne had grown to love this little lame daughter of his with a jealous and exacting devotion, but Missy's regard for her father did not exceed the limit of a dutiful respect, and yet the marked changes that she found in him appealed strongly to her tenderness. He had been gray ever since she could remember him, but his hair was white now, and there were deep lines in his face and he had contracted a stoop that gave him an air of feebleness, but he retained the same stern reticence, and his daughter, albeit she was no more afraid of him now than of old, shrank from him still with a feeling that was half regret and half impatience. It was impossible for the colonel not to see this, but it was his way to suffer in silence,

And not only were the colonel and his daughter changed in the momentous years that had gone by since Winifred was last at home, but Thorne Hill itself was no longer the same. Missy found, indeed, the same house, the same grounds, but half the broad acres lay untilled and many of the familiar faces of the negroes were missing.

"What has become of them all?" alasked her aunt.

"Freedom," Miss Elvira responded. with plaintive brevity, glancing up from the pages of Bishop Ken.

Miss Elvira was much less change than Col. Thorne. She still wore the same gentle, beloless look that had tempted the childish tyranny of her niece, and she still read Bishop Ken to the neglect of other duties. However, she did now lay aside the cherished volume long enough to give Missy some account of the Thorne Hill slaves.

"They didn't all go," she said; "the old ones who can't do much stayed, and some of the most sensible signed contracts to work on shares. But we are better off than many others. I'm sure I don't know how your Aunt Pauline, with Flora and two little children, is to manage. Aleck was killed at Chickamauga, you know." And Miss Elvira wiped her eyes.

she cried, with generous sympathy.
"I don't know as to that," Miss Elvira objected, with a prudent hesitation. You know your Aunt Pauline likes her own way, and we wouldn't wish to give up Thorne Hill to her sway. Then those to look after what is left of her plantation. Paul has a situation in a law office in Savannah and Judge Chadwick has ing her small fists flercely, "I'd search taken the other one of the twins in his office. It's lucky that Lottie is engaged The colonel was hurt that Missy should to be married to the judge's son. I hope doubt he had done his best, but his pride Bess may make as good a match, for it's disdained to explain what unavailing ef- little enough Cousin Myrtilla can do for arm.

Winifred listened to all this in sad silence; she felt as if she had come, not to more and more bitter against her father. the old home she used to know, but to a

"Why they all wanted to quit, I'm sure I don't know-the negroes, I mean," Miss Elvira continued plaintively. "Your Missy, however, had by no means father offered them every inducement. abandoned the hope of her brother's re- but they'd rather starve on freedom, I turn. Some day he would surely come suppose. Daphne was one of the first to She is in town taking in washing. her energies took the form of a feverish and working harder than ever she did in ambition to improve her mind. Brer her life. I saw her last week, and she Nicholas must not find her the ignorant looks as if she hadn't enough to eat. child he had left crying to him in the Tom Quash-he married Amity, you tion of the beloved absent brother; for Griffin Jim is a barber. I believe he him she studied—as her strength permit- earns a good deal by odd jobs; yet he ted; for him she labored at the detested | declines to take old Dicey, his mother, to piano, in a pathetic anxiety that her live with him. Dicey is helpless now; mind should atone for the defects of the she can't walk, and she can't even feed poor little body, lamed in the futile ef- herself; so Griffin Jim thinks she is better off with us. I'm sure we don't want And now a great dread possessed Col. Griffin Jim to take her away; we've Thorne, a dread lest Missy should become been used to her so long." And Miss Elvira began to weep afresh.

"And Mom Bee?" Missy queried, anxiously. Missy had been at home some at once to New York and put her under hours when this conversation took place, the care of a physician, as his aunt had and her heart was burning to know why Mom Bee did not come to welcome her.

Miss Elvira wiped her eyes and stiffen-Thorne was one of those who felt sure ed herself. "Glory-Ann is with her there would be no war; therefore, when family in town," she said, with strong he found, after a few weeks in New indignation. "Your father tried his best York, that Winifred was in a fair way to have her stay here. He built her a to improve, and that she could be con- house and he offered her a cow and some tent to remain with her aunt, he did not pigs; but Cinthy, that daughter of hers, wouldn't agree to it. She made Glory-Ann believe that we had designs upon

Missy burst into tears, "Mom Bee might have waited for me," she sobbed. "Oh, Winifred, don't cry!" Miss Elvira entreated, weeping herself. "It doesn't do one bit of good. I do believe old Gilbert himself would have left us if he hadn't gone long ago." "I don't!" cried Missy. "And one of these days he is coming back; he is sure

to come back; he promised me." "Winifred? What do you mean?" ex

claimed Miss Elvira, startled into an energy of emphasis most unusual.

'It was me sent him away," Winifred declared exultingly, reckless of grammar. "It was me wrote him a pass. And I gave him my gold chain and bracelets for Brer Nicholas to turn into money. What did I care for trikets, and my brother, my dear, dear brother, in need? "Winifred, you surely never did do noxious freckles had vanished; her mouth that?" cried Miss Elvira, aghast. "Your

"I did more than that," Winifred re-

tried to go to him myself." "I trust you have grown wiser, child," said Miss Elvira, primly. "One rarely meets any return for such sacrifices." "Oh, aunt Elvira? Don't you know that love pays itself in loving? If I did wrong to try to run away, I bear my

punishment-a life long punishment; but I can't, I can't be sorry for the effort I made to find my brother.' "This is rebellious," said Miss Elvira, reaching out her slim hand for Bishop

Ken, as for a talisman. "You ought, to resign yourself to his loss." "If he were dead, yes," said Winifred: 'but until I know that he is dead"-she faltered, with blanching lips-"Oh, aunt Elvira, did you never know the might of a love that is stronger than life, stronger than death? It seems to me that my brother must live until I see

him again, or he must send us a message, even from the grave." "Winifred, you shock me!" said Miss Elvira; and immediately she took refuge in Bishop Ken, holding the little worn book close to her eyes as was her habit, and pretending to read, while she glanced furtively over its top at her irrepressible niece. "Winifred," sighed she to herself, "is going to be no easier to manage

now than when she was a child," A few days later Glory-Ann visited Thorne Hill in great state. She arrived in a hack, the recently acquired property of Griffin Jim, who expected to make a fortune out of the traveling

public. Mom Bee had grown older, and she looked more stately than ever in her Sunday attire of black alpaca; but she her nursling on her lap, and shed tears

"My po' little honey been gone all dese she wuz plum growed up? You ain' furgot yo' ole mammy, is you, honey?"

"No; I've forgotten nothing." Winifred declared, between tears and laughter. "You know how you used to tell me that I should 'hone' after this old plantation; and it all came true, 1 dreamed about the blackberry patch, and the spring, and the scuppernong arbor: and nothing ever tasted half so good as your corn dodgers and buttermilk.

"Dullaw chile, don't talk!" "And you said once that I should never dance," the girl reminded her, with a sad little smile.

"Don't lay that up beginst me, Miss Winifred, now don't," Glory-Ann entreated. "Fac' is, honey, dese ain' no times ter be dancin', wid your paw agittin' gray in trouble, en' Mawse Aleck Gage done got hisse'f killed in de wah, en' Mawse Nick ain' nuver heerd fum"-

"What has become of the Furnivals, Mom Bee?' Missy interrupted, suddenly, "Gawn, honey, all on 'em!" said Glory-Ann, with solemnity. "De Lawd is dor wiped 'em clean offen de face o' de yeth. Miz Furnival, she done dade, natchul lak, but de res' on 'em wuz men folks, en de perished in de wah."

"Don't tell me any more about the war!" cried Missy, turning pale. "I had hoped-they might know something of Brer Nicholas. Oh, Mom Bee! Mom Bee! what has become of my brother?"

"Honey, don't you tote sorrer long o' what is pas' en' gawn," counseles Mom Bee.

"Oh, it isn't that!" cried Missy, passignately. "It is the rage of helpless:

When I was a child I used to think all knowledge and power came with grown war, was just beginning to realize its up years; but now I am a child no misery. "We must live for one another," longer, and I do not know what to do to have my wish. I can't forget him! I must hear from him! I must! I must! God is good, and surely some day God will give my brother back to his home!"

"Hush now, honey, en' I gwan tell you somethin'," said Glory-Ann, lowerchildren? children with no regular nurse — it ing her voice mysteriously. Glory-Ann wouldn't be comfortable, Winifred. I had come to Thorne Hill quite as much had come to Thorne Hill quite as much suppose they'll get on somehow, with for the purpose of telling this "someour father to advise. Cousin Myrtilla thing" as to welcome Missy. "Dey is a to the village. As they approached to our father to advise. Cousin Myrtilla thing" as to welcome Missy. "Dey is a to the village. As they approached to advise the village of the twins stranger in Tallahassee frum de Big grounds the official said to Mr. Howard: nanages very well with one of the twins stranger in Tallahassee frum de Big North-I done furgit his name; en' I ain' seed him, not ter git speech wid him, mun-but I lows ter some day bom-bye, cause I hear tell he is met up wid Mawse Nicholas somewhers in de wah. "Oh, where?" cried Missy, dropping

her crutch and clasping Glory-Ann's as judge myself several times, and my dearm. "Why didn't you follow him? cisions meet with some dissatisfaction, so I thought it would be better if we had a

"Now, lis'n at dat chile! Allers heady!" said Giory-Ann with injured dignity. "I'se ole 'oman, Missy; you furgits dat. How I gwan to foller a limber young gemman? Is I gwan holler at him on de streets, lak I done lef my manners?"

"Oh, go back to town and find him, and tell him, for the love of heaven, to come to me!" Missy implored.

Glory-Ann drew herself up majesti "I'se s'prised at you, Missy, I is dat," said she, severely. "Is dem de manners dee larn't you at the big north? You a bawn lady sendin' ter a gemman ter come ter see you? Don't you go ter sen' him no word ter come."

"It isn't as if I were like other girls," said Missy, reddening, as she stooped to pick up her crutch. "This makes a dif-"Yes, hit do meker diffunce; hit mek

hit all de wusser, Missy. Don't you sen no word. Mo'over en' besides, how yo know yo' paw gwan admit a Yankee ter git ter speak wid you? I hear tell master is 'fused ter be 'quainted wid him." And does my father know-oh, does

he know that this man has met my brother?" cried Missy, with indignation burning in her eyes; but this feeling passed instantly. "Ah, no! no!" she sighed, "he can not have heard it." "He don't bullieve hit, honey.

what he don't bullieve he won't bullieve den't you know yo' paw?" "Then I shall inquire into this matter myself," said Missy, with decision.

"Don't you go sen' no word, Missy dat ain' no way fur you ter do." The habit of submission to Mom Bee's rebuke was not yet extinct in Missy's breast; she blushed, she sighed, she wrung her hands in angry impatience,

but she did not insist. "What then am I to do?" she cried. "Ain't I done tol' you I 'lows ter git speech wid him bom-bye?" said Glory-Ann, reproachfully. "Whyn't you wait?" "Haven't I waited for years?" cried Missy. "Promise me to see him to-mor-

row; I will have patience until to-morrow. "I ain' gwan back ter-morrer; I'se come on a wisit, en' I ain't in no hurry, Mom Bee declared.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" cried Winifred. You might come back, you know, and stay forever," she coaxed

But Glory-Ann was obdurate. There was a certain distinction in being a visitor at Thorne Hill, and this old lady of color was disposed to make the most

> CHAPTER XXIII. HAD I BUT KNOWN!



Winifred went to him and put her hand o

The next day came Lottie and Bess with their grandmother; like Mom Bee, they came in a hired back, for Mrs. Herry had been glad to sell her carriage and horses. Cousin Myrtilla looked old and worn,

the more so, perhaps, that she no longer indulged in the coquetry of dress. Her granddaughters were young ladies now, and it taxed her straitened resources to the utmost to furnish their simple wardrobes. But Lottie and Bess carried light hearts in spite of empty purses. They rejoiced over Missy, and they rejoiced forgot her age and her dignity, and took also over her New York outfit. These sisters had gloried in wearing homespun, but now that the war was overthey were not proof against the attractions of silks years, en' I ain't seed her no mo' ontel and velvets, and Missy's pretty dresses iron, tabeled and addressed, were lying on the floor, and we supposed it must be all right, though the postmistress, as soon as we had paid our money, turned away withoffered such brilliant suggestions for making over certain old finery their grandmother had stored away.

we had paid our money, turned away with-out giving us stamps or receipt, and had nothing more to do with us. We need not have worried, for the Swiss postoffice tales snything and everything that the express companies at home would carry, and if ore does not bother about his baggage it is as certain to turn us at his carry, and But the cut of a sleeve, the adjustment of a flounce, could not rivet Missy's interest while her heart was burning to learn whether, by any chance, her cousins knew anything of the stranger who had met Nicholas.

"Oh, take all the things home with you," she said, impatiently. "But tell me this, have you met-I mean, do you know anything about a stranger from the north"- And Winifred faltered forth the information Glory-Ann had given her.

Lottie and her sister exchanged glances but did not speak. "You are keeping something from

me," cried Winifred. "He was in the Yankee army," said Bess, with chilling brevity. "We don't know him." And again her eyes sought her sister's. "But about his meeting with Bren

Nicholas" persisted Missy, "Well, Missy, you know if cousing Jasper don't concern himself about it, there is no reason why we should," said Mr. Waterpate (repturously)—Kind and gentle! Why, Fluff, me boy, that girl wouldn't strike an—an attitude!—Time. Lottie, and she would have talked of something else; for her cousin Nicholas

TO BE CONTINUED.

had long ago faded out of her interest so completely that she could not divine the Well Salted. strength and the fervor of Missy's devo-Summer Girl-That Mr. De Salti doesn't But Missy would not allow the talk about anything but the ses, and he uses so many sailor terms that I can't unsubject to be dismissed. "What is his name?" she asked. derstand half be says. Does he own a

person, is she not?

Londsman-No, but he has a friend who owns a cat boat.—Good News.

AN IMPORTANT BILL.

Mr. Bronson Howard, the dramatist, is The Royal Baking Powder Condemne very fond of tricycling. The other day he was touring with a friend about fifty miles in the New York Legislature. Last Monday Mr. Kelly Introduced from London, and they stopped at a vil-lage to get something to eat. Just as they had finished buch a grave gentleman of the village came to Mr. Howard and said:

We are having a baby show here.

Would you not like to stop and see the

An American's Experience in England

ment was rendered.

sented to act as judge."

However, Mr. Howard managed to get

out of the dilemma very diplomatically

Daniel Webster Is a Good Cook.

dulge in a quiet chuckle that means much

most competent judge of good cooking.

In the first place he paid the lunche

back and lighted a cigar be remarked

"Corbin, I suppose you have a yearly con tract with Delmonico for this service?"

Daniel Webster would scarcely notice

the ordinary employes of the Long Island

road for the next two days .- New York

A Trick of the Newsboy.

It was raining. She asked him for an

evening paper. He drew his coat sleeve

"Will yer have a clean one er a dirty

"Clean one or dirty one? Why, a clean

he took the pennies with "Thank yer."

"Hit kids, did yer hear de style Blokey

"Hold on dere! Don't you go to gettin

brought up newsboys seemed to pick up a

principles that make a success of business

When she arrived home and opened the pa

per she discovered that the newsboy did

know exactly what he was about. The pa-

per was clean only on the outside.-Teresa

The Marvelous Boy.

Spiritualism became an accepted term,

uests there heard for the first time. -S. C.

The Postal Service in Switzerland.

We had sent our baggage, as we had been advised, to the postoffice, where we at once went. The bag which we wished to

post to Zermatt seemed to us very heavy, but scythes and barrels and bundles of old

certain to turn up at his journey's end as it would be to disappear in England if one ventured to let it take care of itself.—Cent-

The following dialogue actually occurred in the Boston city hospital: Nurse (to patient who is too long for his

ot)-I should think the authorities would

furnish beds long enough for the patients. Patient (who has been flat on his back

for two months and i very feeble)-I should think they would.

Scrubwoman (who is washing the floor)

—It's a nice long coffin they'll have to make
for you, me by!—Providence Telegram.

By No Means Cruel.

Mr. Finffy-Say, old man, that friend of ours, Miss Goods, is a kind, gentle sort of

a lad known as a clairvoyant.

placed them in his pocket.

Hall's Book.

Bulwer was a Spiritualist long before

sense of honor, and know intuitively the

across his face and said:

side out an' sell 'em first?'

Dean in Chicago Herald.

fresh! I knows what I'm about.'

one of course.

the following bill in the assembly. careful reading of it will show that it AN ACT to prevent the use of poison-ous and injurious ingredients in baking

WHEREAS, Baking Powders manufac-"Nothing would give me greater ple tured in this state, known as the "ROYAL" alum and other Baking Powders are advertised for sale as absoare." said the dramatist, and he and his friend went along with the old gentleman

lutely pure; and, WHEREAS, Official examination shows "Wouldn't you kindly act as a judge them to contain ammonia and other injurious ingredients; therefore THE Prothis baby show?"
Mr. Howard answered that if there was PLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enone thing in life that he yearned for it was to be a judge in a baby show, and so the procession reached the grounds. "You see," said the official, "I have acted

sented in Senate and American act as follows:
Section 1. Every can or package of baking powder containing Ammonia offered for sale in this State shall have a conspicuous label thereon with the words, "Contains Ammonia," printer This was encouraging, so Mr. Howard told his friend to get the tricycle ready, so thereon in plain type, not smaller than thereon in pian type, not smaller than great primer, and any person who shall sell, or have or offer for sale, any such can or package of baking powder without such label thereon, shall be guilty of misdemeanor.

Section 2. This act shall take effect that they could escape the moment judg-When they came to the grounds the official said in a loud voice:
"The gentleman from London has con

July 1, 1891.—New York Press, April 13, 1891.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

An old woman of ninety-eight was intro-duced to him as the oldest inhabitant, and Editorial Utterances Reprinted by the De the gallant dramatist at once said that she was the very party to act as judge of the We extract the following from the last

babies, as she had ever so much more ex-perience in that line thad he had. So sue of The Arizona Kicker: A DOUBLE HIT-Last week certain folks while the old lady was chucking the babies under the chin, Mr. Howard and who want to see us downed were chuckling because we were not invited to the grand auhis friend escaped on the swift and not less tricycle.—Detroit Free Press. tumn soirce given by Mrs. Judge Gilder-sleeve, of Jackses Heights. It was a social snub on us, we'll admit, but the aforesaid Daniel Webster is the name of the colchuckling has ceased. It broke short off day before yesterday when the sheriff arrived from Omaha and tapped the judge on the ored "pusson" who acts as porter, chef and waiter in Austin Corbin's sumptuous pri-vate car, the Oriental. He is dever in each shoulder and asked him how the business of

cow stealing got along.

We've had the biography of the judge capacity, and is a great favorite of Mr. Cor-bin's. It is as cook, however, that he has hand for some months. He robbed a postwon his greatest honors. He is such an adept in the culinary art that Mr. Corbin ffice in Illinois, stole bogs in Iowa and em bezzled from a toll bridge in Indiana. On takes particular pride in having his friends top of that he stole cows in Nebraska, and dine with him in his car. "Now, Daniel," when his wife made cold mutton of us we he will often say, "I am going to have Mr. - dine with me tomorrow. He is a gaswent down to the telegraph office and dispatched the sheriff to come on. We think we are about even. It is not the policy of tronomic crank, and you must put your best foot forward."

Daniel will thereupon grin broadly and in this paper, as we have often stated, to deplete our population by "giving away" our citizens, but no one must try any monkey shines with us. We are here to stay. A dinner is served the next day that would do credit to the best hotel in town -well selected, well cooked and daintily

HE STEPPED—In our last issue we called at-ention to the fact that William Parton, faserved. Mr. Corbin's car affords every miliarly known as "Baldheaded Bill," had possible facility for preparing and serving such meals. Perhaps Daniel's proudest succeeded in securing the nomination for al day was the first occasion on which he pre-pared a luncheon for Mr. John Hoey, who derman of the second ward on the People's Reform ticket. We didn't go much on the is an intimate friend of Mr. Corbin and a reform business, to begin with, and we went considerably less on William. We kindly entioned the fact to him that he was as the compliment of eating everything that was placed before him, and then, as he sat old scaker, a man who never paid a debt, and that he escaped indictment for stealing the bridge funds by a flaw. In a brotherly way we asked him to step down and out, but instead of heeding our well meant advice he came bunting for us with a shotgun.

Then we had to exhibit certain document to the good people to prove that William's true home was in state prison, and it was decided to get a move on him. Some one gave the snap away, however, and be was a mile or more away when the people called at his cabin and asked him to come out and play pen-

We are heavy on genuine reform in politics, but we can't be made to believe that the way to begin it is to nominate a thief to of-

"All right. Yer see, some folks don't THE WEATHER -Our subscribers have care, an' a kid can't keep papers clean when it sozzies all day, an' he can't sell de dirty ones as quick as der clean ones, so I been both surprised and pleased at the way we have hit the weather for the last two weeks. We didn't expect to do so well in the He had folded the paper carefully, and start off, as the only instrument we had was an old horse shoe, a two foot rule and a war

Our first prediction was that the following is slingin'? Clean papers an' dirty ones! week would be cold, clear, cloudy, warm and Why didn't yer fold de dirty ones de clean variable, with possibly rain.

We hit it even to the variable. She varied from a frost to such a bot night that everybody kicked the quiits off. The rain didn't She went on, and mused over the fact that even dirty faced and ragged and self last but three days, but that was sufficient to let us out. Our second prediction also hit it pat,

predicted winds, calms, sunshine, clouds, high pressure over the Arctic ocean, and low pressure around the mouth of the Amazon, with a considerable wobble between here and the Pacific. She wobbled. We got just what we expected, and from this out we are going ahead like a scared jack rabbit hunt-ing for cover. Watch our smoke.—Detroit

An Impassioned Appeal.

A young barrister in his first case was alled upon to defend a couple of deep dyed which only began with the Rocheste knockings, in 1848. I dined with him when ne was living at Craven cottage, on the villains, for whom there was no ch banks of the Thames. Brougham was of the party. We were to meet Alexis, then escape. He wound up his address to the jury as follows: "Gentlemen, there is, in the south of France, a small village of 200 inhabitants When the bell rang Bulwer, accompanied by two or three of his friends, left the room to receive In that village there stands a house, in that house there live an aged couple with their him. In the hall was the card tray. Bulonly daughter. The old man is perusing a paper with feverish anxiety, the old lady is shedding tears over her knitting, the young woman sits at the window gazing wistfully wer took from it a dozen or so of cards and After dinner Alexis went into a trance. Bulwer placed his hand in his pocket and before withdrawing it asked whose card he at the sky. They are waiting to hear the result of this trial, which will cause them imheld. The answer, after a brief pause, was mense delight or profound despair, according given correctly. The experiment was reas my case is won or lost, for that old man is peated at least a dozen times—always cor-rectly. Alexis was a French boy who had my father, that aged woman is my mother, and the young person is my sister!"-Le been but a few days in England. The cards Voleur Illustre. were all those of Englishmen. Clairvoyance was a term that probably most of the



you a liar, what would you do! The Large One (with emphasiss-I'd knock him down.
The Small One—Thanks. I was just going

to address a few remarks to you, but I'll wait till I get in Europe and then drop you a few

Not a Spendthrift.

"I am dying of hunger," says madame to her husband on returning from a shopping tour. "Why didn't you stop at a restaurant and get something?" "Oh, I don't like to spend money uselessly." "Well, did you find what you wanted?" "Yes, indeed; some lovely little hats at ninety-five francs." After a pause—"I took four of them."—Paris Figure.

"Come and dine with me this evening."

"I can't." "Why not?" "I am going to see 'Hamlet.'"
"Bring him with you."—Journal Illustra

True Affection. Envelope-What do you want! Stamp-Do not repel me; I am stuck on

AFTER A LONG SEARCH

mantic Story of a Little Girl Who Was Kidnapot About five years ago Mr. has Arnold, a son of old Parson Arnold, known in Shelby and adjoin of Alabama, while visiting mother, Mrs. Nancy Arnold of Shelby county, had a 4-yearold ter, Mahaia J., stolen from its Arnold learned that his child had seen with a woman who called Sarah J. Colbert, and who had at edly taken the girl away, inthe railroad office at Calera remain hint as to the direction gone or the jective point of the child said child's mother had died when the was an infant, but there was a brother and sister still living her

panions at the time of the about the girl. A search for the stolen & A search for the stole as proved fruitless, and five year elapsed. In the meantime to be had moved to Mississippi and magain to Tuskaloosa county, who lived when his daughter was the lived w where he has resided for the la years, since his return from His In 1887 John C. Arnold, who is sisted his brother in the search is lost child, received a postal carl Jan. 14, from Key, Ala., and sp. M. Bridges," informing him the ties" he had inquired about pr mail at that office. From this che the brother continued his same quiries and correspondence in the to discover the whereabouts of a

pent in trying to unravel the new he stolen child, when at last vig peared to be a fruitless effects warded by a substantial chr pi girl's probable whereabouts. Beli recently set out from his hours twenty miles south of Tuskion to trace up the information be in tained. On reaching St. Chirl lowed the windings of the Con Greensport and Hoke's Blaff a Cherokee-the county he set out had learned that a little waif # been left with a McAlva in the about fifteen to eighteen mis-Coloma. A description of the citi vinced Mr. Arnold that she was daughter. On reaching Method convictions were confirmed sur his eyes looked upon her feature

Nearly three more years was

McAlva said the girl had bea his house by a woman calling in Sal Wheeler, who was foun, in g by the alias Sal Colbert, and she ward came back after the dill fusing to give her up, but let ber the latter's clothes, which she is:
The girl had been called Emm's woman who stole her, but roas memory of her real name Kin now about 9 years old, and d in features, bright and intelligentie by no means of an unprepo pearance, -Ashville Ægis

Some Facts About "Esia" Charley Howard wastalking the the old book store, man a few ago, when a stranger fresh in Orleans slipped up, saying to ke "What will you give for a high Jefferson Davis' hair?"

"Ah! I have plenty of it," Mr. Burke. "Quite a quantity" Then as the stranger walk surprised that any one should treasure he thought so miss Burke said:

"The truth is I have everyth hunter wants. I have har? head of many distinguished man alive. Maybe you wouldn't life but one-quarter the money limit house came from the mle di George Washington's head."

"Do you know," Mr. Burken "that the relic hunter is the less on earth. Any relic he may to no value. It is simply a questa much he is able to pay. I can size a man up as he come !! therefore able to hit him justs

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"Take a battlefield relia" Burke after a pause. "I go and get my wife to markate pieces of ribbon as I want i pound two bullets together mile the ribbon. They are bullet, st which met in mid air on the St field. I put one in the and the card and the others in a to relic hunter buys the only soon as he is gone the drawn and another takes its place about a dime and bring in aft lanta Constitution.

To Keep Trousers is So A well dressed man recent leading men's furnishers shree to be shown suspenders. Predue investigation he selected style and inquired of the many pairs he had in stock the number and he took clerk meanwhile looking at a er with a suspicion as to There was method in the ness. "You see," said is." has a pair of suspenders for the trousers and one hangs the the suspenders from the class dependant weight keeps the shape and the bag out d Moreover," continued this F ter day Beau Brummell "pi waste of the time involved in ing of one's suspenders en changes one's trousers. bother.

"And then consider in sal wear and tear in both trousers. Besides, one par may be longer or shorter to and the suspenders, if the be changed, once adjusted process of hoisting up a causes an expenditure d tience, is done away at finitely pleasanter and decid iu the end to have a dose on hand," exclaimed the st toff in a tone of conviction up his package and grad doorway.—Clothier and from

But He Will Be Com A New Brunswick man guilty of murder while Canadians won't turn his somebody else. He will be as tightly as if his head of given the remainder of be it over" and get ready to mate is different, you Free Press.

Scuttling a Sile Inquiring Boy-Pa, es Pa (worried over temp They mean, my son, that bole in it like the cos sh scuttle has made in that is

chile talki