DETECTIVE DOWNEY EUGENE CITY GUARD.

By MRS. CASHEL HOEY.

"Thank you, sir: it is best in general.

Well, gentlemen, you are prepared by

what I have said to hear that Mrs. Morri-

son is not at Lucerne. (The mild director's

whole form silently proclaimed: I told

rou soft But you will be surprised to

car that she did not leave London with

Mr. Morrison, and that to the best of my

belief she is in England still! I acquired

this valuable information in the follow-

ing manner," here Downey dropped into

his professional tone and produced his

note book: "On inquiry at the Grosvenor

hotel I found that Mr. and Mrs. Morrison

had stayed there for two days and nights,

and that during that time Mrs. Morrison

had complained of illness. On the second

night she told the chambermaid in at-

tendance that although there was noth-

ing serious the matter she really could

not face foreign parts, but had made up

her mind to go to a quiet English sea

place during Mr. Morrison's absence. The

girl remembered this well, because, as

she acknowledged, Mrs. Morrison gave

that moment given notice that a hand-

room which Mrs. Morrison had occupied

rison, and how was I to get her address?

Of course, nobody knew and nobody

cared, and I was turning away, when the

young chambermaid said: 'Perhaps this

may help you,' and handed me a card.

It is evidently a lodging house address-

"This," answered Mr. Downey,

the least resembling Mr. Morrison crossed

to Calais that morning; and every pas-

senger on board, of anything like his age,

had a lady with him. He isn't gone; and

he will come or write-communicate

with her somehow; only give him time

lead him to remain in England, having a

fair chance of getting away," said the

mild director, "but as there's nothing to

be done until we've traced him, and your

The others assented more readily, and

the council of victims again separated.

Mr Morrison would have been annused

could be have known how very near to

conduct of the "U, and D."

"I can't imagine any motive that could

there I shall find Mrs. Morrison."

"but what then?"

and we shall get him."

objection to it."

L. L. CAMPBELL. . . Proprietor

EUGENE CITY. OREGON.

Swallowed Fifty Haives.

There are several well authenticated accounts of knife swallowing, as distinguished from the sword swallowing feats of itinerant jugglers. In the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal is reported the case of an American sailor, John Oummings, who swallowed at different periods within the space of two years bout fifty clasp knives. When he was twenty-three years of age he was on shore with some of his comrades at Havre, where he witnessed the feats of a conjurer who pretended to swallow knives. When he returned to his ship he swore that he could swallow knives as easily as the Frenchman had, and, being challenged, took his own knife and swallowed it. He then offered to swallow all the knives they would bring him. and eventually swallowed three.

This feat he afterward performed several times, and in Boston, in 1805, he swallowed in one evening no fewer than fourteen knives, after which he was taken so ill that he had to be removed to Charlestown hospital. He was afterward taken by the English ship Isis for emnggling, and on Dec. 4, 1803, he swallowed twelve knives, which terminated his career after a long and terrible illness. He died in March, 1807, in extreme agony, at Guy's hospital.

Happy Little Girls.

An interesting pair of cash girls go up

Sixth avenue every evening from one of the big retail stores. There are hundreds of such girls, but this particular pair challenge observation. One is a stunted little blond slip of a girl of perhaps eleven or twelve, the other a brunette slip of a girl a trifle older and half a head taller. Both are thin and round shouldered and bright eyed.

The taller girl invariably carries novel in her hand, from which she reads aloud to her companion as they walk. They go along at a swinging gait, keeping pace with the great, hurrying, 6 o'clock throng, plunging over crossings without apparently noticing anything or anybody, though the little listener looks out for both. The latter's ear is inclined toward the reader so she can catch every syllable above the roar of the street.

They seem to have a different book every day. I tried once to get a glimpse of the title, but they walked too fast for me. This much I ascertained-there was something about a duchess and an earl in the dialogue,-New York Herald.

Killed by Preacher, Skinned by Deacor Dr. Harmon Jones tells a good story which actually occurred in the early settlement of this county. During those days the Osage Indians prowled around in these woods, and bears, panthers and wild cats were plentiful. It was the custom to carry a gun most everywhere. There was always a few who carried their guns to church on Sunday morning. One Sunday Rev. Stephen Ham its fulfillment was his prediction of the was preaching down on Loutrie. It was way back in the 20s. While the Rev. Mr. Ham was closing his sermon with a red hot exhortation he saw a deer pass the window. He stopped preaching, told his audience to keep still, picked up living at No. 100 Marine terrace, Broadan old rifle and went out and killed the stairs, under the name of Spears; that deer. He completed his sermon while a the house was a respectable boarding couple of the deacons skinned the deer, house, at present tenanted by ladies only;

Dr. Jones went home with one of the but that he fully expected Mr. Morrison

for acting, and-pray, have you found my star, or the thief who stole it? No! Never mind, you can keep that twentypound note 'on account' until you do. But I really don't think you ought to hang on here any longer."

Downey was hardly able to get out the words: "Explain, woman, don't jeer like that. Who are you? You must be Mrs. Morrison; you were seen at the bank; you must have been; you passed as Mrs. Morrison at the Grosvenor hotel. She laughed in his face.

"I was seen at the bank, but the per sons who saw me would swear I am Mrs. Morrison as readily as you. I did not pass at the Grosvenor hotel as Mrs. Morrison; I never was inside the hotel in my life. I stopped in a cab at the door and I asked for Mrs. Morrison's bag. My name, I repeat, is Spears, Martha Spears; I am the wife of a sea captain, at present on his way to Calcutta; I have kept the boarding house in which you take so deep an interest for ten years; the invalid for whom you inquire of Susan so tenderly is old Mrs. Spears, my motherin-law. I see you're still puzzled and so will put you out of your pain. I am Mrs. Morrison's twin sister, and remarkably like her." Downey started. "I am very fond of her, and of him, too,

her something handsome on leaving the hotel, which she did with Mr. Morrison. and so I ought to be, for he set me up in In less than half an hour she came to the No. 100 when he married my sister hotel door in a cab, and asked if she could Jane see the chambermaid. The girl had only

"Oh, ho!" said Downey, "so that's how it was worked, was it?"

bag had been left in a drawer in the "That's how it was worked; though, mind, I don't commit myself to saying This was a lucky accident; for Mrs. Morwhat 'it' means, either in your mouth or rison's return to the hotel to get her bag mine. You've got nothing against me, proves that she did not leave England you know, and you'll get nothing out of with Mr. Morrison. I assumed a troubled me if you were all the detectives who air, and said it was very annoying-I had never find anything but mares' nests occasion to communicate with Mrs. Morrolled into one, for the excellent reason that there's nothing to get."

She paused in her voluble talk and laughed again-a long laugh, full of fun and enjoyment.

"Where are they?"

'It was stuck in the looking glass to He had grasped her arm voluntarily, tighten it,' she added; 'I saw Mrs. Morriand she shook off his hold with good son put it there, and I'm sure I don't humored contempt.

know how I came to put it in my pocket, "Come," she said, "you're not quite a but I did.' That's the card, gentlemen. fool, though you're not far off one. Do you imagine I know-do you think I'm '100 Marine terrace, Broadstairs'-and uch a fool as to want to know? Drop it. my good man, and do go back to all the "Very likely," said the mild director; cases' you will never make anything of by the very next train, for you are a nuisance as well as a ninny, I assure had been reserving his effect; "I don't

believe he's gone either! From inquiries With another laugh she left him, I have made I am satisfied that no one in tripped across the road as lightly as a girl, and let herself into her house with her latchkey, turning for an Instant before she shut the door to wave him an ironical salute.

Downey went back to town by the first train and reported himself at the 'U. and D." No minutes of that interview exist among his papers. He was much depressed for a time, but he gradually consoled himself by the reflection that he had been right after all. He had looked for the woman at the bottom of plan offers a chance of doing so, 1 see no this Morrison case and he had found her -only there were two and they were

THE END.

twins.

The Spirit of English Football.

It is entertaining to listen to the observations of foreigners upon our na-Mr. Downey had been on the watch at tional game of football. Here it seems Broadstairs for a full month before he as if our character was objectively epithad anything to report to his employers. omized. For a mere piece of leather beyond the fact that Mrs. Morrison was to risk broken necks, heads and limbs in so reckless a manner! And yet if herein one does not discover a very direct descendant of the chivalrous eraze of the Middle Ages, I doubt if any better venison in his life. Dock is now man boarder. He was as far as ever exist. Our forefathers, several centu- figures. The darkies were apparently all ries back, do not, to us, seem very wise in their habit of going about fighting with each other on behalf of the black or the blue eyes of their lady loves. But they did it with the same zest, and probably got as much satisfaction out of it, as our modern fellow countrymen doors, to the best of his belief, since his in the honor of winning their game .-All the Year Round.

SHALL I NOT KNOW

When over me the heedless wild things grow, Will any mourn for me a little space, Or grieve that in that grave so cool and low 1 find my resting place?

The strong world will go on though I am still, The morning sun mocks darkness with his pride, The sunset spiendors clothe the western hill As though I had not died.

The summer roses answer to the sun, The lone last bird wall in the key sedge For winter's reign begun.

No hats so keen that it can pierce that rest; I shall not hear Life's footsteps passing by, Or know that Death is best;

My ears were deaf and my closed lips 1000

Might know that thou hadst cor For me the husy world did not stand still,

But, come! shall I not know? Louise Chandler Mouiton in Washington Post.

were busy at work on the high way one August day repairing the broken places and evening up the Lynchburg road, as customary with all the planters who preferred paying their taxes by deed rather than by money. Not that the road was especially bad, for as Virginia roads go it was in tolerably fair condition for a locality where even yet one meets more travelers on horseback than in vehicles, but the taxes had to be worked out, and the darkies shoveled and dug in the perfunctory way common to all human beings who do not feel the animus of pay or recompense to reward their efforts. As they worked they kept time with the cadences of a song o chant. Who that has heard that wild, weird

boy. Their master, unlike his overseer, was to have an interval of rest at midday. Now they threw themselves flat on their backs, from the burning sun, went fast asleen, careless and with that abandon which characterof boofs did not arouse them, and when the riders drew near only the overseer and the county supervisor were awake to greet them. The travelers were a youth and a lady, the former handsome, proud, and refined-the personification of the gentleman of the Old inion-the girl shapely and fair, glowing

The girl nodded to her father's overseer, the young man cast a careless greeting to the idlers, and, touching up their horses, the twain disappeared down the road in the direction of the mansion. For a moment neither of the men spoke, then the supervisor said,

"Yes," ejaculated the other, "as vain and

The two became deeply absorbed in low onversation, in which the overseer did most of the talking, apparently striving earnestly to persuade his companion to agree with his views. In their preoccupation they forgot entirely the presence of the negroes, and it was only when the overseer, provoked at some remark of his companion, made a loud, angry roply they recollected their surroundsuch descendant may still be said to ings and glanced uneasily at the recumbent asleep, and, with a sigh of relief, the overseer drew a whistle from his bosom and blew a shrill blast, which brought every one to his feet in an instant. The slaves had learned by sore experience not to delay when the signal was heard. Cursing roundly at their tardiness, the overseer set them to their task some distance away and resumed conversation with his companion. The slaves recommenced their wailing chant, but one stalwart negro did not join in the refrain. He lingered near the white men laboring by the roadside doggedly and to appearances oblivious to all but his occupation. His eyes, bent downward, flashed however, and his muscles twitched, as he listened unbeknown to the plot being concocted between the worthies near by. "Black Rafe," as he was called far and wide on account of his intensely dark skin, was no more a favorite of the overseer than the white task master was of the slave. Sharp, the overseer, was well aware of the cause of the negro's stubbornness and illy concealed vindictiveness toward him, and while he laughed scorafully at the warnings of his associates he nevertheless felt insecure when alone with the giant negro, although he hid his fears under a cloak of redoubled harshness and ill treatment. He knew that Rafe had sworn to avenge the wrongs of the slave girl, Mary, and on this account he had frequently endeavored to persuade the planter to sell Rafe to some Alabama or Mississippi dealer, so that he might forever be ral of his presence. No one but Sharp had any fault to find with Rafe and his master had flouted the idea of parting with him. To all but Sharp Rafe was kind gentle and obedient. Among the darkies cabins Rafe's was the one at which the men and women loved to meet in the evening, and the slaves believed in him to the uttermost. Rafe's influence was strong among the slaves, as Sharp well knew, and the overseer had on a number of occasions deemed it discreet to be somewhat less severe upon his despised foe when seeing the glitter in the eyes of the others. So until the distant farm bell sounded the evening summons for their return the negroes tolled on the road, and the white men schemed and plotted by the wayside, the sullen Nemesis hoitering not far away, engerly drinking in every word he could hear. There was a grand party at the mansion. Old Virginia hospitality was being outpoured upon friends and neighbors of the Fairdolphe in henor of the daughter Anita. For days the preparations had been going on. All the femals slaves had been called to the house, and the old black mammy who had charge of the kitchen was in a glory of pies, cakes, rousts and fruits. When Anita trespossed upon the domain of the cook she was gently and firmly, albeit respectfully, pushed out of the door amid the snickering of the pickaninnice and the wide grins of their elders. But now the day of the great event had come and from the middle of the afternoon until dusk quaint old carriages had been rolling up the drive and depositing their loads of blooming maidous and beaming matrons upon the stoop, while gallant brothers, lovers and husbands on their favorite steeds accom panied them. As the old fiddler and his assistants entered, smiling and scraping, what a hum of expectancy ran through the assem blage! The youths and the maidens gathered diamond star and employed me to find world,-Erastus Wiman in Baltimore in knots, the children came trooping in from the kitchen from the taffy pull and even the old folks twisted around in their seats, the better to enjoy the music. Swiftly ran the ours away amid such scenes! The whirl of the dance, the animated conversation, the babble of the little ones filled the house with pleasing confusion. In the long dining room the women were working with a will, placing everything in readiness for the supper The kitchen was filled with the female slaves, all on tiptos of

excitement and anticipation for the feast THE ART OF LEAVING. they would surely receive after the guests had been served. Out in the yard the serv-A Good Bule Is Baving Once Arisen to

ing men had built a huge bonfire, around Go Never to Sit Down Again. which they gathered and smoked, whiling Do cultivate the art of leaving

away the time until they should be called promptly. Even if you can't do it in ato the house to eat and drink with the woan artistic way, learn to do it someoen. The fire, flashing and twisting, lighted up their faces until they shone like polished how chony, and the fitful flames ever and anon Some people seem to be anchored in

sinking down, casting heavy shadows, threw the parlor when they pay a call. To into obscurity the figures seated in the outer the flight of time and the near approach of her hostess' dinner hour this sorteof caller pays no attention. Frequently she says, "Oh, I must go," gets up, sits

down again, and goes on talking. Presently she again says that she must go, gets up and continues to talk. She gets into the hall at length and talks there. Finally the anxious visitee, who the rosy maiden who had but quit the walts and started in quest of her mother. The new hears the baby crying up stairs, gets comer was a little negro girl, one of the the door open for her guest, who slaves' children living far out in the most makes a supplementary call upon the distant cabin of the "quarters." She had doorstep, exposing the other to pneubeen sent hither to-night by old Sallie, she said, and the bed ridden, negross had asked monia. At last she descends the steps, that Miss 'Nita come to her quickly. Her and the hostess precipitately retreats rheumatics were much worse and there was and shuts the door, for fear she will no one around. If missy could but look in on think of something else to come back her in her beautiful new ball dress, the very sight of her would chase away the pain. Such and say.

was the message the child brought, and with-The writer once heard of a woman out besitating an instant Anita picked up a who, considerably chagrined at the anlight shawl and following the girl stepped out nouncement of a visitor whom she into the darkness. A long lane led to the "quarters" and from it opened a byway leadknew had these staying powers just as ing through the woods to the Lynchburg road, she was preparing to keep an important engagement, decided to go into the The little colored girl hastened ahead of parlor with her bonnet on and explain Anita, and, although the maiden was a stran-

her hurry. She even arranged with ger to fear, she began to regret having starther husband to come into the room and ed on the journey alone. It was too late to turn back now, and she hurried along, anx-"remind" her at the end of a quarter of ious to pass the clump of trees where the road an hour. left the lane. The heavy dew wet her satin The guest did not take a hint from

slippers and her ankles, and the cool air made the bonnet beyond saying that she her shiver. As she gained the thicket she fancied she saw a man standing by the fence would only stay a few minutes, but corner, and her courage almost forsook her, when the reminder came she exclaimed. though but for an instant. Who would dare 'Oh, then I must go, of course," stood to molest her on her father's plantation! And up and remained talking several minso, with a trembling, yet quiet bosom, she utes more, walked to the door and

stopped again. At last Mrs. R., in des-She could now clearly see that there was man standing in the shadow, and she immeperation, suggested that they should diately judged it to be Sharp. Far from bewalk along together as far as they ing reassured, she felt almost on the point of could. The visitor agreed, but even reaming for help, but the thoughts of the at the corner where they parted, she ridiculous position in which she would be stood talking long enough for Mrs. R. placed should her fears be unfounded deterred er. She spoke pleasantly to him, but into lose her train and her appointment. stead of answering he sprang to her side Shy and nervous young people have threw an arm around her and, roughly the hardest time in leaving, and are placing his other hand over her mouth, lifted more to be pitied than blamed. Their the maiden off the ground and started with suffering is often great. They are imher into the dark woods. Fear loaned strength to the slight form of the girl, and suddenly pressed with the idea that the how is wrenching her face loose from the ruffian's of more consequence than the what, grasp, scream after scream burst from her and they keep trying and trying to lead With a curse the overseer struck her the conversation into what they think with his fist, and again he lifted his hand to deal a blow which did not reach its mark. A will be a graceful departure. They are giant form bounded from the shadow and wishing themselves away a great deal with an unearthly yell pounced upon the abmore desperately than any one else can. ductor. One blow the stranger struck the They watch for pauses in the conversavillain, who, dazed and blinded, released the tion, and clear their throats to intromaiden and tottered almost to failing. Quickly recovering, Sharp turned to face his foe, and duce some variation upon Lemuel's "I his heart stood still as he saw before him guess I'd better be going," but they are Rafe, the slave, who had threatened his life never quick enough. Somebody else for a previous wrong, now confronting him begins to speak, and they resign themin the very act of a second deed of villainy. selves with sinking hearts to waiting For a moment only he stood still, then realizing it must be a fight to the death, he unanother ten minutes.

sheathed a knife and threw himself upon the Still it is not always the caller's fault negro, who, with no other weapon than a that she does not go. Sometimes it is club, as engerly met him. Only for an instant the hostess who is the fluent person, were they together, but in that instant the who ends every sentence with a rising slave had brought down his arm with killing inflection, indicating that it is only susforce upon his enemy's head, while Sharp had plunged his blade to the hilt in the other's pended and that she is going right on. heart. Not a word was spoken, not a groan In such case it may appear to the caller was heard, but when the throng hurrying as if it would be rude to interrupt her, from the mansion, bareheaded, breathless though she may have heard the muffled from the dancing, and horror stricken at the tiptoeing of the rest of the family past cries of Anita, reached the spot, they found the combatants lying in the shadows-dead the parlor door and the subdued clatter The feeble torch, which some one had caught of china from somewhere, and have a from the bonfire in the tumuit, lit up the painful suspicion that dinner or tea is

scene: the ladies in ball room attire, the men ready and they don't want to ring the flushed and excited, a few venturesome slaves with protruding eyes, the dark green boughs, bell. But there is one golden rule

A CHARACTERISTIC LETTER

An Epistie from Jay Gould With Nearly Forty Years Aga. About forty years ago the staid ins About forty years and the main has itants of central New York took bo liking to an active young surveyors lived in Roxbury, a small town in D

ware county. He arose early in morning and tramped over the bills vales adjacent to where he lived. his surveying instruments he took m nrements, made maps and foundam sale for the product of his activity brain.

Although he was a small youth he a vigorous way about him that he the slow going farmers and delign even the loungers about the point and grocery combined, to whom her "talks" on Saturday evenings.

When he left the township and me away for good the local prophets great things in store for him, and dicted that some day he might i been a selectman of the village if he remained, but they forgot him for ja and only recalled his presence whe identity with Jay Gould, the fac financier, was proved to their ato

ment. Robert Fullerton keeps an "old osity shop" on Third avenue near B eenth street, where almost any a odd sort of thing can be discon Among the treasures shown a rece was a letter written in 1854 by this young surveyor, who could now de less cash in his assets for a round to 000,000, if he felt so disposed. In of the fact that Mr. Gould spelled " pass," "barometrical" and "damage" a unique way and scattered capital

ters to suit himself, the letter looks oughly businesslike, and it may be sumed that Judge Sherman loaned "level" he possessed, and that it was turned to him in proper condition.

The fact that even as a young man was "connected" with the Newburg Syracuse railroad showed his early h ing for the business in which he made himself known all over the up "It's curious," said Mr. Fuller "but you will notice that he was only connected with one road but could not rest until he had enable another route through West Settlem and Puses Brook. That he did this thoroughly is evident. The handwis is none of your offhand affairs, but can see the exactness with which e "t" is crossed and the care with wi after the letter is written, words, inserted to allow of no mistake ! politeness and anxiety in the lasta

graph of the letter proper are also ent, such as an enthusiastic bore not fall to put in, knowing that a per of Judge Sherman's position went accustomed to respect as a judge. "He was also careful to add 'judg the beginning, so as to give the recip the thrill of pleasure popularly supp to mildly shock every person w

handle to his name. A postscript alw adds to the effect of a letter, for an who might throw away a begging en cannot resist glancing at a posts and the offer of pay for the use of the strument finished the note.

"He had evidently not intended offer any money at first, but the thou of a possible refusal and the need of other appeal probably settled themat It could do no harm, anyway."-N York World.

Man Is a Monument Building Creats Mr. James Ricalton, writing of wonderful old ruins of monumenta shrines at Anuradhapura, the City the Sacred Bo-Tree in Ceylon, "From the days of the mound but

down to the Eiffel tower man has she

himself to be a monument erecting

ing; the Christians have their a

drais, the Mohammedans have

mosques and the Buddhists have I

shrine tombs, designated different

different countries as pagoda, tope

"The pagodas of China are entit

dissimilar to those of Burmah, and

dagobas of Ceylon are quite unlike th

in either country; yet all serve the

purpose of relic sepulture. They are

altogether a thing of the past; they

still erected near the temples, but it

of modern construction are small

unimportant when compared with 8

that have withstood biennial mozed for 2,000 years; even their half but

They Worship the Dram.

Among the Samoiedes and the U

of northern Asiatic Russin the d

passes almost to an idol. They add it, erect it in their hut, and the pri of the superstition by the aid of the

vine instrument effect that may "disappearance" which has puzzled

downward to account for, and has g

rise to as much guesswork at its e

dation as the feats of the Indian

glers. The Samolede, after beating

drum and working up the senses of

spectators to a pitch of great end ment. mysteriously vanishes into i

air before the eyes of all. Civil

travelers naturally hold that it h

trick. The Samoiedes themselves

clare that the power resides in the dr

idol. The peculiar thing is that nell

one party nor the other has been able

explain how the vanishing occur

When Woods Decay

Tests have been made to determine

kinds of woods when buried under

aspen were both found to decay in th

years, the willow and the backere

four years, the maple and the red b

As Accommodating Employer.

iiilar.

Charlie Youngnoodle (stock cle

Employer-1 have no particular of

in five years, elm and ash in seven,

Chambers' Journal.

travelers from Sir Hugh

Willong

ruins are stupendous."

dagoba,

they had just reined their horses.

"Mighty pooty gal, that."

stuck up as pritty. That follow with her, the reckon to even up with the old man, and take no one with me."

circle. In one of these moments of semi-The spring flowers will awake in field and hedge, darkness, Rafe got up quietly and vanished in the gloom, nor was his absence noticed for a long time after. The darkies, free from the presence of the overseer, were enjoying the infrequent treat to the utmost. Just as the old clock in the hallway was No fleeting joys shall mock me where I lie; striking 10 a hooded girl sprang from her lookout by the door and intercepted Anita,

a mile distant.

continued her way.

Or if, sealed fast by Death, even to that cry dumb. My soul, headless of others passing by,

Nor in one heart the summer cease to glow, And Love and Life on earth shall have their will;

BLACK RAFE'S DEVOTION.

The dozen black "boys" of John Fairdolph

work song of the southern slave can ever forget it? Without words, without meaning, rising in stentorian accents and anon sinking into mellow tones, always changing yet ever the same, the uncouth lips frame the sounds unconsciously and to the listening ear not un-

antly. Today, as the noontide hour drew near, the men ceased their labors at the voice of the overseer and sat down by the wayside to ent the food brought from the distant hum by a not harsh and had always permitted the men and, without even their hats to protect them izes man without purpose. Even the tramp

with the exercise of the gallop from which

hound, has turned her silly head. See here, Sam, I'm jist about tired of this, and I'm goin' to leave the locality, but when I go I

fifty-three years. He practiced medicine Mo., seven years. He is the oldest druggist in the county, and came here when this country was a wilderness.-Fulton (Mo.) Gazette.

The Antiquity of Geese.

There is much curious amusement to be had in tracing where the foodstuffs we use and the domestic animals we eat or use, originally came from. Professor Max Muller, reasoning through his science of words, finds that the goose was domesticated very early, or at least some bird like it.

Goose in English, ganse in German; dropping the g according to the laws of language, the word becomes anser in Latin and correspondingly in Greek, with the aspirate that marks the Digamma was dropped, and so back to area in the Sanscrit. Our prehistoric Sanscrit ancestors of the Indian fable lands, had geese. Professor Muller, therefore, con-cludes birds resembling them closely, though thousands of years the name has remained, varying only according to the known laws of the change of pronunciation, and probably the Thingston throughout behind the name. Such is the antiquity of geese. - New York Evening Sun.

The Blarney Stone.

The village of Blarney is in the south of Ireland, about four uniles from Cork. ney?" Blarney castle was built by Cormack MacCarthy, the Strong, fourth lord of Muskerry, about the middle of the Fifteenth century. The ruins of the famous old fortress are visited by thousands of tourists every year. This is largely on account of a tradition which has been attached for some centuries to one of the stones used in building the castle. This stone is said to communicate to the tongue that touches it the gift of gentle, insinuating speech, and that has given rise to the accusation when any one is of particularly sweet accent that he or she has "kissed the Blarney stone."-Detroit Free Press.

A Clever Betort.

An old lady brought up as a witness before a bench of magistrates, when asked to take off her bonnet refused to do so, saying, "There's no law compeling a woman to take off her bonnet." "Oh," said one of the magistrates, "you know the law, do you? Perhaps you would like to come up and sit here and teach us?" "No, I thank you, air," replied the old lady; "there are old women enough there already."-San Francisco Argonaut

Something of a Lie.

Sho-Iau't Dr. Anderson very absent He-Yes. That's why he never married.

He went to kins his sweetheart's hand once and vaccinated her instead -Judge.

The conductors of all the street cars, omnibuses and other vehicles for public accommodation in Warsaw, in that part of the city between Novaya Praga and the suburb of Brudno, are women, and fulfill their duties more accurately and to the better satisfaction of the public Downey. I merely possess a little talent

acons to dinner, and says he never ate to appear in the character of a gentle seventy-seven years old, and has been a from being able to account for the propracticing physician and druggist for ceedings of either the man or his wife, but his belief in his own maxim, "Keep in East St. Louis four years and in Paris, the woman under your eye and you'll get the man if he's above ground," remained intact. Mrs. Morrison was in bad health; she had not been out of

arrival at Broadstairs, and an ingenuous

servant girl, judiciously questioned, had given him many particulars of the malady of Mrs. Spears. He was, therefore, not a little surprised, when taking his usual stroll on the beach in front of Marine terrace, to behold Mrs. Morrison, just as he had seen her in the manager's room at the "U, and D.," but without her discomposure, come forth from No. 100 and cross the road to the beach in such a fashion as to come up with him

and confront him at once. She was the picture of health, and her bright, dark eves shot a bold, derivive glance at the dumfounded detective, as she accosted him:

"How do you do. Mr. Downey? How do you like Broadstairs? You must find it rather dull, I fancy, but I suppose the pay atones. I'm sorry to cut off your supplies, but I really cannot keep on dodging you when I want a walk any longer, and it takes up my clever housemaid's time to watch you go off and some on your beat, besides, it isn't ne cessary now, and even though it is a bank that pays, one ought not to waste

their money, you know. Eh, Mr. Dow-





'Madam! Mrs. Morrison!" "Mrs. Morrison? What do you mean by calling me out of my name?" "Do you mean to tell me you are not Mrs. MorrisonF

"Certainly I do."

Not the-not the person who lost a it? Why, Mr. Morrison named you to Sun. me as his wife."

"Mr. Morrison did nothing of the kind. He named you to me, and you, with your wonderful cleverness, you know, took the other thing for granted."

"You mean to tell me you person-

The Duke's Way.

During the occupation of Paris by the allies in 1815 a French marshal shouldered an English colonel from the sidewalk into the street. Thereupon the Englishman, being forbidden by a general order of Wellington's to give a challenge to or accept one from a French officer, did what he considered the only thing left him-knocked the Frenchman down, and later refused him satisfaction in a duel. The latter then made a formal complaint to the duke. who, to soothe the marshal's feelings, sent a written reprimand to the colonel, but in it inclosed a cordial invitation to dinner.-New York Recorder.

Storage of Heat.

A lake has a wonderfully tempering effect on the climate. Thus, according to M. Forel, the quantity of heat accumulated in the lake of Geneva during the summer of 1889 was equal to that given off by the combustion of \$1,000,-000 tons of coal, or the amount carried by a coal train 1,120 miles in length The greater part of the heat is discharged into the air of the valley during the cold season, thus producing a milder temperature in autumn and win-

ter.-La Famille A Baby's Foot in a Sea Shell.

George W. Fox, of Redwood City, Cal., has in his possession one of the most remarkable curiosities ever found on the Pacific coastnothing more or less than an abalone shell, in the interior of which, firmly incased in the pearly shell secretion, there are a baby's shoe and stocking. The shape is perfect in every particular, and the size indicates that the owner of these pedal coverings was a very roung child. The sole of the shoe and the toe, budly worn and red from water soaking. can be plainly seen where the secretion has not entirely enveloped them,-Philadelphia Ledger.

One Sunday's Pleasure Crowd.

As to Staten Island the development there is simply marvelous. This is best illustrated by the simple statement that on one Sunday the receipts of the Rapid Transit railroad were \$8,000. As the fare is ten cents, this means 80,000 fares, or 40,000 people, a larger aggregation of humanity carried by this little road than by any surface road in the

Her Fats.

Mrs. De Work-I have trained my eldest daughter into a thorough housekeeper. There is nothing she does not know.

Miss De Flight-What a nice, handy maiden aunt she will make for your other daughters' children !-

t grass and those fearful What a climax to the festivities in the road. of the night!

The next morning the slaves found a horse and buggy hid in the thicket near by and the overseer's scheme was made apparent, Poor Rafe was buried in the family lot of the Fair dolphs, and to this day a stone extols the merits of the negro who perished to save the daughter of his master.-Philadelphia Times.

Corsets and Feminine Athletics.

It seems that the young ladies at the London Collegiate school are divided into two The conservatives persist in the marties. good old custom of sticking to the corset, The radicals, of course, cry "Down with it," There is, as usual, a third party of moderates, who stick to their stays, but avoid tight lac ing. These parties have settled their disputes by a poll, which took the form of an athletic contest, consisting of a high leap, a long leap, a tug of war and running competition. There were sixteen competitors, eight on either side. The non-corset champion distanced all rivals with a leap of twelve feet. Those who did not wear corsets were easy victors in the tug of war "endurance running." This is all very well, but it is not serious. In real life young ladies who take fiea like leaps of twelve feet would be found too lively for common mor tals. Picture the possibilities of such abnormal activity !- Pall Mall Gazetta.

The Bank of England.

The Bank of Eugland was projected by William Paterson, and was incorporated July 27, 1694. At first the charter of the bank was for eleven years only, but in consequence of the great services of the institution to the government it has been several times re newed. It is governed by a board of directors consisting of twenty-four persons, a governor and a deputy governor. The offices of governor and deputy governor are given in rotation. The deputy governor always succeeds the governor, and usually the oldest director who has not been in office becomes deputy governor. The governor and deputy governor change every two years. The elder nembers of the board-that is, those who have passed the chair, or, in other words, served as governor-form a standing con mittee of indefinite powers (no precise de scription has ever been given of them), and this committee is called the committee treasury.

Supplying a Demand.

Customer-I want to get a three dollar shirt for \$1.50. Proprietor-Yes, sir. (Aside to clerk) James, show this man some of our \$1.50 shirts for \$3 .- Clothier and Furnisher.

Comfort.

Gus (reflectively)-So poor Will is gone! Well, the good die young! Harry-Cheer up, old fellow! Never mind about that. You're destined to live a long while yet -Lowell Citizen.

A Truth Uttered. Son-But accidents will happen, father, in the best regulated families.

to understand that mine is not one of the best regulated families.-Judge.

An Impertinent Question "That's as true as I live," said the stock

"Yes, but how true do you live?" the ville Journal.

An Affectionate Sponse

give you the most pain?

of all regret her being left a widow .- Yeno-

that the caller may stick to. When you once get up to go never sit down again. -New York World.

The Biblical Novel.

Taking age for age with the change of civilization, our time, in finding interest in a Biblical novel, repeats the period of the religious drama, and occasionally the latter day story is as crude, comparatively, as was the earlier play, as coarse in its feeling and as revolting in its action. Lew Wallace, learning from Kingsley and Victor Hugo certain literary effects, wrote a tale that was at least powerful in adventure, scene painting and the feeling for humanity; it had force, though somewhat rudely exercised; and, if its attraction was at times a meretricious

glitter, there was also much besides to hold and fasten the mind by the energy of great ideas in which the Christian world is built.

If the actual reverence of the reader was not offended and his sense of artistic propriety was not violated, there is no room to wonder that he enjoyed the tale and felt it deeply. But, while to say this is justly due to the author, it is impossible to make any similar allowance for the imitations to which his example gave rise; they are only degradations of the sacred story. -George E. Woodberry in Forum.

Odd Things to Be Proud Of.

A Londoner used to boast that he had never been within Westminster abbey, St. Paul's cathedral, the British museum, or any of the recognized show places. An old fellow who had worked many years on a certain farm would proudly exclaim on the slightest

provocation, "I've worked for Gaffer Giles forty year, an never 'arned more variations in the length of time that required to produce decay in diffe nor ten shilling a week!" Another old rustic, the shortest way to whose home from the road was over a canal lock, used to say, "For well nigh tifty year surface of the ground. The birth I've crossed the 'cut' twice a day, mornin an night, an I've never tummel'd in !"-London Tit-Bits

Large Hats Push Down the Ears. Ears are sometimes pushed down and uninjured at the expiration of a forward by the lower rim of a hat years .- St. Louis Republic.

crown, and parents should see to it that no risk of this kind is run, as it brings about as great a deformity as though Mr. Duste, can I go on the read? the wearer of a too large or heavy hat were born with unlovely features.-Detion, Charlie, if you prefer it to the troit Free Press. walk .- Jewelers' Cit

One of the biggest lobsters on record was recently caught at Whitby, England. It measures from snout to extremity of tail, 18 inches; circumference of body, 18 inches; full breadth of tail, 8 inches; length of crusher claw, 12 inches; weight when alive, 9 pounds 5 ounces.

To form an idea of the experimenta that take place abroad in the way of testing new devices in warfare, the sta-

tion at Liege, Belgium, consumes nearly 4,000,060 cartridges and forty tons of powder a year in testing firean

A Conclusion Jumped At-Guest-1 assure you that Mr. Ed has invented a machine that will t and talk without ever resting * ment.

Old Lady (slightly deaf)- What you say was the woman's name? -P burg Bulletin.

A Roundabout Rejection-"When will you become my Ethel

"On the 29th day of February. "But there's no such day." "That's the size of it."-New YorkS

Father-That's all right, but I want y

broker to a customer.

customer supiciously inquired. - Somer-

-I say, pet, what calamity would

He-As I idoline my wife, I should most