EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL, - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

THE GOLDEN ROD.

There's gold in the miser's chest
  Fast locked with a golden key;
And a gold most rare in a woman's hair
  And a gold in the sands at sea;
There's a tawny gold on the wheat's lithe length
  Where its breeze tossed billows nod,
  But never a gold so full and free,
  Ah, me—
  None, none like the goldenrod.

There's gold on the maple's branch
  That gleams on an autumn lea,
And a golden crown when the sun dies down
  While the shadows turn and flee;
There's a wealth of gold in the pointed leaves
  Where the willow strews the sod,
  But no such feathery filagree,
  Ah, me—
  None, none like the goldenrod.

There's gold in the dawn's faint streaks
  That gilut on the poplar tree,
There's gold in the mine, and in ices of wine,
  And gold on the humble bee,
But by the plumes of its knightly crest,
  Where the wild wind rides roughshod,
  There is never a gold so fair to see,
  Ah, me—
  None, none like the goldenrod.
—Ernest McGaffey in Arkansaw Traveler.

Few Colds from Exposure.

I remember some curious facts of my own experience in the army in 1862 and 1863. I was not strong, and indeed was hardly fit to be in the army at all. And when I found myself exposed all day long to a steady rain, and at night to the outdoor air, with no fire, no change of clothing, no shelter but a canvas covering open at both ends, through which the rain dripped constantly, it seemed certain that the "death o' cold" so often predicted must surely follow.

Why it did not follow was more of a mystery then, however, than it is now. For I was in a place where the art of man no longer excluded one of the prime principles of health. I breathed pure air because I could not help it. During a service of fifteen months, with severe exposures, but fresh air constantly, the same immunity from colds prevailed.

I remember, too, that when I came home from the army the blessing and the curse—at least one of the curses of civil life—came back together. I had comfortable rooms to eat, breathe and sleep in on the one hand, but very soon colds, sore throats and related troubles on the other.—Rev. J. W. Quinby in Popular Science Monthly.

Worshiping Medicine Bottles.

An eminent lady missionary in Burmah recently gave Dr. A. J. Gordon an instructive but somewhat startling chapter from her experience. In one of her tours, she said, she came upon a village where cholera was raging. Having with her a quantity of a famous painkiller she went from house to house administering the remedy to the invalids and left a number of bottles to be used after she had gone. Returning to the village some months after, the missionary was met by the head man of the community, who cheered and delighted her by this intelligence: "Teacher, we have come over to your side. The medicine did us so much good that we have accepted your God."

Overjoyed at this news, she was conducted to the house of her informant, who, opening a room, showed her the painkiller bottles solemnly arranged in a row upon a shelf, and before them the whole company immediately prostrated themselves in worship.—Modern Church.

Bowery Pawnshops.

The pawnbrokers' sales shops have held me before their windows many and many an hour since childhood, and today when I pause before one I feel a keener touch of the impulses of youth than anything else can bring back to me. There is much humbug in the Bowery, but there is no humbug in what these stores display. Pathos and tragedy are constantly exhibited and enacted on every block of that throbbing avenue, but it all seems to me as nothing beside the tragic and pathetic tales that are told by the goods in these store fronts. The vanity of man is felt by every poor stranger who is knocked about and jostled by the crowds that throng the pavement, but for a sermon upon vanity I know no text in all New York like the contents of one of these windows.—Julian Ralph in Century.

Fossil Shells Near Boston.

Twenty-one specimens of fossil shells have been found in the vicinity of Boston. Some of these fossils were found in the Muddy river, on the border of Brookline; some have been found in the dredging of the Charles river near the Back Bay. Some of the oyster shells are ten inches long. Other specimens come from South Boston, midway between City Point and Castle island. None of these are now existing north of Cape Cod and but few north of New Jersey, except in rare cases.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Japanese Festivals.

The Japanese festivals are easily remembered: First of first month, the new year; third of third month, feast of dolls, for girls; Fifth of fifth month feast of flags, for boys; seventh of seventh month, the day for the god and goddess of love. Tonabota; ninth of ninth month, the "escape to the mountain," the feast of chrysanthemums. The latter is not now generally observed.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Simple Cure for Consumption.

An American physician, Dr. Helmer, asserts that a dose of peroxide of hydrogen, twenty drops in water every day, will do more toward curing consumption than anything previously used for that purpose. He further states that sixty drops will sterilize a quart of milk and render it harmless to children. This is applying peroxide of hydrogen to nobler uses than bleaching hair, for which purpose it has been principally used.—New York Recorder.

An Apt Reply.

"What is that," said an oriental ruler at his banquet, "which did not come last year, has not come this year and will not come next year?" An officer, unabashed, replied, "It must surely be our back pay." Instead of being punished for his humor the man received what was due him and was promoted to a higher position.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Kansas woman recently issued a card of thanks to friends who had helped her to secure a divorce.

BABY BEALS' ADVENTURE.

Kidnaped by a Servant and Ransomed by His Father.

The most remarkable case of kidnaping since the historic and still unsolved mystery of Charley Ross' disappearance is that of David T. Beals, Jr., the two-year-old son of David T. Beals, president of the Union National bank at Kansas City.

The family were at dinner the other evening, when a recently engaged servant known as Lizzie Smith remarked, "I'll get Mr. Beals' paper," and went into the hall where the baby boy was playing with his six-year-old sister Dora. The woman picked up the child, darted out of the front door and disappeared. Within three minutes the family knew that their darling had been abducted, and every means that law, love and money could command was set in motion to effect his rescue. Friends flocked to the aid of the afflicted parents, the city police guarded the depots and turned out all available men for special duty on the case, while a general alarm was sent to the regular patrolmen, and the Pinkerton agency detailed its skilled "operatives" to find the trail.

It developed during the night that the kidnaping was the result of a well laid plot in which two and probably more conspirators were involved. With the Ross case vividly before his mind Mr. Beals determined to submit to financial loss rather

DAVID AND DORA BEALS.

than run the risk of losing his child. So, on the succeeding day he announced through the papers and in other ways that he would give $5,000 for his son's return, that he would ask no questions and that he would make no prosecution. At noon he received notice to meet a stranger at the postoffice. He went there, but failed to see the person who had written to him. Early in the evening he returned home, despairing and broken down.

The bell rang about 7:30 p. m., and the servant who answered the summons shrieked when she saw on the steps a masked man. The stranger inquired for Mr. Beals, and when he came to the door made his terms. On promise of immunity from punishment and the payment of $5,000 he agreed to deliver the child to its parents between 10 p. m. and 2 a. m. The conditions were agreed to, and at the former hour the unknown caller arrived with little David safe and sound. He received his money and departed.

Meanwhile the authorities had not been idle. They tracked and arrested Lizzie Smith and a friend of her's named Albert King, but the man who delivered the child and got the cash eluded capture.

Mr. Beals declines to prosecute, claiming that by the solemn terms of his agreement he is in honor bound to make no attempt to punish the kidnapers.

JAPAN'S GREAT CALAMITY.

The Dead, Wounded and Homeless Numbered by Thousands.

The more that is learned regarding the recent earthquake in Japan the more frightful grows the tale. At present it seems well established that 15,000 people were killed, 25,000 wounded and 75,000 others rendered homeless by the utter destruc-

FUJIYAMA BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE.

tion of their dwellings. The city of Nagoya contained 140,000 inhabitants. Within its limits only one house was left standing.

From this point as a center the seismic disturbance seemed to spread in every direction for hundreds of miles. The earth split and gaped for victims that fell into the crevices by thousands. Ancient temples and modern structures alike went to ruin. Volcanoes supposed to be extinct added their fire and smoke to the steady rumble of the earthquake, and for awhile it seemed as if the end of the world was at hand.

Even Fujiyama, the "sacred and beautiful mountain," suffered. This wonderful peak, long celebrated in song and story by native and traveler alike, was shaken to its

FUJIYAMA AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.
[From drawing by a native artist.]

mighty foundations. There was a report like that of uncounted cannon on a battlefield of giants, and a section 1,200 by 600 feet in size rolled down from the summit to a yawning abyss. Truly the occasion was one of indescribable terror, and the fate of the living in the stricken districts is more pitiable than that of the dead. The latter are beyond earthly torture, but the former lack for food.

Why They Skedaddled.

A cherry tree in a colony of negroes near Lake Contrary, Mo., bloomed recently, and an old colored woman, who is credited with supernatural powers, declared that it was an omen of the approaching end of the world. The colony became excited, held religious services and waited for the end. But two weeks passed and the excitement began to subside. Then several trees bloomed and all the negroes in the colony packed their household goods and left the place. Just how their flight could have any influence toward postponing the expected judgment day does not appear.

Few trades have increased so much of late years as that of the secondhand clothes dealer. A short time ago there were not above one or two in each town. Now they may almost be counted by dozens.

The development of the cotton seed industry has been so great, and the many articles now made from it are so useful, that it has supplanted the famous olive tree products in a majority of cases.

Electric headlights of about 2,500 candle power are now in general use on the railroads in Indiana. They are very favorably spoken of by engineers.

In nailing on heels by the use of machinery one man and a boy can heel 300 pairs of shoes per day. It would require five men to do this by hand.

TWILIGHT TIME.

When the sunset lights are fading in the west,
  And stars begin to gleam across the sky,
The tender twilight brings me peace and rest,
  While, dear, to you my heart's best longings fly.

The miles that lie between us seem as naught;
  Your form comes gliding softly to my chair,
And looking into mine with eyes love fraught
  Your fingers wander idly o'er my hair;

Your loving touch a benediction seems
  That calls my nobler, truer self to life;
I long to realize my manhood's better dreams
  And be a worthier actor in the strife.

With purifying love your dark eyes shine,
  The last light lingers on your dusky hair,
And then you gently draw your hand from mine:
  I glance to where you knelt—you are not there.

And so at twilight time my thoughts of you
  Bridge over all the miles that intervene,
And bring you to me ever good and true,
  With none to sever, naught to come between.
—Frank Leslie's Monthly.

QUITE IN THE DARK.

Blind men, however sharpened their remaining senses may become, would not exactly be selected as the fittest agents for the purpose in which I once found myself engaged. Still there is no knowing to what they may have to put their wits, and although I have no pretentions to being sharper than the rest of my fellow sufferers, or claim the possession of any special dodginess, yet there is no doubt when one has to rely very persistently on all one's faculties in order to keep fairly abreast of ordinary mortals it is wonderful how quick the apprehension and the power of drawing conclusions become. You are not concerned with the history of my infirmity—how I lost my sight and so forth—it is enough for the present purpose if I say that I have been blind for some twenty years—that I have grown quite accustomed and reconciled to my fate, and without making light of it have ceased to think about it, or regard it as interfering materially with the ordinary conduct of daily life.

Very well, then. I chanced some three years ago to be staying with some friends in their country house, not very far from London, but nevertheless situated in a delightfully rural and secluded district. My host and hostess lived in good style, kept much company, and entertained in munificent fashion. Most of their friends, too, were wealthy, and the jewelry, as I was told, which occasionally sparkled within those hospitable walls represented large sums of money. It was a thoroughly easy going establishment; meals were made movable festivals, to suit the varied arrangements which a constant programme of amusement sometimes entailed.

The month was August. The weather was fine and hot, and on the particular evening in question it so happened the dinner was to partake of the character of supper, to suit the convenience of the house party, who were going on some picnic boating excursion on the neighboring Thames.

Now, I did not join them for two reasons—firstly, because I wanted to enjoy the quiet and peace of the house, gardens and shrubbery when entirely deserted; secondly, because, always rather a bad sleeper, I had been more than usually wakeful for some nights, and I determined to go to bed early and take a certain narcotic which had been recommended as quite harmless and exceedingly pleasant. It consisted of a powder, and the directions said it was to be mixed with a pint bottle of light claret—a glass or two of which might be taken on going to bed or in the course of the night, if occasion required. Early in the evening I secured the wine from the butler, and myself mixed it with the drug by simply shooting the latter dexterously into the bottle. Then I shook it, corked it and stood it on the bed table, with a large claret glass, to be ready for use when I retired for the night. This I did, as I proposed, a little before 10, at which time I was the sole occupant of the house, with the exception of the servants. Their quarters, with kitchens, etc., lay at the extreme opposite wing from that in which my bedroom was situated.

Thus, as I crept up the main staircase with the aid of my stick, and by feeling the well known landmarks by which I am always able to guide myself after very little practice along passages and corridors, my footsteps echoed strangely, and I was conscious that an unusual air of solitude pervaded the place. Of course the autumn twilight had faded into night by this time, but that made no difference to me, and equally, of course, I carried no chamber candle. Somehow, nevertheless, I had a strange feeling of not quite liking the solitude—a sensation akin to nervousness, I suppose it would be called. Unaccustomed to regard myself as a coward, I yet could have wished that the house had not seemed quite so lonely. It was a vague, vain and ridiculous idea, I knew—still, the nearer I got to my room the more it possessed me. When I laid my hand on the lock for a moment it quite overwhelmed me, and I need hardly say that when I found the door resist my effort to open it my discomfiture was complete. Then, after a moment, I pulled myself together, feeling heartily ashamed of the rapidity with which my heart was beating.

Another push at the door, and it opened partially—enough to admit me. Something had fallen inside and blocked it. I stooped to discover what it was, and presently my fingers lighted on a wedge shaped block of wood with a screw sticking partially through it. This had caused the jam. But what could it be? However, I left it on the floor, closed the door and walked slowly toward the window, knowing every step of the way nearly as well as you would with your eyes. The window—a French one—opening on to a small balcony, to my surprise was not closed, as I am certain I left it an hour or two earlier, when I brought up the wine to my room. You might think these little discoveries would have increased my nervousness; they had a contrary effect; at least every sensation was swallowed up in surprise and curiosity as to what could have happened.

However, I began to slowly undress—a blind man has to do most mechanical things slowly, if he would not be perpetually bruising or maiming himself, and so I went on for a few minutes fumbling about with my garments as usual, depositing each in its accustomed place, for only by that means are we incapables able to find any object with certainty again.

Suddenly I thought of the purpose which had brought me to bed so early, and began to doubt if I was going through a good preparation for giving the sleeping draught a fair chance. I had grown wider and wider awake every moment from that time when, ascending the stairs, I had first felt a sense of loneliness. Nevertheless I would take a glass of my light claret forthwith, considering that by the time I should be getting into bed it would be beginning to take effect. I stepped out in the direction of the table where it stood, felt about for an instant and the next had the bottle, within my grasp. Then I found the glass, and was proceeding, as I expected, to take the cork out, when lo! there was no cork. Raising the bottle, I instantly knew from its lightness that it was empty. This discovery was conclusive. Somebody had been in the room, perhaps was in the room at this moment, a most unpleasant notion, but I was no longer nervous.

"Who is there? Speak!" I cried. "Who are you, and where are you?"

No reply. I listened intently; not a sound broke the stillness of the sweet autumn night. Taking my stick, I thrust it under the bed and round about in various corners of the room. The furniture appeared a little disarranged, but otherwise there was no evidence of the presence of any human being. Very strange, I thought. Anyway, I must ring for the footman—for I may say here that I dislike being valeted, and beyond indispensable assistance prefer doing everything as much as I can for myself, especially in my bedroom.

As my hand passed across the corner of the table, it knocked something off on to the ground which rattled like tin and glass. Not stopping to investigate, the next discovery my sensitive fingers made on the table was some short iron tool. I took it up and felt it, but could not make out what it was, so proceeded to grope for the bell rope close to the bedhead.

Now, with all that had gone before, imagine my sensations when, as my fingers passed over the edge of the pillow on their way to the top of the bedstead, they fell upon a warm human cheek! Yes! the cheek of a man, as I knew instantaneously from his sparse beard, whisker, and hair! Imagine my sensations, I say, at that moment!

That I was startled beyond expression I admit, but I checked my impulse to shout aloud. I stepped back into the middle of the room, bumping against a chair or something in my haste. In two seconds, however, I collected my wits. Quick as thought almost I drew my conclusions and settled what to do. I went to the window, closed and fastened it as securely and as noiselessly as I could, for I had no desire to disturb the intruder, who so far, except for the warmth of his flesh, apparently showed no sign of life—my quick ear told me that. I stood still for a moment listening, and could not even hear him breathe. Then I crept to the door, felt for the key, which had been, I knew, inside, but it was no longer in the lock. By great good luck, just as I was debating on how I might secure the door outside, my foot trod on what I knew to be the key. It was lying close to that wedge like bit of wood with the screw which had first attracted my attention. I now guessed what it was; so, picking it up with the key, I passed out into the passage, softly closed and locked the door after me, and jammed the bit of wood in the crack beneath it. At least, I thought, whoever you are, you shan't get out this way. Then I made what haste I could along the corridor and down the stairs, rang the dining room bell, and in a few minutes had told my story to the butler.

He was for immediately rushing off upstairs to see about it all.

"No, no, Pitts," said I. "Wait a bit. Call two of the footmen and let them take up a position where they can see that no one leaves that room. Go out and get hold of two or three gardeners—anybody, and post them under the window. Then start off somebody from the stable to the village for the constable—for two constables, if there are two. Now quick's the word. The fellow is sound asleep, whoever he is, but we may as well make sure who he is."

These orders were rapidly carried out, and in less than half an hour two stalwart policemen arrived. One joined the men under the window; the second, the head constable, went upstairs with the butler and me. He was the first to enter the room. I slipped in last to listen.

"Hullo, my man, what are you up to here? Come, wake up! Give an account of yourself."

A pause.

"Why, he is sound as a top still!"

A noise as of shaking something—another pause.

"Oh, yes, of course, here's the little game—dark lantern rolled over on the floor, jimmy and crowbar, box of noiseless matches, etcette-rarr, etcette-rarr; I see. Here you! wake up. This 'ere kid won't wash; get up and come along with me quietly." Another shaking.

"Oh! you won't, won't you? Hullo, what's this? Oh! indeed—armed, ay? Yes, a six shooter in your breast pocket! Fully loaded, too, no doubt! We'll see to that a bit later. Ah! and a knuckleduster, too, by jigs. You are an ugly customer, and no mistake, you are! What a lucky thing you're so sound asleep—to-o-o be sure, and I'll make sure of you, my friend, while I've got the chance anyhow. These 'ere bracelets will fit you like gloves. There!"

A pause again; a little fumbling, followed by the audible click of the handcuffs.

"Call up my mate, sir, will you, please?" This, no doubt, to the butler, who, going to the window and opening it, shouted to the man below, who soon entered the room. Then I could guess pretty well what they did, which of course was to lug the fellow off the bed, thinking that would wake him, but, although he fell onto the floor with a heavy thud, it appeared to do nothing of the kind.

Then the thought suddenly flashed through my mind that he had drunk deeply no doubt of my particular brew; and remembering that the bottle was empty I trembled lest, having taken a half dozen doses of the fascinating mixture at once, he might never recover from his sleep. So stepping forward I stated my surmise as to what had happened and said, "You had better send for a doctor immediately."

"Well, p'raps so, sir," agreed the constable; "it would be best anyways, for he's about as heavy a bit of goods to move as I've come across for a long while."

Then they laid the huge, burly burglar on the floor, propped up his head and left him in charge of the officers till the doctor arrived. He did so just as my hosts and their friends returned from their excursion, and you may judge of the excitement that followed throughout the household.

The medical man, after due examination and suggesting certain douches of cold water, etc., reassured us all with the hope that he would not die. My assumption as to the cause of his coma was so feasible as not to admit of dispute. Doubtless, by aid of his dark lantern, he saw the bottle of wine with its label announcing it to be Medoc of the first quality. Tasting and trying, and finding it to be a light and agreeable fluid, he drained the bottle at a gulp, probably as the first step toward giving him the necessary courage and strength to proceed with the business of the night. In this he was probably interrupted by the rapid action of the excessive dose, and feeling himself suddenly overcome by a drowsy stupor had staggered to the bed and thrown himself helplessly upon it. The fellow had entered the room, of course, by the balcony, having hauled himself up with a hooked rope, which was discovered with the remaining tools of his fascinating craft.

At the expiration of some three or four hours, and in the dead of the night, he recovered sufficient consciousness to stand up, and he was then marched off between the two constables—locked up, and eventually punished according to law.

"On the whole," said the doctor to me later on, when we were laughing over the adventure, "on the whole, sir, it is a good thing for you that you tried the effect of the narcotic on some one else. Fiat experimentum in corpore vili. Take my advice, sir, and don't resort to narcotics; they are always dangerous, and that must have been especially so. The drug clearly was a very powerful one. You have had a lucky escape every way, for if you had come in conflict with that gentleman—remembering how he was prepared—I am afraid he would have left his mark on you, whereas you have turned the tables, and, after a fashion, left yours on him. I wish the law would help you to make it indelible on his back with a good round dozen of the cat. It is the only way to put a stop to this armed business; it is the only thing these rascals dread. However, he will give blind men a wide berth for the future, I prognosticate, now that he has found one of them such a capital thief taker."—Chambers' Journal.

The Right Arm and Left Foot.

The right arm is always a little larger than the left, but the left foot is almost always larger than the right, presumably because, while nearly every man uses his right arm to lift a weight or strike a blow, he almost invariably kicks with his left foot, while the lounger stands on his left leg and lets his right fall easily, because he has learned by experience that this is the best attitude he can assume to prevent lassitude and fatigue.

This constant bearing of the weight on the left foot makes it wider than the right, and it often happens that a man who tries on a shoe on the right foot and gets a close fit has to discard the shoes altogether because he cannot endure the pain caused by the tightness of the left. If when riding on the street car you will take the trouble to notice, you will see that in laced shoes the gap is much smaller on the right foot than on the left, while with button shoes the buttons have to be set back ten times on the left shoe to once on the right.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Rome No Larger Than Brooklyn.

The exaggerations of Vossius, Lipsius and Chateaubriant, who give to imperial Rome 14,000,000, 5,000,000 and 3,000,000 of inhabitants are too absurd to deserve notice. Hume, who, in his masterly essay on the "Populousness of Ancient Nations," has discussed the question of the population of Rome with his usual learning and good sense, arrives at the conclusion that Rome, when at her zenith, might have been as populous as London in 1760; in other words, that she might have had from 700,000 to 800,000 inhabitants. Gibbon estimated the population at 1,200,000, but it would appear that the more moderate estimate of Hume is the more accurate. The population of Rome at its largest, therefore, did not exceed that of Brooklyn in 1891. —Brooklyn Eagle.

The Flight of the Stork.

The stork is a remarkably picturesque bird; its snowy body contrasting with the bright red beak and legs and black quill feathers of the wings, make it a striking object. The flight is magnificent, bolder and more buoyant than that of a heron. Like most large birds, its powers of flight show best when it is at a great height. When we were on the Bastei rock, in Saxon Switzerland, a pair passed overhead, flying southward. Though high above us, we could clearly see the black pinion feathers, and as we watched the powerful beat of the wide spreading wings we thought of the angels in Zachariah's vision who had "wings like the stork."—Chambers' Journal.

Two Knowing Horses.

A horse, stabled with his mate and a third horse, stole hay from the stranger to give to his mate, while he was contented with the ration that had been allotted him; and a horse in a team, nibbling some rich grass on his side, gave at intervals mouthfuls of it to his companion, which could not reach it.—Popular Science Monthly.

IN DANGER OF DEATH.

Actual Experience of a Person While Drowning.

THOUGHT NOT OF THE PAST.

Narrative of a New York Journalist Who Fell from His Boat While Trying to Shoot a Duck—How He Felt and What He Did.

HE expected sometimes happens. I fell out of a boat the other day under almost all the disadvantages I had many times thought of as being likely to bring about certain death. It was half dark, for I was out before dawn after ducks. It was bitter cold. I was thickly clad and had on thick gloves and rubber hip boots, the boots weighing more than five pounds apiece. I was alone, my companion being half a mile away in another boat. Excepting him there was no human being within two or three miles. The conditions were all favorable for a first class accident, and I realized that fact, having often speculated as to the chances against me in case of one.

I saw a duck. I slipped off one glove, dropped the oars, seized my gun and turned to shoot. The duck, as if divining my purpose, swerved quickly to the extreme right, and I turned as quickly. The boat was a light one, and my motion was awkward. I fell into the water face downward.

Among the memories of early youth there is one that everybody cherishes. It is the myth that a drowning man remembers all the deeds of his life while he is struggling. Having been twice or thrice before in imminent peril of death by drowning, I was skeptical of this. Now I know it is untrue. I jotted down my thoughts while they were still fresh, and they were these:

First, before I was fairly wet, I said to myself: "I told you so. This is the chance you take going in a boat weighted down with boots." Then, instinctively, I tried to swim, and found I could not because of the boots and heavy clothing. I might as well have been clad in armor. I remembered that I must not try to breathe, being under water, and I promptly suspended that function. Then I wondered how deep the water was, and remembered that I was in the channel and that it was far over my head.

Quicker than electricity came three thoughts. First, "I cannot swim;" second, "If I go down I cannot come up again, for the boots will anchor me," third, "I must get hold of the boat." With these thoughts came a realization that the boat was probably capsized.

Then came a physical struggle which I cannot exactly recall. It was a convulsive turning in the water and a reaching up-

FELL FACE DOWNWARD.

ward. At this moment I remembered that if I threw my arms out of the water and failed to seize anything the movement would help to sink me, but that I had no other chance. I had no time to reason this out. It was a conviction.

The arms went up. I could see nothing, but fortunately I touched something which I knew was the boat. I cannot say how I knew it, but I did. One hand—the naked one—caught no hold. The gloved left hand caught the rowlock and I felt some hope.

Up to that moment—only a few seconds at most—I had been intensely excited, without control really of muscles or thoughts. With the first touch of hope I began to reason.

First, I recalled the fact that I could not get into the boat over the side. I must reach the end. Next, for my head was not yet out of water, I wondered whether I dare draw myself upward far enough to get breath, or whether it would be better first to work my way toward the bow or stern.

I decided to try to get breath, and pulled my chin up to my hand. To my dismay I found it was not out of the water. I had to work toward the end of the boat, and had little time to do it. Just then I remembered that a single minute of total suspension of the breath is enough to kill an average person, and I wondered how many seconds I had left.

I was afraid to try to work with my glove on, so I shifted my hold to the right hand and pulled the glove off with my right thumb and forefinger. As I let go of it I thought of my gun—a favorite piece—and regretted that it was probably lost.

With two free hands I quickly got to the bow of the boat and pulled my head out of the water. Then, after drawing a long breath, I yelled as I never before gave voice. I knew if Jim heard that yell he would be with me quickly, and if not there was no use in yelling. My business was to try to turn the boat over and get into it.

Frantically as I worked at this—for my reasoning powers seemed to leave me after I had reached the last step—I could not do it, and the rest is a maze wherein I cannot trace thought further than to know that a great chill overcame me and that I presently ceased struggling, knowing that my only chance lay in Jim's coming quickly.

After he had pulled me out, and I had recovered consciousness, I remembered that I had not recalled anything of my past life. DAVID A. CURTIS.

Lofty Mount Everest.

The top of Mount Everest is, of all the world, the nearest point toward heaven. Fugiyama, the sacred snow capped mountain of Japan, is not half as high as Mount Everest, and if memory serves me, the snows of Mount Blanc are at least 10,000 feet lower. Go to the top of Mount Blanc, ascend in a balloon straight upward for two miles, and you have about reached the altitude of this highest of the Himalaya mountains. It dwarfs everything in the Andes and the Alps, and it is a fitting king to this noblest range of mountains in the world.—Frank G. Carpenter's Letter.

LEPER MARRIAGES IN VENEZUELA.

The Children of Lepers May Be Entirely Free from the Disease.

The report on leprosy in Venezuela made to the state department by E. Plumacher, consul at Maracaibo, describes at considerable length the introduction of the scourge in 1825, when a sufferer from Santo Domingo landed at Maracaibo and spread the infection. In the course of three years the evil had attained such proportions that an island about four miles distance from the city was set apart for the isolation of incurables.

It was not until 1870, however, that a charitable work among these exiles was undertaken by a number of good women in Maracaibo. Their efforts in the way of better buildings, social observances and care have been so successful as to have attracted wide attention, and this lazaretto bids fair to become the place of seclusion for the whole of Venezuela.

There are now about 125 patients on the islands. Water works have been constructed, and abundant supply secures cleanliness of persons and quarters and the irrigation of the ground devoted to agriculture. The diet is wholesome and abundant, and the average cost of the maintenance of each person amounts to about $13 in American money monthly.

A comfortable building has been erected for the use of the employes, while for the patients a large edifice built of concrete, forming a parallelogram, with a courtyard in the center, is divided into separate apartments, plainly but sufficiently furnished. A neat chapel has been built, where every Sunday religious service is held and the sacraments administered to those who may so desire. A pleasant feature is the establishment of cottages, with grounds attached, in which reside those patients whose means permit it. Land is given free to any one who is able to erect a dwelling, and as there are quite a number who possess regular incomes little homesteads are soon formed, giving the island a cheerful aspect.

It was at first a much mooted point as to whether marriages should be permitted among the patients. It has always been well understood that a union between a sound and a diseased person would be liable to result in the propagation of diseased offspring, but it was believed that marriage between two undoubted lepers was sure to be fruitless. So, after a long discussion, permission was given, and a number of weddings were celebrated.

For years the theory of sterility was not contradicted by experience, and seemed to be about definitely settled, when two births occurred on the island, the parents in each case being lepers. Neither of the children has as yet shown symptoms of the disease, and one of them who had reached the age of 14 years, having passed his whole life on the island with his leprous parents, was allowed to return to society, after having been formally pronounced clean by a board of competent experts.

This is but one instance of the puzzling character of the disease. The general effect of these marriages seems to have been to induce more cheerfulness and resignation, and to add greatly to the good discipline of the establishment. Although marriages would not be allowed between a sound and a diseased person yet in the case of the development of leprosy in one of a couple after marriage the sound consort is permitted to accompany the other to the lazaretto, and this has occurred in many instances.—Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Manatee in Washington.

The manatee, or sea cow, two specimens of which have been on exhibition here, is now almost an extinct species. The two seen in Washington were captured in the Indian river, Fla. The larger of the two weighed about 800 pounds and was nine feet long. The other was a foot shorter and weighed about 750.

The two in Washington were said to be the only specimens that ever lived more than a week after capture, and they were apparently in good health.

Capt. Zellers says he hunted several weeks for these specimens, following them for a number of days after he first discovered them. They usually are found in herds, which combine for mutual protection when attacked, placing their young in the center. They are great cowards, always trembling in fear of danger. Nature has failed to provide them with any weapon of defense except the power to outswim the sharks and whales.

The disappearance of the sea cow is accounted for by the fact that the hide is valuable and the flesh held in high esteem for food. These specimens were driven into nets and pulled aboard with a rope, which the captain looped about their tails. He says that he will make an effort to catch a couple for the National Zoological park. Specimens of manatee have been harpooned which weighed four tons and were twenty feet long.—Washington Post.

The Belgian Mines.

The mineral output of Belgium is given for twelve years from 1877 to 1888. In 1877 coal was raised to the extent of 13,669,077 tons (2,204 pounds), of 150,584,442 francs value, and in 1888 the total reached 19 218,481 tons, of 162,018,000 francs value. Iron ore diminished in output from 234,127 tons in 1877 to 185,542 tons in 1888; lead ore (galena) decreased from 11,542 tons to 414 tons only, while manganese ore, which was not produced in 1877, reached a total output of 27,767 tons in 1888; zinc blende, 26,310 tons; zinc calamine, 18,677 tons, and iron pyrites, 26,107 tons in 1877, declined in 1888 to 12,370 tons, 12,167 tons and 3,916 tons respectively.—Chicago Journal of Commerce.

A Cooking School Graduate.

She—Darling, please tell the grocer to send me up two quarts of nice, fresh sponges.

He—You can't get sponges at the grocer's, ducky, but I'll stop at the druggist's for them. What kind do you want?

She—I want the kind used for making sponge cake, and tell him they must be fresh.—Seattle Press.