EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

The Mistreatment of Horses. Doubtless it was the daily spectacle of the abuse of horses which stimulated

Henry Bergh to the great service which has justly made his name renowned. But the guilt of the abuse is not confined to draymen and teamsters. The ignorance and indifference of wealth and fashion to the treatment of horses are quite as conspicuous, and for obvious easons much more unpardonable. The horse, which is one of the most

sensitive and delicate of animals, is greatly to be commiserated as he appears in the fashionable drive of Central park. He is treated as a part of the show of the parade, and he is at the mercy of the owner, who buys horses not because he likes them or knows anything about them, but because he must have an equipage, and he abandons them to the care of grooms and For a "stylish" effect the horse is robbed of his natural ornament and defense, and is checked and trussed and tortured by a harness which encumbers his natural action and forces him into an artificial "gait."

Human knowledge and skill directed to an auxiliary animal like the horse should aim to develop his natural aptitudes. He should be treated as a humane and skillful gardener treats a tree in our modern landscape gardening, not as a tree was maltreated by the false and morbid taste of two centuries ago.

Such remarks do not apply to the lovers of horses who care for them with sympathy and intelligence, who comprehend their practical helplessness and acknowledge their faithful service. Such lovers permit in their stables no "fashions" invented by ignorant and inhuman grooms to produce "stylish action" to impress similar ignorance and folly .-Harper's Wackly.

The Little Ghost.

"The Poplars" is the name of the old Revolutionary homestead. It is a great, square, white, stone house built in the center of a thousand acres. The master of it was childless. His little boy had died a week before, and he had gone away. Every night a little figure in white with a light was seen flitting from window to window in the old library. When the servants, led by the gardener, assembled at the library door the light and the figure would disappear noiselessly and simultaneously. The light and figure were never seen in any other room of the old mansion, and now it was remembered that the dead heir had spent more time in the library than in any other room in the house

When the master returned, toward the end of antumn, he was informed of it all. He hid behind the tapestry night after night, and one night he was rewarded by seeing a little white figure glide in, light a candle, climb up to one of the highest shelves, take down a rare old book and begin to pore over it. It was the gardener's son, and he is now the lord of "The Poplars," and the noblest landlord in the west of England .-New York Herald.

Reccher's First Home,

other to the dining and workroom, writes Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher in describing the first home which she and Mr. Beecher had years ago in the west. The bedroom was so small that I was obliged to make the bed on one side first, then go out on the veranda, raise a window, reach in and make the bed on the other side. Not such very troublesome work after all, when one gets accustomed to it. The little kitchen, partitioned off from the veranda, was just large enough to allow a passage between the cooking table and the stove into the dining room without burning my dress, and my table was only divided from Mr. Beecher's study table by the partition.

For nearly seven years this was our home-a home full of cares and no luxuries, but a very happy home-for many reasons the happiest we ever knew, for we were less separated there. In Brooklyn, in later years, Mr. Beecher's public duties naturally drew him more away from the family circle, but in those days in the west I had him almost entirely to myself.-Ladies' Home Journal.

Thrilling Adventure of a Miner.

John Clarkson tells an interesting story of how he came near being devoured by a large army of rats in the Baker coal bank. It was his custom to cook his meal in the coal bank at dinner time. One day as he was sitting before a fire boiling his meat he was startled to hear the noise made by running rata. The odor of the cooking meat permeated the bank, attracted the attention of the rodents and they came tripping along to the fire at a lively rate.

John says he thought the "old bob" was after him. In a little while there give this young lady \$5. mast have been fully 500 rats gathered about him and his heart was in his mouth. He threw them a piece of the meat, and while they fought for it he stole away. - New Lisbon Patriot.

Set Upon by the Gang. One of the Italian exhibitors of performing birds lost a green parrakeet out of his cage the other afternoon on Park street. The bird flew up into an elm and chattered at the distracted Italian. "Seenyore, seenyore, climba ze tree," he cried. But no one in the big crowd volunteered to "climba ze tree." It was the English sparrow that finally settled the English sparrow that many the Business both for the parrakeet and the Business both for the Business both for the Business both for the Business spied the green bird, and set up a loud sep." In three minutes' time fifty

pursuit.-Boston News.

A happy family dwells in an engine house in Madison, Ind., and the antics of the members afford amusement to the fire company. The family is composed of a coon, a cat, a pair of rabbita, two white mice and a shepherd dog. They occupy the same spartment, sport to porter. er and eat from the same vessel .-Yankee Blade.

Thieves Trust in Fortune Tellers. The thief has implicit reliance in the foreknowledge cinimist by gypsies and other people, and he has been known to pay blackmail to professed exponents of "black art" who threatened him with all manner of perils - Exchange.

Browning's Striking Personality.

The society of London offers no more striking or interesting figure than that of Robert Browning. It may safely be alleged that no one meeting him for the first time, and unfurnished with a clew, would guess his voca-tion. He might be a diplomatist, a statesman, a discoverer or a man of science. But whatever were his callings, we must feel that it must be essentially practical. -Of the disordered appearance, the unconventional de-meanor, the rapt and mystic air, which we assume to be characteristic of the poet, he has absolutely none. And his conversation corresponds to his appearance. It abounds in vigor, in fire, in vivacity. It is always genuinely interesting, and often strikingly eloquent. Yet all the time it is entirely free from mystery, vagueness or technical jargon. It is the crisp, em-phatic and powerful discourse of a man of the world, who is comparably better informed than the mass of his con-

Mr. Browning is the readiest, the blithest and the most forcible of talkers. Like the monsignore in "Lothair," he can "sparkle with anecdote, and blaze with repartee," and when he coachmen, whose sole aim is to produce deals in criticism the edge of his a more "swell" effect than their rivals. sword is mercilessly whetted against pretension and vanity. The inflection of the voice, the flush of the eye, the pose of the head, the action of the hand, all lend their special emphasis to the condemnation. "I like religion to be treated seriously," he exclaimed with reference to a recent novel of great renown, "and I don't want to know what this curate or that curate thought about it. No, I don't." Surely the secret thoughts of many hearts

found utterance in that emphatic cry. When an unduly fervent admirer had buttonholed him throughout a long evening, plying him with queswords, "But I am monopolizing you," with which the master at last extricated himself from the grasp of the disciple,-New Review.

Driving Reminiscences.

A talkative driver is almost invari-ably a bad one. He may be all there over a difficult bit of a road, or deter mined enough with a restive horse, but in a long drive is almost certain to become careless, and the result is fre-quently broken knees. Accidents seem generally to happen in unlikely spots. I have been in a good many and never saw a horse fall on a steep hill, and only once a collision, and that a slight one, occur at a dangerous corner. A gentle slope down which a horse trots with almost a slack rein, is generally the place where he falls. Horses are very clever at avoiding

collisions on dark nights, and their sight is, I fancy, much keener than men's. More than once have I, when unexpectedly benighted, been indebted to my pony's quickness for my safe arrival. One day the train I had been to meet was very late; the evening was dull and heavy clouds were gathering in the westward, and we were still two miles from home when twilight had disappeared completely. There was one very bad piece of road before us, a narrow place overhung by trees, with a steep bank on one side and a narrow but rather deep stream on the other. The darkness was intense under the trees. Suddenly my cob, which was going very freely, swerved to one side, drew the cart One room served for entrance into the close to the bank on the left, and stood precincts. One of them became particular study and hedroom; the smashed - Chambers' Journal.

He Took It Back.

An extremely stout, choleric old gentleman sat in his office on Friday fuming over a lot of papers and swear ing to himself. He was in a beastly temper, for things had gone wrong ever since morning, and now and then he cast his eyes about as if in search of something to kick as an outlet for his tempestuous state of mind. "That book agent is out here, sir,"

said a clerk, thrusting his head through the door.

"Show him in," yelled the old gentleman, greedily, "and I'll kick the

everlasting stuffing out of him. A minute later a pretty little girl came demurely in, and, calmly drawing a chair up to the old gentleman's desk, smiled sweetly.

"Just excuse me a minute," said the old fellow; "there's a nasty book agent coming."
"I am the book agent, sir," said the

girl, and she thrust a hand away down through a hole in her dress and brought up a volume.
"Can't I sell you a copy, sir,"

said cheerfully, running through the leaves. "It is only \$5, and is profusely illustrated, and so needful that no home is complete without one. Buy a copy, please, and I shall forget that you called me nasty."
"I didn't," puffed the old gentle

man, excitedly. "I swear I never said anything of the kind. Leave the book." Then the old man yelled: "John,

When the old gentleman picked up his book to carry it home he discovered that it was a collection of love songs.-New York Sun.

"Does this car go up Trumbull ave-nue?" he asked of the conductor as he got on at Woodward avenue.

"How far is it to the end of the line?"

"About two miles." "Will you be an hour and a half

'About that; why?" want time to collect my thoughts, and get my excuses ready sparrows were mobbing the parrakeet. An hour and a half will do purty well. He took wing with the noisy pack in hot can. I'm a patron, you know, and the line orter run for the benefit of patrons."—Detroit Free Press.

"Why do you permit such impudence?" said the Pullman traveler to his companion after a quarrel with the

"Can't help it. He's the porter; I'm only a director in the company."-New York Epoch.

other men

they who should be thankful.—Detroit to visit, at intervals, one of the families

THE NAIAD

AND STREET STREET, SAME

It was but a phantom indeed theorem me, the emperor's knight.
Who stend in the way of my steed.
The ever twist a fight and a fight.

A trace of delight: Baid Dearest her breath on my cheek. And Follow her hand on my wrist. Her eyelids were holy and meek, Her eyes like the perishing mist That moonlight has alsed

Months after, at dawn as we rode, All trembling and tender spake she:
"Eware of the brook in the wood,
Whose willows drip age from the knes.

I never must see?" But straight in the forest path cold Fre Roif of his bridle got grace, With a cry and a thrill from my hold filipped soft as a star into space Her voice and her face!

What was it ran under my feet,

Rich golden and ashen and blue, As swift as my love and as sweet? Ah, that was the brook that I knew An, that was the droot that I them
My soul had to rue!
For God drew my senses from thrail
As moons lift the tide. I could see
Mid shallows that sprayed in their fall
The weird saplings, glossy and three,
Drip aye from the knee

Not now in the banner bright rank,

The shield to my breast like a bride. But a weak illy, washed on a tank To pine for the known and denied. Here will I have died. Well rid of the years and their guile. And blessed forever in this

To end near her step and her smile,
Her magic, her beauty, her bliss,

The Water she is

-Louise Imogen Guiney in The Independent TRAGEDY OF A SCHOOL.

It may be easily understood that when a ladies' seminary was opened in the village a revolution was brought about in the little community. The students were of a higher grade in apparel and appearance, in beauty and display than the residents. The young men for the tions about what he meant by this first time in their lives saw women of line, or whom he intended by that cultivation and physical attractiveness. character, there was exquisite grace as The delicate figures of the newcomers, well as just rebuke in the stress on the their small and shapely feet and hands, their untanned complexions, their willowy grace, their jewels, their rich colors in dress, eyes and complexion were so much in contrast with what all the young men had hitherto known that they became at once infatuated.

Old attachments were ruptured, engagements broken, and over the face of many a country girl lines of sorrow supplanted the plump smoothness of other days. In the once pacific village there was now incessant fog, cloudiness and storm. The seminary became a species of shrine; one that commingled the nature of a saint and a sinner-semi-sensual and semi-sacred. Each Sabbath young pilgrims from the neighboring farms thronged into the town, sunburned, with long hair, cowhide boots and hats and coats of all patterns, and arranged themselves along the street over which the line of seminary girls passed on their way to and from the churches.

Very naturally there grew up jealousies, particularly among these young men. Some of them thought that others were more favored than themselves. For a long time the principal of the seminary conducted his school with all the seclusion of a convent. There were no social evenings at the hall; none of the fair students were permitted to appear outside without a duenna, and it was permeated with all the mystery, security and charm of a seraglio.

Two or three persons were allowed the entree, and against these there was very naturally created dislike on the part of those debarred from the charmed wagon and shouted. A voice answer | ularly obnoxious. He was a lawyer ed and an empty wagon with two named Smith, who lived on a patrimony horses came past at full trot, so close and such accessions as he gained from that I thought we must have been the small returns from the practice of his profession. He was a man about 40 years of age, slender almost to emaciation, with a small, bald head, a sharp pointed nose, and one eye-the other had been lost-which was small, and which glittered with an expression as

of contempt on his unlucky rivals.
"Rivals" is the proper word. Mean looking, uncultivated and repellant as he was, he had an open sesame to the seminary building. He entered when he pleased, and never failed, when opportunity offered, to relate his visits and to exaggerate his intimacy. Many of the young fellows who, while not Apollos in their faces and figures, were nevertheless Vulcans in their muscular strength. virile as tigers and strong as giants, became frantic in their rage and humiliation as they heard this man detail his visits. He was one of the deformed

genii who passed at will into the paradise of houris, while they, manly, robust, were excluded. Among this class he became an object

of furious hatred and execration. It was at this point in the situation that I came to the village to spend my vacation, and I soon became an active partisan of the boys who hated the man that monopolized the entrance to the seminary. Many a meeting was held at which the object of dislike was anathematized and schemes of vengeance were devised.

I was just from a neighboring college in which it was the custom to burn on the campus certain text books whose study had been finished, and it occurred to me that something of the same kind might be applied to the obnoxious lawyer. I outlined a scheme to the effect that on a certain evening at a specified hour we should assemble in the principal street, bring an effigy of our enemy, which we should first hang and then consume it in a bonfire. The plan was adopted by the boys with epthusiasm, and we at once proceeded to carry it into effect.

The arrangement, as finally decided on, was at exactly 8 o'clock the participants were to assemble at the barn of a family named Bryne, in which we were to stuff an old suit of clothing with hay, and then, in procession, bearing the figure at our head, we were to march through the principal street to the square, where there would be an address, and then the

hanging and the burning of the effigy. "Now, boys," said the leader, who was myself, "be prompt and be at the Bryne entrance at exactly 8 o'clock, and we'll have more fun in ten minutes than you can shake a stick at."

The "fun" which resulted was not of

the kind anticipated. We separated soon after, filled with agreeable reflections. We were about to make infamous the bete noir that afflicted us and to visit on him the just vengeance that he invoked by his heinous transgressions.

At this period there was a vacation in the seminary. The girls had mostly gone home. A few lived at great distances, or Husband-Thank heaven I am not as for other reasons remained during the vacation. One of these, a girl named Anna Wife-You are mistaken there. It is -1 omit her other name-had permission in the village, where I made her ac-

She was a bright, prepossessing girl of about 17, fairly intelligent, vivacious and fond of social excitement. We soon became tolerably familiar, and I visited her at the house of her friends as often as opportunity permitted.

When the evening of the disposition of the effigy came along I happened, at about 7 o'clock, to pass the house which she was in the habit of visiting and saw her seated on the front steps. Noticing that I had an hour to spare, I stopped to make her a parting call, as I was to return to school the next day. The fact of my going away seemed to depress her a little, and the subsequent chat was tinctured with a flavor of sadness. We talked in a tone which became a trifle sentimental in its nature, and the minutes flew away without attracting attention. I happened finally to glance at my watch and saw that it was five minutes

"I must go at once," I said. "So soon?" she said in a voice of remonstrance. "Yes, I am sorry to say, but I have an

imperative engagement." "And I shall not see you again before you go?"

"I'm afraid not. The stage leaves at 6 o'clock in the morning, hours before you will have left dreamland." Her long lashes fell over her eyes.

"You will give me a good-by kiss, won't you?" She drew herself back as if frightened or offended.

"No, no; not so far as that." "You are unkind and unreasonable. I only ask one. We may never see each other again." She still kept herself away from me. 1

persisted in my importunity. At last she bent toward me. "Once, then," she murmured in a faint voice. I touched her lips with mine, and at the precise moment of contact the heavy, sullen report of a gunshot rang through the air. It was from the direction of the Bryne house, and I felt a

pierced by a bullet. I sprang down the steps and ran in the direction of the re-It was just at dusk, permitting objects to be dimly seen. At the distance of a block I saw two or three figures scattering from the front of the Bryne house. One of them came toward me with a wabbling, staggering gait, like a man It Recalls an Historical Event of Confar in the stages of intoxication, and who at every step gave utterance to a cry like the inarticulate howl of a wild

demon. There was a commotion in the narrow

killed him! You've killed him!" I rushed into the alley, and saw just trying to raise it up by the shoulders, menaced the two with a revolver.

"Go way from here," said the man in a hoarse, harsh voice.

"I shall not," said the one bending over the fallen figure. "It is my brother." away, pointing it at them as he left.

I recognized all three of the party. The prostrate form was that of the eldest of the Bryne brothers, the second who bent over him was another brother, and the third man, with the weapon, was a cabinetmaker named Glasser.

Attracted by the shot, some neighbors had gathered, and by them was borne into the house the wounded boy. He had been shot through the lung by a ball from a navy revolver. Medical aid and a priest-for the Brynes were Roman Catholics - were summoned. Neither availed to cure him; within a few hours he was dead.

The horror with which I contemplated the awful result cannot be told. Had Anna not coquettishly refused me the kiss; had she conceded it when first asked, I should have been on time at the gate, and would have received the bullet shot through the body of poor Bryne Her little hesitation saved one life and lost another.

Glasser lived in a house a half a block away, and thither the town constable As the sun is much larger than the with a posse proceeded soon after the earth it follows that the shadow of the shooting. He was found in bed and earth runs out in a long point. Now, if fast asleep.

Glasser was a Frenchman by birth, orbit on the same plane as that in which who had wandered about the world a the earth moves around the sun, there good deal, who had been to California, would be an eclipse of the moon every and who had at last reached the town in time it passed through the earth's which the homicide was committed.

fense that he was unused to the ways of the shadow strikes the moon. This the country; that he had secured the re- gives astronomers their opportunity to volver in his California experience; that get exact measurements and other imhe was a dependent upon the lawyer, and, portant facts. hearing that the boys of the village were making preparations to hang him, he had determined to defend him, and knowing the programme had placed himself in the alley. He was shown to be pacific and harmless in his average life, and a church member in good standing. He was given the dictionary is not sufficiently ex a short term of imprisonment, and on his citing and complicating to enchain discharge moved to lowa, to which state the reader's attention, and induce him the lawyer had preceded him.

Glasser and the lawyer are still in the lawkeye state: Anna died in Quincy ling climaxes and love making epi Hawkeye state; Anna died in Quincy two or three years ago, leaving a family of sons and daughters. A sister of Glasser's wife, Margaret Thompson, is a resident of Chicago. The Brynes moved away within a year or so after the kill-

The seminary school was broken up and the building has never since been occupied.—Poliuto in Chicago Herald.

The Way She Fixed Him. Young Wife-You are not going out to-night, are your Husband-Yes, my dear, I must go

I'm afraid I'll be kept late. Y. W.-Not going anywhere except to the office? -No-o. Y. W .- Well, then, step into Strong Smell & Co.'s around the corner from your office on your way down. They'll

back to the office and post my books.

be open until 8 o'clock. Get a couple of mackerel and bring them bome when you come. Ye-es, my dear. Good night. Y. W. (to herself as her husband de parts)-He won't do much theatre going with those mackerel in his pocket.

-New York News. Value the friendship of her who stands by you in the storm; swarms of THE FLAG IS STILL THERE.

Public Honors Showered Upon an Indian School Teacher. A remarkable scene was witness

Crawfordsville, Ind., the other evening, when an immense crowd packed the Young Men's Christian association audi-



EMMA CONNORS AND THE SCHOOL HOUSE. Connors is a teacher, and has for some Clark township, Montgomery county.

The ensuing Saturday the pole was cut down and the flag stolen. Miss Conners liberately to import these is, and must stated the case to the Crawfordsville G. A. R. post, and the members of that Saturday Review. order, in conjunction with the Sons of Veterans and Patriotic Sons of America, soon saw that the damage was repaired. The teacher also received a gift of a small repeating rifle, with which she kept watch over "old glory" while attending tinguished old gentleman, who, being

to her school duties. But the climax came at the Crawfordsville meeting already referred his "silence compelling veto" with to when Miss Connors was presented him with a magnificent silk banner. Speeches deadly thrill in my heart as if I had been stealers and praise of the maiden they had met to honor. At the schoolhouse in Clark township the "star spangled ban- never"ner still waves.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE MOON

The recent eclipse of the moon was one of unusual interest, not only bebeast. Just as he reached me he tum- cause it afforded astronomers extraorbled at my feet in a lump, the froth cover- dinary opportunities, but because of ing his upturned mouth. He was an ep- its historical importance. Like other ileptic named Handford, and I saw that eclipses, its recurrence can now be calhe had a fit. I was about to raise him culated both for the future and the past up, when he suddenly, after writhing with absolute certainty, and in the past convulsively in the dust, staggered to his it has often been important, the most feet and ran on, howling like a tortured notable case being that of which Columbus made use.

In the year 1504 he was driven upon alley that led across the Bryne place to the island of Jamaica, where he and his barn. A voice shrieked: "You've crew were in great distress for provisions, the natives being unfriendly. Knowing what was at hand, Columbus beyond the entrance a form lying on the told the Indians that the gods were ground, over which was bent another, angry with them, and that in token of it the moon would on a certain night hide while a little father on was a man who her face and show the color of blood. The Indians laughed at him, but on the night of March 1 the eclipse came, and thereafter all that the Indians had was his to command. It is interesting to know that this is the same moon and The man with the revolver backed was a recurrence of the same eclipse. Also that it will come again in 1909.



COLUMBUS AND THE SAVAGES, The explanation of an eclipse is one of the simplest problems in astronomy. the moon moved around the earth in an shadow, but as the two orbits form a At his trial it was shown for the de. slight angle it is only at intervals that

A Chester county physician "read the dictionary through from cover to cover, word for word." was seventeen years and six months accomplishing the task. The plot of to finish the work at one sitting. The sodes prevents the book from being in great demand at our circulating libra-

ries. Sentimental young ladies sel dom call for it.—Norristown Herald. Archwological Sharps Swindled. The Greek of Egypt is as sharp today as in the times of the Ptolemies. Witness the fact that seventeen mummies in the Imperial museum of Berlin were found by a committee of archaeologists to be recent fabrications of Alexandrian dealers in antiquities. The museum had naid 800,000 marks for these forgeries. The directors who made the purchases are trying to suppress the report.

A Chance for an Explorer An aged Frenchwoman who died recently at Toulon was known as "Madame Miss" because of her love for everything English. In her will she be queathed 8,000,000 francs to the explorer who would penetrate the wilds of Africa further than any explorer has hitherto done. He may take with him a company of 500 men, but must bring half of this number back to civilization.

According to the Geographisch-Statische Tabellen just published by Professor Turaschek, of Letpsic, and based upon the census of 1890 and 1891, the populainsects will surround you in the suntion of the world numbers 1,554,500,000 Bull Fighting.

It would, in the opinion of somenot persons of the most austere virtue, but still people of average moralitybe a pity if the bull fights were to disappear from Spain. Humanity must disapprove of it, but, none the less, it is a piece of picturesque barbarismtorium to do hon- a thing the tourist loves. Besides, in Spain it is in its own house. It has Connors, the always been there, and, whatever the daughter of a preacher may say, it no more brutal veteran who fell izes the Spaniards—a naturally civil in battle. Miss and affectionate nation—than the practice of catching fish with a hook and leaving them to die on the bottom of a boat or on a river bank brutalizes the many estimable, nay, even lov able, gentlemen who adhere to it. Let us clear our minds of cant. The

bull fight at home and the bull fight abroad are two very different things. The mere fact that it is not natural to any country condemns its introduc-tion to that country. Those who would bring it in act in defiance of the accepted traditions of their own society, which is bad in itself, and, seeing what the nature of the show is, they must be indifferent to the inflict ing or watching the inflicting of pain. Those surroundings and that past, which, if they do not redeem, do at least, to some extent, veil the real months been in charge of a school in character of the show in Spain, cannot be reproduced elsewhere. What can Recently she secured the erection of a be imported is the torture or slaughter flagstaff at the school house from which of horses and bulls, and the risk to the the stars and stripes were displayed, lives of men, which, as the well in

Escaped His Thanks. The "Listener" in The Boston Transcript reminds us again that there is no misfortune without its compensa tions. He tells of a venerable and disvery hard of hearing, enjoys the deaf man's immunity, and always carries

Not long ago he did a young man a were made by General Manson, Hon. M. favor, which was of immense value. D. White and others which were full of The youth, overwhelmed with gratipatriotism, denunciation of the flag tude, visited his benefactor, and seized the ear trumpet with emotion.

"O Mr. -," he exclaimed, "I The old man removed the other end

of the tube from his ear. The youth found himself talking to thin air. He went off into a ridiculous pantomime of entreaty, all the while brandishing the unconnected ear trumpet. The old man smiled. 'There are times," he said, "when it is very covenient to be deaf."

The young man was obliged to go away without having communicated his benefactor a single word of thanks. Heard melodies are sweet, but those unbeard

Are aweeter says Keats. The smiling "veto" of the deaf old gentleman in this instance put a certain humor into the lines which Keats never meant.

"A Just Beast." of Rugby a boy in the school came up startling sight that met my gaze. before him for some breach of discipline. Facts seemed rather against the boy, who was in imminent danger of being expelled. He had a defense, but "Although I was taken flat aback by

detailing at length his position and his the natives. explanation. His father very wisely thought the best thing he could do was defile I stopped, turned round, saw all the to send the boy's letter as it stood to men safely through, and then told them Dr. Temple, merely asking him to over in unmistakable English to make a clean look any familiarity of expression. Ap pair of heels for the ship, while I brought following words: "If I could explain it would be all right, for though Temple is a beast he is a just beast." The making a motion toward us passes my bishop in telling the story is accus comprehension." tomed to say it was the greatest compliment he has ever received in his

Pipes Coming Into Use.

The return to the pipe is a comparatively new fad. Until six months ago the thing After a month or so he called I never had a pipe in my store. My on one of the postoffice officials and betrade called for nothing but eigars, gan to kick about the box. "The blamed cigarettes and chewing tobaccos. The thing never had any mail in it," was his French started it. Of course your En. complaint. glish tourist always has his pipe, and he thinks no more of starting it up on since I rented it and it hasn't had a thing the street or in the smokers' room of in it the whole time. I even addressed a the sleeper than you would of taking out the most fragrant cigar. But the French have started this fad of several renter had ever opened his box Why, pipes with various stems, and the cus-no; of course not. Couldn't he see that tom is taking it up.

go so far as to smoke a pipe on the enough to crowd inside of it.-Buffalo street, but for home and office comfort Express. he has already taken up the pipe. -Interview in Chicago Tribune.

the farm, but he visited his father once World. There was an adventurer ents. Thomas Lincoln died on his celona, and came to Virginia 300 years farm and is buried in Gordon's grave. ago. When he returned he executed yard, near by. Beside his grave is that the wooden Indian in a rude way, as a of his second wife. For many years the New World, and the figure was set the graves were unmarked. Later on up in front of a shop where wine was Mr. Dunlap, of this city, brought the sold. Finally it became a sort of tradematter to the attention of several leading citizens of Mattoon and Coles days and they assembled around the incounty. The result was that a plain dian. And the wooden Indian is now monument marks the place. Robert seen in front of nearly every cigar store. Lincoln, hearing of the subscription, -Interview in Chicago Tribune. sent Mr. Dunlap a check for \$100. -Chicago Tribune.

of Monte Cristo. I never saw anything like the estentations display of diamonds. Every one had them, and collected they could have been measured by quarts.'

Knowles-Crystalline quartzl-Jewelers' Circular.

The English cavairy have never been armed with revolvers, although it is conceded that a saber has no chance against, a revolver. PRIMROSES

This, too, be your glory great, Primroses; you do not wai As the other flowers do, For the spring to smile on you, But with coming are content, Asking no encouragem Ere the handy crocus cleaves Sunny borders 'neath the caves, Ere the thrush his song rehearse Sweeter than all poets' verse; Ere the early bleating lambs Cling like shadows to their dama, Ers the blackthorn breaks to white, Enowy hooded anchorite; Out from every hedge you look, You are bright by every brook, Wearing for your sole defense Fearingness of innocence. While the daffodils still waver, Ere the jonquil gets its savor, While the linnets yet but pair, You are fledged and everywhere. Naught can daunt you, naught distress Neither cold nor sunlessness, You, when Lent sleet flies apace, Look the tempest in the face; As descend the flakes more slow From your eyelids shake the snow, And when all the clouds have flown Meet the sun's smile with your own. Nothing ever makes you less Gracious to ungraciousness.

March may bluster up and down. Pettish April solk and frown; Closer to their skirts you cling.

A Woman's Statement.

- Alfred Austin

Coaxing winter to be spring.

They got into an argument about the money made by people who earn their living on the stage. Of course they differed; people can't argue satisfactorily unless they do differ. But here is the opinion of a woman who was once on the stage, who was considered popular. who was clever enough in her work to get applause and praise, who presumably earned more than the average actress, and yet who is content with her present life:

"When I take out the money paid for gowns which were useless except on the stage, when I make allowance for traveling expenses, hotel bills, weeks in which few performers earn anything: when I take into account engagements which could not for many reasons be satisfactory to me, when I foot up the salaries which sometimes in my early work I never received, and when I estimate the thousand and one little expenses which were then necessary. I consider that for several years of my life I earned practically nothing but a living. and I worked very bard, you must understand. When I got married I left the stage. Now it isn't necessary to tell you what my salary was or what my husband's salary now is, but his earnings are less than mine were. But we two live much better on his smaller salary than I alone could live on my bigger salary. We have a pretty home and all that we need to be happy. We save a little money too. So I suppose this is a fair answer as to what one makes on the stage. There are a great many circumstances to be considered." -New York Tribune.

Ten Anxious Minutes.

Captain Anderson rescued the crew of a Dutch schooner from a wild part of the island of Formosa, after tiring upon some The London correspondent of The of the natives. His return is thus de-Manchester Courier says he heard rath- scribed in "A Cruise in an Opium Cliper an amusing story the other day about per:" "Our way took us in single file the bishop of London which has not, through a narrow pass, and as I entered he believes, appeared in print. When it at the head of my men, for a second Dr. Teurple held the head mastership my heart almost ceased to beat at the

boy, who was in imminent danger of

being neither clear headed nor fluent in the sight, some instinct carried me for the presence of the head master he could ward sword in hand, looking to the right and left with a cool, staring eye, which He therefore wrote home to his father seemed to curb the revengeful spirit of "On arriving at the other end of the

parently the father had not turned up the rear at a sharp pace as soon as I over the page and seen his son's post-the pass, so that the natives might not see us in too great a hurry.

"How they let us through without touching a hair of our heads or once

Letters That Never Came. They tell a funny story of a man who rented a box in the postoffice awhile ago. He appears to have been new to the

"I have looked in that box every day letter to myself and never heard from it. The two took a look at the box and the postoffice man inquired if the box

there wasn't anything in it. The meerschaum pipe craze died out Of course it turned out that he had several years ago. It is a wonder it forgotten the number of his box though ever came in. You can buy a meer it was on his receipt, and had been schaum pipe cheaper than you can a watching and swearing over an unrented French sweet briar. I don't mean to one. He found a stock of mail in his say that the American smoker will ever box at last and went away feeling small

The Wooden Indian.

I used to live in Spain, and afterward in the West Indies, before I came to the States. I met the wooden Indian Within seven miles of Mattoon is the long before I came to this country. I farm which Abraham Lincoln's father have been asked before where the wooden used to own, and where he lived. Abe Indian got his start. I only know what was of age then, and he didn't live on I have heard about him in the Old a year and always brought him pres. named Rutz who left his old city. Bar-

Waited Until the Child Was Safe. An interesting little war story has Quarts of Diamonds or Diamonds of Quarts Governor Jones, of Alabama, for its "I tell you, Knowles, the dressing at hero. At the time Gordon was resisting Saratoga surpassed the wildest dreams Sherman's advance, Jones, then a staff captain, was delivering a message from his chief when he saw a little child, clad only in night clothes, hiding in terror behind a frame house in the direct range of the bullets from each army. Jones rode forward, took the child on his borse and galloped back with her to the Confederate line. When the Union forces saw the act they ceased firing, and there was an impromptu cessation of hostilities until the child had been carried to a point of safety.