EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

A Terrible Insert. A sailor on a coasting vessel which plies between Galveston and ports on the gulf has some very interesting specas which he secured while on the coast of Yucatan. Among them is a large jar filled with enormous spiders, which he says are looked upon with greatest fear by the Indians of the central portion of that country, and which are undoubtedly the largest ever seen.

The body of the spider is fully five inches in diameter and the legs are short and thick, being especially adapted to running and climbing. They are about two inches long and are as big around as an ordinary lead pencil. The animal is of a grayish brown color, but is most peculiarly marked by deep red bands, which cross its body, extending clear around diagonally from shoulder to hip, crossing each other at the middle of the back and the center of the belly.

The fierceness of the insect and the marking on the back have induced the Indians to name it the "Devil's Soldier." and they say that it is undoubtedly the worst foe to man in that whole country, making it almost impossible for any one to go into the interior, for it abounds in such numbers that no place is free from it, and its bite is certain death.

Only one instance is known to Indians where a man has been bitten and did not die, and this man was wildly insane ever afterward. The spider makes its home among the rocks, and when anything approaches it rushes boldly out and makes an attack so fiercely that it is almost impossible to escape it. It runs with great rapidity and climbs sticks and trees as easily as if it were on the ground.-Atlanta Constitution.

There are, and probably always will be, many who prefer the all white bed, and for these many pretty bed coverings are provided. Linen shams, with borders of elaborate drawn work, are used with plain white Marseilles spreads. Antique lace of firm, fine texture is always suitable and makes a dressy bed, used either over white or some delicate color. The figured China and India silks used during the last year or two are also still in favor for bed and bolster coverings. but a newer material for this purpose is the Hollywood sheeting, a fancy double width material of soft, cream-white cotton, whose rough surface is exceedingly effective when wrought with the simple, showy patterns employed for this work.

A very handsome one designed for a white and gold guestchamber has a conventional pattern scattered over it. worked in shades of yellow and brown. The pattern is first outlined with a long chain stitch, the leaves and shadings marked, then the intervening spaces filled with a simple filling stitch, which is very rapidly done and is yet exceedingly showy. The spread extends over the pillows, and a band of colored ribbon, matching one of the lightest shades of silk, is passed across the bed just below the pillows and tied in a handsome bow.—Chicago Herald.

Characteristics of Hungarian Women. The Hungarian woman likes to eat ing, gymnastics, and has not the least objection to being admired. Although not specially inclined to sentimental effusiveness, in one sense of the term, she may, in moments of love and passion, give a profoundly stirring expression to her emotions; she may clothe her sentiment in words of enrapturing naivete, drawn from the depths of the national temperament, if it does not find utterance in the all expressive "jai," whispered in the acme of ecstasy, accompanied by an ineffably blissful glance. This is true of the so called girls of the people no less than of women of the higher classes, for grace and beauty know no difference between high and low, and often bestow upon a poor, burefooted, short skirted peasant girl (with her face in a kerchief tied under the chiu) the same enchanting form, the same magically attractive glance, as upon her more favored sister. - Wilhelm Singer in Harper's.

The Origin of a Famous Tree.

In the famous West Philadelphia Bartram Botanical gardens there flourishes trunk of which is fully six feet in diameter. This tree was planted under very peculiar circumstances, well worthy of narration. One day, many years ago, the great Bartram was riding through the state of marshes and alligators, and the beast he bestrode was a very Rocinante. So, to accelerate his journey, he dismounted at a neighboring swamp and cut a switch, with which he belabored to good effect the lean and hungry steed. The switch did such good service upon this occasion that he preserved it, and upon his return to Philadelphia planted it in his garden, and the buge swamp cedar is the switch.-Philadelphia Re-

She Was Mistaken.

"Maria," said Mr. Jones, looking tenderly at his wife, "there is a mous' "Oh, mercy goodness, where? Oh, save me. Jeptha, save me-save your Maria!" and the frightened woman jumped on the sofa and screamed hys-

"Good heavens, Maria, what is the matter? I don't see anything! Where

"You said there was a mouse! "I didn't say anything of the kind. 1 said, or tried to say, there was a mousselin delaine dress in Brown's window which was exactly like one you had when we were married. I wish you wouldn't interrupt me like that."-De-

To Prevent Counterfeiting.

It is curious to observe at this day the complicated geometrical patterns in which some of the ancient Roman scals are designed, unmistakably for the purpose of defeating the ingenious counterfeiter, as the engravers at the bureau of engraving and printing try by similar means to multiply the forger's difficulties. The usefulness of this art is shown by the fact that the coins of the civilized world are cameos multiplied to any extent by dies.-Jewelers' Weekly.

He Had Eren a Boarder Sportsman-Why do you suppose the stork is all neck, legs and wings? Naturalist-Probably that he may be utilized for boarding house chicken see."—Harper's Basar.

TOO FOND OF HIMSELF.

to Much Interested in the Fair Passep

ger That He Pald Double. A pretty young woman, dressed in the height of fashion, got into one of the Fifth avenue "busses" the other day to drive up to Central park. Some of these busses still run on the old "bobtail" system, that is, they have no conductors to collect the fare, and passengers must themselves drop their nickels into a box at the end of the conveyance. The driver is supplied with a quantity of small coin to make change for passengers who have not the exact fare. As this handsome young woman took out her purse, several men bent forward expectantly for the privilege of passing her coin up to the box for her. Ignoring their readiness, she made her way up to the box herself and dropped a dime in-

Then she waited for her change. No change came, however. She looked at the box anxiously, evidently thinking that perhaps she needed to pull out a handle or press a button somewhere in order to see her change fall out, but all she saw was a little sign, "Put the exact fare in the box." The men whom she had overlooked only grinned. She appealed to the driver for change. He told her he could not open the box, but that if she would wait until another passenger got aboard she could have his nickel

instead of his dropping it in the box. Pretty soon a typical "chappie," with monocle and English covert coat much too large for him, stepped into the bus and offered the driver ten cents to be changed into two nickels. The driver explained to him the predicament the young lady was in and asked him to give her one of the nickels.

"Certainly, with all the pleasure in the world," said the young fellow, as with a "ain't-1-just-in-it" smile he raised his hat, bowed profusely to the young woman and dropped a nickel into her little gloved hand. He beamed into her eyes as he did so in a way that evidently embarrassed her, but he grinned wider at her blush and looked around at the others as if to say, "Watch me mash her the first time." Then with a jaunty air he dropped the other nickel in the

box. Then several men snorted and the young fellow looked up surprised to see what they were laughing at. He could not help seeing that he was the object of their mirth. He could not understand it at first, but pretty soon it struck him that he had got rid of two nickels for one ride. Then he blushed up to the roots of his hair, got very hot indeed and went out on the roof to cool off .-New York Tribune.

Funny Incidents at Marriage Services. Some funny stories are told about the marriage service in the Isle of Man. One of them relates how an old man brought rather unwillingly to the altar. could not be induced to repeat the responses. "My good man," at length exclaimed the clergyman, "I really cannot marry you unless you do as you are told," But the man remained silent. At this enexpected hitch the bride lost all patience with her future spouse and burst out with, "Go on. Say it after him just the same as if you was mockin him." The same difficulty occurred in another case. The clergyman, after explaining

what was necessary and going over the responses several times, without the smallest effect, stopped in dismay, whereupon the bridegroom encouraged nim with, "Go ahead, pass'n, go ahead! thou'rt doin bravely." Upon another occasion it was, strangely enough, the woman who could not be prevailed upon to speak. When the clergyman remon strated with her, she indignantly replied 'Your father married me twice befoor. and he wasn't axin me any of them imperent questions at all."-London Saturday Review.

Kind of Jurors Preferred. Criminal court lawyers always like to have their cases on the first two or three days of the term if possible. The reason is that the jurors in many instances are fresh and green at the work of listening to evidence, and invariably show more sympathy for the persons on trial than they have after they have sat for a couple

of weeks. Jurors in the general sessions court are chosen to try cases for a month. ment. It was a fragment but half the size Every term there are always some who have never been in the court before, while of course others have had plenty of experience and are adamantine. Se the young lawyer at the beginning of an enormous Florida swamp cedar, the the month dwells on the sympathetic side of his case and resorts to all tricks. such as bringing the weeping wife into court, and tells the juries of the terrible results of a term in state prison.-New

> Asbestus and India Rubber. The use of asbestus in connection with India rubber is now practiced in various directions. Asbestus and india rubber woven sheeting, for instance, consists of sides with india rubber and then vulcanized. It is used as a substitute for the asbestus millboard for packing for steam joints and in other situations where it is desired to resist both heat and moisture, while affording a high

degree of elasticity.

Asbestus and india rubber woven washers are also made, and asbestus adobe-sundried blocks of mud and gravel, and india rubber woven tape, for making steam and water joints.-India Rubber World.

Ready for the Fray.

"I see you obey military orders," he said as he looked admiringly at her delicate check. "What do you mean?" she asked, won-

"You keep your powder dry," he answer with sublime audacity.-Detroit Free Press.

Apple seeds are used in the manufacture of prussic acid. A Vermont farmer picks them from his cider press and sells them to a chemist. Out of 140 bushels of apples he gets about one bushel of

In the manufacture of agricultural imelements, it is estimated that new machinery in the last fifteen or twenty years has displaced fully 50 per cent. of auscular labor formerly employed.

Paper properly treated with chemicals and then subjected to great pressure is being used for flooring material and for general use in building as a fire resisting substance.

A little girl whose attention was called to the fact that she had forgotten to say grace before beginning her meal shut her eyes meekly and said, "Excuse me.

## DISCOVERY OF A CITY

PROFESSOR LIGHTON'S REMARKABLE ADVENTURE IN NEW MEXICO.

By Accident He Chanced Upon the Ruins of What Must Once Have Been a Popnious Town-Copper Weapons and Pottery Unearthed.

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TITIES not merely lead, but dead and buried - so very so very deep that they do not even live in the traditions of the few fragremaining ments of the tribes whose ancestors

builded them and made them home! A few weeks ago I set my feet upon the grave of one of them. It lies more than a hundred miles west of the odd lit-Spanish American town of Socorro, M., and over seventy-five miles from the nearest railroad, up in the heart of one of the numerous short ranges of bleak pinon and cedar covered mountains, which run parallel to each other through the southwest. I had heard in Socorro of an opal and garnet field over on the west ern slope of this range, which had yielded some beautiful specimens of these gems, and with my soul fired with the hope of finding some of them for myself I engaged a little Mexican for guide and we started across the plains and over the mountains to find the beds where lay the precious

We had saddle horses, with an extra ani mai to carry the necessary tools for digging and a limited supply of provisions. The road for sixty miles after leaving Socorro was straight and smooth enough, and we made that distance before sunset of the first day. But the next morning when we got well into the mountains the trail grew winding and devious, and the miles increased to an indefinite number without any apparent progress westward. Then I halted my guide. "Look here," I said. "Our animals are good; why can't we ride straight over the range? What's the use of our following the wagon road?"

He was horrified. The Mexican is naturally as conservative as a Chinaman, and he told over a lot of Spanish oaths at the atter foothardiness of leaving the trail which he and every other man who had crossed the range had used since the country was inhabited. "Pshaw! Nonsense, answered in plain English; "come on," and striking my pony's flank I started off on a sharp trot in a direction at right angles to the trail. It was with a very bad grace that the guide obeyed, remonstratng at almost every jump of his borse over the rough ground; but my pony kept well in the lead and he had to follo

By noon we had covered about twenty miles of the sixty which intervened between the camp where we had eaten breakfast and the opal fields, and I determined to halt at the first convenient grazing place for the animals. We were soon involved



in the descent of a particularly steep and rough slope leading into a short canyon beiow. The canyon was of peculiar form, running almost due north and south, the east-ern side, which we descended, sloping at a The western wall considerable angle. could have been scaled by nothing short of wings, for it rose perpendicularly to a height of 300 feet. A small thread of water ran at the foot of the cliff and by this we made a temporary camp and ate our dinner of biscuit and canned meat. I tasted and found the water sweet and cool and a heavy draft was grateful after the dry fare.

As I raised myself from my knees beside the water I saw a fragment of earthen ware, light brown in color, with an artistically worked Greek border in black pig of my hand, but it sent an odd sensation through me. "Cliff dwellers?" I queried, mentally, raising my eyes up the western wall of the canyon. No, that couldn't be it, for there seemed to be no lodgment in the face of the cliff for any of their structures. I turned to the other side of the canyon and not 300 yards away beheld that which made my heart stand still.

The eastern slope grew gentler a little to the northward, and there, but a few yards above its base, stood a low wall of dull gray masoury, crumbling and broken, but showing distinctly, even at that distance,

that the builder was human. With winged feet I flew over the ground until I stood with my hand resting on the wall, and then my wondering eyes saw above and beyond another and another, asbestus woven cloth, coated on both rising to greater heights and standing in far better preservation. I was dazed; I didn't know what to do, but stood like one of those affected with moonshine. I had really discovered a dead city. My were too unsteady to hold me, and I sat down on one of the fallen blocks of masonry until they should regain their firmness,

then I began a survey of the field.

The houses of modern New Mexico are of and rarely rise above a single story. The cliff dwellers and the builders of this city of mine showed a higher civilization and a higher knowledge of architecture, for here were walls of beautiful symmetry, built of hewed sandstone blocks of an even size, laid in strong mortar beds and with the joints "broken;" that is, with the stones laid so that the joints come alternately, as they do in the walls of a brick house of modern times. This gives far greater

strength. The wall which I had first espied was a tittle more than six feet high in its highest place and nearly thirty feet long, los-ing itself at the ends in the earth and debris which had washed down around it since the time of its desertion, centuries ago. This wall was three feet thick and of stone throughout, and there were others close by of even five feet in thickness. My city must have been quite a metrop-

olis in its day and generation, for the decayed remains covered many acres, and the knowledge we have of men's habits of life in those troublesome times tells us that they lived almost as close together as rabbits in a burrow. One of the houses farther up the hill must have included three or four acres within its outer walls and been several stories. The outer walls still stand, in many places to a height of nearly thirty feet, reaching to the third story, and me of the rooms on the lower floor are intact, even to the roof of cedar timbers set in the walls. The whole structure was evidently built around an inner court or plaza, as the modern adobes and pueblos are grouped, and many families must have reled within the same walls. There could not have been less than a handred rooms on the building and all were apparent önished in carefui style.

and have been completely dark, for there was no evidence of their having either doors or windows leading outside through which daylight could come, the only

which daylight come come, the only means of communicating with them being through the adjoining rooms.

"We will stop here tonight," I said to the guide as I made him lariat the horses near the ruins. When the animals were cared for we shouldered picks and shovels and together started to explore this city of

All over the ground, around and through the ruins, were scattered numberless fragments of pottery of a highly artistic char acter of design and decoration, but I ex-perienced little satisfaction in gathering

these old scraps and pieces. I hungered for something more substantial. In the inner court of the large building which I have described, this court being a rectangular area of 100 by 150 feet, I ex-



of the workmanship of the people, and in this I was not disappointed. In about the center of the court there was a circular depression of twenty feet in diameter, prob ably the site of a former fountain basin or ervoir. This basin was fitled nearly to the top with dust and debris, and I started carefully to explore the depths. Each shovelful of earth was lifted as cautiously as though it had been eggs, for fear of striking and breaking some precious speci-men. For a depth of four feet 1 dug, pa tiently and with expectations at the high est pitch, and then I reached the layer of fine earth and debris which had accumulated while the reservoir still contained water, and a few inches beneath this was the well cemented rock lining of the basin, My spade had hardly grated upon these stones when it turned up a few fragments

of pottery, and mixed with these was one of the rarest of relics-a chisel of copper highly tempered, so as to be quite as serv iceable as our steel implements of today. The very next spadeful of earth yielded another somewhat similar in design, and these were the only implements of copper I and. But pottery of all sizes, shape and conditions came to the surface. Pots vases, cups, plates, jugs, pipes and articles of doubtful use were uncovered with al-most every thrust of the spade, and with these were mixed arrows, spears, scrapers, hammers and drills and other implement of peace and war. When my back grew tired with the stooping and digging straightened up and cast a glance around the canyon. It sent a thrill of joy through me as my eyes rested here on the crumbling walls of the great building which we were exploring, while beyond, higher on the hillside, rose unsteady columns of stone marking the site of other buildings. a doorway of large proportions, an arch perfect in outline and construction, and many additional relies of the work of that forgotten people, showing their perfect acquaintance with many of the higher prin-

ciples of architecture.

I was about to pinch myself, after the orthodox fashion, to see if all this was real, when its entire reality was demonstrated by a vigorous volley of oaths from the guide, standing in the doorway of one of the small rooms opening into the court where I was digging. "Dig for nothing." he said with disgust; "might have save work. Come here," I went hastily to the room he indicated, and found the floor almost hidden by the finest specimens of pot tery I have ever seen. There were exqui-sitely decorated jars, three feet tall and served as the china just turned from the hands of modern potters. One of the lost arts rests snugly in the interior lining of these mammoth jars, for they have been glazed end decorated in a manner and by a method which makes the modern ters own themselves worsted. The giazing of these pieces was hard, faultless and beautifully tinted, and as perfect in its preservation as the day it was put on by



COPPER CHISCLS AND BONE PIN Each turn of the hand, each stroke of the spade brought to light something more wonderful and curious than had been seen before, and leave was only taken, regretfully, when the supply of provisions gave out and hunger drove us homeward. I did not reach the opal and garnet fields that trip either. WILLIAM R. LIGHTON.

How Man Sleeps. Adult man is, I believe, the only animal who ever elects to sleep upon his back. Some of the lower savages seem to sleep comfortably on occasion in a cronching position, with the head bent down upon the knees, just as well as the common tribes of monkeys do. Among the quadrumana it is not until we come to the platform building anthropoid types that we find a recumbent position habitually taken during sleep. The young orangs and chimpanzees that they have had at the zoological gardens slept with the body semiprone and with the limbs, or all except one arm, which was used as a pillow, curled under them. This is exactly the position voluntarily adopted by 80 per cent. of children between ten and twenty months old which I have had opportunities of watching. I was told by the attendants at the zoological gardens that no ape will sleep flat on his back as adult man often does. - Nineteenth Century.

When the earth was young, says Dr. Ball, astronomer royal for Ireland, it spun around at such a rate that the day was only three hours long. The earth was liquid then, and as it revolved at that fearful speed the sun caused ever increasing tides upon its surface until at last it burst in two. The smaller part became the moon, which has been going around the earth ever since at an increasing distance. The infinence of the moon now raises tides on the earth, and while there was any liquid to operate on in the moon the earth heaped up much greater lunar tides.— New York Journal.

A Remarkable Medal.

A gentleman of Canajoharie, N. Y. has a remarkably fine brass medal from an Indian grave there. It is about an inch in length, and has on one side the head of Christ, with the words "Salvator Mundi." On the other side is the Virgin Mary, with the words "Regina Cceli." The engraving is bold and the medal is in a fine state of preservation.-Phila-

## DESERTED PALACES.

GORGEOUS MANSIONS THAT ARE SI-LENT AND TENANTLESS.

The Unoccupied Residences on San Francisco's l'amous Nob Hill-Malmaison in the Market and Walter Raleigh's

Nothing so forcibly illustrates the epher eral nature of the foundation upon which man's wealth, pride and fame rest as a deearted mansion. The more inxurious the



THE COLTON RESIDENCE.

builling the deeper the shadow in the resultant mental picture of retrospect. Pride and wealth together have conspired to erect many a pile which still stands, though abandoned, mute witness to the instability of human prosperity and to the truth of the adage that "Man proposes and God disposes." Death, that grim leveler, who reaps ruthlessly in the fields of the rich and poor alike, is mainly responsible for the large number of empty palaces which today repel rather than attract the visitor; although poverty and sorrow have also contributed their full quota of "silent witnesses of departed greatness.

Nob hill is the aristocratic residential portion of San Francisco. Most of the multimillionaires of the "Golden Gate" have built palatial bomes there, and nearly all of these magnificent structures are now

tenantless. Senator Leland Stanford's mansion is one of these. It occupies one-half of the block upon which it is located. It is not as imposing in external appearance as some of its neighbors, but inside it is a veritable palace. Treasures of art have been gathered together there from every quarter of the globe. But its owner selchild, Leland Stanford, Jr., who died tarily was sifting down. The whole abroad from Roman fever in 1883, at the age of sixteen, was carried to its final rest- by joist and plank, and served as a rude ing place. His room still contains all of his boyhood's belongings. Senator and Mrs. Stanford now spend their time in California at their Menlo Park residence, within sight of the university which they have erected to the memory of their son at a cost of many millions. The most expensive house on Nob Hill is

the one built by J. C. Flood, at a cost of \$3,500,000. Flood died and his family has since resided in San Mateo.



JOSEPHINE'S BEDROOM. The Italian villa of the Coltons is also closed. After the general's death his the sharpness of the rope against the daughter Carrie married a man who died man's flesh in hauling, the rope was soon after, leaving her \$4,000,000. Two fastened tight under his shoulders and abloom with flowers; a peal of triumyears later she remarried, only to lose her second husband. Her villa has not seen

The Crocker residence, near by, is one of the finest structures on Nob Hill. It is every moment, the man was pulled out now in litigation, each of the elder Crocker's sons claiming to be entitled to it. It not a scratch! The place where the man

it is really tenantless, To go back a little further, a more striking contrast is afforded by the chateau of Malmaison, which was once the home of the great Napoleon Bonaparte in the hap-plest days of his life—the days when he basked in the sanshine of Josephine's love, Then Malmaison was maintained by an expenditure of about 750,000 francs a year, whereas now it is advertised to be along with the park, which is to be platted up into building lots, and it is doubtful if proceeds of the entire sale will be more than the former cost of maintenance for one year. It would seem that the historic associations of Malmaison, clustering a they do about one of the most remarkable men the world has ever produced, would insure a handsome price for this estate, but the name of Napoleon is no longer a word to conjure with in France, and besides these are days of intense practicality, when things are bought more for their intrinsic than "associational" value. Malmaison was a gorgeously decorated residence, and Josephine's bedroom would have been described by the enthusiastic correspondents of today as "a dream."

incrusted with precious stones. Another place which has been offered for sale through the commonplace medium of a newspaper advertisement is Myrtle Grove, near Youghal, Ireland, which was the home of Sir John Pope Hennessy up to the time of his death, which occurred re-

One of the fireplaces is said to have been



THE RALEIGH MANSION. Myrtle Grove interesting, but it was fa mous centuries ago as the home of Sir Walter Raleigh. The yew trees which shel-tered him while he smoked the tobacco he had just brought from the New World, and gave directions to the laborers engaged in planting the potatoes, which are now a staple article of food in Ireland, are still standing. The library is filled with the literature of the period, which is perhaps the most interesting in England's history. The collection includes engravings, seals, etc., all of which are said to be remarkably well preserved, and yet, when the present owner offered Myrtle Grove for sale, there was no rush of prospective purchasers.

Between Two Fires. Bobby-Why didn't you pretend you were so sick that you couldn't go to

Little Johnnie-'Cause ma would have given me medicine. - Epoch.

A Much Officered Army. A West Point song declares that "promotion's very slow." That may be the case in the United States regular service, but things are apparently different in the Argentine Republic. There they have a standing army in which the privates number 6,000. These are commanded by fifty generals and a proportionate number of colonels, majors, capains and lieutenants.

BURIED IN SLIDING SAND.

Willing Neighbors Pall a Man Out of a Sand Pit After Four Hours' Work, While a gang of men from Sandwich were at work on Chamberlain & Son's cranberry bog one of them, James Dalton, shoveling in a sand pit, was thrown and buried to his shoulders by a landslide on a face of sand some thirty feet high. In spite of very exact and emphatic warnings the man was standing with his back to the bank and his bar row between him and the exit. The falling sand buried the barrow, and the man's right leg was bound fast over the left handle. The other bog hands ran to the rescue, but aside from uncovering the barrow and delivering the man's right leg, could not move him an inch. The danger was that more sand might slide and bury its victim alive, for there were already cracks in the sand visible and one or two huge boulders which might come down any moment. The boblders had just been disclosed by the

sand slide. It was soon apparent that without more and wiser help, the man would certainly perish by exhaustion or be smothered. The neighbors were raised. Among the new comers was Daniel Lee. of the beach who afterward said he had once seen a man buried in a well and by common consent, as the only man who dared to have a plan where an error might cost the trapped man his life and perhaps the lives of others, he was allowed to direct. First of all he called for a long plank. One was brought from the bog, and carefully placed some three or four feet above the man below. and between him and the sand face, and across the sand bank.

Then he ordered planks to be sawed some five feet long, and these to be placed upright inside the horizontal plank and facing in and toward the bank and a man to hold each plank steady and to stand to it if another slide came. He then ordered short oak and pine limbs to be cut and put in the sand lom spends a day under its roof, for it was above the upright line of planks, to this house that the body of his only catch and stop the sand which momenstructure was then braced at each end sort of shield. Then, with the men holding the planks, the others tried to dig the man out. His left foot and lower trunk seemed held as in a vise. A shovelful of sand taken out seemed instantly replaced by the sand sifting down from the hill. Hands were then used instead of shovels and some stones under him removed. But it was slow. hideous work for the strongest nerved.

And now came the crisis. The rifted earth bank above with the pine trees on it was moving-was sliding down. A shout among the men to hold fast-a second or two of the terrible drift of earth-a second shout-and the deadly mass stood still. The plank barrier so far had saved. But the man in peril had now been some four hours in a situation, the peril of which he knew, not expecting, as he afterward told "the boys," but that he was to be carried home in a box, and though bearing up bravely, was very much exnansted. He must be released speedily or perish. Of all traps, sand under such conditions is the most relentless we ever et eyes upon. Every attempt of strong men to pull the man out failed. A new way was suggested by Mr. David Ellis. A strong rope from one of the bog screens was brought. A stray woman's ceremonies whose import we did not shawl, left by some cranberry picker on comprehend, until 10 o'clock, when sudthen, as God willed, with strong men assisting and others holding at the plank barrier, and the sand hill settling down of his sand grave-not a bone broken, is nominally occupied by Fred Crocker, but lay four hours in deadly peril was the of sand. - Cape Cod Independent.

An Ancient Hot Bath, Remains of ancient hot air baths or sweat houses still exist on the island of Rathlin, on the northeast coast of Count Antrim, Ireland. The Rev. D. B. Mulcany describes one be visited on the farm of Widow McCardy, in the townland of Knockans. Mrs. McCurdy said she had used it fifty years ago, and that it had been used by the islanders from time immemorial. A beap of ashes lay outside the doorway showing it had formerly been heated by a fire.

Mrs. McCurdy said further that previous to a bath a fire was kindled inside and when it was sufficiently heated the ashes were swept out. The people came to be cured of rheumatism. There was a hole at the top to let out the smoke and admit light. A stool or a scraw on the floor was used to sit on or stand upon in a stooping posture.-Philadelphia Ledger.

An Aurist's Prescription for Earnehe "I am afraid I have greatly interfered with my own practice," said a celebrated aurist, "by giving the following advice to many of my friends: At the first symp toms of earache let the patient lie on the bed with the painful ear uppermost Fold a thick towel and tuck it around the neck; then with a teaspoon fill the ear with warm water. Continue doing this for fifteen or twenty minutes: the water will fill the ear orifice and flow over on the towel. Afterward turn over the head, let the water run out and plug the ear with warm glycerin and cotton This may be done every hour until relisf is obtained. It is an almost invariable cure and has saved many cases of acute inflammation. The water should be quite warm, but not too hot."-Lon-

What One Man Saw,

Blake, a distinguished English painter. who was liable to disordered sensations described a fairy funeral which he seemed to have witnessed. He was walking in his garden one night, when he apparently heard a low and pleasant sound, and at length saw a procession of creatures of the size and color of grasshoppers bearing a body laid out on a rose leaf, which they buried with songs and then disappeared.-Youth's Com-

Health of the Survivors of the War. While the health of some men have been improved by their military service during the war, even to the preservation of lives that would have been lost had the owners remained exclusively in civil life, the health of the average veteran has been deteriorated by his service, and that he suffers more from illness and has a somewhat less expectation of life than other men of his age. This conclusion based as it is upon an examination of the census data for a small part of the country, is a provisional one only.-Dr. John S. Billings in Forum.

## RELIGION IN CHILI

COUNTRY IN WHICH RELIGIOUS FERVOR IS STRONG.

Delicate Women Have Been Known to Crawl on Their Hands and Knees & Places of Worship-Poor and Rich Box

Together in Devotional Exercise. No people in the world are more de cont than those of Chili, and surely self inflicted punishments, fasting, cosfessions and donations will take one in heaven, a vast throng (though most women) will go up from that little re public. It is no uncommon thing for delicate females to go to the shrine of worship upon their knees, over the flinty stones that tear the flesh, and then best themselves with leather straps tipped with nails. The bodies are often the punished until the blood runs profusely and when the poor creatures can do us more they deposit all the money and trinkets of value upon the altar and a home happy, though suffering.

A few years ago no man dare rit through the streets of any Chilian cir on Good Friday. Even the cars was not allowed to run; all business was stopped and no sound of wheel or hanmer or human labor disturbed the religious silence. In these days of liberalism, although the people still dress in deepest mourning and most of the shops are shut, the cars and public carriages go about as usual and some business may be transacted.

The strangest and most impressive part of holy week came on the night of Good Friday, when a long line of female worshipers, led by the dignitaries of the church and joined by a very few men, crept to the cross on their knees. They first knelt in the front yard of thechurch and slowly crawled on their knees through the gravelly courts, up through the long hall, until they reached the image of the crucified, and each in turn kissed the wounded foot.

So solemn was the scene that many Protestants and persons of no particular religious belief, who came merely to look, joined in the worship. It brought rich and poor, aristocratic and pleberan. on the same level-servants and ladies of high degree, both wrapped in mantas, side by side

CELEBRATING HOLY WEEK. Later, there was a weird torchlight procession, led by the chanting priests n black robes, followed by a concourse of people who bore in the midst upon their shoulders a company of life size mages representing all the saints, each clothed in flowing velvet robes. Among them was the blessed Virgin, arrayed in white tarlatan, attended by four living maids of honor-little girls with long curls, artificial wings on their shoulders, and garlands of flowers upon their heads. The holy sepulcher was represented by a large box draped in white muslin, half revealing a recumbent figure. All these were surrounded by devotees with lanterns and candles, and followed by an

unwholesome rabble, running, jostling and pushing on every side. On Saturay morning, the last of holy week, especial services were again held in all the churches, which were still gloomily draped in black. The priests entered in procession, and there was a great deal of extinguishing and lighting of candles, tinkling of bells and other the altars were drawn aside, displaying the shrines ablaze with candlesticks and phant music burst from choir, organ, band and bells, and the glad cry arose

'Christ is risen.' The cannon of the fort thundered the joyful tidings and the national ships-ofwar re-echoed the sound. Closed doors flew open, vehicles once more thronged next day found covered with four feet the streets and business was resumed with its accustomed noise, while the excited populace, as if the tragedy of nearly 1,900 years ago were just enacted, vented their pious rage upon effigies of Judas Iscariot. Poor Judas was made to suffer every punishment that human ingenuity could invent-he was drowned in the sea, dragged through the streets, burned at corners, hanged, impaled and

> torn piecemeal on the hillsides. VOWS OF ENTHUSIASTS. Many devout Chilians take a vow that if the Virgin will do certain things for them-such, for example, as to restore a sick friend to health-they will perform this or that ceremony, or dress themselves or their children in a certain color for a certain length of time. One day la met in the streets of Santiago a handsome, middle aged lady, dressed entirely in white woolen, and upon expressing a surprise at her unsuitable choice of color was informed, in a tone of profoundest respect for the matron in ques tion, that she was the wife of a well known wealthy citizen, who, having lost several children, vowed that if her last babe was spared she would dress not only it, but herself, in nothing but white for ten years. The child lived and the vow is being religiously ful-

filled. There are many other pious observances in Chili that attract the foreigner's attention. There are hundreds of good people who have a custom of expi ating their sins for a whole year by nine days' period of penance during Lent. In every town there is a house provided expressly for the purpose and in charge of priests, where the penitent spend their nights alternately praying and thrashing one another. Those who are too infirm to use the scourge punish themselves by reciprocal pinchings. The lights are extinguished, and at a signal from the priest the penitents change places and begin scourging the nearest sinner with a vim that cannot leave any doubt of the sincerity of their

contrition.-New York Advertiser. A Moment of Candor. Mrs. Speakermind (at a chrysanthe mum show)-Why is there such a furor over such a commonplace flower as the

chrysanthemum? Everybacky Else-That's just what we came to find out .- New York Weekly.

Rienkins Was a Bjoker, Too. "I never look at the poet's corner in the local paper," said Bjenkins disdainfully. "You don't?" was somebody's languid "No," said Bjenkins, "I don't. The fact

is, you see, I'm a poet scorner myself." Somerville Journal. It Is Much Too Serious.

"You are not giving us any jokes about the hot weather," remarked the editor to the funny man.

"No," replied the latter, wiping his perspiring brow, "it's no joking matter. Yenowine's News.