

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Interesting Paper Comes From The Governor of the Gold Coast of Africa.

The tree grows luxuriantly and bears most abundantly at a height of from ten to twelve feet in damp, semi-marshy soil. The supply of nuts fit for use is biennial, and the most abundant supply of commercial oil is obtained from the nuts during the rainy season. The bunches of nuts are cut down and placed in a heap for ten days. The joints of the nuts are thus weakened by decomposition and they can be detached by simply beating them against any substance.

When the nuts are collected those with a hard, unyielding pulp are placed in a hole about four feet deep, which is lined with plantain leaves and with palm leaves and earth. They are allowed to remain for periods varying between three weeks and three months, until a certain decomposition has taken place, so that when removed the pulp is soft, and appears as if it had been boiled. The nuts are now put in a trough made by digging a hole in the ground and paving it with rough stones. Here they are pounded with wooden pestles until the pulp is quite removed from the surface of the hard nut. The whole is then removed from the trough, put in a heap, and the stones taken out, leaving the oily fibrous pulp, which is put into a pot with a small quantity of water, under a good fire, and well stirred until the oil begins to melt out. The pulp is then put into a rough net, opened at both ends, to which are attached two or three short sticks, by turning which in opposite directions the oil is squeezed out. The longer the nuts are under the ground the thicker the oil and the worse the quality. This alone accounts for the different qualities of oil exported from different places along the coast. Other methods are employed to produce the oil for home consumption, but that here described is the mode usual in the production of the palm oil of commerce.

A Royal Bonaparte.

In an interesting paper on Prince Jerome, in The Westminster Review, Frank T. Lawrence directs attention to a curious point, which, if ever the question of a Bonapartist restoration should be seriously entertained—which, to be sure, does not seem very probable—would not be without significance. It is this: If the price, or even his descendants, should ever attain power, Bonapartism would appear in an entirely new guise, for through his mother he belongs to the royal caste, a distinction which neither the first Napoleon nor Napoleon III could claim. He is a "well born" (as those who take delight in this kind of dynastic law are wont to express) as any sovereign in Europe, and there is probably no reigning family to which he is not related.

As his great-grandmother was a sister of George III, he is second cousin once removed to Queen Victoria, and shares all her ancestry save that through Queen Charlotte and the duchess of Kent. He has, says Mr. Lawrence, "as much of the blood of Plantagenet, Tudor and Stuart in his veins as the queen has in hers," and in respect of the last he is excelled by his children, who, through their mother, are descended from Charles I, through his daughter Henrietta, duchess of Orleans, while our reigning house can claim descent only through a daughter of James I. Prince Napoleon is descended from George I in three distinct lines, one of them being through George II and Frederic, Prince of Wales.

New Use for the Phonograph.

An interesting physiological experiment was made at the Edison house, the headquarters of the Edison Phonograph company in Europe, last week. Dr. L. White, of Harley street, has a patient who has a defect in his speech of a most singular character. The patient, a lad of 10, and English by birth, is unable to speak his native language but a jargon which cannot be understood by many doctors. He has examined him, but could not exactly diagnose the cause of the phenomenon, and it was questionable whether the lad spoke the same thing twice in the same way, and the only way to discover whether he did so or not was to get him to speak to the phonograph. The lad, in the presence of several gentlemen, was asked to speak the Lord's prayer and the alphabet. Several cylinders were made in this way, and when a comparison was instituted between the various phonograms, it was found that there was no variation in the spoken words and that it was quite possible for the language which the boy speaks to be understood by simply learning the various sounds. The phonograms will be exhibited before various societies in this country, and it is just possible a new disease has been discovered.—Pall Mall Gazette.

John Chinaman's Comfortable Attire.

"A Chinaman is not pretty to look at, and his clothes do not fit him like the traditional paper on the wall, but I think his attire the most comfortable in the world," says a dress reformer. "To begin with," he resumed, "the Chinaman wears a soft, low crowned felt hat, with a wide brim to protect his eyes. He wears but a single band round the neck, or two at the most. Have you ever counted up what we wear? No! Well, figure it out. The undershirt band, one, a possible chest protector is two, a shirt band is three, a collar is four, a necktie is five, a vest collar is six, a coat collar is seven, an overcoat collar is eight and a neck scarf sometimes makes the total nine—nine bands around the neck. What a chance for perspiration! Yes, the Chinaman's rig is more comfortable."

The "Kreutzer Sonata."

The "Kreutzer Sonata" was introduced to the general public by Tolstoy's little book of that name. Joseph Massart, who has been professor of the violin in the Paris conservatory since 1845, was a pupil of Kreutzer, who composed the sonata. Massart died a short time ago. His most distinguished pupil perhaps was Wieniawski.

FRACTIONAL CURRENCY.

Millions That Have Never Been Redeemed. Facts About Counterfeits.

"Say, are these any good?" inquired a timid looking young man of Doorkeeper Braly at the sub-treasury the other day, as he exposed to view a half dozen pieces of ragged, dirty paper. A close inspection revealed that they were fractional paper currency or "shopplasters," such as played so important a part as a circulating medium before the resumption of specie payment. The young man was directed to the small change room, where R. C. Hoff took the soiled and crumpled bits in his hands, smoothed them out with the hasty touch of an expert, singled out one of the pieces and turned around to a bit of wood that looked like a small butcher's block, and struck on it the selected piece of paper with a whack with a steel instrument. Then turning to the young man, he replied: "These five are good, but that one is counterfeit."

As he spoke he handed back the spurious note paper, and across the face was the word "counterfeit," cut clean and clear. The steel instrument with which he had struck the paper was a sharp stencil die that cut the tell tale word so clearly that it could never be effaced, and the veriest fool could see that it was worthless.

"Do you want these redeemed?" continued Mr. Hoff, as he pointed to the five grubby slips on the marble counter.

"Yes, sir, if you please," stammered the youth, as he eyed with surprise and fear the mutilated bits returned to him. Mr. Hoff put two bright silver dollars and a silver quarter on the counter, which the boy picked up in a hurry as though he was afraid they would be taken back again.

"Do you get much of that old fractional currency now?" was asked of Mr. Hoff as the boy went out.

"No," he replied, "we get very little now, not more than \$2,500 a year. The amount coming in for redemption is growing less and less every year. It used to come in here by the bushel basketful. But for many years now it has only come in in dribbles. We seldom get as much as a time as that young man just brought in."

"Then it has most all been redeemed, has it?"

"No, indeed, and what is more, a very large amount will never be redeemed. There is now outstanding of the old fractional paper currency something like \$15,000,000. And of this it is estimated that not more than \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 will ever come in now."

"But where is the rest and why will it not come in for redemption?"

"A great deal of it has been worn out by the wear and tear of twenty odd years of usage. Any quantity of it has been burned up in the many fires that have occurred since the time it was issued, and in numerous other ways it has been lost and destroyed. Then there are some other people who hold all they can get to use in sending small amounts by mail, finding it very handy for that purpose. Then, too, some people keep the occasional pieces that come to hand as curiosities or pocket pieces. A great many coin collectors have crisp, unworn specimens of it in their collections. One wealthy gentleman in this city I know carries in his pocketbook, wrapped up in the greatest care, four clear, bright specimens, a fifty, a twenty-five, a ten and a five cent piece. He says it was the first money he ever earned. It was paid to him in these identical pieces, brand new from the press, and he has preserved them ever since for luck. I do not believe you could buy them from him for \$1,000 each. He calls them his reserve capital, and if he ever loses the million or more he is now reputed to be worth he will have his ninety cents reserve to fall back on."

A good deal of the fractional currency that comes into the sub-treasury for redemption turns out to be counterfeit, and the moment it comes into the hands of the money changers of that institution, no matter who lands it in, it is hurried to the block and branded with the stencil cutting die. They ask no permission, but just go and do it. The same rule is followed, too, in the rounds where the bills of larger denominations come in. Sometimes men get very angry when their bad bills are handed back to them mutilated in such a manner that they cannot be used.

A few days ago the South Ferry company sent up to the sub-treasury a bundle of the fractional currency, representing about \$100. It had been discovered back of a partition in the old ferry house, where it had either been stowed away or misplaced and was found when the old building was torn down to make room for the new structure. Mr. Hoff shuffled through the pile, and not only pronounced it all counterfeit, but discovered that some of it had been brought to the sub-treasury at least twenty years ago, as the marks of the old stamps used as long ago as that to mark counterfeit paper money was still plainly visible on them. Each piece was subjected to the cutting process, and will probably not be presented again for redemption.

All the fractional paper currency that is redeemed at the sub-treasury is sent to the treasury at Washington, where it is placed in the crematory and burned up, and all that is left is a sediment of slag, a single pound of which may represent \$100,000; the balance floats off as smoke and gas.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

An Animated Duster.

One of the most enthusiastic collectors of rare books I ever knew was a young man—now dead—who was for a good many years employed as a clerk in one of the local railroad offices. He was a frequent visitor at my store, and would spend hours at a time rummaging around in odd corners in the hope of finding some literary curiosity hid away, and whenever he chanced upon some volume of more than ordinary interest his enthusiasm knew no bounds. His salary was small, and would not permit of his indulging his tastes to any great extent, but I was always glad to see him come in, and I had no difference of opinion whether he made a purchase or not, for he was of great benefit to me in a very peculiar way. You see, books, especially old ones, will get covered with dust, and need moving around to prevent the accumulated dust from injuring them seriously. The consequence was that so long as he frequented my store he helped, by handling the books and moving them about, to keep them clean. This may seem a little strange at first thought, but you can readily see the logic of it.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

MULES FIND A MINE.

FRACTIOUS QUADRUPEDS KICK A TOWN INTO EXISTENCE.

The Strange History and Situation of Creede, Colorado's New Mining Camp. A Place on Which the Sun Shines Only at Noon.

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MONG the most vivid recollections of those who have roughed it on the frontier are those connected with mules. Patient, sagacious, crochety, they sometimes assert their characteristics in a startling manner, but it is safe to say that none of these animals ever deserved to be remembered more than the two which, kicking up their heels on a Colorado hillside not very long ago, suddenly displaced a number of small bowlders and revealed a mass of mineral wealth that is already a marvel in discovery.

For years prospectors had delved with pick and shovel, believing that in the rugged mountains of the region nature had concealed some of her richest treasures. Among them were two old miners, named N. C. Creede and G. L. Smith. The mules in question having performed their day's work had been turned out to browse, but when morning came, with exasperating obstinacy, they refused to return to camp. Coaxing being of no avail, the owners began to pick them with rocks, and the mules retaliated in kind, one of the bowlders kicked up by them accidentally striking Creede on the head. His first and natural exclamation was a word whose synonym is sheel, but his companion at the same instant wildly ejaculated, "Holy Moses!" His experienced eye had recognized the character of the precious ammunition which the mules were hurling back. It was when both men had been hungrily searching for years. As the story is told, Creede forgot his pain in the exquisite enjoyment of the discovery. "What shall it be?" cried Smith, "Sheel or Holy Moses?" "Holy Moses!" responded Creede enthusiastically. "There is no sheel about this." And there the famous mine was christened and the equally famous camp of Creede received its name.



This incident occurred in May, 1890. A shaft was sunk, a fine vein of ore assaying about eighty dollars to the ton was uncovered, a company of capitalists organized the "Holy Moses" company and as the news spread men rushed in from all parts. Mine after mine has developed in the neighborhood since that time, and the estimated product for 1892 is upward of \$5,000,000. A railroad now opens into the canyon and the camp is lighted by electricity. During the winter the mercury frequently falls from 30 to 40 degrees below zero, and until high noon a ray of sunlight never enters the gulch, which is 1,200 feet deep, the towering walls being scant sixty feet apart. Under such conditions bowlders are crowded together in the wildest possible fashion. They hang on the mountain sides and are dumped anywhere that may suit the whim of the speculator or squatter.

Men of all nations, from half naked Indians to sharp visaged Yankees, worked side by side; some in water, knee or waist deep, wading the soil in the pan, or the common cradle rocker and others grubbing under banks and among the roots of trees. Outrages were perpetrated, blood was shed, and until the vigilantes laid the foundations of order anarchy prevailed.

The whole story of the early settlement of California will never be told, but more or less in detail, it is that of very mining camps. Yes, out of this struggle has grown a great, great, in its agricultural, industrial and commercial resources and great as an example of what has been achieved by the hardy pioneer.



ed an improvised platform. Turning the leaves of the Bible, he took for his text, "If a man dies, shall he live again?" The 300 men within the sound of his voice promptly answered, "Not in Creede." The incident is homely, but it illustrates frontier life.

A description of one of these mining camp saloons answers for all. It is about fifty feet long and say twenty feet wide, one story high built of rough plank and run by two or three men, either one of whom is ready with Winchester or revolver to preserve peace. By day it is utilized for gambling purposes; by night, if there are enough women in the camp who can sing and dance, they are corralled and the place is turned into a show. The improvised stage will accommodate six or eight performers, the curtain here, the footlights are kerosene lamps, and the orchestra consists of any convenient instrument from a couple of violins and banjos to an accordion and cornet. The "boxes" on each side of the stage are the resting places of the female performers between the acts, where they drink with whoever chooses to "treat." The audience consists of men, nearly every one of whom wears a belt that holds a gun.

Three or four years ago the writer visited a new mining camp with a number of English tourists, who attracted general attention. After awhile a rough looking man approached and remarked: "Strangers, I reckon you'd better get 'taint no place for a tenderfoot. I'll go to the keers with you, and you must stay there!" And rifle in hand, with characteristic frontier courtesy, he accompanied us to our quarters for the night. Later we learned that a movement was on foot to pick a quarrel with the party and to "clean us out."

Census taking in these new localities requires negro. When Sacramento was located more than a mass of tents, mud huts and plank shanties, and an official entered a gambling booth occupied by perhaps fifty men. The first to whom he applied met him with an oath and jumping to his feet, revolver in hand, refused to answer and ordered him from the place. The official, a very young western man, as quickly breast to breast with the red shirted outlaw, covering him with his pistol, quickly said, "I know you One Eye Dick, but I've got the drop; sit down and don't be a fool; it's my business to get answers from every man in this tent, and I'm going to do it."

Dick looked at him, dropped his revolver, and seizing the census taker by the hand, exclaimed, "Well, you're a good one, I

MILITARY SUICIDES.

Statistics Regarding the Suicidal Mania in Different Armies.

One of the most unique of the many branches of the government service is the compilation of mortality statistics for the war department. Human life, which the poets are wont to characterize as a brief "span of woe," or a "dream of disappointment," or by some other term which gives it a character of intangible sadness, is taken as a cold fact; a basis of mathematical calculation. People are born and die according to fixed numerical laws which can be determined by calculation. It isn't a particularly agreeable thought, but it is true, nevertheless, that when statisticians have performed their calculations in this line, and there is reason to expect that they will be perfected, a man will be obliged to die by rule, a man will be committed suicide, his demise is tabulated among other cases which show under what circumstances self destruction is most likely to occur, and what conditions are most conducive to the suicidal epidemic that so frequently sweeps the country.

During the fiscal year which ended in June, 1888, there were nineteen suicides in the army, twelve in the infantry service, six in the cavalry and one in the artillery. This gives a ratio of only 72-100,000 in 1,000. Only one case was that of an officer—a lieutenant of the infantry.

The suicide ratio for various armies whose reports were accessible was as follows: Austria, 1.49; Prussia and Wurtemberg, 79; Great Britain, 45; Italy, 42; France, 31; Belgium, 38. This illustrates the fact often commended by the phlegmatic German, with his ponderous philosophic intellect, is remarkably prone to end his own existence. On the other hand the mercurial Frenchman bears up under the ills we live, and presents next to the best record in the lot.

Of the cases referred to in the United States army, one man selected drowning as his mode of exit, two preferred poison, one cut his throat, one severed the radial arteries, and fourteen shot themselves. Morbid despondency was the cause in two cases, suicidal mania in one, jealousy in two, losses by gambling in two, excessive drinking in ten, and no cause could be assigned in two.

The statistician does not stop here. He goes on to show that the ages were 25 years in one case, 27 in two, 28 in one, 30 in one, 31 in three, 33 in two, 35 in two, 40 in two, 41 in one, 44 in one, and in three cases the ages were not stated.

The month showing the greatest number of suicides (six) was November. Three occurred in February, two each in January, March, April, August and September, and none in the remaining months of the year.

In addition to the foregoing there were two attempted suicides without fatal results. From these facts the suicidal tendency is strongest during the winter. On the other hand homicides are most frequent during warm weather, the cases being far more numerous during summer than at any other time of the year.

The record referred to above is but for one year, of course, selected at random, but the variation from year to year is not especially marked. It has been a pet idea of American lovers of statistical research to tabulate the facts relating to mortality for the whole United States, but the scheme presents many obstacles owing to the difficulty in getting accurate information. It has been demonstrated that the highest death rate is for children under 10 years of age. The causes of death vary from year to year.

The great difficulty in making correct calculations of this kind arises from the inaccuracy, unavoidable to a great extent, in taking the census. Instead of there being a natural sequence of conditions from year to year, there are enormous jumps in figures. The census, for instance, will show that there are 7,500 people alive at 19 years of age, 12,000 at 20 and then drops to 8,000 at 21 when in the natural course of things there should be a gradual increase. This, it is said, results from the carelessness of people in giving their ages.

The tendency in this country is to count the age by decades only. People often ignorant of their exact ages will, when asked how old they are, reply indifferently in round numbers. If a man has passed 30 years he will give his age as 30 without troubling himself to remember the odd years. Forty-five years will be the next stopping place. Of course these facts hold good mainly among people of limited education, but there are enough of these to very seriously disturb the calculations of mortality experts.

A life table is a herculean mathematical effort, and its practical value after it has been prepared is limited, except with insurance companies. Statisticians are desirous of preparing a table of this kind for the city of Washington. It would be an interesting study, but probably of little practical use, except to show just when children are most likely to die, and therefore require the greatest care. Sufficient data could be obtained from the health office for a complete work of this kind.—Washington Post.

A Famous Collection.

In Professor Edward S. Morse's famous collection of Japanese pottery, which has been shipped from Salem to the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, there are more than 4,000 different specimens, embracing many of rare beauty, and the collection comprises the largest and finest ceramic art in Japan—as far as it can be shown in faience and hard pottery—believed to exist in the world. The accumulation is the result of years of patient search, and fifty-two provinces in Japan are represented in the various departments of the collection. In many cases the development in the manufacture of pottery in each province is shown chronologically. This grand collection is a monument to that indefatigable industry of Professor Morse with which hundreds of his friends in Maine are so well acquainted.—Lewiston Journal.

The Locomotive of the Future.

The fast run of a train on the New York Central railroad between New York and Buffalo, when the distance of 430 miles was made in 426 minutes, has excited much attention, and practical men have given time to speculation as to how much this would be exceeded in the near future. Mr. A. N. Forney, after an examination of the problem, does not think that with steam power 100 miles an hour will ever be maintained on any great distance. Theodore N. Ely, on the other hand, takes a more hopeful view, and believes that by compounding the use of steam such an end may some time be reached. It is likely, however, that with the roads of the present our locomotives today go quite as fast as it is safe for them to do.

BLUEBEARD'S CASTLE.

It Is Still to Be Seen, and the Monster Actually Existed.

On a bright morning in May, 1857, I left Angers for Nantes, the metropolis of Brittany, writes Louis Frechette in The Arena. As I was about to take the train, a friend, who had come to see me off, said with a parting handshake: "By the by, before you get to Ancenis there is a station called Champtocé. As the cars pull up look to the right and you will see the ruins of an old chateau. Take them in well—they are the remains of Bluebeard's castle."

"Bluebeard's castle? What Bluebeard do you mean?"

"Surely there is only one—Perceval's Bluebeard. Offenbach's Bluebeard."

"Did he ever live?"

"Certainly, in flesh and bones, as you and I, with this difference—that he was a hard case to begin with, and a marshal of France, into the bargain."

"Really? What was his name?"

"Gilles de Retz, a descendant of one of the oldest families in Europe. His career was most extraordinary."

The name was not unknown to me. I had read of it in the chronicles in which is handed down to us the marvelous story of the Maid of Orleans. But what could be the connection between it and the bloodthirsty hero of Perceval's celebrated tale?

This question suggested itself to my mind as the train bore me at full speed over the waving hills that border the Loire, and from one thought to another I found myself unconsciously rehearsing the different scenes, phases and catastrophes of the childish drama which grandmothers take such delight in presenting to their little gaping and shuddering audiences.

I could see the youthful bride, led on by curiosity, creep tremblingly, clutching the little gold key, to the fatal door, open it noiselessly, utter a cry of horror, and drop fainting at the sight of the bloody bodies hung in a row.

Then the sudden return of the angry husband to the castle, his fury on seeing the little gold key soiled with blood, his brandishing of the deadly sword, with the infuriated cries of "Prepare to die, madame!"

I could hear the pitiful tones of the poor victim, during the short respite granted her, as she called to her sister perched on the tower: "Ann, sister Ann, see! thou no one come!" And the lamentable reply: "No, I see nothing but the shining sun on the dusty road!"

And at last came the sigh of relief from afar off the sounding approach of the galloping rescuers.

The vision haunted me till we reached Champtocé, where, sure enough, I saw on the right, as my friend directed, about a quarter of a mile off, the jagged form of a lofty medieval tower which rose about a heap of ruins and a clump of stunted oaks, casting against the heavens its vast and somber outline.

This was Gilles de Retz's castle, Bluebeard's home. Or rather it was one of his castles, for he had many, the whole surrounding country which bears his name (Pays de Retz) having once been his.

Modern Babylon.

It is usual for travelers to dwell on the utter desolation of Babylon, and to point its site as a strip of desert especially woebegone and unfertile. But the eloquent gentlemen who dwell upon this aspect of the place could not have seen it in early spring. The date groves and gardens along the Euphrates are then things of beauty in their fresh spring verdure, and the plain itself is laid down with crops. Irrigation canals cut it here and there, and give trouble to the horsemen. No grass grows upon the mounds, and there are patches of the level white with the nitre which is to be found here as in other parts of Mesopotamia; but the surface of the soil is on the whole green and pleasant to the eye. The glad waters of the river flow in the bright morning sunshine with palm and mulberry hanging over its banks, drinking in sap and life.

The great city which counted its population by millions and filled the world with a renown not yet forgotten, has disappeared under the dust of twenty centuries; but nature is as fresh and jocund as when Babylon was still unbuilt. Birds sing overhead in the pleasant spring air; butterflies flutter about in search of flowers; balmy odors regale the sense. It is therefore difficult to feel as one perhaps ought for the great capital which once numbered its inhabitants by millions. Nature does not mourn for it, and it is hard to be sad at the bidding of sentiment when bright spring hides its graves.—Noah's Sunday Times.

Underground Voyages Near Boston.

Many parties have voyaged in the tunnel, underground, from Newton to the reservoir at Chestnut Hill, a distance of four miles, and the journey is an exciting and novel one. The water is about two feet deep, and the current runs about two miles an hour. Twenty millions of gallons in twenty-four hours is the usual supply. Manholes are placed at intervals along the main and a descent into one of them was made by the writer. A ladder leads down to a temporary landing of boards placed across the tunnel, through which the water glides noiselessly. The place was like a dungeon, and the light which the manhole admitted from above was speedily lost in the pitchy darkness which pervades the conduit.

The boats which are used in the summer time to convey parties of explorers from point to point are provided with torches fixed in the stern and bow of the boat to light the way. The current carries the boat along, and poles are used to guide the progress. There is also a remarkable echo here, and a stamp of the foot upon the boards evokes thunderous explosions of sound that boom and boom like distant cannon, as the sound rebounds from the manhole along the main. One of the party sang a few notes and the sound was multiplied into a choir of mysterious voices, the effect being indescribably weird.—Albany Express.

A COMMERCIAL'S TRICKS.

How George Moore, the English Drummer, Won a Hat of Five Pounds.

Many are the stories still told by commercial travelers about George Moore, the celebrated English drummer's determination to get orders. He would not be denied, says Samuel Smiles. If refused at first, he resorted to all sorts of expedients until he succeeded.

On one occasion he sold his clothes off his back to get an order. A tenacious draper in Lancashire town refused to deal with him. The draper was quite satisfied with the firm that supplied him, and he would make no change. This became known amongst the commercial travelers at the hotel, and one of them made a bet of five pounds with George Moore that he would not obtain an order.

George set out again. The draper saw him entering the shop and cried out, "All full! all full, Mr. Moore! I told you so before!"

"Never mind," said George, "you won't object to a crack."

"Oh, no!" said the draper.

"They cracked about many things, and then George Moore, calling the draper's attention to a new coat which he wore, asked what he thought of it."

"It's a capital coat," said the draper. "Yes, first rate; made in the best style by a first rate London tailor."

The draper looked at it again, and again admired it.

"Why," said George, "you are exactly my size; it's quite new; I'll sell it you."

"What's the price?"

"Twenty-five shillings."

"What! That's very cheap."

"Yes, it's a bargain."

"Then I'll buy it," said the draper. George went back to his hotel, donned another suit, and sent the draper's attention to a new coat which he wore, asked what he thought of it.

"It's a capital coat," said the draper. "Yes, first rate; made in the best style by a first rate London tailor."

The draper looked at it again, and again admired it.

"Why," said George, "you are exactly my size; it's quite new; I'll sell it you."

"What's the price?"

"Twenty-five shillings."

LUCKY AND UNLUCKY DAYS.

It was deemed highly important among the old Anglo-Saxons that a child should be born on a lucky day, upon which his whole after-life was supposed to depend, for, in their opinion, each day had its peculiar influence upon the destiny of the youngster. Thus the first day of the new moon was preferred to all others for the arrival of the little stranger.

A child born when the moon is new will surely live past eighty-two, they would chant to themselves, and be happy with the thought. The second day was not so lucky as the first. The child born on that day would grow fat, but not live long. If born on the fourth day of the moon, it would be a great politician; if on the tenth, a great traveler; if on the twenty-first, the chances were that it would be a thief or a highwayman.

All the days of the week or month the most lucky by far was Sunday, and should such day happen to be a new moon day, the child's prosperity was destined to be unbounded. Friday was a most unlucky birthday, not only because it was the day of the crucifixion of Christ, but because, according to old time calculations, it was believed by the Anglo-Saxons to have been the day upon which Adam ate the forbidden fruit. In this connection it may be interesting to mention that the Kurds and the Armenians believe that Adam was expelled from Paradise on Friday, and that the beginning of the flood was the same day.—St. Louis Republic.

The Electric Candle Cere.

A subscriber at Bryan, O., sends the following dialogue that he overheard in the street:

"Howdy do, howdy do?"

"Oh, fair to middlin'; folks all well, but I have got a touch of rheumatism. 'Oh, you can get rid of that; I had it so bad I couldn't raise my hand to take a chaw tobaccoer, but it's gone now."

"What did you take for it?"

"Waal, when they put up them 'lectric lights, I got one of them candles they had dropped and carry it in my pocket. You know 'lectricity is good for medicine. Waal, there is nough 'lectricity left in the candle when they put them out to work inter you, and that knocks it out every time. Jest try it."

"I will; where can I get one?"

"I've got a couple; take one."

"Much obliged; I'll give it a chance."—Electric World.

An Elegant Opportunity.

The late Dr. Gage and Burton, of Hartford, were both genial and fun loving clergymen, and when the two met there was always a delightful passage of wit, as the following anecdote illustrates: One of Dr. Gage's lectures had proved to be less attractive than the others, and on its second recitation it had become a "chestnut" and did not "draw" many listeners. Dr. Gage was relating to Dr. Burton his experience with a burglar; he said: "Why, doctor, I had him down flat on his back—I held him there—he couldn't move an inch!" "What a splendid opportunity," retorted Dr. Burton, "that was, Gage, to have delivered to him your lecture on Palestine."—Boston Journal.