

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

LARGEST PEARL IN THE WORLD.

It is a Beauty and is Now Awaiting a Buyer at Bapst's, in Paris.

I was today at Bapst's, the jeweler to the crown, to see what things there were to tempt millionaires to buy. When one says "Bapst's" one does not mean Bapst's shop.

There is no shop, but a house in a modern quarter affecting the style of the Hotel Cluny. Access is obtained by a hall surrounded with paintings and drawings, natural size, of jeweled ornaments made since 1734 for the crown.

In that year a Bapst who had married the daughter of Strass, the inventor of paste, succeeded the latter to the post of jeweler to the crown—a function that was no sinecure, as the design books which I was allowed to look through show.

"The crown was always changing the form of its jewelry," said to me M. Germain Bapst, whose history, in folio, of the crown jewels has been just "crowded by the Academy," and is a standard library work—as full of matter as an egg is full of meat, but incapable of being brought into a small compass, because abounding with documents taken from ledgers.

The rooms in which the Bapsts during the century discharged their function are all lighted from the top, and I noticed that the iron frames in which the panes are set are too close together for a burglar to let even an infant down through them.

Whenever a door is opened anywhere an electric bell rings. Before the Revolution sentinels of the Swiss guard kept watch and ward at the original house, which was on the Quai des Orfèvres. But it was found that they drew the attention of daring burglars. Hence the substitution of the windowless warehouses lighted from the top.

One sees in these chambers no jewelry about, but before counters old customers quietly examine the treasures drawn from dark recesses to be placed before them. One almost requires a letter of introduction to be admitted to see these treasures as a would be purchaser.

There are many things kept as heirlooms, and they would not be sold on any account. One thing is a unique black diamond, set in India table diamonds.

The black one is of pure crystallization as those encircling it. Therein lies its peculiarity. Sometimes it is lent for demonstrations to Professor Faye at the Ecole des Mines.

Louis XVIII offered \$2,000 for it, wanting it for a mourning ring, but was refused. Higher offers have since been made by wealthier fanciers. But it is, like the Luck of Eden Hall, not to be parted with.

The dream of most of the millionaires' wives is the largest pearl in existence, set with Indian diamonds and mounted as a brooch. It is generally shown with nine smaller pearls, that beat everything of their size and kind in the world in brilliant sheen and freedom from blemish.

Baroness Rothschild often looks at it with longing eyes, but she has not yet made up her mind to buy it, though foremost among the pearl-fanciers in the world. Like the Sibyl's books, the longer it is kept in hand the dearer it is priced, to make up for the interest of money which it devours.—Paris Cor. London Truth.

Fibers vs. Hair in Mortar.

Various tests have been made with a view to ascertaining the advantage to be derived from the use of manilla fibers as compared with other substances in plastering work. One of the most conclusive of these tests was made with four plates of equal size, one containing manilla hemp, the second sisal hemp, a third jute, and a fourth goat's hair of the finest quality, and the operation consisted in suspending weights from the middle of each plate, the ends of which were properly supported. The results showed that the plaster mixed with goat's hair broke at 1444 pounds weight, the jute at 145 pounds, the sisal at 150, and the manilla at 195—in the latter case the hemp not breaking, but cracking, and though cracked in the center, the lower half of this plate, when it was suspended, held on to the upper half, the manilla securing it fast. The three other plates were broken, that is to say, entirely severed.

Another test was made of mortar mixed with manilla hemp and the best goat's hair respectively. The mixtures were stored in barrels in a dry cellar for nine months, and when examined the hair mortar crumbled and broke apart, a very little of the hair being visible, showing that it had been consumed by the lime; but the other, containing the hemp, showed great cohesion, it being quite an effort to pull it apart, the hemp fibers forming the mass and being but little affected by the lime.—Detroit News.

Will We Lose Our Teeth?

It will be a great snap to a dentist about the year 3,000 A. D. The scientists tell us that as man becomes more human he will lose his beastly adornments. First, the hair, next the eyesight and sense of smell, and, according to Professor Cope, at last become entirely toothless. Cooked food is said to be the cause of the jaw becoming weaker and smaller each generation. There is now no room left for the wisdom teeth, or the upper incisors; the wisdom teeth are retarded, often cause great pain and decay early. The second incisors put out at the sides of the gums, causing "tusks," especially in this race as regards Americans, they being liable to imperfect development to a degree wholly unknown among savages.

The same suppression has been observed in the outer pair of superior incisors. This is owing not only to a reduction in the size of the jaw, but to prolonged delay in the appearance of the teeth. In the same way men and the man-like apes have fewer teeth than the lower monkey. When this difference in dentition has been established, man may claim to be a new species, apart from low savages as well as from high apes.—St. Louis Republic.

A Consolation.

Jones—What makes you look so disgusted? Brown—I just told a good story to De Lumbhede and he didn't see the point. I suppose that it is about dawning on him now.

Jones—Never mind. Remember that he laughs best who laughs last.—Detroit Free Press.

WHEN LONDON WAS NOISY.

In the Time of George II There Was Uproar Everywhere.

We who now object to the noise of a barrel organ in the street, or a cry of milk, or a distant German band, would be driven mad by a single day of George II's London streets. Hogarth has touched the subject, but only touched it. No one could do more in a picture than indicate the mere fringe of this vast subject. Even on the printed page we can do little more than the painter. For instance, the following were some of the more common and every day and all day long noises: Some of the shopkeepers still kept up the custom of having a prentice outside hawling an invitation to buy! buy! buy!

To this day butchers in Clare market cry out at their stalls all day long: "Rally up, ladies! Rally up! Buy! buy! buy!" In the streets of private houses there passed a never ending procession of those who hawled things for sale. Here are a few of the things they hawled: I am conscious that it is a very imperfect list. There were those who offered to do things—mend chairs, grind knives, solder pots and pans, buy rags or kitchen stuff, rabbit skins, hair or rusty swords, exchange old clothes and wigs, mend old china, cut wigs—this excruciating, rasping operation was apparently done in the open—or cooper casks.

There was next the multitude of those who carried wares to sell—as things to eat and drink—salop, barley broth, rice and milk farinny, Shrewsbury cakes, eggs, butter, lily white vinegar, hot peascods, rabbits, birds, pellets, gingerbread, oysters, honey, cherry ripe, Chaney oranges, hot collins, pippins, fruit of all kinds, fish, taffety tarts, fresh water, tripe, tansy, greens, mustard, salt, gray peas, water cresses, shrimps, rosemary, lavender, milk, elder buds; or things of domestic use—lace, ribbons, almanacs, ink, small coal, sealing wax, wood to cleave, earthenware, spigots, combs, buckles, lanterns, pewter pots, brooms in exchange for old shoes, things of horns, Holland socks, woolen socks and wrappers, brimstone matches, flint and steel, shoe laces, scissors and tools, straps and the thousand and one things which are now sold in shops.

The bear-ward came along, with his animal and his dogs and his drum, the sweep shovled from the horsepost, the ballad singer bawled in the road, the tumbler and the dancing girl set up their pitch with life and drum. Nobody minded how much noise was made. In the smaller streets the good wives sat with open doors, running in and out, gossiping over their work; they liked the noise; they liked this perambulating market—it made the street lively, it brought the neighbors out to talk and it pleased the baby. Then the wagons went ponderously grinding over the round stones of the road, the carts rumbled, the brewers' sledges growled, the chariot rattled, the drivers quarreled, cursed and fought.

The late Mr. Lowell spoke of the continual murmur of London as of Niagara afar off. A hundred years ago he would have spoken of the continual roar.—Walter Besant in Harper's.

Storks Are Queer Creatures.

The owner of a house near Berlin found a single egg in the nest of a pair of storks, built on the chimney, and substituted for it a goose's egg, which in due time was hatched, and produced a gosling instead of the expected storkling. The male bird was thrown into the greatest excitement by this event, and finally flew away. The female, however, remained on the nest and continued to care for the changeling as though it were her own offspring. On the morning of the fourth day the male reappeared accompanied by nearly 500 storks, which held a mass meeting in an adjacent field. The assembly, we are informed, was addressed by several speakers, each orator posting himself on the same spot before beginning his harangue. These deliberations and discussions occupied nearly the entire forenoon, when suddenly the meeting broke up, and all the storks pounced upon the unfortunate female, and her supposititious young one, killed them both, and, after destroying the polluted nest, took wing and departed and were never seen there again.—Atlantic Monthly.

A Regimental Goat.

The royal regiment of Welsh fusiliers has the privilege of passing in review, preceded by a goat with gilded horns and adorned with flowers. Every March 1, on St. David's day, after the banquet, his goatship is led thrice round the table by a boy. In 1844 the then regimental goat died, and to compensate the twenty-third for their loss her majesty presented the regiment with two of the finest goats from a flock—the gift of the shah of Persia—in Windsor park, and since that date the queen has continued to supply the royal Welsh fusiliers with goats as occasion has required.—Pall Mall Budget.

The Armless Huntsman.

The feet of Thomas Roberts, the armless huntsman once in the employ of Sir George Barlow, were made to serve in place of hands. Roberts manufactured most of the instruments which he used while on the chase, and could shoot or throw with as much precision as the average hunter in possession of both arms and hands.—St. Louis Republic.

Unornamental Public Functionaries.

If you see a pung of a cart drawn by a moribund horse, and containing three or four gallas young fellows and a homemade wooden cage marked "D. C." in wavering lines of chalk, you may know that you are in the presence of a metropolitan dog catcher's outfit. The New York dog catcher is no dude.—New York Truth.

A Man of Note.

Mrs. Gadd—Mrs. Blabb tells me her daughter is going to marry a man of note.

Mrs. Gabb—That's queer. I heard she was engaged to a trombonist.—Good News.

Sir James Paget says that he once heard Miss Janotha render a presto by Mendelssohn in which she had to play 5,595 notes in four minutes and three seconds!

Nowadays paper is almost entirely made from wood, although, as a manufacturer aptly put it, paper can be made from everything except stone or iron.

Rubber was imported into England, but it was little used except by artists until 1820, nearly 300 years after its first introduction to civilization.

VERY ABLE WOMEN.

THE WIVES OF THE NEW UNITED STATES SENATORS.

Though Some Were Previously Unfamiliar with Washington Life They Have Assumed Their Social Responsibilities with Grace and Dignity.

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The wives of the newly elected United States senators, who are figuring prominently in Washington society this session, are nearly all from the west and south. Comparisons have been often made between western and southern women, and they are



MRS. CHARLES H. GIBSON.

alike in many ways. The women of the southern states have all the hospitality and cordiality of manner that their western sisters have, but they lack the breast-ness and independence that is characteristic of the women beyond the Mississippi. The western woman has all the vivacity and verve of the southerner, but she in turn lacks the softness of voice and elegant manner which are the southern woman's greatest charms. So that while they are both charming they are not exactly of the same type.

A lady who is a favorite everywhere is Mrs. Charles Gibson. There is no brighter or more attractive woman in Washington. She has lost of friends, and is very fond of society.

"I hardly have time to say my prayers," she says.

At her reception recently there were 700 guests. Among them were Lotta and Mrs. Rhea. Lotta remarked enthusiastically that she had never had so good a time in her life.

The picture of Mrs. Gibson accompanying this sketch looks more like her, that



MRS. W. PERKINS.

she declares, than she looks like herself. "Because," said she, "in a moment of madness I allowed my maid to bang my hair. Now, I've always despised bangs. I think they make a woman look like a monkey, and I hate them worse on myself than I ever did on anybody else. And just to think," she added, with a rueful glance at the mirror, "I've got to go on looking like this until they grow out again."

Mrs. Gibson is a thorough politician and finds time between her calls to listen to every good speech that is made in the senate and also to read the papers. She was born and educated in Virginia. In her beautiful summer home on the eastern shore of Maryland she has all the portraits of her ancestors, many of whom were distinguished. She has some of the old servants who were in the home of her childhood. The house is very picturesque, being over 200 years old. The bricks of which it was built were brought from England. Senator and Mrs. Gibson live at the Shoreham.

Mrs. Vilas is very well known in Washington, having been during previous seasons one of the ladies of the cabinet. She came, as she naively puts it, "from the state."



MRS. JACOB H. GALLINGER.

wilds of Wisconsin." Her father was one of the pioneers and she grew up with the state. "My life," said Mrs. Vilas, "began with my marriage, as do the lives of most women. The first public entertainment I ever gave was a dinner to General Grant and his son Fred, at my home in Madison."

If such a statement may be made regarding an American woman, Mrs. Vilas is no exception. She has all the repose of an Englishwoman, is entirely without affectation and is as thoroughly at home at a state reception as though she had done nothing but entertain all her life.

Mrs. Vilas is a handsome woman, a brunette, of medium height and fine figure. She is very lovable and very companionable, too, for she is thoroughly educated and a woman of extensive reading. She is a very warm friend of Mrs. Cleveland's and accompanied that lady on her western tour while she was mistress of the White House.

Mrs. Perkins, wife of the senator from Kansas, is an Ohio woman, but all of her interests are centered in the state of her adoption, where she has lived since her marriage, nineteen years ago. Like most of the women in Kansas, Mrs. Perkins takes a decided interest in political affairs. At one of the first receptions which she attended this season some one introduced her as the wife of the senator who took

Wish to be Identified in any way with the Alliance.

Mrs. Perkins insists that Kansas is the greatest state in the Union, and she makes it a rule to answer every published statement which is adverse to her state. She has hazel eyes and dark brown hair, and is often mistaken for the sister of her eldest daughter, who is just eighteen. She has considerable musical talent, and as a singer she is very popular. Her voice is strong and sweet and is highly cultivated.

Mrs. Calvin S. Brice is also an Ohio woman. She is a graduate of the college at Oxford, O., and president of its alumnae. Her interest centers in educational rather than social matters. Any girl who is striving to improve herself intellectually has all of Mrs. Brice's sympathy and her help if she needs it.

"I do not believe in giving outright," says Mrs. Brice, "that is not true philanthropy. It gives a sensitive woman a feeling of dependence and obligation, and that is not pleasant. But I do believe in helping women to help themselves."

She is especially interested in women who have musical talent, and more than one who has achieved success owes it to Mrs. Brice. She is herself both musical and literary. Several of her poems have received favorable editorial mention.

Mrs. Brice is tall, fair, blue-eyed woman. The expression of her face is an indication of



MRS. H. C. HANSBROUGH.

the kindness and sympathy that are in her heart.

Her eldest daughter, who has been educated in Paris, is one of this season's debutantes in Washington.

Mrs. Jacob H. Gallinger, wife of the New Hampshire senator, is a New England woman, and thinks her mountain home the pleasantest in the world.

"At least I desire to make it so," says Mrs. Gallinger. "I want my children to think when they are grown that their childhood was the happiest time of their lives."

She does not care much for society and does no more in the line of calling and entertaining than she thinks her position requires of her.

"I desire to make the most of my stay in Washington," said Mrs. Gallinger, "and there is so much to read and learn here pertaining to our national history that I am sorely tempted to shirk my social duties."

Mrs. Gallinger's eldest son is a graduate of Harvard and his father's private secretary. All of her children are musically educated, in addition to thorough school education. Mrs. Gallinger is a fair, blue-eyed woman, rather below medium height and very quiet both as to dress and manner.

Mrs. Henry C. Hansbrough, wife of the senator from North Dakota, is a dainty



MRS. JAMES H. KYLE.

little woman. She, too, has blue eyes and golden brown hair. She is very graceful and entertaining. Mrs. Hansbrough was born in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Her mother died when she was very young, and she went to San Francisco, where she was educated in a convent. Eleven years ago she was married and went to live in North Dakota.

"Away out on the prairie," she says, "but I like it. There's such a lot of room to grow," and then she looks at herself and laughs.

Mrs. Kyle, wife of the senator from South Dakota, is another very entertaining woman. She is her husband's secretary, and attended to all of his correspondence during his campaign. Indeed, the campaign was hers rather than his, for he was in Boston at the time. Mrs. Kyle was educated in Oberlin. After graduating there she went to the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music for the cultivation of her voice. She is a fine singer, but since the death of her little daughter two years ago she has not felt like singing, she says. Mrs. Kyle was born in Ohio, and has been quite an extensive traveler. Senator Kyle is a Congressional minister and one of the trustees of the college at Yankton. At one time he presided in the mountains of Colorado, and Mrs. Kyle has been the heroine of many thrilling frontier experiences. She is an exceedingly pretty woman. Her eyes are large and brown, and she has a profusion of wavy brown hair.

MARGARET MASTON.

Lincoln and Phillips.

It is unfortunate that in an eloquent and glowing speech upon Lincoln's birthday an orator should have thought it necessary to sneer at Wendell Phillips in order to point his praise of Abraham Lincoln. Alluding to Mr. Phillips' scathing arraignment of President Lincoln's administration when it seemed to drift, the speaker said, "If I may paraphrase a famous saying, the world will little note nor long remember what Wendell Phillips said here; it can never forget what Abraham Lincoln did here."

The speaker is aware, of course, that there was at times a deep and general discontent with what was felt to be the delays of the Lincoln administration. Even as late as August, 1864, after his second nomination, Mr. Greeley, Winter Davis and many other eminent and patriotic Republicans demanded his withdrawal as an unsatisfactory candidate. Mr. Sumner besought Mr. Lincoln to move more rapidly, and the wise president replied, "Mr. Sumner, I am only six weeks behind you." The feeling that he was too slow was not peculiar to Mr. Phillips. He was mistaken in a goodly company, as the speaker himself showed.

Wendell Phillips said aloud and in startling tones to arrest attention, what others were saying privately. But he and they agreed that Lincoln had the same great end at heart. Phillips' duty, like that of Samuel Adams, was to arouse the public mind and to express with force public discontent. He did it with the art of an orator; he did it with what now seems injustice and with too sweeping a generalization. But he stimulated the public feeling which was indispensable to strengthen Lincoln to go forward. Each in his own way honestly served the good cause. Both were great patriots.—Harper's Weekly.

ABOUT SUNFLOWERS.

POINTERS FROM RUSSIA CONCERNING A POSSIBLE INDUSTRY.

Sunflower Seeds Are Raised in Russia for Oil—The Stalks Are Used for Fuel, and the Roots Make an Excellent Fertilizer. Could Be Raised Here.

The ground devoted to the cultivation of the sunflower in Russia has reached 700,000 acres. What do the Russians make of this sunflower crop? Oil for one thing. Their mills produce 20,000,000 pounds of sunflower oil in a year, and the product sells for \$1,000,000. Two kinds of sunflowers are cultivated in Russia. One with small seeds is used for the production of oil, and the other with larger seeds is consumed by the common people in enormous quantities as dainties, very much as the people eat peanuts in the United States.

The sunflower seed is used principally for obtaining sunflower oil, which, owing to its nutritious qualities, purity and agreeable flavor, has superseded all vegetable oils in many places throughout the world. In general, the cultivation of the sunflower in Russia is considered to be very profitable. At the average yield of 1,350 pounds per acre and at the average price of 1 1/2 cents per pound, the farmer receives an income of about twenty dollars per acre. This income can be increased in those districts where the grower himself is engaged in producing the oil from the seed. However, oil mills are very rare in the villages, the farmers selling their seed to the oil producers.

In the best growing district of Saratov there are only thirty-four village oil mills, producing oil worth \$40,000 annually, whereas in the town of Saratov \$100,000 worth of oil is manufactured annually. The substance remaining from the oil manufacture, or the sunflower cakes, being used as cattle food, is also a valuable product. These cakes, however, have a comparatively small demand in Russia, and are largely exported to foreign countries, principally to Germany and England. The government of Saratov, for instance, exports about 2,000,000 pounds of sunflower cakes to different countries, where some more oil is pressed out of them before being used for cattle food.

The sunflower cakes form one of the principal items in the export of Russia. A FIRST FOR THIS COUNTRY.

These facts have prompted Consul General Crawford, at St. Petersburg, to send to the state department a mass of interesting information, for he believes "the sunflower is capable of introducing a new element into the agriculture of the United States, and one that promises to become an important industry."

The stalk very often being three inches in diameter, and being long, sometimes bearing many feet diameters, which are more than a foot in diameter containing about 2,000 seeds, it is evident that in order to grow this plant profitably it is absolutely necessary to have a very fertile soil, which at the same time must be very compact and sufficiently deep to sustain the stalk with its roots. The best soil for this purpose is mold or black land mixed with sand. On meager soil the seeds grow fat and small, whereas on stout soil round, heavy and rich seeds are obtained. Soil where potatoes and peas have been profitably cultivated without artificial manure may be adapted for the growing of the sunflower. It also thrives well on newly worked fields if the soil is not composed of too much clay and sand. On clay and sandy soil the sunflower does not thrive, as it cannot retain the moisture absolutely necessary, nor are the roots able to sustain the weight of the fruit.

It has been estimated that the stalks and leaves of a single crop are sufficient to manure the field for five or six excellent sunflower crops. If before four-fifths of the stalks and leaves were gathered for fodder, leaving one-fifth uncut and evenly distributed, the fields, it is thought, could be made to produce good crops almost indefinitely.

IT IMPROVES THE LAND.

The huge heads, the thick stalks and the large leaves of the sunflower would lead one scientifically to conclude that it would greatly impoverish the soil on which it is extensively grown, but the practice of many years proves to the contrary. An experienced Russian farmer, Mr. Taratcheff, asserts that, although it is generally believed that all oil producing plants greatly exhaust the land the sunflower seems to be an exception.

He says that he has, for experiment, sown winter wheat and other corn plants, times after the sunflower and other plants, and the crops were always better after the sunflower. Therefore, he maintains the view held in the village of Alexeievka that the sunflower does not exhaust the land, but that it actually enriches it. The same view is entertained by other experienced farmers in the government of Saratov and Voronezh. One, Mr. Perelshoff, says that what especially grows very much better after a sunflower crop. For instance, on the large steppes in the government of Voronezh the sunflower is sown alternately with wheat and flax, the crops of which are always very abundant; whereas, if wheat and flax are sown together, if either is sown in succession on the same ground, but without being preceded by the sunflower, the crop will soon be satisfactory.

WHEN AND HOW TO SOW.

The sunflower should be sown very early in the spring, even before the oats, or as soon as the snow has melted. It has been shown that the sooner the sowing is done the better is the seed obtained. In many districts the sowing is made in the autumn, but this must be done so late that the seeds will not sprout. The ground must be plowed rather deep, but care must be taken that the seeds are not buried more than about two inches deep, that the seeds may sprout as soon as possible, the soil in the spring being warmed only on the surface. Many farmers moisten the seeds before sowing.

The sunflower is sown either broadcast or in rows; in the latter case the seeds should be placed about six inches apart. The sowing of the seed broadcast, being the more quickly performed, is generally favored on large farms, especially where the farmers have not sufficient help. Of the two methods the sowing in the fall and in the spring—the latter seems to produce the most satisfactory results. Seed sown early, even on poorly prepared ground, does much better than when sown late under the best conditions of soil. Although the sowing in rows requires more time and more work at first, and consequently is more expensive, it has great advantage over the broadcast method.—Washington Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

She of the Auburn Locks.

Out of any group of girls possessing miscellaneous wigs the red-haired one is sure to be the best of the bunch. Lively, affectionate, a trifle harsh, perhaps, but a captivating kisser.—Oakland (Cal.) Echo.

Always Prays for Patients.

"Doctor, do you pray for your patients?" asked an old lady, of one of our leading physicians the other day. "Madam," answered the doctor impressively, "of course I do. One of the earliest things I learned was to pray for my daily bread."—Springfield Homestead.

Coal Dust for Timber.

In Java the following is found to be an effective way of preserving the timber on the ground floors of buildings. A layer of fine coal dust is compactly stamped, over this a layer of fine sand is spread and the timbers are placed in position.

A HORRIBLE FEAR.

The Terrible Thought in a Mother's Mind Does Not Prevent Her Shopping.

Two women and a baby were the dramatic persons of a typical feminine episode the other afternoon. The mother of the baby, Mrs. A., with her precious charge, a lusty boy of thirteen months, drove over to pay a visit to a friend in Brooklyn who was staying with a resident of that city with whom Mrs. A. was slightly acquainted. The friend whom she had come to see had just left but the lady of the house pleasantly received her, and she remained for a little chat.

Mention chanced to be made of hem-stitched bed linen and Mrs. B. remarked that a certain Brooklyn shop was offering wonderful bargains in that line, whereupon Mrs. A. confessed her need and desire for these articles, and in the end carried off Mrs. B. in her carriage to guide her to the desired shop.

Arrived there, the dilemma of what to do with the baby was finally solved by Mrs. B., who was sure she could amuse him long enough for his mother to accomplish her purpose.

With some misgivings Mrs. A. left and Mrs. B. found within five minutes of her disappearance that she had undertaken a serious responsibility. The child became frightened at being with a stranger and cried vehemently. Mrs. B. kept him in the carriage as long as possible, then got out and walked with him, but, as all Fulton street began to get interested, she in despair thought she must hunt up his mother.

She went into the shop, the baby screaming at the top of his voice, and heard her way, embarrassed and irritated, through the crowd to the linen counter. Mrs. A. was not there nor apparently anywhere else in the shop, for Mrs. B. made search as thoroughly as her roaring charge would permit without success.

"Where can Mrs. A. have gone?" she exclaimed in her despair to the coachman when she came out again.

"Sure," said that functionary stolidly from the box, "it'll be in the fifth floor she'll be by this time."

It was nearly an hour later that Mrs. A. appeared, excited and breathless, and poor Mrs. B.'s arms ached, head ached and temper ached sadly before that welcome moment arrived.

"Oh, did he cry, bless his heart?" exclaimed the mother, seizing the baby. "I was so afraid he might, but I just couldn't lose those wonderful bargains."

Mrs. B. deemed a reply useless and only gasped in relief as she sank back in the cushions. The cream of the affair came, however, a moment afterward as they were rolling toward upper Brooklyn again, the baby gradually slackening his sobs under the soothing of his mother.

"And do you know," said Mrs. A., with only a half laugh, "I was pursued from counter to counter with the dreadful possibility that you might run off with Harold. One reads such shocking things of babies being stolen, and you know," apologetically, "young mothers are so foolish."

At this Mrs. B. could not even gasp.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

The Antiquity of the Organ.

The organ is the most magnificent and comprehensive of all musical instruments. While the pipes of Pan—aside from that mythical personage—indicate a very ancient use of pipes as a means of producing musical sounds, the "water organ of the ancients" furnishes to the student of organ history the first tangible clew regarding the remote evolution of the instrument. In the second century the magistra, an organ of ten pipes with a crude keyboard, is said to have existed, but accounts of this instrument are involved in much obscurity. It is asserted that an organ—the gift of Constantine—was in the possession of King Pepin of France in 757; but Aldhelm, a monk, makes mention of an organ with "gilt pipes" as far back as the year 700.—Daniel Spillane in Popular Science Monthly.

What Bacteria Are.

Bacteria are simply microscopic plants, the smallest form of vegetable life. In some instances they are so small it would be necessary to place 15,000 of them end to end in order to make a row an inch in length. They are of widely different forms, some round, some oval, some flat or rod shaped, while still another class are the exact counterparts of small cork screws.

In all cases they are so minute that one needs a powerful microscope in order to study them, and in no case can they be perceived simply with the naked eye. When countless millions are grouped together they may probably be seen, but in this case they may be said to resemble an approaching army, of which we are totally unable to distinguish a single soldier.—St. Louis Republic.

Hats in the House of Commons.

No honorable member sits in the English house of commons without his "pot" hat on his head. If he rises to address the house, greet a friend or cross the room he must hold his shiny tile in his hand. Should his name be mentioned in the speech of another member he lifts his hat respectfully. If it is in his hand when his name is uttered etiquette requires him to clap it hastily on his head in order that he may lift it with proper deference.—Youth's Companion.

The Movement of the Sun.

Professor Duner, of Germany, has discovered that the revolution of the sun as shown by the movement of its equator is once for twenty-five days and twelve hours of our time, while at or near its poles the revolution may be only once in forty-six of our days. This would only be possible with a movable and gaseous surface like that of the sun.—New York Times.

The Potato.

Humboldt says that at the time of the discovery of America the potato was cultivated in all the temperate parts of South America from Chili up the coast. The Spaniards first noticed it in Peru. The variety of potato cultivated in Europe and North America grows wild in Chili. Different species of the plant are found growing wild in most parts of South America, and it is claimed by many botanists, in Mexico and Arizona.—New York Her-Jid.