

# EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

## SIMILARITY OF SOME SONGS.

Popular Songs of Today That Resemble Favorites of Fifty Years Ago.

It is interesting to study the evolution of popular songs and favorite hymns. "The meaning of song goes deep," says a noted writer. And so it does. Often, however, the original meaning of a song, or the music to which it is set is very different from the later interpretations. Take "Home, Sweet Home," for instance. How it has swept the world's heartstrings since John Howard Payne, "the man without a home," wrote it in 1823. Yet it was part of an opera which proved a dismal failure. The words are not too beautiful and altogether would not be called good poetry, and it is doubtful if they would have carried people by storm had it not been for the exquisite air to which they were adapted. And the air is said to be taken from an old-Persian or Arabian love song. This song, however, living on its borrowed music, won Mr. Payne such lasting honors that years after his death a rich American dug up his bones and brought them to this country to be buried again.

Other specimens of metamorphosed meaning equally striking could be quoted by columns. Our patriotic "America" is sung to John Bull's "God Save the Queen," and "Yankee Doodle" was borrowed by our embattled forefathers from an old ditty and turned into a defiant jingle against the British red coats.

Here are some more recent oddities as regards the transformation of popular airs: "When the Robins Nest Again" starts exactly like "Maid of Athens." "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By" begins as does the "Blue Bells of Scotland." Emmet's "Love of the Shamrock" is of the same musical idea as "There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood." Any one comparing Dixey's great success in "Adonis," "It's English, You Know," to the old song "Flying Trapeze," will find that there is but slight modulation. By a change of key and the quartering of a few notes a difference is made between the "Spanish Cavalier" and the chorus of "Peek-a-Boo." "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star, or Will You Meet Me at the Bar," which met with so much favor in "Joshua Whitecomb," is so closely allied to Claribel's "You and I," that they can hardly be distinguished one from the other.

"All on Account of Eliza," of the opera, "Billie Taylor," is nothing less than "How Lovely Are the Messengers," from Mendelssohn's oratorio of "St. Paul." Think of it! One of the grandest of sacred chorals "transmogrified" into comic opera! And last, but not least, that stirring revival hymn, "Hold the Fort," is, so far as the music is concerned, an ancient German drinking song.—New Orleans Picayune.

## The First Telegraphic Dispatch.

The first telegraphic dispatch was sent in 1844, announced the result of the Whig convention at Baltimore, which nominated Henry Clay for president and Theodore Tilton for vice president of the United States. The only telegraph line in existence extended from Washington to Annapolis Junction. A number of people who had attended the convention were on their way back to Washington, and when they stopped at Annapolis Junction they sent a dispatch to the capital saying "Clay has been nominated." "Of course Clay has been nominated," said the people in Washington. "We knew beforehand that he would be. Your telegram trick is too thin." Nobody believed that transmission by telegraph was an accomplished fact. Pretty soon another dispatch was received saying: "Frelinghuysen was nominated for vice president." "Who is Frelinghuysen?" everybody asked. Nobody seemed to know him. When the train reached Washington the doubters found out that the telegraph had announced the ticket correctly. It was that incident which first gave faith in the telegraph. The first dispatch that passed between Baltimore and Washington was sent by Professor Morse from the former city to the president of the United States. It read: "Glory be to God in the highest; peace on earth; good will to all men."

—Letter in Chicago Tribune.

## A Remarkable Statement.

I know a non-hysterical woman who, in her trances, knows facts which altogether transcend her possible normal consciousness, facts about the lives of people whom she never saw or heard of before. I am well aware of all the liabilities to which this statement exposes me, and I make it deliberately, having practically no doubt whatever of its truth. My own impression is that the trance condition is an immensely complex and fluctuating thing, into the understanding of which we have hardly begun to penetrate, and concerning which any very sweeping generalization is sure to be premature. A comparative study of trances and subconscious states is meanwhile of the most urgent importance for the comprehension of our nature.—Professor William James in Scribner's Magazine.

## Co-operative Housekeeping.

The most successful experiment in co-operative housekeeping is in France, 100 miles north of Paris, at Cuisse. It has been in successful existence twenty-nine years, and beginning with 600 persons, now numbers 2,000. Not only is it an experiment in co-operative housekeeping, but in the care and education of children. The association was founded by one large hearted, large brained man of wealth, who planned the scheme and furnished the capital. But so great have been the profits of the association that the workers now own nearly half of the social capital, and at no distant day will own the whole.—Miller's Journal.

## A Good Peace-maker.

Mamma (to Tommy)—I'm sorry you and your sister quarreled over that orange, and that James had to interfere. Tommy—Whose part did he take? Tommy—Whose part? He took the whole orange.—Harper's Bazar.

Count Gleichen, of London, has been writing his impressions of New York. He found only one thing which London could copy to advantage, and that is the cab driver's fashion of blanketing his horse when the animal is standing in the cold.

## AN ANCIENT MAN OF STRENGTH.

The Unequaled Feats Performed by a German Showman in the Last Century.

The first theatre manager of Berlin, Johann Karl von Eckenberg, was the so called "man of strength," who showed himself nearly 200 years ago, first as juggler, then as athlete. Of his life little is known except as in his career as theatre manager, as he was the founder of the first Berlin theatre. He was extensively written of, and an article under the title of "An Athlete of the Eighteenth Century," published some years ago and recently unearthed, gives an interesting account of his prowess, as follows:

By an athlete of the eighteenth century we do not mean the Prince Frederick August of Saxony, king of Poland, commonly called August the Strong, who could knock off the head of an ox with one stroke of his sword and besides distinguished himself in all kinds of respectable performances of strength, but another Hercules who would have wrapped the strong August around his little finger, if such a thing would have been permitted. This man was the athlete Johann Karl von Eckenberg, who in the twenties and thirties of the last century showed his productions of strength in public. He was the most stately of all gymnasts and was born in the town of Harzgerode, and out of respect to his native town he called himself for a time, on his bill posters, Sampson Hercules Harzmann.

It borders on the fabulous what his contemporaries related of his remarkable exhibitions of strength. He broke an anchor rope as if it were ordinary thread, iron nails and bolts he turned playfully between his fingers into screws, a cannon pipe he carried around as if it were a baby. His teeth were as strong as iron. He bit into a piece of oak wood; then a strong cart horse was harnessed up to it. In spite of the horse being urged on it was unable to pull the stick out of the juggler's mouth or to pull the athlete from the place where he stood. A bench made of wood, sixteen feet long, he grasped with his teeth by one end and carried it around, while a trumpeter blowing his instrument sat on the other end. His arms were more powerful than his teeth. He spread out his hands, on each one was placed a bottle of wine, then a rope was attached to each wrist and to each rope there were three men from the audience who pulled with all their might, so as to make it impossible for this Hercules to convey the wine to his mouth. All their zeal was without avail, as the arms of the gymnast bent themselves irresistibly and brought the jug to his mouth without spilling a drop of wine.

He generally saved his grandest performance of strength until the close of the exhibition. He ascended a scaffold of beams under which was a platform of thick planks fastened on strong chains. A trumpeter mounted on a horse, clad as a herald, rode upon the platform and played his tune. The Hercules then took a place on the point of the scaffolding, held a glass of wine in one hand and with the other, by means of the chains lifted the heavy platform, the horse and the trumpeter high up from the floor, and for a little while held the whole weight, the trumpeter shrilly blowing a tune, while the athlete drank the glass of wine, at the same time giving a toast to the magistrate and the citizens of the city in which he happened to be staying.

When Herr von Eckenberg became older, his power gradually left him; therefore he gave up the herculean business and became chief theatre manager of Berlin, where he for some time possessed two show booths, which, however, did not bring him as large an income as did his exhibition of strength. But when he had this large income he did not know how to save. He had a competitor, Peter Hilferding, who had a show booth with privileges and at the same time was a practical joker and clown under the name of Pantaloon de Bisognosi. Provoking quarrels with this man embittered the life of the "man of strength." His numerous creditors seized both his booths with all belongings, completely impoverishing the celebrated Hercules, who died in the year 1754.—From the German.

## An Orator's Vanity.

An orator is apt to be vain. A Yankee clergyman who knew the oratorical nature called at the house of lords, and sent in his card to Lord Brougham. His lordship appeared in the lobby, scanning the card, and the clergyman apologized by saying that he could not leave England without hearing or seeing her greatest orator.

Brougham not only gave him a seat in the house, but made a speech for the entertainment of the shrewd minister.

Mr. Philip Hone records in his "Diary" that in 1840 he met at a Washington dinner party Senator Preston, of South Carolina: "One of the most captivating men I ever saw. His voice is like music."

The next day Mr. Hone was on the floor of the senate, and heard Crittenden, Southern, Webster and Preston speak. He was delighted with the eloquent South Carolinian, who, after he had finished, came to Mr. Hone and said: "There, I made that speech on purpose for you! I had no idea that you should go home without showing you what I could do."—Youth's Companion.

## A Photographic Hat.

Herr Laders has patented a photographic apparatus that can be carried in the hat. This novel head dress contains, besides the machine, a number of prepared plates. In the front part of the hat there is a small circular opening about the size of a small shirt button behind which the lens is fixed. By means of a string on the outside of the hat its wearer, whenever he finds himself enjoying a pleasant view or in contact with a person whose features he wishes to preserve, can, without attracting attention, instantaneously take the picture and finish it up at leisure.—St. Louis Republic.

## Exultation Among Sparrows.

An English sparrow became entangled in a network of electric and telegraph wires in one of the busiest streets of Cincinnati the other day and was killed, but hung to the wires. Immediately sparrows began to arrive from all sections of the city, and they covered the roof of a huge blanket. There were thousands upon thousands of them. They filled the air over the spot, and their noise completely drowned the noise of the street. They remained in the locality for nearly three hours.—Chicago Times.

# A HUMAN HYDROSCOPE.

He Was the Seventh Son of a Seventh Son.

ALSO A DESCENDANT OF SEERS.

## He Could Tell Whenever He Passed Over an Underground Stream, and Thus Saved Many Lives—The Fascinating Old Doctor and Story Teller.

IT WAS on the veranda of the St. Charles hotel in New Orleans, the other evening, amid a cloud of tobacco smoke, that I heard the following story from the lips of a retired physician:

I had just taken my degree, said the hale old doctor, and visited Claiborne parish, in this state, in search of a location. It was in the morning of the 15th of August, 1840, that I was engaged in a dispute about the personal character of a Whig candidate. Three men attacked the Whig's defender and he was shot through the body. He refused to allow me to treat him, saying I would get into trouble, crawled on his horse and rode into the forest, but I mounted and overtook him. When I mentioned the lack of water he said:

"We crossed a running stream a few yards back." I declared there was no such stream, but he led me back a few yards and said: "The spring is just under us, not over two feet down, and as the earth is soft, you can dig it to with this knife," handing me a huge bowie.

I was amazed, but explanation could wait on surgery. I dug vigorously, and was soon astonished and gratified to see a clear and lovely stream. I washed his wound, extracted the bullet, bandaged him well and saw him in bed at the next house. Next day I dressed the wound again and assured him of recovery, for his constitution was perfect. I then insisted on an explanation. The stranger warmly expressed his obligation to me, and said: "You will not believe my story, but will at least admit that I can have no object in telling you other than the truth. I am the seventh son of a seventh son, and a great-grandson of the famous Jennie Leslie, of Scotland, who could locate running water in the earth. My grandfather, a Cornwall miner, had the same power with regard to water. By a sort of double inheritance, and by the long continued family practice of using the divining rod, it has resulted that I have the power of feeling it when I pass over an underground stream. You do not believe in the divining rod, but unquestionably the power of indicating with it has been possessed by many in the past."

"Within the past 300 years the careers of Jacques Aymar and Bliton and Mille, Oliver and Pennet and Amoret, and my ancestor, Jenny Leslie, have proved it."

"Are there many of these underground streams?" I asked.

"Their number is almost beyond computation," he replied. "There is one very large underground lake in the eastern part of Arkansas, extending from the junction of the White and Black rivers to the Mississippi, nearly 300 miles wide, but I do not know of another such body in the entire country. And now a word more. You are surprised at me courting a quarrel which could have been avoided. The man I defended had done me a favor, and I never forget such. Years from now I will repay you. Good night."

Twenty years from that date I had accumulated a considerable property and was well situated when the war came on. I served through the war as a Confederate surgeon, and when the struggle was over found myself destitute. I at once joined a party for California, and soon found myself once more going across the great "Lone Star" empire.

On the staked plains, not having taken the necessary precautions, we first to experience the need of water. Our first night without water was had enough, but hope kept us up during the next day. When we went into camp the next night, however, and still not a drop of water, the sufferings of both man and beast were terrible. Next morning it was the same terrible experience, and the weakest began to drop along the roadside.

The weary and disheartened column was dragging itself along late in the afternoon, when we passed close to a strange looking framework, and to our amazement saw a human figure rise from behind it and gaze over at us. We knew there couldn't be water there, for the animals would have shown it. But we also knew that water

must be somewhere near, for there we saw a human being standing alive and well—a tall, slender stranger, with piercing black eyes and gray hair, which hung in waves upon his shoulders. We asked him, for heaven's sake, to direct us to water.

The stranger shook his head sadly, and said there was none within many miles.

"Then how did you get here?" asked one of our party angrily.

"When I start across the llano estacado I try to go prepared," he answered coolly. "I have a canteen here with some water in it to take me out of this desert, but it would not be a drop each for your large company."

After we had stood in despair for a few minutes he said, almost as if talking to himself:

"I remember a stream that ought to be about five miles south of here," and turning to us he said, "I may possibly lead you to the water."

Within ten minutes the entire company was following this gray haired stranger across the plains. When we had gone what seemed to be about the distance he had mentioned, he stopped and called the four who were in the best physical condition to come forward. Four of us did so, and he took his canteen of water, and dividing it into four equal portions asked us each to drink, which we did. Then in that quiet way of his he said, "There is a stream of water twenty feet below us, which can be reached by digging, and as it is your only chance for life, I have given you four my canteen of water so that you may not be once exhausted in your work."

The rest stood gazing at him in amazement and anger, while I at once looked closely and recognized the mysterious

## A REMARKABLE JUMP.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

Her Horse Took the Bit Between His Teeth and Made a Terrible Run—An Almost Miraculous Leap Over an Open Drawbridge—A Plucky Woman.

Many years ago I was an eyewitness to an accident which befell the empress of Austria, and which was so terrible that her escape from death seems to me even now a miracle.

Elizabeth of Austria, as she liked to call herself, was at that time not only the most daring but also the best rider in the world. No man or woman ever knew better how to take an obstacle than this most charming of all crowned women. Though her majesty was then already a grandmother, on horseback she could give odds to the best Hungarian and English riders. The party at the event of which I am writing consisted of the empress and a large number of Austrian and foreign gentlemen riders, who seemed to have gathered together from all parts of Europe. Most of them were known as prominent horsemen. This was not surprising considering that the empress would never take the field in company of poor riders. On this occasion the empress rode a very spirited young horse, which she had obtained in Lancashire when on a visit to England, and to the training of nearly a year. Everything went well after the start until we crossed a highway leading to a small Hungarian country town a short distance off. Passing a white painted milestone the empress' horse shied, and suddenly becoming uncontrollable it dashed down the road in the direction of the town. From appearance it was evident that the animal had succeeded in taking the bit between his teeth and that no earthly power could stop it on its mad runaway.

Although we all followed the empress, none of us seemed to gain upon her. Flying we passed through the little town, much to the amazement and terror of the few people in the streets. A short distance beyond the town was a shipping canal, and to our horror we saw that the drawbridge spanning the canal was open so as to permit the passage of some boat. In a moment we realized that the empress was running straight into the jaws of certain death.

Faster and faster we went on in pursuit, but faster and faster also seemed the empress' horse to fly. Now it had reached the open bridge. Would it stop? Before we had time to think we saw the animal dash up the incline of the open bridge like a flash of lightning. For a moment we could not close our eyes and a shudder convulsed every man in the cavalcade. It was a terrible moment—a moment during which fear and horror alternately kept us mercilessly in their pangs. When we opened our eyes again, still riding as fast as our horses could go, the fair rider and her runaway had disappeared.

We had no doubt that the inevitable had happened and that Elizabeth of Austria was drowned in the slow and turbid waters of the canal.

The idea was a terrible one. My pen is too weak to describe the confusion among us and the agony of suspense that followed and seemed to make each rider quiver in his saddle. Almost unconsciously we had stopped our horses just before reaching the incline of the open draw.

As a matter of fact our excitement was so great that we did not even notice that one of our number, Count Szepany, if I remember well, was also missing. All our faculties naturally had followed the empress only.

There we were, halting before that terrible bridge like a pack of cowards, with nobody among us plucky enough to ride into death with an empress.

A few seconds later the inclines of the bridge were lowered again, but nobody of our company seemed to even attempt to pass it.

From the pangs of fear and horror we had passed into those of amazement. Several hundred yards beyond the bridge we beheld riding toward us a lady on a foaming steed. It was the empress, and at her side the only gallant man of the crowd, Count Szepany. Her majesty cool and collected as if nothing had happened.

Smilingly did she make fun of us and our anxiety. Her fine rally was just as much justified as it was inoffensive when she saw the pitiable figure we cut in her exalted presence.

The empress' horse was very lame, and closer examination showed that it had dislocated its right hind fetlock. In jumping the open draw between the wings of the bridge the hind feet of the empress' horse had caught one of the iron rails at the edge and torn off one of its hind shoes. The most extraordinary feature of the accident was how the horse ever could have gone down the incline without breaking its own and the rider's neck. The only explanation for this small miracle, however, might be found in the fact that the empress never lost her presence of mind for a minute when on horseback, and that, though the animal was uncontrollable, she must have sat it to perfection. With regard to Count Szepany, he was unable to give any account of his escape. Moreover, he did not even remember whether his horse made the jump before or after the empress'. He simply said that during the jump he closed his eyes for a second, and that he then experienced a sensation as though the water were bubbling over his head.—Harper's Young People.

## She Was Amazed.

The humor of those who go down to the Academy to see pictures is apparently inexhaustible. The following was overheard: A lady went uptown picture by Mr. R. W. Macbeth, A. R. A., and after studying it for some time asked her companion, who had a catalogue, the name of the painter. Upon hearing it, "Macbeth," she said: "Macbeth! I thought he died hundreds of years ago."—London Tit-Bits.

## Observations Made to Determine the Longitude of Montreal show that the transmission of the electric current across the ocean and back occupied a trifle over one second, the distance being 8,000 miles.

The mere fact that chance has directed the finding of a penny in the street shows that the coin has luck inherent in it. Therefore, if carried about in the pocket it will presumably bring good fortune.

## A GREAT WEEKLY'S STAFF.

The Editors and Contributors to The Illustrated London News.

The editor of The Illustrated London News, Mr. Layton, is one of the several servants of the newspaper who have been there almost from the beginning. Mr. Layton was not the first editor, a Mr. Dalley having filled the post for some few years, to be succeeded by Dr. Charles Mackay, author of "There's Good Times Coming, Boys," and many other popular songs, who was editor from 1848 to 1859. The office of The News is certainly favorable to longevity. Dr. Mackay's death at an advanced age was reported only a week or two since. Mr. Plummer, who was cashier back in those early days, was still drawing checks in the office less than twelve months ago. The sub-editor is no longer young. As to Mr. Layton, the editor-in-chief, his beautiful old world manners are the chief indication of his age, for there he works away like any young fellow of 30, bearing the burden of an exciting post on his shoulders in the office familiar to his steps since he was really young.

The reason why the business of a paper, that really needs all that the enterprise of youth can do to keep it properly up with these rushing times, is so largely in the hands of very old servants makes a pretty story on the whole. Herbert Ingram, the founder of The News, though in most respects a singularly strong and sturdy minded man, had a morbid horror of storms. Dr. Mackay tells how absolutely terrified the calm, astute proprietor of the paper was while with him in Switzerland during a thunder storm of great violence. By a horrible coincidence he had to battle for his life for a long time—and lose it at last—in the midst of a wild storm of lightning and thunder. It was on Lake Michigan, in September, 1890. The steamer Lady Elgin, on board which were Mr. Herbert Ingram and his eldest son, who were making a pleasure trip through the states, was run into in the dark by a violent storm of thunder, on the dark waters of the inland sea.

The News was by this time (eighteen years after establishment) a good property, and Ingram left a family of sons. Many people advised his widow, whom he left with full discretion, to at once sell the paper. Her boys were to not only manage it, and friends thought she could not do so. But she said "No;" if she could keep it going it would be a fine property for her sons, and she did not feel justified in throwing it away. So she called together the head men in the various departments of the office, and laid her position before them, and she and her upright servants together worked the paper on successfully, till such time as her boys grew to be men and could take the management into their own hands. They have it now: two sons, Mr. William Ingram, late M. P. from his father's native town of Boston, and Mr. Charles divide the management between them, and they have a resolution not to dismiss any of the old servants who served them and their mother so well in their need.

Mr. George Augustus Sala was for years one of the literary props of The Illustrated London News. His "Echoes of the Week," with their quaint lore and droll little stories about everything that happened, were eagerly looked for and did much to keep The News popular in the literary department. Sala writes no more for it now. What were his columns are at present filled for English consumption with the mild jokes of Mr. James Payn, the novelist, while the American edition has the same space occupied by Mr. Howard Paul, whose brisk native humor, I suppose, sits "the other side" better than Mr. Payn's placid little puns and tiny jokers.

Other literary contributors, regular or occasional, are Mr. Davenport Adams, who almost equals Mr. Sala in the variety and extent of his knowledge and the lightness of his touch; Mr. W. W. Feun, a blind literary man, whose forte is describing scenery; Miss Clo Graves, a young girl dramatist noted for dressing in a man's evening coat and vest, with a "dickie" fastened with a ruby stud, above which her handsome face and dark cropped hair make her look exactly like a young fellow; Mr. Clement Scott, the playwright, who "does" the criticisms of the theatres, and Mr. John Lates, Jr., one of the most capable all round journalists of London, equally good at a tender little set of verses, a thrilling story, and a serious "leader." The art editor is Mr. Mason Jackson; the literary and pictorial departments being kept quite distinct.—London Letter.

## All Last Agricultural Phenomena.

All last fall the farmers of Connecticut inveighed bitterly because the wet weather was ruining their potato crop. They had just begun to follow the advice of leaders in agricultural experiments, and had substituted potatoes for tobacco, which had proved an unsatisfactory crop. Jack Frost was not getting along so early that the tobacco plants would get nipped before they could be harvested. But now they have abandoned tobacco Jack Frost does not seem to come at all. On the other hand, wet weather ruined the potatoes.

In September it was reported that not half the farmers were digging their tubers because they found them rotted, and it was prophesied that the price would go out of sight. If a man could get enough to keep him through the winter he would do well.

But now along with the pansy and dandelion phenomena come reports of the farmers finding that the health of the underground potatoes is greatly improved. John Elliot, of Plainville, dug two bushels of excellent potatoes from his garden which he had abandoned as worthless in the fall. Henry Hellam, of Goshen, put two or three men at work during the holidays, and recovered nearly a third of an excellent crop which had appeared to be on the verge of dissolution in September. John Gaup, of Cornwall, is now showing with delight several bushels of as fine potatoes as were ever raised in that old town. They were given up for rotten a few months ago, but the open winter has restored them. Edward Manchester, of Winchester, set his hired men to work this week digging over the old patch, with encouraging results, until the frost came on Thursday and put an end to it. He will renew operations on the first warm day.—Waterbury (Conn.) Cur. New York Sun.

## Quelling an Elephant with a Puppy.

Little Willie, the elephant who occupies the middle cage in the elephant house at Central park, has been causing his keeper a good deal of trouble recently, and several times has made vicious attempts to strike him and break out. As a last resort a little terrier, smaller than a cat, has been tied in Willie's cage. This precaution has proven effective, for Willie, who has killed several keepers, and is almost as high as the roof over his hip, is thoroughly afraid of the puppy. When the elephant is drinking the puppy frequently drives him away with a snap. Director Conklin is preparing Lizzie, the gentle and intelligent female of the Cole pair of elephants in the park, for carrying children about the park next summer. He is in a quandry over the question of fare for elephant rides, and would like to hear from any one interested in the matter. A small fee was charged for a ride on Jumbo in London.—New York Tribune.

## A Monster Locomotive.

The largest locomotive in the world has just been placed on the Big Four road. It is sixty-five feet in length and weighs 130,000 pounds. It has two boilers, between which the cab is placed, which is as large as a small house. On the pilot twenty people can be seated. It requires two firemen and one engineer, and its inventor claims it can, under favorable conditions, make ninety miles per hour.—Tradesman.

## In the Year 1886 the Kentucky legislature was petitioned to change the name of a man who thought that "Mr. Schiefelbusch's" was an undignified cognomen.

A human hair varies in thickness from the 250th to the 600th part of an inch. In other words, it is more than ten times as coarse as the web of a silk-worm.

## There is a man in Monteruma, Gambia, who has had his arm dislocated at the shoulder thirty-eight times and his leg dislocated at the hip eight times.

## AN ARMY OF DEADBEATS.

Quarter City Men Who Forget to Pay Their Tailors.

There are between 5,000 and 6,000 men in this city who do not pay their tailors bills. This statement is made upon the authority of a member of the new institution known as the Merchant Tailors Protective Association and Exchange, which is preparing the list for publication and circulation among the members of the organization. When this black list is once made public it will ruin the credit of the hundreds who have existed on the tailors in the past.

The Merchant Tailors Exchange has had a list of this character for some years, but the membership of that organization is small and limited almost entirely to the tailors having large establishments in the vicinity of Walnut and Chestnut streets. The new association, which was organized on Monday evening, will cover a much wider field, and efforts will be made to include every tailor in the city. Each member will turn in the names of those from whom he has been unable to collect his money, and copies of the complete list will be furnished every tailor in the city.

The list is to include not only the dead-beats that never pay, but all those who help to make the life of a tailor a burden. For example, it is almost impossible to make clothing to suit some men. No matter how carefully they are made, some objection will be found, and after enough alterations have been made to eat up all the profit the price must be reduced, on the ground that after so many changes have been made the garments come under the head of damaged goods. Under the new order of things these men must change their tactics or depend on the ready made dealers for their clothing.

Hiram DeWalt, who was made temporary chairman of the new organization, says it is surprising to what extent the business of beating tailors out of their money has been carried. "It is confined to no particular class," he said, "but is done by men in all the walks of life. Two classes of people stand out more prominently than the rest, however—those who want to make a greater display than their circumstances will warrant, and the sons of rich men who evidently use their allowances for outside pleasures and want to get their clothes at the expense of the tailors."

"In the compilation of the list great care and caution will be exercised. The tailors will all be given numbers, and the names of those reporting delinquents will not appear on the list; but opposite the name and address of each objectionable customer will be given the name of the tailor at whose instance he has been blacklisted, and the cause for the action."

"It is only after a man has shown conclusively that he does not intend to pay that his name will be reported. After dunning a man for a year without getting anything out of him, it is safe to suppose that he does not intend to pay, and I don't guess his name on the black list. I do not believe, however, that the losses from this source are so heavy as are claimed by some. The tailors have learned wisdom, and during the last few years have been very careful about trusting people they were not absolutely sure of. But even with all this care they get stuck every now and then, and the general black list is intended to remedy this."

Robert Stewart, the president of the old Merchant Tailors' Exchange, is a firm believer in the efficiency of the blacklist. "Nothing but the best goods in the house will suit those people who make a habit of not paying," he said, "and whenever we lose by one of them it is always a pretty fair sum. A man who appeared to move in the best circles came into the store some time ago and ordered a suit of clothes for \$65. After he had gone I looked over our list and found his name there. I immediately sent him a note stating that we could not make the clothing without having a good deposit. He stopped in shortly afterwards and explained that he expected to receive some money in about a week or so, and would pay when the clothes were made. He never returned, however, and I have since seen him on the street in a new suit, but they were ready made."

"A black list of this character may seem rather hard to some outsiders, but it is the only way by which tailors can prevent heavy inroads into their yearly profits. I think 5,000 a low estimate of the number of men of that character in this city, and for the tailors to clothe an army like that free of charge is considerable of a draft upon our purses."—Philadelphia Record.

## Quelling an Elephant with a Puppy.

Little Willie, the elephant who occupies the middle cage in the elephant house at Central park, has been causing his keeper a good deal of trouble recently, and several times has made vicious attempts to strike him and break out. As a last resort a little terrier, smaller than a cat, has been tied in Willie's cage. This precaution has proven effective, for Willie, who has killed several keepers, and is almost as high as the roof over his hip, is thoroughly afraid of the puppy. When the elephant is drinking the puppy frequently drives him away with a snap. Director Conklin is preparing Lizzie, the gentle and intelligent female of the Cole pair of elephants in the park, for carrying children about the park next summer. He is in a quandry over the question of fare for elephant rides, and would like to hear from any one interested in the matter. A small fee was charged for a ride on Jumbo in London.—New York Tribune.

## A Monster Locomotive.

The largest locomotive in the world has just been placed on the Big Four road. It is sixty-five feet in length and weighs 130,000 pounds. It has two boilers, between which the cab is placed, which is as large as a small house. On the pilot twenty people can be seated. It requires two firemen and one engineer, and its inventor claims it can, under favorable conditions, make ninety miles per hour.—Tradesman.

## In the Year 1886 the Kentucky legislature was petitioned to change the name of a man who thought that "Mr. Schiefelbusch's" was an undignified cognomen.

A human hair varies in thickness from the 250th to the 600th part of an inch. In other words, it is more than ten times as coarse as the web of a silk-worm.

## There is a man in Monteruma, Gambia, who has had his arm dislocated at the shoulder thirty-eight times and his leg dislocated at the hip eight times.