EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL, - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Charging, Right Foot First.

When President Lincoln issued his first call for volunteers Garfield was a member of the Ohio senate. A legislative "drill squad" was organized, and at 10 o'clock the same night about sixty representatives and senators assembled under the dome of the Capitol rotunda.

The first exercise, "sizing the men by height," placed Senator Garfield upon the extreme right of the company, and the adjutant general informed him that nature had evidently designed him for a first sergeant. As such he would be expected to aid in the instruction of the recruits.

The "position of the soldier" was minutely explained, amid general merriment, and "marking time" followed, and then an advance of three paces to a halt. The alternate orders, "Left! Right!" had been executed fairly well, when Garfield suddenly broke the silence.

"Say, general, why don't you go off with the right foot first? That strikes me as good sense."

With that a musket was sent for and handed to the senator.

"Now," said the adjutant general, "before you begin your instructions we must have at least one exercise with the gun. I will keep out of your reach, but when I give the order, 'Charge bayonet!' you will advance one step and strike out as if you meant to run me through."

The charge was ordered and executed with vigor.

"Hold, sergeant, that will never do," said the adjutant general. "The whole company is watching you. You advance the left foot first. Remember your own instructions. Ready! Charge bayonet!"

A shout went up from the whole company as Garfield attempted to obey the order, right foot first. He enjoyed the fun as well as any of them, and as the senators and representatives dispersed, shouts of "Left! Right!" resounded through the corridors of the capitol.—Youth's Companion.

The German Achilles.

The present emperor of Germany is unfortunate in having in his veins the blood of ancestry tainted with eccentricity and insanity. One of his ancestors in the Fifteenth century was Albert, surnamed the Achilles of Germany because he was so big and strong. His mind was as weak, however, as his body was strong, and so it was proposed to put the state under the care of a regent. Albert heard of the plan and sent for the counselors who were considering it. The latter were frightened when they saw their sovereign, his face plainly showing the anger he felt.

Albert turned to the Count of Gravenstein, who presided over the council, and with one blow of the sword laid the unfortunate nobleman dead at his feet. The others protested their loyalty, and threw the blame for the proposition to depose Albert upon the dead Gravenstein. The elector forgave them and allowed them to retire. From that moment he was absolute master of his subjects, not one of the nobility daring to interfere with him. He caused the castle of Gravenstein to be leveled to the ground, the vaults filled up and a crop of hemp to be grown where the feudal home of the proud family had stood. He took the name of Gravenstein as one of his own titles, and it has ever since been handed down in the house of Hohenzollern. The widow and children of the count were forbidden under penalty of death to bear the name of the husband and father, and one of the children was actually put to death for assuming it.—Harper's Young People.

Adopting Her Father's Gospel.

The refrain of a story to which a friend called the Bystander's attention has been ringing in his ears for many a day. A little girl's pious father was wont to comment bitterly upon the evil things he saw and heard, always ending his denunciation with the consolatory reflection, "Well, it's none of my business." One cold winter day the little lady was out riding in the city, wrapped in furs and closely muffled in warm robes, when she saw a child of about her own age scrambling along on the icy pavement crying bitterly, the tears almost freezing on her cheeks. She was very poorly clad, having only some rags about her feet, leaving the toes bare to snow and frost.

The sight made a deep impression on the little one's mind. All day long she could talk of nothing but the poor, ragged little girl, and in her prayer before retiring she was moved to lay the matter before the Lord in the following addition to her accustomed nightly petition:

"And O Lord, I saw a little girl today. It was awful cold and there was snow in the street, too, but she only had on a thin ragged dress and no shoes at all. Oh, dear, she did look so cold, and I did feel so sorry for her, but it isn't any of our business, is it God? Amen."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

An Odd Superstition.

Two girls sat drinking coffee in a ladies' restaurant. One of them had just put the cream in her coffee and was about to stir it with a spoon, when the other suddenly cried out:

"Don't touch it, Kate! Don't disturb it for the world! Try and take it up without breaking it."

"What is it?" asked the other, starting back in alarm.

"Why, don't you see? There's money in it. Look at that piece of silver floating on your coffee."

The other looked and saw a round white spot about the size of a quarter floating on her coffee.

"Slip your spoon under it and take it out without breaking it and you will get money that you don't expect. But if you disturb it in taking it out the charm will be broken. Oh, poor Kate! You won't get any money. It's all gone."

The two fair heads nodded in sympathy as the ring-around-the-rosy in the cup broke into airy nothingness and disappeared.—Detroit Free Press.

Spends Its Winters on a Ship.

It is twenty years since "Dick" first came aboard the lightship which lifts and dips over Brenton's reef, the roughest bit of water in Narragansett bay, and one of the most dangerous spots upon the Atlantic coast. For twenty years he has shared what the crew had to eat; has been their gentle and affectionate pet; has taken his part of the weather and enjoyed it all.

At just such a time every spring he has disappeared, to spend the summer on his native shores, but every autumn has found him back again at the lightship for the fierce and dreary winter.

Age is telling on him, and for three or four springs the sailors have watched his departure with sad misgivings.—Boston Transcript.

The Oldest Known Lens.

The earliest known lens is one of rock crystal, unearthed by Layard at Nineveh. This lens, the age of which is measured by thousands of years, now lies in the British museum, as bright and as clear as it was the day it left the maker's hands.—Philadelphia Press.

The Parlor Variety Is Better.

Mabel—I hear that George and Sallie do a great deal of their courting over the telephone!

Amy—I should think they would not enjoy an electric spark.—Epoch.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Extracts Culled by the Detroit Free Press from Its Last Issue.

Among the many good things in the last issue of The Arizona Kicker we extract the following:

OUR GAIN.—Monday afternoon an Italian with a dancing bear struck the town, and half an hour later Col. Siderial Thompson, assistant register of deeds, awoke from a snooze he had been enjoying in an arm chair in the Mighty West billiard parlors. When the colonel saw the bear dance he made up his boozy mind to have a waltz with him. His friends called him off, but he was pig headed and obstinate and refused to stay off. He suddenly jumped in on the bear with a yell and a whoop, and being new to our ways the beast probably supposed himself attacked. At any rate he set to work with teeth and claws, and so used the colonel up in about three minutes that he died that night. The general verdict of the public is that his loss is our gain. He had no enterprise as a citizen, and as a man some of us would have had to plant him within a few weeks anyhow.

SETTLED AT LAST.—As will be noticed elsewhere in the regular court proceedings, the legal trouble between the editor of The Kicker and Professor McCall has at last been settled and an amicable understanding arrived at. The professor came here about two years ago, and being in hard luck borrowed our only Sunday shirt and fifty cents in cash, and later on refused to either return the same or recognize our claim. We posted him as a dead beat and he sued us for $50,000. We proved him a bigamist, and he fired two shots at us in front of the postoffice. We advised lynching, and he was laid up for a month in the attempt to horsewhip us. The professor instituted no less than five suits against us, and on several different occasions planned our assassination.

Day before yesterday, while the professor was laying for us with a shotgun at the postoffice, he was run over in a stampede of mules. We were the first to reach him and render aid. He was carried to The Kicker office in an unconscious condition, and it was half an hour before he came to. Mutual friends seized upon the occasion to settle the trouble, and their efforts were successful. We now desire to announce in Italics that the professor is an honest, worthy gentleman, possessed of a fine voice and well qualified to teach the divine art of music. On the other hand he subscribes for The Kicker, paying in advance, of course, and advertises to the extent of $24 per year.

APPLY TO THE CORONER.—Just as our outside pages were going to press Judge Knight called at The Kicker office and invited us to ride out to Lone Tree with him in his horse and buggy, and half an hour later we were there. The boys had preceded us, and we found them in a circle around "Dr. B. B. Belinger late of the Royal College of Medicine, of London—the only discoverer of a sure cure for consumption." The doctor has been with us about a month, claiming to cure almost everything on earth, but after his remedies had knocked over half a dozen citizens the boys concluded that it was time for him to drop out. He refused to drop. Hence a committee called and asked him to take a walk. He had taken the walk and stood on a barrel when we caught sight of him. There was a connection between the doctor's neck and a stout limb, and he was making a speech.

The doctor recognzied us at once and besought us to explain to the crowd that he was in a hurry to leave the country. He couldn't fly, but he would do the next best thing. Although he had not advertised with us and he had given all his job work to our cotemporary, we could not refuse his request. As a personal favor to us the boys, after letting him hang long enough to insure a good case of sore throat, cut him down and advised him to go east. He went. The last we saw of him he was making such time as no jack rabbit in this country can ever hope to equal. Any one having any legal claim on 105 bottles of consumption cure, together with a machine for making pills, two packs of cards and office furniture valued at $3.25, will please apply to our worthy coroner. While Dr. linger still lives to the world at large ere is no doubt that he is dead to this co... munity.—Detroit Free Press.

Honoring a King.

A French writer on "The Revolution, the Empire and the Restoration" cites an amusing instance of what he calls h...oic courtesy. Percy, Lord Beverly, invite to dine with him a marquis who was one of the most valiant soldiers of the army of Conde. Wishing to honor his guest and the cause which he served, that of the French king, the English peer ordered his butler to bring him a bottle of fine wine 100 years old, "a ray of sun shut in crystal." He opened it carefully, and offered a glass to the marquis, saying, "If you deem it worthy the honor, will you drink in this wine the health of the king?"

The marquis tasted the wine. "How do you like it?" asked the host. "Exquisite," replied the marquis. "Then," said Lord Beverly, "finish the glass; only in a full glass can one drink the health of so great and so unfortunate a king." Without hesitation the marquis did as he was bidden. Only when the Englishman tasted the wine did he learn that what he had forced on his guest was castor oil.

Infantry Can Endure More Than Cavalry.

On a march infantry will endure the fatigue much better than cavalry, and in a long distance the foot soldiers will outmarch the horsemen. Those who doubt this statement should remember that a horse in army service carries about 270 pounds weight, while the soldier carries only his gun and from twenty to forty pounds.

Notwithstanding the fact that a ten minute halt is made in every hour for stragglers to catch up, cavalry straggles to the rear more than infantry does, and the care of a horse on a long march is a serious matter. The horses are picked animals, but even the best horse is liable to fall lame from the loss of a shoe or a stone in his hoof, or from some other cause which at first may be entirely unperceived by the rider.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Why Two Ears Are Necessary.

Sound travels by waves radiating from a central point of disturbance, just as waves radiate when a stone is dropped into still water. So far as the hearing of each individual is concerned these waves move in a direct line from the cause of the sound to his ear, the impact being the greatest in the ear nearest to the source. This being the case, a person who has totally lost the sense of hearing in one ear, although he may imagine that the defect is of little consequence, cannot locate the direction of a sound to save his life, even when the center of disturbance is quite near him.—Philadelphia Press.

'Twas Ever Thus.

Minimus (the new boy, of an inquiring turn of mind, to employer)—Why, Mr. Maximus, did that young man who just went out blush and stammer so while looking over that tray of rings?

Maximus—What did he buy?

Minimus—An engagement ring.

Maximus—That is why he blushed and stammered so.—Jewelers' Circular.

Took Her Advice.

Ella—I don't know whether to accept Robert or not.

Emma—You'd better knot.—Detroit Free Press.

Before the introduction of iron tools the making of a canoe was a work of enormous difficulty. The hatchets used were of stone and the chisels were of mussel shells ground to a sharp edge.

HANDSOME MATRONS.

SOME VERY CHARMING WOMEN IN WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

They Possess Not Only Personal Beauty but Unusual Intellectual Gifts—One Moral Heroine Who Never "Makes Up Faces," and Thus Avoids Wrinkles.

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It has often been said that all moderately good looking women in Washington society are transformed into beauties by the pens of society correspondents. This may in a measure be true, but the fact remains that

MRS. LEIGHTON.

there really are a great many handsome women in Washington during the winter, and I will try to tell you about a few of them.

Mrs. Stella Bachelor Leighton is one of the most popular young widows in Washington. She has a neat, trim figure, pretty neck and arms, and well shaped head crowned with soft, pale golden hair. Blue eyes look frankly and kindly forth from the fair face, and the pretty lips, I've been told, never open to speak an unkind word of any one. Her friends speak of her sweet disposition oftener than they do of her beauty. She was born in Cincinnati, where her father was a man of prominence. Her widowed mother, Mrs. Bachelor, who lives with her, is of the well known Dufour family, of Ohio. Her only sister is the wife of Dr. P. F. Harvey, U. S. A., now in Montana. After a few years of wedded happiness Mrs. Leighton lost her husband, Mr. Joseph Leighton, and left her beautiful home at Pasadena, Cal., to take up her residence at the capital.

Another fair haired, charming young woman is the bride of Hon. J. J. Hemphill, of South Carolina, who was Miss Elizabeth Henry, a great-granddaughter of John Henry, one of the first senators from Maryland. She is accomplished, as well as good looking, and was before her marriage a great favorite in exclusive resident society. To these friends she has added many more since joining the official circle at the beginning of the new year.

A pretty woman and a charming one is Mrs. Elkins, wife of the new secretary of war. She says that she has had no photographs taken for a long time, and that they never look like her anyway. They probably wouldn't catch the smile which lights up her eyes and sets the dimples playing about her lips, and this, I think, is her chief charm. She is moderately tall and rather slim, and her hair is brown, but not very dark. Though the mother of several children she looks little older than her stepdaughter, who seems very fond of her, as I imagine any one is who knows her well, for she has a way of winning friends at sight.

Another tall, queenly brunette is Mrs. Dolph, wife of the senior senator from

AGNES DOLPH NIXON.

Oregon. She has very dark hair and eyes and handsome, clear cut features. She looks like a high born Spanish dame, but is, I believe, purely American. Her sponsors, fortunately, selected just the right name, Augusta, for her. She dresses elegantly and with great taste, and is a charming hostess. Her drawing room, any Thursday during the season, will be found crowded with the best people in town.

Quite the ball of the season was the one she gave to introduce her oldest daughter. Beside the "bud" the mother looked like a rose which had only bloomed a little earlier upon the same stem. Agnes Dolph was not out very long before she married Mr. Richard Nixon, a bright young newspaper man. Her wedding, like her coming out party, was one of the most brilliant events of the season. That was five years ago, but she looks scarcely a day older. She is not very strong, and makes me think of a tall, white lily, with her flowerlike face, big, dark eyes, and the pretty way she has of holding her head. She is a heroine, too, for I heard her say one day to some one who asked her how she kept her pretty complexion and bright expression when she was sick so much, that she had read somewhere, "That no matter how much a woman suffered she should never make up faces and get wrinkles, but bear pain without grinning," and that she had always tried to remember it. An awfully good motto for other fair women to pin up in a conspicuous place!

The pretty wife of the handsome Hoosier congressman, Benjamin F. Shively, was Laura Emma Jenks, daughter of Hon. George A. Jenks, of Pennsylvania, solicitor general under Cleveland. Miss Jenks made her debut under very pleasant circumstances, being a special favorite of the beautiful mistress of the White House. She is of medium height, with slight figure, clear, pale complexion, dark brown eyes and abundant dark brown hair which curls about her forehead. She has been married about three years, and is one of the most popular young matrons in congressional circles.

Another charming brunette is the wife of Hon. Joseph E. Washington, of Tennessee, who was Mary Bolling Kemp, daughter of Judge Wyndham Kemp, of Virginia. She is tall and graceful, has very dark eyes and hair, a lovely smile and delightful manner, and has been a great social favorite ever since she went to Washington about five years ago. Like most Virginia women, she talks easily and well.

A dozen years ago Senator Mitchell's oldest daughter, Maggie, threw aside her schoolbooks to marry Mr. W. F. Handy, a youthful member of an old Washington family, and become a devoted wife and mother, instead of a famous belle like her sister Mattie, now la Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, whom she much resembles, though she is somewhat stouter and has darker hair and eyes and more color. She is bright and animated, talks well and is a great favorite in society. On her day at home her pretty parlor is always full of people, who are awfully tempted to tear up their lists of unpaid calls and remain to enjoy the witty things they are sure to hear.

As Mrs. Armstrong Mrs. Noah L. Jeffries was much admired and General Jeffries was greatly envied when he bore the fair widow off from all competitors, three or four years ago. She is of good height and has a fine figure, dark auburn hair and eyes of the same color. There are pretty little dimples at the corners of her mouth when she speaks or smiles. She is accomplished and charming in conversation and entertains delightfully in her handsome home, which she planned with artistic taste. She introduced a lovely daughter during the season, and had also a pleasant assistant in her aunt, Mrs. Helen Mather, author of that delightful book "One Summer in Hawaii."

Mrs. Anita Newcomb McGee, wife of Professor W. J. McGee, of the Geological survey, and daughter of Professor Simon Newcomb, the eminent scientist, is a very well favored young woman with dark hair and eyes and mobile face. She is as clever as she is pretty, and has written a good deal on scientific subjects and read a number of brilliant papers before learned societies. She enjoys society when she has time for it, but has lately given up nearly everything else for the study of medicine, and will soon graduate as a regular M. D. She ought to make a good one, being personally so pleasing, and will certainly make a brainy one.

One of five very comely sisters is Mrs. Annie Baden Low, the wife of Mr. A. Maurice Low, a clever young journalist. Mrs.

MRS. JEFFRIES.

Low's mother is Mrs. Frances Henshaw Baden, a sister of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, and herself a writer in years past of pleasing sketches. Even as a very young girl Annie Baden was a beauty and a belle, with her lovely dark eyes and hair and the wild rose color in her cheeks. She is slight and not very tall, and has pleasing manners, which win her many friends. She has two pretty little boys, but as they have a devoted grandmamma and two young aunts, Mrs. Low is able to go about a great deal with her husband and have a nice time.

Some of the handsomest women in Washington, I think, are those with gray hair, especially when it is premature, as it so often is. One of these women, and for seven or eight reasons one of the most popular, is Mrs. Outhwaite, wife of Mr. Joseph H. Outhwaite, representative from Ohio. The soft rings of gray hair above the expressive dark eyes, the winning smile and sweet manner make her a lovely and very attractive woman. Mrs. Outhwaite was born in Ohio. Her father, Jeremiah D. Peabody, a banker, was a brother of George Peabody, the distinguished philanthropist.

Another beautiful gray haired woman is Mrs. Hitt, wife of Representative R. R. Hitt, of Illinois, who has a clear cut face, fine dark eyes and dark, beautifully arched brows. She has traveled a great deal; is an accomplished and brilliant woman and a very charming talker.

Still another is Mrs. Rebekah Black Hornsby, who made her debut in Washington society when her father, Hon. Jere S. Black, was secretary of state toward the close of the Buchanan administration. She was a great favorite of Miss Harriet Lane's, and the two ladies are still firm friends. Mrs. Hornsby has a neat, trim figure, good features, curly gray hair and very engaging manners. She is as bright and witty as she is well favored in looks, has read and traveled much, moved in the best society of this and other cities, and talks well. She has a ready pen, too, and writes as

MRS. LOW.

well as she talks, a talent which her only daughter, Mrs. Evans, wife of a young army officer, inherits.

JULIETTE M. BABBITT.

Nicaragua's Offer to Immigrants.

Nicaragua is determined to have immigrants if they are to be had. Her congress has offered a tempting bait to prospective settlers in the form of a recently passed law which authorizes the executive to make concessions of lands, not exceeding 120 manzanas per family (each manzana is equivalent to 10,000 square yards) to immigrants, whether from the United States or other countries. Single persons can be given no more than sixty manzanas. If the immigrants decide to become naturalized they shall become absolute owners of the land thus granted, but if they want to retain their nationality they shall have only the possession of the lands and enjoy their products for ten years.

A Mammoth Engine.

Friedensville, Pa., is not a very large place, but it can boast of the largest stationary engine in the United States and one of the largest in the world. Its driving wheel is 35 feet in diameter and weighs 40 tons; its sweep rod is 40 feet long; its cylinder is 110 inches in diameter; its piston rod 10 inches in diameter and of a 10-foot stroke, and it raises 17,300 gallons of water in a minute. The engine has been patriotically named "The President."

American Girls to the Front.

The American girl is likely to be "featured," as the theatrical managers say, at the two drawing rooms which Queen Victoria will hold in May. There are to be but a few presentations, but her majesty has decreed that in case the applications exceed the prescribed limit, preference shall be given to foreign debutantes.

China Still Leads.

According to the population tables of the year the Chinese empire still leads the world with 404,180,000 people. The British empire comes next with 315,885,000; then the Russian with 104,200,000, France and her colonies with 63,672,048 and the United States with about as many.

DRIFTING AT SEA.

WHAT TAKES PLACE ON A STEAMER WHEN THE SHAFT BREAKS.

A Story of a Mishap at Sea That Sometimes Calls for Heroic Work—How the Steamship Kansas Reached Port After Twenty Days of Slow Drifting.

"Stand by your boats!"

This command was shouted from the bridge of the steamship Kansas of the Warren line on Nov. 4, 1891, by Captain Alexander Fenton. A report like the discharge of a heavy piece of ordnance had just been heard in the after part of the ship, and the great iron hull had been shaken from stem to stern. Immediately the screw had ceased to revolve, and the Kansas was as helpless in the arms of the ocean as a babe in the lap of its mother.

The men responded with alacrity, and in less time than it takes to tell it everything was in readiness for a hasty departure from the ship if necessity demanded it. While these precautions were being taken the chief engineer emerged from below and going to where the captain stood informed him that the shaft had broken short off about twenty-five feet inboard. It can readily be understood what an accident of this nature means, as the sail area of a modern steamship is hardly sufficient to give her steering headway even in a gale.

The steamer Kansas sailed from Liverpool on the 28th of October with a general cargo of English merchandise. She was in splendid condition, having recently come off the dry dock in thorough repair. It was her ninety-third trip across the Atlantic, and, while not starting out to break her record, the captain believed he would have a most successful passage. Everything worked smoothly until the afternoon of Nov. 4, when the accident occurred, and the ship took even chances of going to the bottom of the ocean.

There was a heavy sea on at the time, and the wind howled through the rigging with a force that threatened to wrench it from its fastenings. The log showed that the ship was just 811 miles off Fastnet when she received the shock that came very near ending her career. When it was learned that the shaft had parted, an examination showed that the trouble was in the stern tube, which is probably the most dangerous point on the whole length of the great shaft, as at that particular spot the packing is used to prevent the water working into the tunnel.

Here was an emergency that Captain Fenton was quick to appreciate. It was shown that the ship was making over 200 tons of water per hour, and that the safety of the vessel and perhaps the lives of those on board depended on checking this flow. It was a perilous undertaking to go into the tunnel, as the water rushed in with the force of a Niagara.

"Who will volunteer to follow me?" said the captain to his men.

All of the officers stepped forward and one brave seaman. While the captain could have ordered any member of his crew into the tunnel, yet he felt he would not call upon them to go where he was not willing to lead the way.

Down into the black depths of the ship descended the men until the tunnel was reached. A hasty survey showed that it was half filled with water. Groping their way along a murky darkness the stern box was finally reached. Here the water was nearly up to the armpits of the daring officers and of icy coldness. The danger of the undertaking was enhanced by the fact that any accident to the pumping engines and the tunnel would have become filled with water, rendering escape impossible. But the machinery worked all right for the time, and kept the flow partly under control while the repairing was going on. The officers had taken with them ropes, blankets and any other material that could be used to advantage in diminishing the rush of the waters. An attempt was made to chain or chuck up the broken end of the shaft, but in this only partial success was attained. The men remained at their labors for over four hours, and when they emerged it was with difficulty that their limbs were made to relax their rigidity.

After this the captain turned his attention to doing what he could to make port. First of all the sails were set, then the canvas on the small boats was hoisted, their covers were also put up to the breeze, every spare sail was brought up and rigged so as to catch the puffs of wind; the cargo booms and derricks were also utilized, and thus decorated the Kansas presented one of the most novel marine pictures that was ever seen on the Atlantic.

Under the influence of the moderate breeze the steamer took up a sort of drifting course, or, as the sailors call it, she had a leeway of six points, and crept the water at the rate of 2½ knots per hour. Practically she went dead to leeward. The prospects of reaching shore were not very assuring, but all that human ingenuity could devise had been done.

On and on she drifted, until it was believed she would ultimately reach the French coast. In the meantime the pumps began to cause trouble, as under constant use they became choked and worn, which necessitated stopping them from time to time to make repairs. During these times the water frequently rose to a height of seven feet in the ship. The ship rolled heavily, and a great part of the cargo became broken and the contents of barrels and boxes were a confused mass in the hold.

On the sixth day after the accident the British steamer Vondram sighted the Kansas and sent a boat off to see what assistance she could render. It was decided that the Vondram should tow the crippled ship into Liverpool, and arrangements to that end were immediately carried out. The Kansas was practically helpless, and the great strain that came upon the hawsers was more than they could stand. After the two ships had kept company about forty-five miles the ropes parted, and all subsequent attempts to renew the attachment of the two vessels failed, and the Vondram finally steamed away out of sight.

The vessel continued on her drifting course for ten days, and was nearing the Bay of Biscay when the wind suddenly shifted to southwest, which changed the course east-northeast.

The Kansas held to her new course for an additional ten days, and gradually drew toward the coast of Ireland. On the morning of the 20th day after the accident Capt. Fenton located his ship about sixty miles off Queenstown, and concluded to communicate with the land if he could find a crew of volunteers who would undertake the task in a lifeboat.

Before assistance arrived the ship had drifted within nine miles of Old Head Kinsale, and ultimately brought up four miles off the coast, where the waves tossed her about as if she were a birch canoe. Finally three powerful tugs put out to the assistance of the disabled ship, and she was towed into port.—Boston Herald.

A "Good Look."

Much is said about "Hibernicisms," but it was not in Ireland that a story was published in which the hero thus describes the dreadful results of an accident which occurred to him:

"Upon getting to my feet and taking a good look all around me I discovered that I was stone blind."—Youth's Companion.

An Expressive Name for a Horse.

Brown—What's the name of that colt?

Jones—Ten-dollar Bill.

Brown—That's no kind of a name for a horse. What did you call him that for?

Jones—Because, dear boy, he'll go so fast when he's broken.—Puck.

INTERVIEWING A CHERUB.

Alas, He Is Going To Get His Hair Cut and Become a Boy.

George Donaldson, the fourteen-year-old boy who was arrested in front of the Hotel Marlborough on Friday evening for sending his seven-year-old brother, Walter, inside to sell papers, was arraigned before Justice Divver at Jefferson Market court Saturday morning, and held for trial on a charge of making his little brother beg. The latter was handed over to the Gerry society. The boys live with their parents.

Walter has the face of a cherub, with long hair falling on his shoulders and innocent blue eyes, but his soul is as the soul of "a dead game sport," as he would say. His childlike appearance is enhanced by the fact that he wears a kilt.

"Good afternoon, Walter," said the reporter, as the boy came into a room at the society's headquarters with Superintendent Jenkins. "What would you do with a nickel if I gave it to you?"

"Match yer doubles or quits," promptly replied the cherub.

"Here, here," said Superintendent Jenkins, "you're too young to be matching pennies."

"Say, yer give me spazzums," replied Walter in a tone of lively disgust. "Yer say I'm too young, 'cause dey make me wear me hair long an keep me in dese dresses. Guess you'd look young yerself 'f dey wudn't let yer wear pants," he added, giving a vicious pull at the offending kilt. "I'm dead onter de racket. Dey tink I kin sell de papes better 'f I look like a bloomin kid, dat's what dey do it fer. Me an my brudder, we goes roun ter saloons an hotels an eatin places. He's dead slow in de biz. I do de sellin an he stays outside. Say, got any crap dice?" he broke off with the air of one who changes a dull subject for one of intense interest.

The reporter had left his crap dice at home, so he parried the question by asking Walter what he did with the money from the papers.

"Take it home ter me mudder, an she pays de rent. Every night when I git me papers sold I go home an give up de cash. Wisht I wuz home now. Dis ain't a bad place ter stay, though. Dat feller," nodding at Agent Schultes, who stood near, "he give me some pennies. Say, yawter come up stairs 'n see de big horse dey got. But it's nothin but a wooden one. I usetter go over to Gut'nberg 'n see de reel horses run. 'D'yever go dere? Oh, it's great. Dere's a big crowd of men all hollerin. Den a lot of horses comes out, 'n some feller rings a bell, 'n dey all run. When dey come aroun again where dey started, everybody is yellin 'n whoopin. Purty soon some feller yells, 'Clermont win!' Den all de fellers dey say, 'Oh, L!' Oh, it's dead bully, Gut'nburg is!"

"What are you going to do when you get out of here?" asked the reporter.

"Goin ter git me hair cut. I got—one, two, three, five, ten cents now. Say, I'll toss yer up heads 'r tails fer a dime. Den I'll win 'n git enough ter pay de barber. All the fellers calls me girl cause me hair's long. I licked two fellers for dat las' week.

"I don't care much, though," he continued sturdily, "Me brudder read me a book named 'Scrap Iron Mike, the Steel-fisted Slugger from Corpse Mountain,' an Mike had long hair, fer it says: 'He gave a fierce yell as, plungin his crewill spurs deep into the bleedin sides of his steamin stallion, and wid his wild hair streamin behind him in the wind, he dashed across the plain in perswoot of his craven foe.' I remember it de way me brudder read it ter me. Are yer goin ter flip up fer dat dime 'r ain't yer? Aw, what have I struck, a Sunday school? Say, take me away from dis, will yer?" he said, turning to the superintendent, and with a look of deep disgust on his features Walter was led from the reporter's sight.—New York Sun.

Men to Look Out For.

New York is infested with small peddlers who are ostensibly trying to earn an honest living, but who are professional beggars and thieves. The police find this class a difficult and annoying one to grapple with. The other day a friend of mine stepped from his office into the hall for a minute, and seeing a match and feather duster peddler coming from the direction of his office, hastily entered and found missing a pair of gold rimmed glasses he had carelessly deposited on top of his morning papers a minute before. He started after the young peddler, but the thief had disappeared. The gentleman complained to the nearest police man and declared that he could identify the thief on sight.

"That will do no good," replied the officer. "I couldn't arrest him if you should point him out now. We might collar him and see if he had the glasses on his person. He probably wouldn't have them, and I would have to let him go, taking the risk attached of an unwarranted arrest. If you got a warrant and had him arrested you couldn't prove anything and the court would discharge him; so you would have the time and trouble for nothing."—New York Herald.

Woman Grammatically Considered.

The following are some of the general rules for considering woman grammatically:

As a noun she is in the objective case.

As a pronoun she stands for herself.

As a verb, imperative mood, present tense, when she desires you to serve her, but subjunctive mood and future tense when you ask her to marry you.

As an adjective she is in the superlative degree.

As a conjunction she is a failure, for her sentences are not connected.

As an exclamation—perennial.

I cannot say she is an adverb, for she does not modify anything.

As an article indefinite, but worth the world to any man.

I love her in any mood or case, especially the indicative mood and possessive case but always in the feminine gender.—Rev. J. H. Carpenter in Louisville Commercial.

A Cane of Gold.

The newspapers of Athens relate that a Russian officer has brought to Prince George of Greece the cane with which the latter struck down the Japanese ruffian who made an attack upon the person of the czarowitz at Tokio. The cane has been completely covered with gold and bears the czar's monogram surmounted by the imperial crown and bearing the following inscription: "To Prince George as a souvenir of his courage."—New York Herald.

Why They Grew Rusty.

An English judge, who had taken his degree at Cambridge, told me that he could not make out Greek in mature life, even with the help of the lexicon. A fellow of the French university, a prizeman specially for Latin in a severe competitive examination, told me that he should never think of reading Latin for his pleasure—he did not know it well enough.—Philip G. Hamerton in Forum.

Useful.

Little Johnnie—Say, Ma, does a minister really need all the slippers that are given him?

Mrs. Brown—Yes, indeed. His son is generally so very bad.—New York Epoch.

Social Amenities.

May Flower—How long Miss R.'s hair grows!

Vinnie Garr—Yes. It must have been growing about thirty-six years.—Kate Field's Washington.

There is no doubt that the more a man studies the plumbing of his home the more will he be impressed with the difficulty of the subject, and the more respect will he have for those who truthfully understand its principles.

A BARON WHO WORKS

AN EUROPEAN NOBLEMAN LABORING HARD FOR SMALL PAY.

How It Came About That a Foreigner, Who Was at One Time Lionized by New York's "Swell Set," Is Now an Interpreter on Ellis Island.

Ring went the pilot's bell, the wheels splashed and we were off for Ellis island, where I made the discovery which enables me to tell this tale and right a wrong.

Ellis island, unfamiliar to most New Yorkers, although at the very door of their harbor, is the place where immigrants land from the steerage of incoming steamers. It is a place full of quaint and picturesque scenes of human life—a rare place for a philosopher, and I found one such.

"Who is that dark featured man with the heavy mustache?" I inquired of an employee when he had made a landing. The subject of my query was bustling about in the swarm of foreigners, speaking half a dozen languages at the same time; now showing some stupid Dutchman the way to the railroad office; now saying a kind word to some forlorn Polish peasant woman; now speaking in perfect English to a fellow official, for the gold letters on his hat told me that he was connected with the service. There was something about the man which at once interested and puzzled me.

"Ah! shure, sir, an that's the count, as we calls him, seein as he wears them hoy toned clothes and toothpick shoes, but he's a dacent chap enough for all that, sir."

I now noticed that "the count" was dressed in excellent, almost elegant style, his Prince Albert coat having certainly been made by a London tailor; his trousers falling in faultless lines and creases over a pair of patent leather shoes. Once or twice as he moved about I caught a glimpse of a scarlet waistcoat, such as the extreme swells of Paris are fond of wearing. His linen, too, was such as betrays the gentleman, and the careful droop and curl of his black mustache could only have been obtained by long familiarity with the curling irons.

"Here," I reflected, "is a man who dresses and carries himself and looks like a howling European swell, acting as interpreter for a mob of unwashed emigrants. I wonder who he is?"

I asked the question of another man wearing the official cap.

"He's the dude, that's what he is," was the only answer I could get. Another man called him "the baron," and finally I got hold of the chief of the railroad department, who gave me the key to the puzzle.

"The man you have noticed," said he, "is one of the most willing and efficient employees in my department, and you will be moderately astonished when I tell you that he is known and received in the best society of a dozen cities, including New York, London and Paris. He is no other than the Baron de Grunebaum."

"What, the Baron de Grunebaum New York society made such a fuss over a few years ago?"

"Precisely. The Baron de Grunebaum, whom Mrs. Astor and all the rest of the Four Hundred danced with and lionized."

The baron was bowing to a fat woman enveloped in an antique shawl with the same courtly ease he might have displayed in saluting a millionaire partner at the Patriarchs' ball. A woman was a woman wherever he found her!

"Do you suppose he would mind talking with me?" I asked, forgetting my own business in this newly aroused interest.

"I will ask him," said the good hearted superintendent, and he presently returned with his distinguished employee. A few words put us at our ease, and the baron, not without hesitation, finally accepted my invitation to a quiet dinner a few days later. Then he went back to his duties and I to mine.

The dinner came, and I hope the baron enjoyed it as much as I did. The conversation was entirely in French, which he speaks, as he does English, German, Italian, Hungarian, Bohemian and I don't know how many others, with scarcely a trace of foreign accent.

"Why, you know I came to America about eight months ago at the wish of my father," he said; "but stop a moment, these papers have said so much that is false and outrageous about me that I am not sorry to have a chance to set myself right. I will tell you how my father came to send me to America. I had been living at a pretty rapid pace, with gambling and so on, and had run myself into debt up to the eyes, as I thought I had a right to do, being the only son of a man who is immensely wealthy. Things came to a crisis about a year ago, and I appealed to my father, who promised to pay my creditors if I would show my intention of living a more serious life by going to America and taking a ranch out in Nebraska, where he thought the healthful outdoor work would get me into better habits. I agreed and came to America with about $20,000 capital, which he advanced me. That was all I could have under any circumstances for a year to come.

"Unfortunately, soon after landing in New York I made the acquaintance of a delightful fellow who persuaded me to invest my money in Chicago Gas stock at fifty-two. He said I would have $100,000 in a month. So I would and more had he made the investment a little later, for Chicago Gas has since touched eighty. As it was, the stock broke on some rumor and my margin was wiped out and I was left without resources. I could not go back to Europe because of the promise I made to my father; I was too proud to beg; I was incapable of doing a dishonorable action, so I sought such employment as I could get, and you have seen what I have found. If I have been foolish and extravagant I have been the only one to suffer for my follies, and I am trying to take my medicine, as you say in America, like a man."—New York Herald.

Methodism in the South.

The Methodist Episcopal church now has ten colleges, one theological seminary and eleven academic institutions for colored people in the south, and at the close of last year had expended on them $2,639,785 since 1866, besides the contributions of the colored pupils and their friends. The students last year numbered 9,310.

The theory that "dreams go by contraries" was upset a short time ago in Concord, N. C. A woman there dreamed one night that her husband had been cut in two by a buzz saw. The dream came true the next day.