EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L L. CAMPBELL . . Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Two Extremes.

"I'm so hungry," hoarsely winspered a large, well dressed man in my ear.

No, it wasn't the plea of a street beg-gar, but was the sad wail of a rich and popular club man, at that moment busily engaged in holding down one of the blue plush sofas at the Fifth avenue. Weighing about 300 pounds the club man was admirably adapted to that line of business

1.00

"I'm hungry all the time. I dare not eat. 1 am disting myself to get rid of some of this flesh. Every mouthful of meat or drink seems to make a pound of adipose tissue. I work with the clubs and bells and eat so little I'm half starved. Yes, sir; starved! You think that's funny, don't you, but it isn't. It may be easy for a man without money or friends or tastes who sleeps in the park, but to a man like me it's terrible! terrible! But I lost three pounds last week," he added, brightening up s bit, "and hope to pull off five this week."

While the unfortunate man was talking and moaning I was not smiling at him. I was thinking of a clever and pretty young lady who had a similar grievance and who that very day had tremblingly faltered in my other ear:

"Do you think I'm any thinner than 1 was last Thursday. Honest, now, am 1 the whole contrivance. If they had not growing thinner? 1 weigh only 125 got a plug in it pretty soon it would have pounds today; a month ago I weighed 126. Awful, isn't it?"

I admitted that it might be awful, but at the terrible rate of falling off given she couldn't have lost more than three ounces since I saw her last, and this was quite imperceptible.

"Now you're making fun of me," said she. "It is too serious. I'm getting to be nothing but skin and bonest Everything I eat and drink makes me thinner! Everybody says I look badly, and I know I'm just wasting away!"

I must introduce these two unhappy people and let them talk it over.-New York Herald.

The Green Fisherman.

It is amusing to a veteran when visiting angling resorts to watch the beanti-ful way in which the guides seduce the greenhorns into buying tackle or outfits from them or from the local stores. There is always some particular fly or spoon without which it is useless to fish; and then when it comes to going out to the fishing grounds, woe to the man who has not been there before, for unless he happens to have an unusually conscientious boatman the chances are that he will be taken over some very convenient ground where there are few if any fish.

"They are not biting today," or "You ought to have been here last week," etc., are the consoling remarks made by the guides; we have all listened to these remarks time and time again. Anglers on their first trips to the Thousand Isles suffer from this to a very great extent; there are so many good looking and convenient localities barren of fish while the best and prolific waters are at considerable distance from the hotels and require hard work at the oars to reach them. In fact the experience of sportsmen is that the first season at a new resort, whether for fishing or shooting, is usually wasted. - Forest and Stream.

QUEENSLAND'S WONDERFUL WELL

It Throws a Fountain of Water a Hundred Feet in the Air.

The artesian well at Charleville, on the Warrega river, Queensland, is the newest and most remarkable instance of the natural resources of marvelous Australia. The well is situated quite near the railway station, but in one of the most anlikely places that could have been imagined. Who on earth would have expected that this artesian well, which is the best in the world, or at all events yields the largest amount of water. was sunk on the top of a sandy hummock? Yet so it is. The site was chosen

by the hydraulic engineer, J. B. Henderson, for reasons only known to himself. but which have been amply justified. Crossing the swampy flat leading to this hummock, attention is drawn to a

wide channel cut through the drift sand, and it is explained that the overflow of water had done this ere the apparatus for controlling it had been obtained. The bore itself looked a harmless enough kind of thing. It might have been taken for a rather high standpipe placed in an idiotic position in the bottom of a hole sixty or seventy yards long, thirty broad and ten feet deep. But a moment's observa-tion showed that the harmless looking standpipe had made the hole. As a matter of fact, the water when it was tapped rushed up in such a volume that it washed away the sand around the bore in a few minutes and cleaned out the foundations of the derrick and threatened to wreck the whole contrivance. If they had not washed Charleville into the Warreg-On top of the pipe there has been fixed a right angle bend, so that the water can be turned in any direction.

When the visitors arrived at the bore it was seen that the water was trickling in a tiny stream from this bend into the thirsty sand below, but in a few minutes the scene was changed. Mr. Woodley, of the Queensland Boring company. which sunk the well, opened the valve, and with every turn of the wheel the thin stream thickened and deflected from its former perpendicular course. Gradually the volume of water increased and began to roar through the pipe almost like steam blowing from a safety valve. Every moment the sight became more interesting, and when the valve was fully opened it was a spectacle to wonder at. Rushing from the bore by

its own force, ejecting itself for a distance of thirty feet in a horizontal direction, came a column of water white as milk in appearance. In a second or two it churned up the sand before it into

coffee colored mud. This was the first singular thing noticed, for the falling white torrent, driving before it, as it seemed, the brown mud, produced a whimsical effect, like the pouring of milk and coffee into the same cup at the same time. But this did not last long. In a few moments a little pond was formed, which filled up until the level of the surrounding ground was reached, and then there was seen at first a rivulet and then a stream rushing down the hillside. When it is said that this well fills a 400 gallon tank in thirteen seconds it can readily be understood that all this did not take long. The valve was next closed and the right angle bend removed. On the second opening of the valve there was witnessed a spectacle at once beautiful and majestic, and which was well worth the long jour-

ney from Brisbane to see. The water rose in a snowy column, like a stalagmite wool, to a height of thirty feet and descended in a hissing torrent so heavy marked by the appearance of half a doz- and close as to quite obscure the pipe itself. It was a marvel of beauty and a picture that will never be effaced from he memories of those who witnessed it.

TO WARD IT ALL OFF. A dog howled at me in the dark,

A toad came from his hole to croak, And the devil cat in anger spat At me beneath the druid oak; And, as it never creaked before, Creaks yonder swinging dairy door.

There is a death's head in the fire, An hour ago I broke a glass; And down the lane I see a train Of shadowing, mummering phantoms pass I see those ghostly shadows go Where broads the growsome carrion crow.

The flax I strewed outside the door The max is trewed outside the door Some evil sprite hath whisked away; The candle burns awry and turns Rs flames where bones of men decay. The ploture is my cup portends The loss of riches, health, and friends

INVOCATION.

I put these pence upon this plats And these sweet curds upon this shelf, I set them down for Bawaybrown, My own familiar little eif; Take pence, oat curds, dear fay, and be Protector of this house and me!

-Eugene Field

RALPH, THE ROVER.

"Here, Ralph! Ralph! Hi, you scamp! ome back here, sir! There, he's gone! Off for a two or three days' tramp again. Beg pardon, sir! I didn't see you. I was that busy callin' the dog I reckon I nearly walked over you. The matter, sir? Well, it's that dog, Ralph. You heard me call him, I dare say. A grander old fellow you couldn't find in a day's travel, but he has one bad habit. Most humans have more than that, and I ain't sure in my own mind that he ain't human.

"' The habit?' Well, it's just this: he will follow every blessed old tramp as passes here, and keep followin' 'em, sometimes, for two or three days. He's a queer one. Did you notice him just now? Didn't see him? Well, he keeps just far enough, behind the fellows so they won't drive him back, sniffin', sniffin' along, and kind of castin' his eye back to let me know he's hearin' me but not heedin' me. Just the same way he acts every time he goes off. He'll be back all right, when he does come ; and he's been actin' that way ever since I've had him. 'Stolen?' Why, sir, I don't believe the one's livin' could steal him, or fasten him up ever so tight he couldn't get back, ever since-an' a right queer way I got him, too.

"'Is he mine?' Well, yes, in one way; an' then no, in another. It was a queer

story, anyway. "'Tell it,' sir? Well, if I had time 1 might. Ah, thank you, sir! A fine gentleman like you can afford to be generous.

"Now, let me see! As near as I remember, it was June, two years ago, as 1 come down stairs rather early one morning to light the fire for my old woman. She warn't very strong then: the youngster there was only a couple of months old, an' I was gettin' the things all handy for her to get breakfast. When she come down the fire was lightin' an' the kettle singin'-for joy of seein' her, I'm thinkin'.

"Mollie was always a great one for fresh air, so as soon as she saw that everythin' was goin' right in the kitchen she walks to the front door. turns the key an' opens it.

"Well, quick as a flash she came runnin' back to me with her face kind of white an' scared.

" 'Oh, Jim! come out here to the door. Quick,' says she, "An' when I followed her, blessed if I

don't see the rummest sight I ever did: an' there I stood, starin' like an ape. "You see, these seats on the pore

see them. He never let on for one mo-

self but once, an' that was the last evenin' he was here. "The dog was sittin' beside him, with his head restin' on Robert's knee, when

I says, kind of sudden like: 'I bet Ralph's a very vallyble dog. Robert.'

" 'Yes, yes,' he says, sort of slow. 'Too vallyble,' stroking Ralph's head with a tovin' hand, while the dog looked at him with just as much love. "Twas the humanest eyes you would ever see, sir. " 'He is worth a great deal of money,

he said again, after a moment's thinking. 'I am very sorry for it sometimes. I've been in many hard straits at times, an' I've been afraid-aye, afraid of myself-that I'd be tempted to sell him. Not while I was myself, old fellow, you understand, but when I was the brute I sometimes am.'

"By George, sir! you wouldn't believe it. I dare say, but I'd take my affydavy that dog looked up, sort of sad like, and shook his head.

"To make the story short-though, all told, it was not so very long-when we came down stairs the next morning Ralph lay on the floor, guardin' his master's stick, but his master wasn't nowhere 'round.

"Tell me the dog didn't know! He knew as well as we did why it was done; him, had left him; but he had been told to watch the stick, an' with the saddest eves, an' droopin', he lay there all day long. An' I truly believe if we hadn't got the stick away from him an' burned it he'd 'a' been watchin' it yet.

"'An' his master?' Yes, sir; gone, clean gone. An' we've never heard a word of him since, 'Ungrateful?' No sir; I don't take it so. I think he couldn't trust himself with the dog he loved, when he was himself, you see, an' so he left him where he knew he'd be well taken care of. Yes, that's the way I see it, anyhow. An' then he got so far away before the dog would quit watchin' that the scent was lost for poor Ralph. But he ain't never give up! Not a day, sir!

'Do? Well, there's not a tramp comes past here-an' the worse lookin' they are the wilder he is to get after them, sniffin' at their tracks; an' then his tail will droop so disappointed like; yet he'll keep on an' follow 'em for a day, or maybe three

days, till he gets sure he ain't comin' to his master, when he'll come back. Seems to me as if he kind of thought they might know him. 'How does he find out they don't? Bless you, sir, don't ask me, but dogs know a heap more than people

think. "He ought'a' been named Rover, for he's been in more different places 'round here than I have, an' always turns up all right when he's settled the matter.

"Why! ain't that him now, a-sniffin' along the other road? Course it is. Well now, how'd he get over there, I wonder; seems as if he was scentin' somethin'.

don't it? "Hi, Ralph! Ralph! Ah! there he comes, a-boundin' along towards us just as he used to go for his master. Looks as if he thought he could find

him, sure. See now! Ain't he a beauty? "Here, Ralph! Good old fellow! Come here, sir! Eh! What! Straight for you, sir, he goes, without a look for me. All over you in a minute! A fine gentleman like you! What! you! you, sir! Robert!

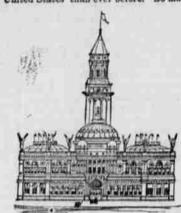
Well, well, I give in. Dogs is human!"

only knows what. But a true gentle-man, an' I know the right kind when I FAIR ARCHITECTURE.

ment, though, a single word about him- STATE BUILDINGS TO ADORN THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION GROUNDS.

> The Missouri Headquarters Will Be Advantageously Located and of Handsome Design-The Massachusetts Colopial Mansion-Ohio's Fine Structure.

Architecture is a science indeed, if its rank is to be estimated by the amount of study and care given it, and though it is mong the very oldest of the sciences it is just now receiving more attention in the United States than ever before. So many



THE MISSOURI BUILDING.

new state buildings, so many new churches that the master he loved, an' who loved and fine residences are in course of construction-above all the World's fair structures at Chicago-that Americans are at present enjoying a sort of renaissance of their own.

The happy freedom of selection and comto carry out the wishes of the deceased bination of styles is shown in the buildings at first troubled the bereaved family, unso far contracted for at Chicago, the state til they learned that Stephen Symphony buildings of Ohio and Missouri being was burning lime in his kiln, which had among the last. The Missouri building is been fired three days and was reaching a to be of the Spanish renaissance style, and white heat. Desiring to save the ashes stand in full view of and directly opposite the main art gallery. The first floor will they procured a large evaporating pan contain the rooms devoted to advertising belonging to a molasses mill. Placing the resources of the state, and will also the remains in this, they carefully shoved contain the administration parlors and the whole into the kiln, which was an offices. The main entrance, opening into open one on top, and being built in the this section, is a triple one, and will be beautifully finished in sandstone, terra side of the hill, was easily accessible. The sorrowing family gathered around, cotta and marble.

It will open direct into a grand vestibule expecting the rapid incineration and dis-24 feet wide, laid in mosaic style and flanked either side with niches for teleintegration of the departed. In a few minutes the winding sheet was gone and graph, telephone and local postoffice. Through this one will pass to the main the naked body was exposed to the intense heat. From the ears, nostrils and rotunda, which is 30 by 40 feet, and thence mouth came jets of steam, broken at first, direct access is had to all the rooms on the then solid, and in an hour had ceased, first floor and two grand stairways lead to the second floor. The main feature of this but no change was perceivable in the last is the auditorium, which will be 40 by silent form. 88 feet. At the ends will be reception More wood was fed to the glowing rooms for ladies and gentlemen respecfurnace to make the vigil of the betively, and by large folding doors both of reaved briefer, but still no change. More these may be made practically part of the wood was pitched in and hotter still the main auditorium. fire raged. Hour after hour passed, and



THE MASSACHUSETTS BUILDING.

A pleasing novelty is a portable stage for this auditorium, on which at regular times stereopticon views of scenes in Missouri will be presented. The building is also to ossified body, had changed. it to perfect marble, a little lighter in color than the be constructed entirely of Missouri matenatural body, but retaining its natural rial, and prominence given to the finest stone and wood so far as the style and proper finish of the structure will allow. a good idea of the state by a day in this building. Messrs. Gunn & Curtis, of Kan-verely, splitting it between the second sas City, are the architects, who have arranged for an exterior finish, showing the heraldic emblems of the state in metals of native production. Woods of every kind grown in the state have been offered in abundance and without cost. The Massachusetts building will possess

HE MADE ANOTHER RICK FROM BONE TO MARBLE.

SEARCHING THE ROOM WHILE TH A Missouri Man's Body Is Changed by Heat Into Stone Instead of Ashes. Great interest is manifested at Cass-

ville, Mo., over a remarkable circumstance which has just come to light. It happened on Off Davis near Buzzard Roost. When old man Clayback came out of the late war he was a physical wreck, but like many others of the state militia was too independent to ask for a pension, even if he could have secured one, and made his living in the best way

tion as an avenue of escape from the

grave, a plan which he hailed with joy.

The disease continued, complete ossifi-

cation took place and the man died. How

from a glowing red to an opaque white the

body turned, while on the countenance

seemed to rest an expression of infinite

peace and satisfaction. So three days

wore away, and the fire must be drawn

or the lime spoiled. Twenty-four hours

later, by means of grappling hooks, the

pan and body were raised, and to the

surprise of every one the body was still

A greater and more pleasant surprise,

however, awaited the family, for when

the body became cold it was ascertained

that the intense heat, acting upon the

intact and glowing.

and gave directions accordingly.

"and"-"Spent it," broke in the writer. he could until his six boys and seven "Didn't have that pleasure." girls got old enough to help him. "Lost it?" About five years ago the old man be-

"No, sir; the fortune I made was the gan to get very bad with rheumatism, as of another man." "How was that?" asked the writer. he thought, and although he used the

Useless in a Small Town

DOCTORS DISAGREED.

How a Wide Awake Merchant Desided

Enotty Medical Dispute and Made a

Friend's Fortune-City Tricks That Res

"I have made one fortune in my time said an old merchant the other da

"How was that?" asked the writer. "After I left college," replied the far speaker, "I knocked about the count here and there, for a few years, befor settled down in this city. In the cous of my wanderings I met an old sche friend who had gone to a medical est lege and was then just starting to bai up a practice in a small country tore When I ran across him he was in. entire crop of spicewood berries which grew on the creek, he continued to get worse. Two years ago he got so stiff as to be confined to his home and called in a physician, who, after carefully diagnosing the case, gave as his opinion that instead of rheumatism ailing the man it was a true case of ossification. Nothing could be done, and he advised his pa-When I ran across him he was in ; tient to make ready for the end, although dreadful fit of the blues, and I sail t dreadful in of the blues, and I said a him, after first greetings had been a changed: 'Why, old man, you're not he your former self at all. You haven been practicing long enough to have he might live for some time. The old man took the doctor's advice and did not seem to have any fears of death, but dreaded the yawning grave and the cold, clammy earth. To make his thoughts killed anybody yet, have you? more pleasant and relieve him of his only terror, a friend suggested crema-

"'No, no! my boy,' he answered, 'ng that. But, if I may confide in you win safety, as I think I can, I will tell ya my difficulties. I'm madly in love win the most beautiful girl in all the work and she loves me, but all her mean. the most beautiful girl in all the work and she loves me, but all her people as opposed to our marriage, because the of man is wealthy and I am poor. The want her to marry a rich suitor who after her, and I feel like a brute in an ing her to wait for me till I am ablen support her, while that prospect sees so distant. I've been in this town to six months now and not a single patier

have I secured." THE OLD TRICKS NO GOOD. "How many rivals have you ga here?' I inquired.

here? I inquireu. "'Only one,' he answered, 'old he Scroggs, but he has been here for fan years or more all by himself. Be n sents my intrusion as a personal inan and so do his patients, I think. Then seems to be a prejudice against your doctors, anyway, and I am heartily as couraged.'

" 'Why don't you try some of the time honored old tricks of the trade? I and "You know them as well as I do. Hay

a boy rush into church and whisper a your ear where you sit, well up toward the front. Then grab your hat and mise as much noise as you can going out for up half a dozen prescriptions and has the bottles directed to Mrs. Smith, he Brown, etc., and then see that they an delivered to the wrong houses. Sendar them again, explaining that in the ras of business these little mistakes eff sometimes happen. There are a dom such little dodges that'----

" 'No use, my dear boy,' he answerd with a sigh. 'All those pretty gamesar N. G. in a small town. If Mrs. Smith has a toothache nearly everybody en here knows it or will hear of it som day. The tricks would all be discover here to a dead certainty, and I would's worse off than ever. They are all right enough in a big city, but'-

" 'What's that,' I exclaimed, as a te shape, except on the back, which is a rific banging was heard at the outerday little flattened. The only defects are where there was a bullet wound and in Charley, my friend, went to the day the left foot, which is broken in two. In and a girl's voice came out of the dat ness, saying, 'Come down to the host ere's a traveler there took

THE BOTTLE DID IT.

indeed. Scroggs seized the insensiblep

tient by the wrist, listened to his hust

beats, and before Charley had said a

"'Case of apoplexy, bring some'-

"But Charley was not to be ignored in

this way. 'Its a plain case of ep'-is

began, but just then I pulled him to car

" 'I was about to remark, Dr. Scrops

resumed Charley, with considerable die

nity, 'that the case is undoubtedly on

"'Nonsense, young man,' said ol Scroggs rudely, 'I say it's apoplexy.

"'A stomach pump will soon prov

who's right,' said Charley, as he unlick

"The little crowd of hotel employe

and villagers who had crowded into the

room, a big one, seemed rather amusi

ed his case and produced one.

side and whispered in his ear.

of morphine poisoning."

word, rapped out:



like you! What! you! you, sir! Robert! Add the stereopticon views and general ex-Great Scott! An' Ralph knew you! hibits and it will be seen that one may gain

at Her. Finally, when the end of the meal was en new cut glass finger bowls, infantile wonderment could contain itself no longer.

"Mamma," piped the eldest cherub, "what's all this for?"

"All what?"

"Oh, havin the real silver out, and all these new things an two kinds of meat." "Why, Willie, what do you mean by talking in that fashion? You know this is the way we dine every day. Really, Cousin Mary, that child is losing his memory.

"No. I ain't. We had Irish stew six times this week, already, an if Cousin Mary don't believe what I say"----"Willief"

"Well, just let her come in some day without tellin nobody, and if she don't get stew, too, I hope the boogey man'll get me."

"Yes, tome offen," piped the other two children, "an let mamma know you're comin, for we're orful tired of stew."-Troy Standard.

Day by Day.

"While I live 1 purpose to live," one of our modern world conquerors is credited with having said, and it was a noble sentiment to which any earnest individual is equal, since God sets our task every twenty-four hours and watches with us to its close as well as rehearses us for the drama of death as often as our limbs and faculties become weary from the strife. Then let us gather up the golden days as heavenly treasures and roll them on before us into the greater sphere of eternity, when we shall come possess them again as the least of the bright dowry of one who awakes from pleasant dreams of days well spent, to behold "the perfect day."-Christian Advocate.

A Gilded Refusal.

There is a girl in town who tells this story on herself. She is a zealous member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Seeing in the street one day a cab driver cruelly maltreating his horse she went up to him, and, showing her badge, demanded his number.

"Lord, miss," said the man in a condescending voice and a commiserating smile, "of I wuz ter tell yer it would go out of that pretty head afore yer got to the next corner."

Then he drove on, leaving the girl torn between conflicting emotions, anger and the desire to laugh. -- Washington Post.

A Strange Pond.

Hicks pond, in Palmyra, Me., is a strange body of water. It is only twelve acres in area, but it is more than 100 feet in depth. It has no visible inlet, although a fair sized stream flows from it into Lake Sebasticook. The volume of its waters is not materially affected by either drought or freshet, and the water is always cold .- Philadelphia Ledger.

Should He Well Cared For.

Baboony - Aw, that's awfull The ideaw of a man smoking a pipe with a silk hat on the stweet! Wiggins-That's so, Algy. Pipes with

silk hats ought to be carefully preserved in museums.-Texas Siftings.

Subsequently a nozzle one inch in diameter was attached to the pipe, and, when the water was turned on, it ascended to a height of nearly 100 feet, returning to earth in a heavy shower or dissipating in mist clouds, through which the rainbows played with an effect that soon as I set eyes on him. I always know was beautiful as it was wonderful. It a good dog, bein' rather in the sportin' seemed that the visitors would never tire line myself: an' this was a genuine Gorof looking at it. They simply stood and don setter. gazed, hardly saying a word, for in the

presence of this marvelous phenomenon speech seemed poor and commonplace, nd the mind simply gave itself up to childlike wonderment .-- Qucenslander.

A Celebrated Physician.

1667.

then, seein' Mollie right behind me, I'll John Arbuthnot, the son of a Scotch be shot, sir, if he didn't stand up, take clergyman, was born near Montrose in off his piece of a hat to her, an' begin to He was educated at Aberdeen, appolergise for settin' on our doorstep. where he took his doctor's degree. Going Said he'd been 'overcome with fateek. to London to push his fortune, he soon My eye! for the manners of him I could established a reputation as a man of science, and before he was 30 a happy achardly believe he weren't a swell cove, dressed in the latest fashion, with a full cident led to his fortune. Prince George blooded stepper at the gate waitin' for of Denmark, the consort of Queen Anne, him. was taken suddenly ill at Epsom, and "I know I must have stared at him Arbuthnot, who chanced to be there, was considerable, but, bless you, Mollie didn't summoned to attend him. The prince spend no time a starin' till she'd asked was cured, and the doctor was appointed him into the kitchen, an' when the one of the court physicians. Swift says breakfast was ready she gave him, an' that he was the queen's favorite phyhis dog too, a good one. sician, and apartments were given him in St. James' palace. Thus distinguished by the marks of royal favor, Arbuthnot acquired the friendship, not only of the

leading men of his party, as Harley and Bolingbroke, but that of all the wits and scholars of the time. He was their trusted friend and adviser. He attended Queen Anne in her last illness, and although he did not continue to hold his official position in the court of George 1 -he and his friend were Tories-he maintained a great practice among the nobility. He attended Gay and Con-

greve and Pope and Swift, and in the when I see those hands. verses addressed by Gay to Pope Arbuthnot's company is said to drive sorrow from the heart, "as all disease his medicines dissipate," Pope constantly expressed his gratitude to him, and paid him some of his finest poetical compliments. The prologue to "The Satires," Pope's most perfect piece, is addressed words, 'Oh, mother!' to Arbuthnot.-Chicago Herald.

Violets Are Profitable.

The violet trade of large American cities sense at all; only puckered up his face increasing at a remarkably rapid rate, and cried when I went near him. He'd owing to the enormous percentage of profit apon the money invested which the little suile up in Robert's face (that was what he told us to call him) an' hold on to his arple emblems of modesty yield. In New finger like he was his nurse, York one florist, whose greenhouses are just on the edge of the city, picked from seem much in a life, an' you'll maybe wenty-five to thirty dollars' worth of vio think it foolish the store we set by both ets weekly all through the winter, alman and dog before that time was though the plants occupied but a compar-atively small area. The cost of picking is passed. Ralph would lay down beside the baby's cradle, an' nothin' would move little or nothing, and a skillful picker, ac-quainted with the nature of the plant, can him till his master left the room; then ull so that the fertility of the plants shall he'd get up and shake himself, as if i be vastly increased. was time to go, an' he was goin'.

David Caldwell and his wife, aged re spectively 87 and 83, have lived in Leba-

non, Ind., in the same house, for fifty years. They have never been ten miles from each other for eighty-three years, having been born within 100 yards of each other in Kentucky.

rather comfor'ble to sit on, an' with the zine. vines hangin' over this way, makes it 'most as shut in an' quiet like as a bedroom; then the posts here an' at the corners form good rests for the back. Well, anyhow, good or bad, right here, a leanin' back in the most uncomf blest way, was the trampiest lookin' tramp I ever saw, sound asleep. An' on the seat beside him, with his head on the man's lap, was the dandiest setter I ever expect to see. A vallyble dog, sir, too, as I knew 's

-M. Warren Hale in Belford's Maga

Freaks of the Atmospere.

The atmospheric conditions of the deserts and high plateaus at certain seasons of the year produce strange phenomena. The dry weather in Nevada has produced a host of giant dancers in Lyon county. These appearances are puzzlers to all scientists. How they brace up and hold together so long is a mystery. On a quiet, sunny day you see a little handful of sagebush soar aloft on a light breeze. Some more joins it, until it is as big as your hat, and then your body, and then sand and rocks and soil by the bushel

"Well, sir, I suppose I must have said begin to roll into the mass from the somethin', with surprise, for to wake ground, ascending upward like a colthem both up. The dog turned the solumn. It is soon as big as a telegraph em'est eyes 'round at me, askin' me not pole and all the time gaining, and ere to make so much noise; an' the man, all long its top may be reaches 1,000, may rags an' tatters, yawned an' set up. An' be 5,000 feet. While you are watching this one probably three or four others will spring up, or half a dozen will come waltzing down from the upper end of the valley, having traveled probably twenty-five miles and torn up the soil like a steam plow in their waltzing and zigzagging. They tear np the hill sides, smash houses and suck up men like waterspouts. They go to pieces in as

strange a way as they are formed .-- San Francisco Examiner.

The Lord's Prayer on His Arm.

"We find strange mementoes on some of our bodies," said an undertaker of "His feet were blistered with walkin" Detroit. "The other day we were prein shoes that left half of his feet outdoors paring the body of an unknown man for burial. He had met a violent death, but an' half in: an' as he could scarcely take a step we made him stay with us a day there was the most serene expression on or so till they got better; but he couldn't his face that I ever saw on any one. When we dressed him for the grave we bear it, an' the only reason, I think, was that he was afraid of burdenin'us. But, found the Lord's prayer beautifully writ-Lord! he did as much for us as we did ten in India ink on his forearm. It was for him, I'll be bound. He filled the as fine a piece of tattooing as I ever saw, yard with kindlin's, an' I believe he'd 'a' and it set me to thinking that perhaps chopped all the wood in the village if that was what he depended on for com-Mollie hadn't seen his hands all blistered fort and that gave the peaceful look to an' bleedin'. That give him away, sure. his face,"-Montreal Star. 'A gentleman born,' says I to myself

The Uses of Sizal Grass.

The cultivation of sisal grass bids fair "Then nothin' would do but Mollie to become an important industry in the island of New Providence, one of the Bamust doctor an' bandage them up for him. An' while she was doin' it she heard a sound like a child trying not to to Manilla hemp for making rope and hama group. Sisal is claimed to be equal cry, an' he just bends down an' kisses twine. This fiber plant, which was forher hand, an' then he says, kind of low merly regarded as a noxious weed, requires an' choked like, more like a groan than four years to reach maturity, and tens of housands of acres of the land of New Providence are now devoted to its growth. "An' the way the little kid took to him was a caution. A mite like he was-nc The first big shipment of it will be made to the United States this year,

A Solf Sacrificing Woman.

Thousands of persons in America will emember Sister Rose Gertrude, who some time ago went to the Hawaiian islands to Now, to be sure, sir, three days don't live and labor in the leper settlement and married Dr. Lutz. She now writes that she is happy in her island home. She says that a reading room, provided with games, books and so on, has been built for the unfortunates, and she adds that the best thing that can be done for them is to amuse them and cultivate their minds.

A Phenomenal Florida Winter.

"Mollie said he was human; an' if

was a good soul inside of Ralph.

The weather in Florida during the past soul ever gets into an animal's body-I inter has been no less a surprise to vishear there's folks as thinks so-there itors than natives. These who went there search of sunny skins and baimy air ad little of either, and one newspaper "Yes, we all liked Ralph, an' Robert pleads, "Do not allow this exception even more. The fact is he was a real winter to deter yon from coming again, never within the memory of living man has there been a winter like this." gentleman - that was plain enough; brought down as low as he was hy Lord

a peculiar interest, as it will be an exact facsimile of the old Colonial mansion that was long the home of John Hancock. Including materials contributed by patriotic citizens its cost will be \$65,000, and it will

occupy the space directly east of New York on the main east and west avenue between the lake and Fifty-seventh street. Besides the offices, parlors, etc., there will be one room full of historic relics, to which the Essex institute, of Salem, will contribute its valuable collection. The entire finishing of the building will be in the old Colonial style.

Ohio will also have a thoroughly characteristic building. Indeed, the chief charm of this class of structures will be that each will present the state in miniature, so to speak-a sort of architectural panorama, Ohio's building will be 100x80 in size and



THE OHIO BUILDING.

will stand facing south, just west of the art galleries and north of the Wisconsin building. Like the Massachusetts building it is in the old Colonial style, but with variations due to the genius of Mr. James W. Laughlin, the designer. Though not among the largest it will in beauty compare with any other state structure on the ground. The materials will be all Amercan, but not all of Ohio production, though some stress is laid upon the fact that the tin for the roofing is now being made in that Piqua (0.) factory where Governor McKinley dipped the first plates during his campaign last year.

Guarding the Pawn Shops.

One of the greatest annoyances that the 'ladies' aid societies" have to contend with that there were fewer books last year is the evil influence of the pawn shop. In than in 1888, from the English pens at Mulberry bend this habit of pawning children's clothing has come to be such a detrilast year. Novels, however, and juvenile ment that the ladies in the industrial and books have increased in number, and societies personally visit the money technical books on medicine and surgery. lenders and alternately importune and threaten them against buying mission made those whose works are on the decreasegarments. Little boys and girls are made to earn the clothing, wraps, hats and an indication of the times, evidently .sleeves they receive from their teachers, Exchange. but they no sooner reach home than the

her child, and pawns the complete outfit for twenty-five cents or half a dollar at most. On distribution days it is not an uncommon thing in the slums to see a quietly dressed, demure looking lady guarding the entrance to the neighboring pawn shop. When it is possible the pawn tickets are secured and the garments redeemed by the representative of the school or society .- New York World

that old dress! and, dear me, why are you rubbing that dirt on your

The height of economy was that recently practiced by a woman who will move to the suburbs, and who effected the sale of her address die which she has used for her stationary to the incoming tenant of the house she will leave.

and third toes, and following this wound with a fit or somethin' and he's likes a rupture appeared which caused the loss die." as above stated. Where a small blood "Charley grabbed a case of inst-ments, and we both started for the bet

vessel had burst in his leg there appeared a delicate tracing of the circulaon a run. We got there a few minus tion. The family are having a pedestal before old Scroggs, for whom the rd cut out of native limestone and will mount the "statue," but at present they who told us had also gone. Before are using a black gum block for the pur-Scroggs got up to the traveler's ross Charley had diagnosed the case to hison pose.-St. Louis Globe-Democrat. satisfaction, and was looking very via

Prince Hatzfeldt's Nemesis.

Prince and Princess Hatzfeldt, who are traveling about on a tour in Europe, are being followed from city to city mysterious French beauty of the keen Parisian stamp.

This woman has only presented herself once to the princess in person, but both the prince and princess are in constant receipt of abusive letters and demands for money under threat of some unknown exposure. These threats are principally directed against the prince, who has yet taken no steps to prevent the annovance.

Although their movements are persistently followed by this solitary Nemesis, she is not usually seen by them, and their notification of her presence with them en voyage is always by post.-New York Society Review.

their enterprise .- Washington Critic,

The Books of 1889.

ciated and the seats of the arena are

A Stroke of Economy.

crowded daily."

Statistics about last year's output of

by the arguments of the doctors, and a Value of the Let Alone Policy. the patient was a stranger to all, them The news comes from Siam that the plication of a stomach pump, if only to king has granted valuable concessions in settle the controversy, met with general mines, railroads and banking to Ameri- approval. cans, having previously refused them to Well, to make a long story short Englishmen. The astute monarch feared morphine it was sure enough. This dir the English were plotting to seize his comfiture of old Scroggs spread abread kingdom, while, of course, he had no such Charley soon built up a practice, mat fear as to this country. This is suggestive. ried his heiress and lived happily ent The nations of the east are not suspicious afterward." of the United States. They know we

"And how did you discover it was me have no designs upon their independphine just in time to prevent your your ence. Of all European countries they friend from declaring in favor of et are distrustful. Americans ought, therelepsy?" asked the writer. fore, to find the east a bountiful field for 'That's just what Charley asked #

when it was all over," replied the say rator. "The fact is, while Charley as

old Scraggs were engaged in looking wise over the patient, and guessing # books are beginning to appear. It seems his malady, I was looking about the room. There in a corner behind a las stove I spied a bottle. Picking it ma least-1888 had 866 more volumes than saw that it was labeled 'morphine.p" son,' and that it had been recently em? tied, as the outside of it was still moit That was enough for me, and I had just The theologicans and sermon writers are time to hiss in Charley's ear 'morphis' those whose works are on the decrease- before he committed himself."-Net York Tribune.

A Crazy Sallor.

Otto Conrad Ewald, a good looking fer man boy, eighteen years old, was taken cently by United States Deputy Marsha Bernhard from the German ship Come. which arrived at New York not long # from Hong-Kong, and locked up in Lab low Street jail charged with attempting murder Captain Krippner and Third Man Segner. He assaulted the third mate with a hammer, nearly killing him. Twoday later he went into the cabin with a hatche The skipper was lying on a lounge duint Otto struck him six times on the ince and neck with the hatchet before he wasons powered. The captain was laid up a most The deputy marshal thinks that Otto is it

Rather Literal "That's an angel of a house!" said she

"Mot quite," he replied. "It only he one wing."-Harper's Basar.

half starved or desperate parent denudes

The Height of Hospitality.

face?

Mother-Why have you put on

Little Daughter-Susie Slummer has tum to call on me an abo's dot an old dress an a dirty face.-Good News.

The Naples correspondent of The London Telegraph says of Buffalo Bill's show at that place: "It is a quite new one for the Neapolitans, few of whom have read Fenimore Cooper and know what to make of the strange looking and painted redskins, and the general impression was that these brave warriors, with their

long silky hair, paint and feathers and beardless faces, were women. But the riding and shooting were highly appre-