

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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HOLIDAYS IN AUSTRALIA.

The People of That Far Off Land Take Things Easily.

The easy going methods of business life in Australia, which is one of the things that most forcibly impress the American visitor, is in no way better illustrated than in the great number of holidays with which the colonists indulge themselves. How many does not there are in the Australian commercial calendar I cannot at the moment say through want of ready reference, but my impression is that they average one a week the year round. This is certainly not an extravagant estimate if we consider not only the days appointed for public festivity, but also those that are set aside by various guilds and trades. The butchers, the bakers and the candlestick makers, this manufactory and the wholesale warehouse, all have at least one day of special indulgence in addition to those legally set aside by a liberal and paternal government. If we count the days that are in part or wholly wasted in preparation for these celebrations and in recovery therefrom the total would be something startling.

I went into my tailor's the other day to inquire why a suit that had been promised me a week before was not yet delivered. "When we took your order," said the head cutter blandly, "we quite forgot that Thursday was the tailors' picnic." As the day was then the Monday following I could not see what bearing this observation had on the case. The head cutter was of opinion, "Ah, well," said he, "you see the men have not got back to work yet. They make rather merry at the picnic, of course, and are apt to keep it up when they get home, and we never expect to see much of them until after Sunday—Saturday afternoon being a regular half holiday anyhow, don't you know. However, we shall probably send home some of our workmen."

One gets used to this sort of thing in Australia. Beside these occasional and fugitive holidays in which certain classified bodies of individuals participate there occur at least twice in the year a continued series of festivities, which consume a week or two each—Christmas and Easter. At Christmas the Melbourne stock exchange adjourns for a fortnight; many large manufacturing entirely suspend operations for ten days; the banks are closed and the postoffice is only open at brief and uncertain hours for a week; everybody who can save, beg or borrow, or otherwise gain possession of sufficient money for the purpose, goes into the country, or to the races, which, like the day, are always with us of Australia, and Melbourne is an aspect of desertion like a city stricken with the plague. The Easter season brings similar phenomena to light. Closing on Thursday night, no bank, warehouse or office opened until the Wednesday following. Every man was packed to emigration, either with people going from Melbourne into the country or coming from the country into Melbourne, all seeking change and flying as rapidly as might be to scenes that were unfamiliar in that pursuit.—Melbourne Letter in Boston Journal.

Foxes in England.

Early in spring the dog foxes travel great distances to find their mates, and on still evenings their cry may be heard plainly, three short, husky barks, like the cough of a dog with a bone in his throat. The vixen occasionally utters a plaintive howl, a wail, uncomfortable noise. The first cubs are dropped early in the middle of March, sometimes in some large earth that has been used for years, but frequently in a hole which the vixen has made for herself. Unlike the otters, foxes do not resent the presence of others of their species in their hunting grounds.

A pair of otters will monopolize miles of river, but if there is plenty of game and the covers are well kept, a dozen vixens may take up their quarters in one square mile. The quantity of food which the cub requires is extraordinary, and if the fox were not the most cunning as well as one of the most active and enduring of animals the old ones would find it hard to satisfy them. Fortunately for the mother of large families, half of the cubs have as many as seven at a litter—the cubs are omnivorous feeders, and, except snags or stunts, will eat almost anything. Fish, frogs, rats, small birds, field mice, rabbits and all kinds of game are their usual fare. The vixens prowl round every fowl house in the parish at least once a week. They will climb any ivy covered tree and catch a wood pigeon on her nest, or hide in a patch of rushes and catch the moor hen as she swims from her island home to the bank. Meantime the father of the family leads a comfortable bachelor life, spending the warm days curled up in a snug nest in the long, dry grass, with a good thick tuft between him and the wind, or, if the day be hot, he will lie in the crown of a pollard and sleep there.—London Spectator.

Don't Fear to Drink Cold Water.

That cold water—at any time our most natural beverage—should become dangerous at the very time when the system is most urgently in need of refrigeration seems a physiological paradox, and my skepticism in that respect was strongly confirmed by a long sojourn in Algeria and Spanish America. On the hottest afternoon of a tropical summer I saw a German and a French soldier kneel down at the brink of a rivulet, cooled by the snows of the high Sierra, and quench their thirst without stint, just as our nature guided fellow creatures would obey the promptings of an unmistakable, nay, almost irresistible, instinct. The mere idea of drinking the consequences of enjoying the wisdom of such warnings, and the real secret of the conclusion is either the medieval moral doctrine that "whatever is natural is wrong," or a misapprehension derived from the fate of sunstruck alcohol drinkers.—Dr. Oswald in Home Maker.

Serge and Alpaca.

Serge is the economical woman's material. She delights in its gloss and its freshness. When it loses these she puts it into the washbasin and it comes out new again. For the summer outing it is incomparably better than flannel. The only material that approaches it for every day out of door vacation wear is a good alpaca, and alpaca has a surface which is not becoming to all complexions. For women who can wear it, alpaca is very cool, very durable, very light, wonderfully consistent about shedding dirt—it is a point for the economical woman's consideration—and more to be relied on when caught in the rain than most materials, though in this respect serge is its superior.—New York World.

Anxious to Know.

Tommy—Is your little boy as big as me?
Dr. Saintry (the parish clergyman)—Why do you ask, my little man?
Tommy—Cause ma' said when my clothes got too shabby for me to wear she would send them over to your house.—Clothes and Furnishings.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

The Boy Whom the Girl Refused Becomes a Great Man in After Life.

A fashionable physician told me an interesting experience the other day. Thirty years ago he was the boy in one of the villages near New York. Like most lads of his age he had a sweetheart, with whom he used to attend prayer meetings, parties and other affairs. Like some other village maidens, this maid was capricious, and one fine day she coolly gave him the go-by for some other fellow. To add insult to injury she suggested he should be a carpenter, and asked tauntingly what he was going to do when he grew up to be a man. Oh! he was going to be a doctor, and a great doctor. She laughed and said contemptuously, as only wicked, heart-breaking girls can, that he'd never amount to much, because her mother had told her that he was very stupid.

"Well, that's all right," responded our doctor, grimly. "You'll hear from me some day, because I am going to make a success of it." The village lad kept his word. He became a famous doctor and attended some of the most celebrated persons in the United States. He rose constantly in his profession, and had almost forgotten his village maid when one day not very long ago he received a note from her asking if he was the same person she had known as a boy. He replied courteously, but without unnecessary words, that he was. About two weeks later the lady called on him at his office. She was gray haired and matronly.

She had seen his name hundreds of times in the public prints, but had supposed that it must be some other than her former admirer. Then she asked would he do her a favor. Her husband had had reverses, and was at present a sort of demented paralytic. She was too poor to provide for him, and had vainly tried to have him admitted to one of the hospitals for incurables. The doctor gave her a note to the superintendent of the hospital, with which he happened to be connected, that was tantamount to an order for the admission of the patient. Two months after the husband died in the institution and the widow called to thank the doctor for his services.

A tear glistened in her eye, and with a deep sigh she hinted at how different things might have been if her mother hadn't forbidden her to have anything more to do with the stupid village lad. The doctor, who saw the ticklish ground the widow was treading, rapidly changed the subject, and soon after bowed the lady out with much dignity to receive one of his high priced patients. But he was very absent minded, and shook his new caller considerably by the diffident manner in which he asked her symptoms. His mind was with the Hudson river village girl of thirty years ago.—New York Star.

What a Private Offered a General. I was serving in a regiment under Gen. Banks when one of our men struck his captain, and was of course put under arrest and held up for court martial. One day just before the trial was coming off he sent word to the brigade general that he had something of the greatest importance to communicate. The general went down to see him, or rather had the prisoner brought to his tent, and when they were alone he said:

"Well, my man, you wanted to see me?"
"I did."
"What claim to have very important news?"
"I have, general."
"Well, out with it."
"Well, general, you know they brand government mules and horses?"
"Yes."
"And that some of the boys who get an animal try to efface the brand and sell them?"
"Yes."
"But they make a poor job of it."

"Um!"
"Well, now, general, I've got a dead sure thing on that brand business. I can take one off in a week and never turn a hair. My proposition is this: Give Capt. B. to withdraw his charges and I'll not only give you my receipt, but I'll agree to sell and sell a hundred mules a month and give you half the profits."
The general didn't brain him on the spot, but the offer didn't extra year to the sentence of the court martial.—New York Sun.

A Word to the Men. Of course there are masculine women—women afflicted from birth with masculine minds, and predisposed to channels of usefulness which are more commonly navigated by men. Such women are not at all to be despised either. Some of them even presume to marry and have children. But they are exceptional creatures, and are easily counterbalanced by the feminine men. The average woman is a thorough-going woman, and is not to be educated out of it. You may teach her Latin, you may let her operate a typewriter, or teach school, or work in a factory, or dot off language telegraph, and become as independent as you please. She is a persistent female still.

If Mr. Allen will stir up his males, and see to it that they are competent, faithful and good providers, he may cease to distress himself. The proportion of the gentler sex who insist upon reasoning by logical processes and on comparing what men in bread winning vocations will not be great enough to afford him legitimate distress. Take care of your men, Mr. Allen, and your women won't have to take care of themselves. And if they don't have to they won't do it.—Scribner's.

Mother and Children. "The mither's breath is aye sweet," says a Scotch proverb. The same sentiment is less tenderly expressed by a German and a French proverb. "Mother's truth keeps constant youth."

Another Scotch proverb is illustrative of the influence of parental example: "Tro' kyeher, tro' mither, how can foal amble!" The idea expressed by the English proverb, "The crow thinks her own bird is best," is in German the form of "Even" mother's child is handsome," or "No ape but swears he has the finest children."

Every mother knows, though many heed not the fact, that unless she transfers some household duties to the daughter she encourages her child to grow up in sloth and ignorance. An English proverb thus utters the warning: "A light headed mother makes a heavy headed daughter."—Youth's Companion.

Perseverance Will Do It. Mrs. John A. Logan says she has taught herself the use of carpenter tools until able to build a cupboard or put a new shelf in the pantry. She smashed one thumb, saved the other half off, crippled two fingers and knocked her knees, but perseverance won and the jack planes is king.—Detroit Free Press.

Destroy the Sparrows. The American Ornithologists' union officially recommends that all public fostering of the English sparrow be stopped; that its introduction into new localities be prohibited by law, and that all existing birds in Germany be respected and hunted offered for its destruction.—Christian at Work.

WHEN HE WAS A KING.

A New Yorker's Adventures in the South Seas.

A SHIPWRECK AND ITS RESULTS.

The Principal Castaway Made King of an Island and Offered Unlimited Wives. How He Brewed Strong Drink and Abandoned His Throne and Crown.

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JUST about three hundred miles to the northeast of Australia is the paradise of this world. It's a long, narrow island, girdled against all the encroachments of civilization by coral reefs. There is no harbor for vessels, and therefore no chance offers for the South Sea commercial pirate to trade with the natives, to kidnap them or to introduce the vices of drink and gaming. I was king of that glorious little spot for nearly six months, and if my sense had been equal to my luck I'd be king there still.

So spoke a tall, gaunt man who is known to nearly every resident of upper New York city as Jack O'Brien. He is old now and not rich, but he has enough of this earth's dross to keep the wolf from the door, and he is wealthy in a fund of experience and adventure such as falls to the lot of few men. His father was a "North of Ireland" Protestant. He and his six brothers were born in New York city. All—father and sons—belonged to the volunteer fire department.

Along in the late fifties Jack became a sailor and a rover. After an absence of ten years he returned and found that his father and brothers had gone to the war as Union soldiers, and that five of the latter had died, face to the front, on the field of battle. Comparatively speaking, Jack was wealthy in those days of his early rambles, and he made things pleasant for his surviving relatives. He bought a small schooner—for the love of the sea was strong in his veins—and took them sailing up and down the Atlantic coast.

Then, as time passed on, the weather beaten old adventurer from the south Pacific struck his colors to the little god Cupid. In other words, he met and married a handsome, sensible woman, who is still his wife. After that, naturally, I desired a home on shore—not far from the ocean, but still rock anchored and stable. So he settled down in New York, sold his ship and, like the honest mariner he is, fell a prey to land sharks.

A few thousands he had given to his bride, and they were happy, but the realization of his modest fortune—let me say as terms it, to the still well remembered firm of Grant & Ward. Of course he never got a penny's return, but when the crash came he faced the inevitable as bravely as he had faced many a typhoon—"borrowed from my girl," as he phrases it—made a few judicious investments, and now, as the autumn of life comes on, he is able to calmly view the world from the porch of his little suburban cottage and recall the events of his stormy and world-wide career.

Because he has leisure after labor I chanced to hear the strange story of how Jack O'Brien became king and how he lost his job.
"It was just after my little shiply with the Alabama, when I got out legal papers and held that big Confederate cruiser for three days in an Australian port until the Yankee vessels got away," remarked the old gentleman, "that I cleared from Sydney for a copra cruise down among the Islands Samoa way."

"I owned and commanded as tant a little craft as ever plowed south Pacific waters, and had a splendid crew of six men. The second day out it came on to blow. Then a fog shut everything from sight, the steering apparatus got out of order and it seemed as though all the elements and deities were against us. We couldn't keep our course. We could only guess where we were, and all of us, myself included, got panic stricken."

"But we fought on as best we could until late one dark night we heard the roar of breakers. The current was carrying the ship ashore like a helpless log, and the only thing to do was for every man to make his own struggle for life. The vessel struck, and from the way she ripped and broke I can conjure up views of that glorious island—the stately trees, the gorgeous birds, the roar of the surf, the sweet voices of the women, the considerate and brotherly kindness of the men, the charm of the isolation that shut us out from the scheming world and yet gave us full view of the splendors of the universe. Above us swung the southern cross and the full orbed moon by night, by day the great trees tempered the blaze of the sun. Nature and man were in harmony, but we had to spoil all with our ideas!"

"Alas for the days when I was a king!"
FRED C. DATON.

How the Blacksnake Climbs. A blacksnake, measuring perhaps a trifle over six feet, was found clinging to the side of a small tree, around which it would have wrapped itself twice had it wished to do so. Instead of this the snake passed right and left, at short distances catching the folds along its under parts over and behind the slightly projecting roughness of the bark.

"How do you?" I asked, when a cry roused me and I raised myself a bit from the sand. Several natives were approaching from a palm grove. I recollect muttering that I didn't care whether they killed us or let us alone. The rest for some time—I don't know how long—was a blank.

"When I awoke I was lying on a rude couch just outside the door of a big hut, and near me sat my two men, who had been revived, and who were the only ones left of my crew."
"Hello, cap," said Tom Masters, who now lives in Boston; "glad to see you come around, cause we're in luck!"
"How do you?" I feebly queried.

"Why do the niggers speak English and we're a prophesy?"
It was explained to me by Mr. O'Brien that in the South seas the islanders only are "niggers," and that Africans, Indians, Chinese and so on figure in the list with English and Americans as "white folks." He further said that Masters, with the aid of Dick Dear, the other sailor, made plain to him their extraordinary statement. The island was called by the natives Ontaru, but this name had been practically abandoned for that of Svehombo, the change in tone having followed the rescue fifteen years previously of the sole survivor of the wreck of the British bark Chelsea.

This was a Pitcairn islander, and asserted that he was a grandson of Adams, the man who figured in the famous mutiny on the ship Bounty. He taught the natives English and gradually weaned them from their own tongue. He explained to them the principles of religion

NERO SURPRISED HER.

THE DISMAL STORY OF A HORRID CRIME THAT FAILED.

How Grandmother Poised as a Lady Macbeth and Couldn't Sleep After Making Poor Old Macbeth Do the Job—Arsenic Gives the Dog a New Lease of Life.

"It happened when you were a little bit of a fellow—so high," and the old lady, bending down, stretched her hand out some twenty-four inches from the floor. "He had come to us just a fluffy, plump, little ball of wool when your father was young, and perhaps that was why your grandfather and I always loved Nero just a little bit better than the other dogs."

"The years went along; our boy became a man. He married, and presently you put in appearance, you little scamp! Yet Nero was with us still. He was very old, of course, and the greater part of his time was spent on the hearth rug; but then, who had a better right to it, I should like to know? He was welcome to it, I'm sure, and all along of it began to notice that the old fellow was suffering and that his life was getting to be a heavy load for him to carry that I at last broached the subject very gently to your grandfather."

"Charles, my dear," said I, "don't you think that Nero is getting just a little decreed?"
"Well," replied your grandfather, stroking his chin, "he certainly is not quite so lively as he used to be, but then, neither are you, my dear, nor am I!"

"I crossed the room and sat down beside him. 'Ah! but age doesn't matter to you and me, Charles. We don't mind, for we can remember. But it's different with poor old Nero. Age means for him misery and pain. It seems cruel to prolong the children's grief. I'm sure, Charles—I know, but I was thinking, Charles—I was thinking—'

"Your grandfather drew back his chair and looked at me in amazement."
"You don't mean to say, Martha, that you?"

"Yes, I do," I nodded emphatically. "It's the only thing we can do for him. And all the time I was feeling that it was the blackest hearted creature that ever lived."

"But after a little your grandfather came round to my way of thinking. It's a way he had," added the old lady simply.

"How shall we do it?" said he at last. "I've got one thing to say about it. He'll never be any more than a dog. Drowning's only fit for kittens. Your grandfather always did hate cats, my dear."

"Drowned," exclaimed I indignantly. "Well, I should rather think not, indeed! Now, I've thought this matter out very carefully, Charles, and I rather incline to arsenic. A little arsenic properly administered will answer the purpose. We can give it to him on a bit of beefsteak. It's very fond of that."

"Your grandfather drew out his red silk pocket handkerchief and blew his nose very hard."
"Very well, Martha, I'll do it. Only see that the stake is a portehouse, the tenderest you can get. I'm not going to have it said that a dog of mine ever died of indigestion."

"And so it was settled, my dear," continued the old lady. "You were all invited the next afternoon, and we had cookies and currant wine. Nero lay before the fire all the time with his tongue hanging out."

THE DREADFUL CRIME. "It was winter time and a stormy night. I remember it as well as can be. I had a little cry there in the twilight, and after that I felt much better. Both your grandfather and I drank a little stronger tea than usual, and by the time that Nero's bedtime came I felt quite like a Lady Macbeth. But I can't say as much for your grandfather, my dear. He had to resort to a chamber-pot of his old Marshall before he could even doctor the steak, and even then his eyes were so blurred that he put far more arsenic on it than was intended."

"I carried the lantern and your grandfather followed with the platter. Nero used to sleep in the stable, and we found him there, sound. The light of the lantern partially aroused him, and placing the platter tremulously high at hand we looked the door behind us and hurried away."

"I thought that evening never would pass! The first half hour we whiled away by making preparations for the funeral, but after that—oh, my dear child, it brought that to sleep never would come! It was a big letter after we got into bed. Your grandfather began to snore, but there wasn't a wink of sleep for me. You see I've always been interested in medicines, and I had studied this case out pretty thoroughly. I knew by heart the various symptoms, and when the dose would begin to take effect."

"As the clock struck 12 I gave your grandfather a nudge. I could tell the silence."
"He's just about in the midst of it now, Charles. It's beginning to digest."

"Your grandfather gave a grunt of assent, and then was off to sleep again."
"Well, I stood it just as long as I could; then, just at daybreak, my will gave way, and I insisted upon getting up and going to see to the stable. Of course, your grandfather wouldn't hear of my going alone, though he didn't want to get up and go out in the cold. So both of us dressed hastily and went into the yard. I carried the lantern again, and your grandfather held the key. I don't know whether we felt or now when we left poor Nero to his fate or now, as we came to view the consequences of our deed."

"The night had been blustering and the snow was piled about in great drifts. The lantern glimmered upon them. Our teeth chattered, and your grandfather's hand was trembling so that he could scarcely find the keyhole."

"And then, my dear, the next moment I found myself lying in a snow drift. The lantern had gone out, but I could hear your grandfather spluttering in the snow a yard or two away, while some big black object with no end of bars was scampering over both of us."

"It wasn't Nero, grandma!" cried the boy, who had listened, open mouthed, from the beginning.

"Why, by my heart, of course it was Nero. What else was likely to be? That arsenic had given him a new lease of life, and he lived happily for two years afterward. Then he was run over by a railway train and every one of us went to his funeral. Your grandfather had given him an overdose," said the old lady as she clicked her needles.—New York Evening Sun.

To be Treated with Respect. "You greet that lady with great deference. Mand. Who is she?" "She? Why, she is Mrs. Footstep. She is literary." "What has she written?" "Oh, she has just had a story rejected by the Atlantic."—Boston Commonwealth.

Getting It Down Fine. Marguerite, a blue eyed child of 5 years, knows how she wants the gas turned when she is ready for sleep. After she had said her prayers a few nights ago, and as her mother was preparing to lower the gas jet, she said: "Mamma, turn it to just a pimple, and then closed her eyes to sleep and dream of "Pins in Clover."—Buffalo Courier.

Another Testimonial. "Is marriage a failure?" "Yes," replied Annette, as she gazed upon her ring finger, "is so far as Belle Filkins is concerned."—Life.

IN THE ARENA AT NIMES.

Report That Pleases the Populace Nearly as Much as Bull Baiting.

Wearied out that Sunday morning with wandering through interminable corridors and clamoring over the broken ranges of seats, we descended and asked to be let out. The wife of the guardian was for the time being in charge. Waving her fat hand with true southern dignity toward the nearest archway, through which a straggling line of miscellaneous mankind was passing to the interior, "Ladies," said she, "I counsel you not to leave. This afternoon, as doubtless you know, there will be a serious affair in the arena, with tridents and coedakes, and just at present the youth is going to exercise and amuse itself with a cow—a small cow—left over from the last course."

We were impressed by her manner and began meekly to retrace our steps. Having found and established ourselves in a shady spot we turned toward the arena and perceived for the first time that the central space was encircled by a low wooden paling closed at one extremity by a pair of red painted doors which might have been looted from a north New England barn. Inside the paling in convenient proximity to these doors were grouped some forty of la jeunesse de Nimes, of age varying from 15 to 30. There were soldiers and police men off duty, clerk from town shops and "hands" from the neighboring farms, boys with dogs and boys without, all swayed by the same passion for the classic diversions of the arena.

A cry is raised of "Elle vient!" and a tumultuous movement arises among the youth, followed by a series of loud thuds, as eighty heels smite the wooden paling and eighty legs are adroitly swung over the side of safety. The alarm proving false, they cautiously return to the post of danger, and not until this escapade has been several times repeated do the barn doors actually turn upon their creaking hinges and admit to the arena a lean and wiry looking heifer. She let her eye drop languidly, first at the numerous tridents, and then at a shade more of interest upon ourselves. Even thus, beholding her full face, we could but own that she was a small creature. A little triangular black head, with moody, moist, sleepy eyes and widely branching horns, two short, thin legs and a waving tail were all that we could discern. After a few moments of suspense one of the more adventurous youths stepped forward on tiptoe, whooped in the animal's ear and then dashed back to the fence amid loud applause.

Moody turned her head half around and momentarily switched her tail. The experiment was repeated from the other side of the oval space, and she started on a calm trot for the red doors, only to find them closed. Her movements were quite sufficient, however, to clear the arena of human combatants, with the exception of one plump sergeant, who missed his leap over the paling and lay biting the dust. We waited impatiently for the next act of the drama, but nothing ensued, and the conviction slowly forced itself upon us that the fun was all over. "It was very interesting, wasn't it, last?" "It was very interesting, wasn't it, last?" "It was very interesting, wasn't it, last?" "It was very interesting, wasn't it, last?"

"Suddenly I caught the drift of what he was sending out over the wire and was relieved to learn that he was trying to manipulate the train orders so as to cause wreck. Trains 47 and 48 passed each other about five miles up the road from my station, and he was sending out orders with a cool, steady hand to train 47 to take a siding about ten miles east of Medicine Hat and to train 48 to pass 47 at the regular place. These orders would have thrown the two trains, which were heavily laden with passengers and express matter, to gether very near my station.

"I could easily hear the sounner, and from his orders knew the would be wrecker was an expert telegrapher and thoroughly familiar with the train running. Every now and then the wrecker would wave his hand from the key as a more severe stroke of lightning would come in over the wire, but he was too intent on his deadly work to desert. The tramp of heavy boots on the platform outside told me that the contemplated wreck was an organized scheme for robbing the express company and passengers.

"My mind was in a horrible whirl and I frequently strained at my bindings to get my hands loose, but a savage curse from my guard warned me to be careful or my life would not be worth much. On account of the trains being behind time I knew they would be pushed to their utmost speed by the engineer, and if they came together the wreck would be a horrible one. The storm was building up to a crescendo and peal after peal of thunder reached over and above the little station. Still the wrecker at the key kept steadily at work weaving his web of destruction. Suddenly he called out in a voice of mingled satisfaction and devilish glee:

"Ah, that fixes the matter all right. Forty-seven has signed the orders at the water tank and in ten minutes they'll go together. Tell the men to spread out up."

"He never finished the sentence. A blinding flash at the switchboard, a shriek from the wrecker and the office appeared to be one mass of flame. My guard rushed from the building, and with a mighty effort I wrenched my hands free and pulled myself through the door. The little station was a scene of confusion. The rain poured from the trainmen's lamps added to the combustible nature of its make-up, and in a moment flames were breaking out in every part.

"With loud cries several of the wrecker's confederates dashed toward the little room to pull their leader out, but the heat drove them back, and as voices were heard up the country road coming toward the station they all disappeared in the darkness.

"A man named Humpty Logan untied my legs, as my hands were useless on account of the great numbness occasioned by the tightness of the thongs, and quickly explained the situation to him. He bunted up a lamp and dashed down the track and around the curve in the open direction, while I swung the lantern about the room coming down the straight piece of track to the station in the other direction. My lantern was not seen by the engineer, but the burning station acted as a danger signal and the train drew up at the station. The engineer totally ignorant of the danger they were escaping and only intent upon helping to subdue the flames. Twenty-five words explained the situation to the engineer and a group of passengers that gathered around, and as train 47 slowly rounded the curve from the east, substantiating my story, the organization of a prayer meeting there and then would have been an easy matter.—Washington Star.

Any Time After Sunset. "About what time, and where did the knights originate and flourish?" asked the teacher. And the smart boy said: "Reckoned in the dark ages." And for the first time that week the poor, patient teacher wished she could out and die.—Bob Burdett.

Standing by Her Gons. Cashier—You've signed your name on the face instead of on the back of the check, ma'am.
Mrs. Dressler—Look here, young man! My husband ain't got no more rights than I have. He signed his on that side when he writ the document, an' I'm gona to—Judge.

The Whole of a Part. Dudley—Aw—Bloodgood, do me twocents fit the call?
Bloodgood—Yes, Dudley, if they fit you very well.—Burlington Free Press.

SAVED BY LIGHTNING.

NARROW ESCAPE OF TWO TRAINS FROM DESPERATE ROBBERS.

The Telegrapher, Who Tells the Story, Was Bound Hand and Foot, When He Bolt Knocked Out the Leader and So Fire to the Station.

As the following sensational tale came direct from the lips of a western telegrapher, who made one of the group of story tellers, he playing an important part in the incident, and as his veracity has never been questioned, the tale must be accepted at the proper value of undoubted truth and so pass into the record of fact undoubted from the wild and woolly west.

"In my early experience with the telegraph business," said he, "I was located at a place called Medicine Hat, a small group of shanties on the Northern Pacific railroad, an operator, ticket agent and so on. Medicine Hat could be expressed among the towns as being thirty miles from nowhere. What little business was done was on account of a mining village some thirty miles back in the mountains. The entire population of Medicine Hat consisted of about a quarter of a mile up the little village station."

"One night, after a day of the most sultry weather that I had experienced for months, I was detained at my office by a count of delayed trains. A continuous roll of thunder, accompanied by sharp flashes of lightning in the distance, warned me of an approaching storm. I fretted and stormed, as I wanted to get to my board and get about a quarter of a mile up the mountain road, but the storm broke over me, and I was leaning back in my chair, musing over the events that had brought me there, when suddenly a voice broke upon my ears:

"Hold up your hands, quick!"
"Glancing up I saw a huge revolver pointed through the little window in the wall through which I sold tickets, and being that it was a man, with terrible shining eyes. I endeavored to comply with the command, especially the latter inasmuch as my chair swung around, my head struck on the edge of the table and unconscious I rolled to the floor."

"When I regained my wits I found myself lying on the floor of the outer waiting room bound hand and foot, with a bad, ungainly looking fellow standing over me with a Winchester. The storm had broken over us, and the wind, rain, lightning and thunder were something terrific."

"All at once my trained ear caught the sound of the telegraph sounner, and turning my head I perceived a man at my desk working away at my key. He wore a mask, but this did not disguise the fact that he was a young man. As the characters were ticked off and came to my ears I knew he was feeling his way, and I noticed that he frequently arose and made use of the ground wire from the switchboard, which went off the main office, in which was located the train runner of the division. At frequent intervals sharp cracks of lightning were re-echoing through the room as they struck the arrester on the switch. By this time I was on totally oblivious of his surroundings."

"Suddenly I caught the drift of what he was sending out over the wire and was relieved to learn that he was trying to manipulate the train orders so as to cause wreck. Trains 47 and 48 passed each other about five miles up the road from my station, and he was sending out orders with a cool, steady hand to train 47 to take a siding about ten miles east of Medicine Hat and to train 48 to pass 47 at the regular place. These orders would have thrown the two trains, which were heavily laden with passengers and express matter, to gether very near my station.

"I could easily hear the sounner, and from his orders knew the would be wrecker was an expert telegrapher and thoroughly familiar with the train running. Every now and then the wrecker would wave his hand from the key as a more severe stroke of lightning would come in over the wire, but he was too intent on his deadly work to desert. The tramp of heavy boots on the platform outside told me that the contemplated wreck was an organized scheme for robbing the express company and passengers.

"My mind was in a horrible whirl and I frequently strained at my bindings to get my hands loose, but a savage curse from my guard warned me to be careful or my life would not be worth much. On account of the trains being behind time I knew they would be pushed to their utmost speed by the engineer, and if they came together the wreck would be a horrible one. The storm was building up to a crescendo and peal after peal of thunder reached over and above the little station. Still the wrecker at the key kept steadily at work weaving his web of destruction. Suddenly he called out in a voice of mingled satisfaction and devilish glee:

"Ah, that fixes the matter all right. Forty-seven has signed the orders at the water tank and in ten minutes they'll go together. Tell the men to spread out up."

"He never finished the sentence. A blinding flash at the switchboard, a shriek from the wrecker and the office appeared to be one mass of flame. My guard rushed from the building, and with a mighty effort I wrenched my hands free and pulled myself through the door. The little station was a scene of confusion. The rain poured from the trainmen's lamps added to the combustible nature of its make-up, and in a moment flames were breaking out in every part.

"With loud cries several of the wrecker's confederates dashed toward the little room to pull their leader out, but the heat drove them back, and as voices were heard up the country road coming toward the station they all disappeared in the darkness.

"A man named Humpty Logan untied my legs, as my hands were useless on account of the great numbness occasioned by the tightness of the thongs, and quickly explained the situation to him. He bunted up a lamp and dashed down the track and around the curve in the open direction, while