EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL, - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Telling the Depth of Water by Ear.

About two years ago I wished to know from time to time the rate at which a river was rising after a fall of rain. The river was at a considerable distance from the spot where its height was to be known. By means of the combination of two organ pipes and a telephonic circuit I have been able to make the required measurement within rather close limits. At the river station an organ pipe was fixed vertically in an inverted position, so that the water in the river acted as a stopper to the pipe, and the rise and fall of the water determined the note it gave when blown by a small bellows driven by a very small water wheel.

A microphone was attached to the upper end of the organ pipe; this was in circuit with a wire leading to a town station at some distance; at the town station there was an exactly similar organ pipe, which could be lowered into a vessel full of water while it was sounding. By means of the telephone the note given by the pipe at the river was clearly heard at the town station; then the organ pipe at this station was lowered or raised by hand until it gave the same note. The lengths of the organ pipes under water at the two stations were then equal, so that the height of the water in the distant river was known.

The determination can be made in less than a minute by any one who can recognize the agreement of two similar notes. The arrangement when first tested was so placed that the height of water at two places near together might be easily compared. I found that a lad with an average ear for musical sounds was able to get the two heights to agree within one-eighth of an inch of each other, while a person with an educated ear adjusted the instrument immediately to almost exact agreement. The total height to be measured was seventeen inches. A difference of temperature at the two stations would make a small difference to the observed heights. The organ pipes were of square section and made of metal to resist the action of the water.—Frederick J. Smith in Nature.

Wonders of Physical Energy.

The physical energy of force sometimes exerted by the human body has long been known to be of the most astounding nature, but no one, prior to the tabulations made by Dr. Buchester in 1890, ever took the trouble to put that exerted force before the people in figures that could be understood. The doctor "supposes" things in this way: Supposing a mountaineer weighing 168 pounds is making the ascent of a peak 7,000 feet high. To begin with, he must expend an amount of physical force equal to that found by multiplying his weight by the height to be ascended. In the case assumed, a weight of 168 pounds, multiplied by a height of 7,000 feet, equals 1,176,000 foot pounds; or, in other words, 1,176,000 pounds have to be lifted one foot.

But this is not all. The contractions of the muscles of the heart have to be taken into account, which is represented by four foot pounds of work with each contraction, the pulsations of an adult heart being about seventy-two per minute; in ascending heights it is much greater. But assuming 100 beats of the pulse per minute, for simplicity of calculation, this would give 400 foot pounds per minute, or 24,000 foot pounds per hour, or 120,000 foot pounds for the five hours supposed to be required for ascending the 7,000 feet. For expansion and contraction of chest and other muscles a further item of 30,000 foot pounds must be added. Thus we find the total work performed during five hours of mountain climbing to be equal to 1,320,000 foot pounds, not counting other forces exerted, which Dr. Buchester says will run the grand total up to 1,980,000 foot pounds.—St. Louis Republic.

Meteoric Stones.

The source of meteoric stones has greatly puzzled scientists. Many have supposed them to be projected from lunar volcanoes to such a distance as to come within range of the earth's attraction; others have given them a terrestrial volcanic origin. The generally received opinion is that of Laplace, who supposed them to be masses of matter, small planets in fact, revolving around the sun and coming within the earth's attraction. This opinion is carried out by the fact that showers of meteors occur at periodical intervals in August and November. It has been calculated that of meteors bright enough to be visible to the naked eye on a clear, moonless night the number that enter our atmosphere cannot be less than 7,500,000, and if those that would be visible in a telescope are included, at least 400,000,000.

As there is no reason to believe that the region in which our earth moves is more thickly beset with meteoric bodies than other parts of the solar domain, and as the space through which the earth sweeps in a day is a mere point compared with the whole extent of that domain, the total number of these bodies that must exist around the sun is beyond conception. The hundreds of millions yearly burned up in our atmosphere (the ashes of which add, it is estimated, 1,000 tons weight to our earth in three years) will never be missed.—Brooklyn Eagle.

His Best Role.

They were discussing the amateur theatricals of the previous evening, and Thespis was bewailing the hard luck that had brought on a violent headache and prevented his appearance.

"Do you know, old boy," he said confidentially, "that was to have been the effort of my life. I had the love scene down fine, and Mildred's heart must have been of stone if she failed to see that I was in earnest. I was willing to stake everything on the result, for I was confident she would accept me the moment the curtain went down. And to think that my usual hard luck would step in just when all my hopes were about to be realized."

"I heard Mildred refer to your nonappearance," remarked Fayet.

"You did? And what did she say?"

"Said you performed an act of charity by not coming on."—New York Evening Sun.

Had Sent the Fellow to Prison.

Mr. Hamond, a successful Unionist candidate, in his capacity as police magistrate in Newcastle is very well known among the people. While Mr. Hamond was addressing the people, a voice from the crowd bellowed forth, "Get your hair cut, Charlie." Adjusting his spectacles and fixing an imperturbable look upon the individual, he retorted with splendid sang froid, "My friend, if I am not mistaken, I have been the means of your having your hair cut before today."—London Letter.

Millions of Acres of Timber.

Twenty millions of acres of land in the state of Washington are covered with a growth of wood which will cut an average of 20,000 feet of merchantable lumber per acre. Much of it in the vicinity of Port Crescent will cut an average of 200,000 feet and more to the acre, while single trees are common that will cut 1,000 feet.—Port Crescent Leader.

Not Indians, but Apples.

There is a man on Mare hill with 1,000 barrels of Dakota reds on hand. He was offered recently $2,000 for them in the cellar, which he politely declined.—Androscoggin (Me.) Star-Herald.

LIFE'S LARGESS.

In every heart some seed of goodness grows,
In every path some bud of beauty springs,
In every sky some radiant outer glows,
In every lodge some wondland's farther singes;
And he who in life's largess hath no part
Hides deep an aching ruin in his heart.
—Rev. M. A. C. Kelly in Frank Leslie's Weekly.

THE TRAVELING RING.

At the unearthly hour of 3 a. m. the fin-de-siecle Alpenhorn wakes the guests of the Hotel Big-Kulm to give them an opportunity for seeing the sunrise.

The hotel is on the very summit of the mountain, and in front of it stands a platform.

You can see the sunrise as well and better from the window of your own room, but there is an extra charge connected with the use of the aforesaid platform, and you would feel as if you were swindling the management out of the admission fee if you were to see the spectacle from any other point of vantage than the one provided for the purpose.

But this is neither here nor there.

Miss Viva Merrick, of Chicago, hurriedly donned a morning gown and hastened down stairs at the sound of the horn.

Ragged patches of mist rose lazily from a lake of bluish fog that filled the valleys, rugged mountain tops and sharp crags rose in bold outline, like naval reefs upon a sea of foaming dampness.

Everybody, including the young lady, felt uncomfortable.

The greenish half light that precedes day would make the rosiest complexion appear pale, dull and lifeless, and rob any face of its beauty; it was therefore quite unselfish in Capt. Percy Dempster, R. E., on leave from India, to offer his greatcoat to Miss Merrick as a protection against the icy wind that blew sharply from the glaciers. But he was a gentleman, and would have done as much for any lady, young or old, preferably, of course, the latter, otherwise he would have tendered his coat to the young lady's aunt first.

Any one anxious to know just how that day "the glowing orb cast its ruddy glamor o'er the somber, snow clad giants of the Swiss Alps, whose majestic," etc., is referred to Baedeker's Handbook of Switzerland, which also furnishes estimates on the probable expense of the sight.

As usual, everybody felt better as soon as the first rays of the sun had gilded the edges of the long stretched clouds.

As the captain looked for his overcoat he could not repress the ejaculation, "By Jingo, what a pretty picture!" and he dropped his single eyeglass to see better.

Frau Professor Holtzhacker began to rhapsodize. "Yes, set ees wonderful, wonderful, shplendid, grossartig, wirklich gar zu nett!" because she thought he meant the sunrise. But he didn't.

Miss Merrick's head just peeped out of the captain's greatcoat, her cheeks all aglow with the rosy light of the new born day. Her eyes shone and sparkled with pleasure, and the crisp morning breeze scattered a few stray locks of golden hair that had found their way from under the dainty traveling cap.

Greuze or Fragonard or Jacquet could not have wished for a better model.

If there is any man who finds fault with the captain for taking advantage of the cool incident to introduce himself, then let his neighbors watch that man.

It was not accident that placed Dempster at the ladies' table at breakfast, but the "Herr Ober Kellner" (head waiter). Consideration—two francs.

Miss Merrick's vivacity and esprit formed a refreshing contrast to the monastic primness of her maiden aunt, and the young officer found her more charming as their acquaintance progressed.

What difference does it make whether one goes from Lucerne to Interlaken and thence to Zurich, or vice versa? Hardly any under ordinary circumstances. But if it is a question of keeping in the company of a drowsily clever little lady by reversing a proposed route it makes all the difference in the world.

And that is why the captain feigned pleased surprise that the intended line of travel of the ladies should coincide with his own plans, which it did not.

But, as everybody was pleased, it did not matter that he changed his route.

The summer passed very agreeably to all, and left a deep impression upon the captain.

First he dropped his single eyeglass for good, in deference to the common sense of Miss Merrick; next he adjured brandy and soda as a concession to the aunt's temperance principles; then he became solitary and taciturn when the young lady was not around, and ultimately he contracted the dangerous habit of looking at the moon long after everybody had gone to sleep.

No one could have called Miss Merrick a flirt, but womanlike she thoroughly understood the subtle art of keeping her admirer in hot water by being alternately coy and cold.

Which showed that she liked him, or she would not have teased him.

At Scheveningen, in Holland, the whole affair came to a climax.

It was during an early morning stroll down to the beach. They sat down in a couple of those odd wickerwork chairs. For awhile they discussed the morsels of gossip that are repeated every season about somebody or other. The scandal is always the same, only the names of the parties change.

Suddenly both grew silent. He began to draw figures in the sand with his cane, and she beat a tattoo with her dainty slipper while gazing out upon the sea and the ranging fishing boats in an abstracted manner.

The captain spoke first. "About a year ago," he said, "I picked up a ring in Simla, India, which bears on its inner surface the initials 'V. M.,' which are your initials."

Miss Merrick listened in mute surprise, which changed to astonishment when the captain took a ring with two diamonds from his pocket. He next took her right hand, which hung by her side, with his other hand. Here was a very pretty hand, and the most pleasant thing about it, to the captain, was the tiniest suspicion of a responsive twitch.

What he had to say as he placed the ring upon her finger was so interesting that she did not interrupt him.

Some men will ask the hand when a girl shows them a finger.

They returned to the hotel long after breakfast time.

Before entering the captain said: "By the way, darling, why did you look so surprised when I placed the ring upon your finger? I should think that you must have expected something of the kind all along."

Miss Merrick had forgotten all about the incident in the pleasurable excitement of the captain's proposal. But now she took the ring off her finger, examined it carefully, and spoke: "Percy, dear, don't be offended, but this has always been my ring. I lost it five years ago, in Newport, R. I., and I can tell it to be the same ring by a tiny flaw in one of the stones, aside from the initials."

And now comes the strangest part of this narrative, to wit—the story of the wanderings of Miss Merrick's ring. It took two years to ascertain all the facts about it, but the captain insisted upon establishing a clear chain of evidence which would begin with Miss Merrick and end with himself, or rather with both.

The loss of the ring had first been noticed by the young lady on her return from a shopping tour in Newport, where she was spending the summer. She would hardly have suspected that the elegantly dressed man who had assisted her into her carriage had deftly slipped the ring off her finger while doing so. It was Hamlin Bill, prop-

SAVED BY JESSE JAMES

A Remarkable Shooting Scrape in Northwestern Missouri.

A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR'S PERIL.

Those Were the Times That Tried Men's Nerves, When All Carried Pistols and Many Used Them—Shooting at Close Quarters—Jesse Saved the Boy.

A recent writer in the Cincinnati Commercial reports the experience of a telegraph operator in Princeton, Mo., many years ago, when things in that region were "powerful unsettled like," as the Arkansas people say. The operator, who had never been west of Chicago, was delighted with an assignment in the new free country, which he had so long admired at a distance, but he soon found that a certain element of the population was a little too free, especially with revolvers. The rest of the story is best told in his own words:

One evening I reported at my usual hour of 7 o'clock and found the usual relay of hangers on smoking, chewing and discussing the latest "scrap," which sent "Long Jim" Pike to join the silent majority and St. Joe Bill to an improvised hospital in the back room of the Golden Sun saloon, with his carcass full of knife wounds. The weather, however, was evidently not encouraging for discussions that required an effort, and this one grew lifeless and uninteresting, till one by one my companions dropped out and I was left alone.

At 3 in the morning a through passenger train was due from the north, and about an hour before train time there entered the one waiting room of the depot a man about medium height, dressed in the rough fash-

CLUTCHING AT HIS BREAST.

ion of the country and wearing a slouch hat that well shaded his face and left one to guess at the character of the wearer. "Ticket to Cameron," was all he said as he stepped to the window, and receiving his piece of cardboard retired to a dark corner, where he sat down.

I might have paid a little more attention to his appearance had he not been shortly followed, first by a party of six or seven rather hard looking customers, who were evidently under the influence of "Missouri lightning," and a moment later by three or four ladies with escorts. One of the gang of roughs commenced using language that was more expressive than elegant, and I had no other recourse but to go over and remonstrate with him. Somehow as I stepped across the room the feeling came over me that I was to have trouble, and a little tremor of fear passed up and down the seam of my waistcoat.

However, I kept bravely on, and in a gentle and gentlemanly way reminded him of the fact that there were ladies present, and it was necessary for him to modify his language. His friends sided with me and attempted to keep him quiet, but without avail, and they finally arose and went out on the platform, expecting of course that he would follow. Will drunken perverseness, however, be remained, and his talk growing more and more vulgar I forgot my fear, became mad, and walking over to the tough seized him by the collar, and before he had time to offer any resistance had thrown him out of the door and on the platform, where I left him in the hands of his friends.

A half minute later I saw what made my hair stand on end. In the door stood the man I had thrown out, pistol in hand and ready to shoot. Were you ever under fire? Do you know what it is to stare death in the face and realize that within the next second a bullet will go plowing through your body and but the tick of a watch separates you from eternity? In a moment I thought of every incident in my life, and closed my eyes to receive the leaden messenger that would send me fearfully unprepared, into the great unknown. Almost instantly two shots rang out, sounding like the reports of cannon in that small room. I felt a sharp twinge in my right knee, and then all the animal in my nature was aroused and I thirsted for blood. We always kept a revolver in the money drawer, and with a quick lunge through the ticket window I reached it and turned to kill, if possible, the man who had fired at me. I was too late. He lay on the floor clutching at his breast, from which the blood was flowing in a crimson stream. His revolver lay beside him. Over in the corner sat the man with the slouch hat, revolver in either hand, but not moving a muscle or giving a sign.

The friends of the apparently dying man rushed in, and seeing me standing with a revolver in my hand reached for theirs to avenge their companion. At the first movement a quick, sharp voice rang out from under the slouch hat in the corner in no undecided tones.

"The man that pulls is a dead man!" and the words were emphasized by the click of the two guns that covered the party. No one "pulled," but they looked sullenly at the man who had dared single handed to call them down.

There was an awful pause of a few seconds; then the rough nearest to the stranger, after a close scrutiny, sprang back with the exclamation, "Jesse James, by ——!" It was enough. That name carried with it a power to subdue fiercer, more bloodthirsty and braver men than those in front of me.

Carefully they picked up the wounded man, and as they carried him out again that voice was heard, and this time it said, "The man that harms that lad will answer to me."

The train soon arrived and he departed with it. My wound was slight and the badly wounded man eventually recovered. A few days later a train was robbed on the same railroad, only a few hours' ride from Princeton, at the little hamlet of Winston. Two men lost their lives because they resisted, and yet I somehow find a very tender spot in my heart when I think of Jesse James.

Mme. Bernhardt's Pay.

Mme. Sara Bernhardt expects to come back from her next American tour a millionaire. Her engagement is for two years, and is to embrace the two Americas. She is to get £40 a day for hotel expenses and £120 for each representation—plus the third of what may be taken at the doors.—London Tit-Bits.

There Wasn't Room.

Wife—Harry, do you see how attentive that couple on the sofa are to each other. I'm positive there's something between them.

Husband after a look—I think you're mistaken, my dear.—Time.

SENATOR HILL'S NEW HOME.

It Is a Queer Looking Palace Built by Fritz Emmet.

"Fritz Villa" is the popular name of the residence recently bought by Senator David B. Hill, near Albany, and it looks like the opium dream of a crazy architect. It was built according to plans drawn and frequently changed by the eccentric humorist and actor—Fritz Emmet, but when he divorced wife came into possession of it she had the Fritz chiseled out of the inscription over the iron gateway and an Indian word, which, according to her, was fittingly descriptive, inserted in its place, so now the place is "Zi-Wan-Ja-Villa."

Fritz bought the fifteen acres in 1886, and what with the old house, mounds, fountains and artificial lakes over $20,000 were expended on his grounds alone. Then he began at the house, combining all the novelties seen on his travels, and the first plunge he drew himself, and he even constructed a working model of what he wanted out of paper. This house was to cost $25,000, and was about half the size of the present structure. But no sooner was that

SUNNAR VILLA.

house completed than Fritz began to alter it by the addition of a tower or a room or a gable or some other odd shaped extension. The first year he put two roofs on the house before he secured one that satisfied him. As he invented about fifty-odd countries he would see a gable, tower, turret, a fireplace or an odd room or window, which he would hastily sketch, color up and send to the architect, with instructions to put it on such a corner or in such a room, regardless of general conformity or effect. These alterations cost the artist all the way from $15,000 to $25,000 a year.

When it was decided to Mrs. Emmet in 1890 the cost was roughly estimated at $300,000—probably an exaggeration. At any rate Senator Hill has expended it on $28,000. It would make the reader's head spin to peruse a detailed description, there are so many oddities about it. A specimen will show what a quiver its three windows arranged in. In the easily stained glass window of the wife's bedroom Fritz put a painting representing him in a heroic role. Romeo and Juliet attitude before his wife, and, according to report, the form of Fritz has since the divorce been altered into a resemblance to a fallen soldier, while Mrs. Emmet appears as an angel, with an aureole halo about her head.

Toiling About It.

Sarah Jaybird Sampkins had a way of wrinkling herself up in her own floor of language until her ideas became somewhat entangled. She was called Sarah Jaybird because her husband's cousin, "Jimmy" Saunders, had also married a Sarah, and the two families lived in the same town. One afternoon a neighbor of Sarah Jaybird's was giving an account of a recent picnic to an elderly female who had been kept at home by rheumatism.

"Seraphim's glen was well enough," she said in reply to some question of the invalid, "but folks need t' be pooty sure-footed b'fore they go scramblin' up an down them peaked rocks. As for me, I was thankful th' days when such gymnastics was expected of me was well over with. But I wisht you c'd've been there t' partake of th' spread an' t' hear Sarah Jaybird's speech. She fa'rly outdone herself!"

"I want t' know! What did she say in particular?"

"Oh, she said a power o' things, but th' best of all was what she said 'bout them little oily fish—sardines, they call 'em, but they ain't nothin but herrin pickled over some way—that those city folks that's hostelling over t' th' Emmons' took along t' th' picnic.

"Most of us liked 'em fa'rly well; there was an extry large supply of 'em, so we didn't feel t' restrict 'bout eatin 'em. But Sarah Jaybird, some way or 'nother, couldn't seem t' relish 'em. If she'd kept mum 'twould 've been all right 'nough; more'n likely folks wouldn't 've noticed whether she eat 'em or not; but what d' you s'pose she done?

"She stepped over t' one o' th' boarders, a kind of a youngish young woman, an says she, 'I feel t' say I'm real glad I don't set much by them little fish you folks fetched, for if I did I sh'd feel called upon t' eat 'em, an that would be kind o' disagreeable to me, seein I don't relish 'em.'

"An then she set down again as pleased as pie. But I calc'late that boarder didn't get her hearin's again for some minutes, as I reckon if she was t' pass any opinion on Sarah Jaybird she'd put her down for another willed."—Youth's Companion.

A Simple Food.

Nothing was more characteristic of the Canarians than this staple food of theirs called "gofio." The islanders of our own day are passionately devoted to it. In truth, however, it is a very plain article of diet. It is only the flour of roasted maize, peas, beans or barley, or a compound of two or three grains. Yet fragrant indeed is the perfume from a "gofio" watermill, with the householders carrying round about it to carry off their flour to use ere the aroma has left it.

The sojourner in the agreeable hotels of Orotava may, if he pleases, table his palate at breakfast time with some of this "gofio." He will not venture, like an accomplished native, to take a handful of it and throw it down his throat. It would choke him almost to death if he did. The waiter will considerately offer it to him in warm milk or coffee, or mixed with a little honey in the form of a cake. It is appetizing enough with any one of these condiments. The old Canarians mixed it with hot mutton fat, milk, honey or goat's butter. Their successors follow their example. The poorest people eat it with water only, seasoned by a pinch of salt, and upon this meager species of grub many a Tenerifian brings up a family of seven or eight stout children at a cost of a few pence a week.

The traveler in the islands will observe that his guide would as soon think of going without his shirt as without his little sack of "gofio," from which he now and again stays his stomach with a fistful. In Palma to this day, and no doubt elsewhere also, an inexpensive sort of "gofio" is made out of the dried roots of the bracken which abounds in the pine forests on the mountain slopes.—National Review.

More Than His Money's Worth.

Guest in a restaurant, angrily—Say, waiter, I find chickens in these eggs!

Waiter blandly—All right. Keep quiet, sir, and there will be no extra charge.—Lowell Citizen.

A Blighted Romance.

Salesman—Can it be possible! Miss Compton, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at Bar Harbor last summer. How long——

Miss Compton—Three yards, please.—Texas Siftings.

Unreasonable.

Little Mabel—Mamma, may I have something to eat?

Mother (impatiently)—Yes, take this piece of cake, and don't open your mouth again!—Time.

SOME CHICAGO STATISTICS.

As Compiled by a British Consul for His Government.

It is of interest sometimes to get a glimpse of ourselves as others see us. Herewith is reproduced from The British Architect a condensation of the annual trade report of Colonel Hayes Sadler, British consul at Chicago. His financial statistics are presented in pounds sterling as he writes them. "In 1830," says the consul, "the population of Chicago consisted of 70 persons, in 1832 it had increased to 200, and in 1833 to 350. In 1837 it was incorporated as a city; it comprised but a very small part of its present size, and a census then taken showed 4,170 inhabitants. In 1850 the population was 29,963, ten years later 112,172; in 1870, 298,977; in 1880, 503,185; and in 1890, 1,209,000, an increase of 705,834 in ten years.

"The city is still increasing, and now contains about 1,500,000 inhabitants. Chicago now extends along the line of Halsted street a distance of 20½ miles, and from east to west at the broadest point 10½ miles. It covers an area of 185,329 acres, or 180.2 square miles, and is almost entirely surrounded by magnificent boulevards stretching for about 35 miles and expanding here and there into extensive parks. In 1889 there were 127,871 dwellings and 236,320 families, or an average of 1.72 families to each dwelling. Last year 11,806 buildings were constructed, covering a frontage of 50½ miles, at a cost of £11,194,600, to which may be added probably 10 per cent. for completion beyond the estimates. The river frontage extends 9 miles, and the lake frontage 11 miles. There are 2,322 miles of streets, and counting the boulevards 2,364 miles; 775 miles of streets are paved, of which 467 miles are paved with wood, and 221.3 miles with stone.

"The park and boulevard system covers 2,337 acres. Nearly 100 miles of fresh sewers were laid last year, with pipes varying from 9 inches to 9 feet in diameter. Education has kept pace with the general advance; there are 324 schools, seating 125,000 pupils, and costing £1,126,000, 86 per cent. of which is raised by taxation and the balance derived from school property. Three years ago the appropriation did not amount to half that sum. The total trade in 1891 is estimated at £360,925,000 against £294,500,000 in the preceding year, or a little less than one-third of the total bank clearings. In 1856 the total trade was, in round numbers, £4,000,000; in 1860, £20,000,000; in 1870, £77,000,000; in 1880, £196,000,000; in 1890, £294,000,000, and in 1891, £360,000,000."

An Infant's Wonderful Escape.

A baby recently gained notoriety by leaping from the window of a car on an express train which was going at the rate of forty miles an hour. Not only did he leap from the window, but he escaped unhurt, and that is the remarkable part of his performance.

The facts in the case are these: Mrs. Lewis Noack, of St. Louis, with her eighteen-months-old baby, had been visit-

THE MOTHER AND BABY.

ing her family in Cleveland, and was returning to St. Louis. When the train was going at a high rate of speed the baby became fretful. The window was open; green fields and pleasing brooks were rushing past, and the baby thought that it would be nicer out among the field flowers than in the dusty car, so he simply jumped out of the window.

The train was stopped and backed down to where the jumping occurred, and there upon a pile of soft gravel lay the child smiling sweetly up at the noonday sun.

The Way Women Drive.

Tom Trumphour is one of the quaintest, best hearted horsemen in the country, says a visitor to the Catskills. He's driven stages in these mountains for thirty-five years, and his silliest remarks on the "way women drive" would be worthy of being preserved in print and liberally given out, as are tracts, for the sake of misunderstood humankind. Tom only received twenty copies of that charming autobiography of a horse, "Black Beauty," from mountain roads who know how well he likes horses.

"They keep tabbin with the lines," says Tom, when giving points on the way women drive. "They all think they've got a hoss. A woman can't help it; it's natural. She's got a notion she oughter git along faster, and she keeps a-pushing, a-pushing on the lines.

"Hold your lines taut in one hand; a turn of your wrists guides your hosses all right," said Tom Trumphour, handling the ends of a ball of twine with the air of a professor demonstrating a scientific fact. "And don't hold your lines up so they will cuff yer ears. Most women do—and some men too."

A New Method of Washing.

A method of washing is being extensively adopted in Germany and Belgium. One of its special advantages is that it counteracts the ill effects of soda, which is much used in Europe upon linen. Two pounds of soda are dissolved in three gallons of water, and to this is added a teaspoonful of turpentine and three of liquid ammonia. When the mixture has been well stirred the linen is steeped in it for two or three hours. During the operation the vessel is closed as tightly as possible, and afterward the clothes are washed out and rinsed in the usual manner.

The soap and water may be used again with the addition of half a teaspoonful of turpentine and a tablespoonful of ammonia. The process is said to save time, labor and fuel. As there is no necessity for rubbing the linen scarcely suffers, and its cleanliness and color are perfect. The ammonia evaporates immediately, and the smell of the turpentine is said to disappear entirely during the drying of the clothes.—New York Telegram.

A Dog Killed by a Snake.

A fierce battle between a dog and a snake occurred on the Pine mountains, Pennsylvania. Several women were out picking huckleberries, accompanied by a dog. During the day the latter set up a terrible barking, and when the women ran to investigate they saw the dog engaged in a struggle with a huge blacksnake over six feet in length, which had partly coiled itself around the dog's body. They were so frightened that they fastened home as fast as possible. Upon telling the story a number of men went to the mountain, and upon coming to the place found the dog dead, while the snake had disappeared. Nearly every bone in the dog's body was crushed. Sticking to the dog's teeth were found pieces of the snake's skin, showing that he had fought hard for his life.

The Father Improving.

Mother—Have you heard how Mr. Spanker is this morning?

Small Son—Oh, he's all right. He's gettin well fast.

"Who told you?"

"No one."

"Then how do you know?"

"His little boys has begun to hear w'en their mother calls."—Good News.

A CONNECTICUT HEROINE.

Melinda Huff Has Saved Five Lives and Plays the Guitar.

A young woman of Millington, Conn., is an ornament of her sex and deserving of credit as are the most heroic members of life saving stations. Her name is Miss Melinda Huff; she is only nineteen years old, but and she has saved in the last eight years the lives of five persons.

She is the daughter of a well to do farmer, and for several years has taught the school in the district in which she lives. Her first attempt at life saving was made in the winter of 1885. She was but ten years old at the time, but she possessed

MELINDA HUFF.

the pluck of a man. With a number of schoolmates at noontime she was playing on the pond, when a girl about her own age ventured on ice that was unsafe and went through.

Melinda saw her go down, and without hesitating an instant went after her. She was a strong, robust girl, and managed to rescue her. When thirteen years of age she saved her brother, five years older, from drowning. Three years later she made her next rescue, hauling a man out of the Connecticut river. The following summer a Sunday school excursion was going by steamboat from the Baptist church at Haddam to New Haven. Miss Huff was a member of a party that accompanied the excursion from Millington.

While passing Saybrook lighthouse one of a number of children that were romping on the upper deck rolled overboard, and his playmates ran screaming to his mother.

Miss Huff happened to be sitting with her friends under an awning on the lower deck when the boy went overboard, and she saw him strike the water. Throwing off her hat, the intrepid girl jumped into the water, and in spite of the swell created by the steamboat swam to the child and held him up until a boat came to their assistance.

The last person to be saved from death by her was Charles Green, a young farmer and an acquaintance of hers. One day recently a party from Millington went down to the shore for the day. In the afternoon a number of the excursionists went in bathing. Green, who couldn't swim, got beyond his depth.

His cries for help attracted the attention of the other bathers. Miss Huff led them, and in spite of the fact that a heavy surf was running she managed to drag Green out of the water, unconscious, but alive.

She is extremely modest and unassuming, and shows embarrassment whenever reference is made to her exploits as a life saver. She has a very attractive face and manner, and with her other accomplishments is an expert performer on the guitar.

Was Raining.

Yesterday afternoon while the rain was pouring down a citizen left the postoffice to encounter an acquaintance who was also sheltered by an umbrella.

"Raining, isn't it?" queried the first.

"Hey?"

"Raining, isn't it?

"I'd like to see you a moment," was the reply. "Come up stairs."

The two passed up, traversed the dark hall to its darkest corner, and then No. 2 turned on No. 1 with:

"Do you take me for an infernal idiot?"

"Why, no, of course not."

"Do you suppose I'm carrying an umbrella around to keep the sun off at this time of year?"

"No."

"I'm carrying it to keep off the rain, am I not?"

"Of course."

"Well, then, it rains. You know it rains. Everybody in town knows it rains. Now you go on and let people alone."

"But—but"——

"That's all. You let it rain. She knows her business. You just attend to your own affairs and let the weather alone. Good day, sir."

And he went clumping down stairs and left the other to follow at his leisure.—Detroit Free Press.

What She Would Do.

"I've brought Tommy with me. Yes," said Mrs. Flighty, meeting Mrs. ——the in one of New York's biggest and most bewildering dry goods stores. "I don't often bring him, for I think there's great danger in having little children in one of these big shops or on the crowded streets. He wears a little medal with his name and the number of our residence on it, and I've taught him just what to say in case he should get lost, and I'd know just what to do myself. I'd keep perfectly calm and go right to police headquarters and give information there and then—why, where is the child? Tommy! Tommy! where are you? Tommy, Tommy Flighty! Where did he go? Mercy on us, what could have become of the child? Did you see him? Tommy! Good heavens and earth! He'll be killed in this crowd! Oh, what shall I do? Tommy, Tommy! I'll go crazy if I don't find him this minute! Where can he be? Oh, I shall faint! I shall die if I have to go home without him! Police! Help! My child! My child! I shall never see him again! I know I shan't! It will kill his papa! Tommy, my child, my child! O—o—o—o—h!"

And while they were bringing her out of her faint, Tommy came from behind a counter, where he had crept in search of a pasteboard box.—Bal ie Time.

Their Watches Being Repaired.

Two Doylestown gentlemen wanted to test the magnets at Swartley's new mill a few days ago, and, after trying the penknives, thought they would see if the magnets would hold gold and silver watches. The watches are now laid up for repairs, and the jewelers have a job in demagnetizing the high priced works. It is never too late to learn.—Doylestown Intelligencer.

Death of a Hairless Man.

Elias Lyons, aged 80 years, was buried Saturday from his late residence, ten miles north of Muncie. Mr. Lyons was one of the earliest settlers of the Mississinewa valley. He possessed a marked physical peculiarity in the fact that he had no hair, being hairless from birth. He left a son who has no hair other than a light fuzz on top of his head.—Cor. Indianapolis Journal.

A Nobleman's Daring Feat.

A Paris telegram says: The Prince de Rohan has accomplished a wonderful feat. He made a wager with Prince Torlonia that he would descend the stone steps at Monaco with a carriage drawn by four horses. The Prince de Rohan won his wager without any mishap at 3 o'clock in the morning.