EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL. - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Australian Shark and Diver.

On one occasion a big shark came alongside me where I was working. I stopped, of course, and stepped back quietly to let him pass. But he did not. He came nearer. I then thought he was curious, but soon found that another feeling than curiosity was moving him. As I retreated he still advanced, until I found myself jammed up against the rock. I could retreat no farther, and yet the brute came on determinedly. But instead of approaching me with his long nose—for you don't see his jaws—he turned his side and began to rub up against me. I had a small "jumper" in my hand, which I held with the point outward against his skin, as I did not wish to have his rough skin scoring along my dress.

It was something like what a cow would be rubbing against you. The iron on his skin was, however, the very thing he wanted, as he soon gave me to understand. I was kept there at least half an hour scratching that monster with the sharp iron. He took it like a pig, bending his body and turning over on his side so as to present a fresh surface to the jumper. I suppose he must have felt easier for the operation, for after a time he moved away.

I had one or two further visits from him on following days, on each of which I was obliged to scratch him for a time. I think he must have recognized me as a kindly and effectual scratcher. I imagine he was suffering from some parasitical or skin disease, to which he may have fallen a victim. Otherwise I might be in that scratching billet still.—"A Diver" in Chambers' Journal.

Things That Affect the Hypnotic State.

The differences in the climates appear to have great influence on hypnotic susceptibility. Southerners and altogether those who have been exposed to the tropical heat are much more easily influenced than those who live in the temperate or frigid zones. Hypnosis not only appears sooner in the tropical climates, but it is usually deeper, and the more complicated conditions of the states invariably appear immediately. The hypnotic susceptibility does not depend on these circumstances alone. There are many other conditions which we must find partly outside of the individual and partly within. It is necessary to especially notice the different tempers of mind, such as delight, sorrow, etc.

What also works against coming into the hypnotic state is overexertion, either mentally or bodily, an empty or overloaded stomach, excessive use of certain nourishing substances, liquors, strong spices, coffee or tea. All these conditions more or less prevent or disturb the coming hypnosis. Furthermore, outward influences, such as temperature, dress, place of residence and surroundings, should all be considered. The room in which experiments are to be performed must neither be too warm nor too cold.—Chicago Herald.

Whittier's Picture.

On one occasion when the artist Parker had been painting a portrait of Charles Sumner, Whittier came to Chestnut street and said to Mrs. Sargent:

"Friend Elizabeth, wilt thee go with me to see Friend Parker's picture of Charles?"

"I should be very glad to," she answered.

"Wilt thee go this morning?" he asked, and upon her assenting they set off for the studio. When they arrived they examined the portrait of Sumner, but Whittier seemed to Mrs. Sargent to be preoccupied and to be in haste to call her attention to something else. In a moment he said:

"Friend Parker, where is the other?"

The artist turned around an easel, and there was a portrait of Whittier himself. The poet was as pleased as a boy at Mrs. Sargent's surprise, and as she had not even known of his sitting she was naturally not a little astonished. He was like a genial comrade in his fun, and, although he was naturally grave and sedate, there was in him a most beautiful and genial humor and sweetness, like the color and perfume of the mayflower under the grayness of the leaves in the sprig.—Arlo Bates in Chicago Tribune.

Anglo-Indian Words.

Colonel Yule, the editor of Marco Polo, has published, with John Murray, of London, a glossary of Anglo-Indian colloquial words. In this work, along with well known loan words from remote oriental tongues, we are surprised to meet "Just the cheese," derived from chiz, meaning "thing;" also, "Don't care a damn," derived from dam, a small copper coin and equivalent for a "brass farthing." "Candy" sugar comes from khanda, and means "broken" sugar. "Chicane" and "chicanery" are derived through French usage from changan, horsegolf, or what we call polo, a game which has reached us for the second time since it was imported into Europe from the east before the Middle Ages. Demijohn is not from French dame jeanne, but the town of Dannaghan, in Persia. Turban is a corruption of dulband, a Persian word for a head wrap.—Exchange.

True Appreciation.

"I did not hear of your bereavement, old fellow, until yesterday," observed a man in the elevated train to another passenger; "let me offer you my condolences. I feel terribly sorry for you. It must be an awful affliction to lose one's wife."

"Yes," replied the other, "it is certainly very hard on me. Until she died I did not know for twenty years what it was to put a set of studs in my shirt.—New York Times.

The Difference.

When a man leaves our side and goes to the other side he is a traitor, and we always felt that there was a subtle something wrong about him. But when a man leaves the other side and comes over to us, then he is man of great moral courage, and we always felt that he had sterling stuff in him.—London Tit-Bits.

Where the Shoe Pinched.

Dashaway—I should think you would send some of your old clothes out to a repairer's and have them cleaned instead of ordering new ones from a tailor.

Travers (sadly)—The repairers want cash.—Clothier and Furnisher.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

MATE LEROY TALKS OF THE CHANGES IN DETAILS OF WOMAN'S ATTIRE.

The Present Seems to Be a Time of Transition, and the Ladies Are "Looking Backward" with Approval on the Styles Worn by Their Great-great-grandmothers.

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It would take a very close observer to notice exactly when an old fashion goes out or a new one comes in. There will be a day when it dawns upon one that there are a great many dresses trimmed with lace; that lace is put upon everything that will hold it, and upon a great many garments where it is manifestly out of place, but there it is, and everything seems to be smothered in its filmy folds. To see a garment at this period without lace is to cause one's eyes to instantly search out the offender, and then there will come another day when one will suddenly wake up to the fact that lace is out. It will be so completely out that not one person will have a sign of it. And so it is with everything. We have hoops and we have none. We have bustles that bring upon us the ridicule of the entire press, and lo! there is none, and we cannot say just when they went, but they are gone.

If one happens to come across a few old magazines, one looks at the fashions there represented and says, "Did I ever look at such a fright as that?" We all did look like just such frights, and perhaps in ten, or even five years, we will wonder how we once wore the gowns we think so beautiful now. But where do the fashions hide when they go out? And who has ever noticed the exact moment of their flitting?

Just now it seems to me we are in a state of transition, for there is no one positive law that all are bound to follow, but as long as each is so well pleased to know that she has a little personal liberty of thought I hope it will continue. Yet I think I see a marked tendency toward the fashions of our great-great-grandmothers. Witness, for instance, a deliciously quaint little costume for the bride of a year that was brought from a famous French house this week. It is of nun's cloth, with three narrow rows of black fur around the entire skirt. The waist is round and without darts, there being a braided belt. A little figaro jacket has quaint, queer little shoulder plaits, and there are tight coat sleeves, with a little muff of the same fur. The hat is of green felt, with old rose plumes. This muff is small, but the most of the muffs will be very large, partly flat, and with pockets in them for purse, handkerchief and powder box.

RUSSIAN TEA GOWN.

Almost as quaint and quite as picturesque is a pink glace silk, with Persian applique on the round waist and skirt. The sleeves are those made famous by the Empress Josephine, and the berthe of black lace, headed by a crepe lisse ruching, is in full keeping with the style, and with the train of black lace over the glace silk. In olden times this was called taffeta silk, and it is the veritable *frou-frou*, which is the only silk which gives out that rasping swish with every move of the wearer.

The mode of dressing the hair follows the same general idea, and it certainly is becoming. The sleeves come even below the wrists—and in fact nearly all sleeves are long, even for balls, unless they are very grand ones, when the sleeves can be short, but the arms must be covered with long gloves. This costume is intended for grand dinner parties, for opera, or for any occasion when a happy medium is desired between a plain dinner dress and a grand toilet.

A few years ago it would have been considered rank heresy to put green and red together, no matter what the shade or material. Now startling contrasts are often seen, and also some very artistic arrangements of red and green that not only do not offend the eye, but prove beautiful. For instance, there is a superb afternoon gown of moss green velvet and old rose cashmere, or it may have been faille, and on the whole I think it was, but cashmere would be quite as elegant. The under dress was of the old rose, with a velvet belt, yoke and tight sleeves of velvet, bordered by narrow bands of white astrakhan. The overdress was of velvet, scalloped all around and lined with maize colored surah. The cuffs to the sleeves were of old rose. It is difficult to imagine a more graceful tea gown.

While it is true that tea gowns are really "out"—that is to say, those beruffled and ribboned fly away tea gowns of a year ago—yet such a one as this is still quite in vogue for receiving afternoon visitors who drop in for a social cup of tea.

The style is partly Russian, but the day of the Russian samovar has come and gone. Japaneseate is now far more fashionable. The tea service consists of tiny Japanese cups and teapot. No sugar or cream by right should be served with it, but as American taste has been educated up to sugar and cream it is permissible to have both, but the cream pitcher and sugar bowl should be as Japanese as possible. The tea is made by pouring boiling water on and letting it stand not over five minutes, and then serving it clear. Certainly there is no law against having a lemon or so at hand if any gentleman caller likes the flavor of it. Lemon in tea is an acquired taste, like that for caviar olives and Roquefort cheese, and as the presence of gentlemen at a tea is a great pleasure a good hostess should have all these little things.

BELDOA VELUTINA COSTUME.

I once heard a society lady bewail to another how rare it was that ladies who were even intimate friends knew their friends' husbands, sons, brothers or fathers. The hours for calling being generally those when the men of the family were at their business, they never met, unless perhaps once in a year or so at some formal gathering which seldom permitted more than a casual acquaintance. The men who have the leisure to go to teas are not the men that the ladies would prefer to have if they had any choice in the matter. So they make the best of it, and look as bewitchingly as they can, and make tea for those who call.

With the tea is served a very delicate luncheon on tiny plates, consisting of toasted oatmeal crackers, once in awhile some cheese straws, very small cakes, and

THE EMPIRE MODES.

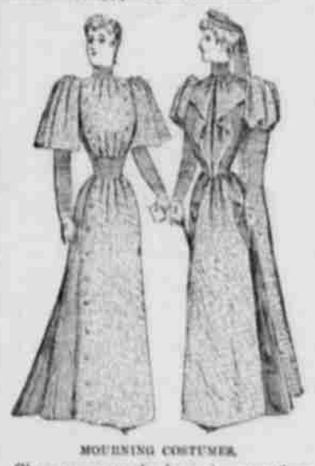
where they can be obtained delicious crisp little biscuits made of bean flour and honey. Dried and salted shrimps are a novelty, and like salted almonds one never seems to know when one has enough, they are so sweet and tasty. They are boiled in salted water, the shells taken off, and the meat is then dried. The bean biscuit are true Japanese, but I fear the dried shrimps are Chinese. Some ladies fit their rooms in Japanese style and wear Japanese costumes at these teas, but the costume is not becoming to everybody.

Much more heavy crape is worn now on mourning gowns than ever before. Formerly a few folds were sufficient. Now fully one-half a dress is covered with English crape. The silk warp Henrietta continues to be the most suitable material for first mourning, and nothing else shows up the crape with the same effect. Veils reach to the hem of the dress.

There are many beautiful new black goods shown this fall—not necessarily for mourning—as many of them are decidedly dressy. Particularly there is a line of novelties in black that have never been equaled, and which show that many elegant black costumes will be worn by the best dressed ladies. They are expensive, but beautiful. Among them I noticed wool armures in honeycomb and birdseye effects. One had illuminated figures over moire ground, and watered ground with satinlike stripes, and these figurings were all obtained by weaving, as the same kind of wool is used throughout. Some of them had a crape stripe, with an alternate chevron stripe. Others had stripes with bow-knot figures or dots of different sizes.

The biarritz cord is an exquisite fabric, soft and pliable, but firm as a rock. This is mostly plain, but some of it shows small set figures in satin weave. It comes in several degrees of fineness and will doubtless be the favorite.

One pattern had diamond ground with broken pattern on it in satin weave. There is a new wool brocade in stars, half moons and intricate scroll patterns, which is a marvel. It seems to break up into a dozen shades of gray, yet is all dead black.



MOURNING COSTUMES.

Chevron weave, broken chevrons, floral brocades, serge diagonal and several other styles of such figure black goods are seen, among them a sort of twisted rope pattern, and one with stripes and rings of satin weave. There are also several patterns of all wool basket and matelasse weave, some illuminated by having a brocaded surface of vicuna wool over dead black sheep's wool, some in wavy lines and another like a coat of mail. There is one of show crystals on a moire ground that is superb when you consider that all that variety of shade is produced by the cunning of the weaver from black alone.

I noticed one pattern that looked like cumulous clouds in moire effect. Another appeared to have an elaborate braided pattern, and still another crocodile cashmere, with an overthrow of figures and flowers or blazing sunburst. There are zigzag patterns, geometrical figures, diagonal stripes with twists, plain wool cords, double and tripic, and several styles of corded effects, where the cords run lengthwise—for the bedford cord is decidedly "out." Moire, with heavy cords running through it, is another novelty, and there are dead fine biarritz cloths with two or three heavy horizontal stripes. They are seen in so many styles that it is almost impossible to mention them all. There is some brocaded biarritz cloth which is superb.

Bristol reps are another variety and very rich, as also are the Paris cords, some of them having cords and crepon in stripes, and then there are wool diagonals with alternate crepon stripes, and stripes of moire and diagonal; others where the stripes are of armure and biarritz cord. The armures are very refined. All these goods are in black and double width.

I nearly forgot to mention a beautiful velvet street and visiting dress of Bilboa velutina garnished with beaver, which makes it a most elegant costume without being overweighted. MATE LEROY.

Perfumes That Harmonize with Colors.

Society women have their evening gowns anointed with a perfume that exactly harmonizes with the color and material of them. Cherry blossom usually accompanies a white dress, orchids a mauve one, moss rose pink suits a pink gown, extract of mown hay goes well with all shades of brown, and jockey club is used for race dresses. Primrose bouquet may be worn with old rose, crab apple blossoms with rose pink lily of the valley, pale green and violet de Nice with lavender or heliotrope.

Tea Gowns and Tea Gown Jackets.

Tea gowns grow daily in popularity. A compromise is being effected between these dainty concessions to negligee and the conventional evening dress, in what is known as the tea gown jacket. These jackets are at once easy, dressy and quickly slipped on by the lady who sets too much store upon her shoulders to exhibit them indiscriminately. They are affected for 5 o'clock tea, for dinner and for the theatre.

Sanitary Item.

Johnnie—Papa was examined again yesterday.

Tommie—By the doctor? I didn't know he was sick.

Johnnie—He is sick, but he was not examined by the doctor. It was the grand jury.—Texas Siftings.

A Wonderful Achievement.

"You see that old man opposite?"

"Well?"

"He has been wearing spectacles since a boy of 5 years. He is so used to them that he can put them on his nose with his eyes shut."—Jewelers' Circular.

PLAYING STREET CARS IN SCHOOL.

A Boston School Teacher's Clever Method of Inculcating Politeness.

There is one woman in Boston who is determined that her sex shall not debar her from putting a heavy mark on the next generation. She is a school teacher, and one of the few who do not undervalue their position and its influence. She has suffered a deal in her time for the bad manners prevalent in public places, and every year she has about fifty boys and girls between the ages of 7 and 9 in her power between five and six hours five days out of seven, and she thinks that it will go hard if she does not do something toward inculcating manners into them, and at the same time hitting the parents a side slap which may not be without its result.

This is one of her methods: Once a week half an afternoon is given to recreation, and she invents games for the amusement and instruction of her class, so that while they think they are playing they are really learning something. One of these games—the one, in fact, which the youngsters enjoy most—is called "street car." The central aisle of the class room, with its row of seats on either side, becomes the electric car.

A boy is chosen for the motor man. This post is given to a boy who has been very good for the week, and in a simple way the teacher makes the class understand how the electricity runs the car. Another boy is the conductor, and they have paper checks for fares. The other children are all passengers. They are supposed to be business men returning home to dinner—and it is impressed upon them that they are very tired and very anxious to read their papers—and women who have been shopping or to the matinee.

One by one the children signal the car, and the conductor rings his bell, the motor man turns his crank, the passenger enters, walks down the aisle and takes a seat. Finally all seats are taken, and to point the play the latter most of the boys enter first and take the chairs. Then the girls board the improvised car. The boys, being impressed that they are very tired, politely rise one by one and civilly offer the girls the seats until every one is up but one boy, who is known in the game as the "pig."

Then the teacher enters. She plays her own part, and the children are supposed to be her old pupils, who are glad to see her, and all the girls, even, are anxious that she should take their seats, and still the "pig" glances at with surprise by all the children, sticks to his seat. Now this game is very popular with the class, but no one enjoys being the "pig."

The teacher says that she already notes the great improvement which her pupils show in manners. They are most anxious to do civil things for one another, "and," remarks the teacher, "do you not think that they tell this story at home? Do you not think that the 'pig' gets shown up by those little ones in his true colors? I do not know if the papas and older brothers are shamed by it, but I am sure that I hope they are, and I mean them to be."—Boston Home Journal.

Good Words for Men.

Mrs. Custer says men have taught her to think little of and worry less about trifling physical discomforts and disabilities, and she added with a most winsome smile that would have made any one of the masterpieces of creation expand with pleasure:

"I've learned a great many helpful things from man. Of course when with the general, although I was among gallant fellows, I had to adapt myself to the exigencies of military life, especially of our military life, and be ready for almost anything. Thoroughly manly men worry so little about trifles and take such a broad, comprehensive view of life that one cannot be among them without learning to look at things somewhat from their point of view."

When it is rather the fad of the hour to say very pessimistic and cynical things of men and women, it is as refreshing as a whiff of a wildrose or breath of new mown hay, after sniffing a faded hothouse tuberose, to hear wholesome, healthy, appreciative remarks about one another from men and women of experience.—New York Herald.

Bad Taste.

The buying of articles of dress or of household decoration at the most approved places does not insure harmonious results if the purchaser lacks the skill and art properly to combine what he has purchased. This is especially true in matters of personal adornment, as is neatly illustrated by the reply of a Frenchman to an English lady.

He had complained that he found the English women very badly dressed.

"They have no taste," he said, "no originality. They are a terror as compared to my country women."

"I do not see how you can say that," the lady responded. "I am sure we buy almost all our clothes in Paris."

"That is very possible," the Frenchman replied; "but if you will pardon my saying it, it is you who select them."—Youth's Companion.

A Chemical Fire Alarm.

A new fire alarm now in use in Sweden consists of a small copper cartridge closed by an indiarubber button, and filled with a fire composition. The fuse contains a mixture of potassium chlorate and sugar, and on it is placed a paraffine capsule containing a few drops of sulphuric acid. When the temperature of the room rises above the melting point of paraffine the sulphuric acid is liberated and ignites the chlorate mixture, which in its turn sets fire to the Bengal light. A fusible metal disk, placed in contact with the mixture, will also be melted, and thus make electrical connection with a call bell so as to sound the alarm at a distance.—New York Journal.

Books That Have Not Paid.

"Sheridan's Memoirs" did not begin to sell as well as expected. While on the Confederate side Joe Johnston's and Jefferson Davis' memoirs barely escaped being financial failures. One of our great publishers tells me that the only memoirs of a civilian active in public life that ever brought much of a profit were Blaine's book and Benton's "Thirty Years' View." Sunset Cox realized barely enough on his book of memoirs to pay him common reporter's salary for the writing.—New York Cor. Philadelphia Press.

Can't Be Proved.

A lover of the weed says that the man who says that tobacco injures the system can't prove it except in isolated cases. A Boston physician has kept track of seven users and seven non-users, all business men, and in ten years the seven non-users have aged the fastest and called in his services the oftenest.—Detroit Free Press.

An Advantage.

"Your new cook is a very attractive looking person."

"Very, and it has added largely to our safety here. There is always a policeman on duty in the kitchen."—London Tit-Bits.

One Letter Wrong.

A transposition of letters in the same word sometimes produces the most ludicrous results. In "The Still Hour," which was written by Professor Phelps, is the fine line, "The stillness of the hour is the stillness of a dead calm at sea." A large number was printed and disposed of before it was discovered that "clam" had been printed for "calm."—Providence Journal.

A Live Issue.

"Do you believe our ancestors carried tails?"

"Bother-tion! Who cares? Why don't you ask if they carried pocketbooks?"—Puck.

AN ODD SUPERSTITION.

To See the Goddess Rise the Washington Monument Brings Good Luck.

The Washington monument leans against the blue sky, a great white shaft, and it towers nearly 350 feet above the Capitol dome, which stands on a hill about a mile away. The Goddess of Liberty is of bronze. She weighs 14,000 pounds, and she stands erect on a great bronze globe on the cap of the dome, measuring 19½ feet from her toes to the tips of the feathers which crown her head. She is a woman of wonderful beauty, and as a Pennsylvania railroad train carries the statesmen out of Washington it goes around a part of the city in such a way that the traveler looking from the windows sees this great figure of the Statue of Liberty coming nearer and nearer to the Washington monument until at last the two are in direct line with his eye, and the great Goddess forms a black silhouette against the pure white of the monument.

This view of the monument has to be caught on a train going at the rate of forty miles an hour. There are a number of car tracks just at the point where it becomes visible, and a passing freight car will shut it out. It can only be seen for a second, and only one time, perhaps, in a dozen trips. Public men leaving the capital on missions keep their eyes glued on the windows, and if they are lucky enough to catch the combination they expect to find their missions successful. If not, some of them feel the superstitious dread of failure assured, and it is strange how many times they are correct.

When Hansbrough went home to seek for a re-election to congress he kept his eye glued on the goddess from the time the train left the station, but just as he was about to see her kiss the monument a freight car rushed in, and the moment passed. He went to Dakota, and failed to get his election. At another time he was left to make his fight for the senatorship. But I will let him tell the story himself.

Said he: "I watched the Goddess as we left the depot. The tracks were full of freight cars and I feared I should miss it. Senator Farwell was with me and he also kept his eyes toward the Capitol. As we went out of the city freight cars increased, and as we neared the point where the two come together the track was full of them. I kept my eye on the window, however, and I just caught a view of the Goddess against the monument between the cars of a passenger train. I was leaning over and watching closely as I did so, and when the two came together I excitedly clapped one hand against the other saying, 'I've got it!' and I nearly scared the wits out of an old woman who sat in front of me and who must have thought I was crazy.

"Well, I went out to Dakota and secured my election. I don't, of course, believe that the monument and the Goddess had much to do with it."—Washington Cor. Philadelphia Press.

Uncle Ras' Perpetual Pass.

Erastus Baldwin, of Campville, Conn., now in the nineties, and known as the aged Nimrod, is undoubtedly the oldest commuter on the Naugatuck railroad. He has enjoyed the privilege of a free pass since the road was built, and he takes lots of solid enjoyment out of his occasional fishing trips to Bridgeport. When the Naugatuck railroad, in 1849, desired to extend its tracks from Waterbury to Winsted, Mr. Baldwin owned three and one-half miles on the Litchfield side. He was pleased when he learned from the company's agents that a railroad through his land was contemplated. He said to them: "If you can build a railroad through those rocks and hills here, you can build her. Ras Baldwin will be the last man in the world to interfere, and all I want is the right of way for myself and wife as long as we live."

From that time until the early part of October, 1873, Uncle Ras, as he is called, enjoyed his privilege undisturbed. Then he was ejected from a train by a new conductor because he refused to pay fare. The conductor explained that he was acting under instructions from E. Ferris Bishop, a newly elected president, but that only angered Mr. Baldwin more, and he never rested until he had walked all the way to Litchfield to consult Henry B. Graves, an attorney for the company. He swore vengeance on the company, but finally consented to give the company a chance to explain. Within a week Mr. Baldwin received a very satisfactory letter of explanation and a perpetual pass for himself and his wife. Mrs. Baldwin used the pass until she died.—New York Sun.

Curious Lore About Mandrake.

Perhaps the most extraordinary of the properties attributed to mandrake are those which it shared in common with the rastrivava of Russia, of enabling housebreakers to pick locks, which is certainly one of the most amusing developments of the solar theory. "Love," it is said, "laughs at locksmiths," but the connection between the mandrake and "burgling" seems a little forced. There is a tradition that the moonwort will unshoe horses if they step upon the plant, and similar powers have been attributed to the vervain and the mandrake.

It is, on the other hand, still part of the rural lore of Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire and Hampshire that the root will improve a horse's condition; but this seems to be founded upon the identification of the mandrake with the bryony, which played such a great part in old English herbalism. It is, however, more than doubtful whether the plants belong to the same class. But both are alike in the curious wealth of legend which surrounds them. East and west meet in their folk and flower lore.—Chambers' Journal.

If You Own a Summer Place.

Did the reader ever have a place in the country? If he has and does not want to grow sick of it, or if he has none, but hopes to have one, and does not want to be forced to give it up in disgust, let me give him a piece of advice. Don't undertake too much. Have only 500 square feet of grass, and one tree or half a dozen shrubs, but have all of the best. Dig deep, fertilize liberally, plant the best grass seed and plenty of it, set out the largest trees and shrubs that will be likely to grow, and care for them tenderly, year after year. Dig about them and prune them, and spare no pains to make them the best of their kind; or, let me say at once, that the reader's delight in nature and his desire to imitate her effects will not prevent the failure of his lawn planting.—Samuel Parsons, Jr., in Scribner's.

Business of State Delayed.

Anent Lord Granville's devotion to whist there is the following well authenticated story:

One afternoon, intending to set out for Paris, he ordered his carriage at Graham's at 4. When it came around he was playing whist. At 10 o'clock he sent out to say that he should not be ready for an hour or two yet, and that the horses had better be changed. Again six hours went by, and the coachman appearing was ordered to change them again. Three times at intervals of six hours were fresh horses put in before he was ready to start. When the party rose they were up to their ankles in cards, and the ambassador, it was reported, was the loser to the tune of £8,000 to £10,000.—Boston Globe.

He Knew the Animal.

The teacher of a Sunday school had been reading a story of the centurion who had great faith, and whose servant was healed at the Lord's word. The teacher had dwelt on the lesson of the story, and had seen that that was properly enforced; and then she said to a bright boy in the class:

"And now, can you tell me what a centurion is?"

"Yes'm," said the boy, very promptly; "it's a horse with a man's head on."—Boston Transcript.

POINTS ABOUT DREAMS.

SATIRICAL COMMENTS FOR SUPERSTITIOUS DREAMERS.

If You Dream of Your Creditors It Means That You Are in Debt—Lovers Should Never Dream of Beggars or Soldiers. Don't Dream of Eating Garlic.

To dream in path both straight and fair,
Your week doth happiness declare;
But crooked ways denote much ill
To those who have a headstrong will.

Of course if you happen to dream about crooked paths you can get out of it on the ground that you are not possessed of a headstrong will, and that it is as near as dreams ever come true. If the sign is right, it was the dream that did it; if the thing comes out as you had no reason to expect you can change it to one of the many exceptions that are required to prove the rule that dreams are reliable.

There used to be an old woman down in Illinois who had implicit faith in anything she saw printed. If there were any question of the accuracy of a statement, and one could bring her a newspaper declaration on the subject, she was convinced, and never again had a doubt. Now it would be highly improper for the skeptical reader to ask what she would have done had she happened to find counter statements on any subject.

Questions of that kind would knock the sentiment out of any old woman, or old theory either, for that matter. And if that ancient lady or any of her kin should be living let them be informed that dreams do come true. This cannot be denied, for a book has been printed setting forth all sorts of dreams and what they mean, and all any one need do if he wants a war man of his future is to eat mince pies and doughnuts and go to bed.

DREAMS OF LOVERS.

Should he in the early watches of the night find himself in the midst of what the police reporter calls a conflagration let him be admonished that—

To dream of burning doth imply
A sudden danger rips and nigh.
Of all escapes you then beware,
For though Fate threatens she may spare.

It will be noticed that Fate is a person in this case and not a glittering generality. And like many another person she has provided herself with an ample way of escape if the dream do not come true. In that case she may tell you she threatened all right enough, but on mature consideration concluded to spare you for future midnight lunches.

Lovers should never dream of beggars. It portends disaster of some sort or another, and the man who finds himself in the act of beginning to dream about a beggar—himself or any other—and cannot wake up, must go to see his love with an accident policy in his inside pocket after that. For fate is on his track, and will not be switched off. But if you must dream of beggars, please be persuaded in time and give them something. Else you will never know peace.

If you dream of soldiers it means that your lady love—or your fellow, if the dreamer be one of the fairer, weaker sex—will have to quit his or her present residence, by paternal order, on your account. Now, if you know he or she is comfortable there, do not—let me implore you—do not dream of soldiers.

To dream that you are cutting hay indicates that you will have great influence in society—cut quite a swath, as it were. And if you dream of raking the hay together you are fated to stand at the head of assemblies. Now, what would be more proper than to dream of raking the hay after you have once dreamed of cutting it? The additional labor is trivial, and the difference in recompense is quite worth the trial.

TO AVOID DISASTERS.

When, in the slumbers of midnight, a man or a woman dreams that he or she is swimming it makes all the difference in the world—or the water—whether his or her head is under or above the surface. If under, then look out for troubles, and plenty of them, but if you are navigating all right, with the placid element beneath you, flatter yourself that you will live to make all or most of your enemies your footstool.

To dream you wade in mire and stubble
Foretelleth surely toil and trouble,
Yet perseverance will not fail
O'er toil and trouble to prevail.

Another chance to get out, you see, but there is one dream that admits of exception. If you should so far forget yourself as to dream of money, get up in the early morning and go about collecting all your available assets, for what you have in the hands of "another" will be wasted and dissipated without doing you any sort of good. To dream about fighting at single combat signifies lawsuits and marriages, the book says.

If you should get into the habit of dreaming, and in that pitiable condition should find yourself dreaming of a man with a lighted lantern, try to kill him off or otherwise attract his attention, for if he goes on without interruption and puts it out it signifies trouble for you, and plenty of it. If you dream that you hear a hen cackle it is a pretty good sign, but you can make it a heap better by catching the fowl. That clinches the sign, as it were, and after that fate can no more go back on you than if you slept with the scissors under your pillow to make your lover come back.

No married man should dream of eating garlic. In the first place, garlic is not a pleasant thing for any man outside of Gaul to put upon his table; and in the second—though that is a minor consideration—he will surely find out that his wife does not love him. And if you want to do the whole business at one fell swoop, then dream of eating dinner just after having concluded the dream about garlic. The dream about eating will never be fulfilled till the family of which you are now so valuable a member shall have been divided and scattered to the four winds or the three winds or the two, if there should not happen to be enough persons in the family.—Chicago Herald.

He Buys Gold.

Frank Mangin has one of the strangest hobbies in the world. He comes on the floor and takes a seat and pulls out a roll of greenbacks. There he sits all through the session; and what do you suppose he is waiting for? Only to buy gold! Every man on 'change who has a few pieces of yellow money can get bills for it by applying to Mr. Mangin. The boys all patronize him, and he goes away every day with his pockets loaded down. I once made bold to ask him what he did with the stuff. He was angry in a moment, and told me it was none of my business, and told me in a way that I have never ventured to ask any more questions concerning it.—Chicago Letter.

Royal Jocularity.

Lord Salisbury—Have you ever calculated, your highness, the number of umbrellas you have used since you ascended the throne?

Queen Victoria—I suppose no more than other folks.

Lord Salisbury—I was thinking you did. You know we have had fifty years of continuous rain.

And Lord Tweedledum and the Marquis of Barnacres burst out in a loud haw-haw.—Jewelers' Circular.

There is a tradition that Hannibal was born in Malta. This famous and historic island was the chief stronghold in the Mediterranean of the Carthaginians of old, as it is now of the English. There and in the neighboring island of Gozo there still remain extensive ruins of Carthaginian (or Phœnician) temples and an abundance of Carthaginian graves.

UNSOLICITED CONFIDENCES.

It Is Vulgar to Spread Abroad Facts Relating Solely to Ourselves.

There is a woman, and her name is legion, who is hopelessly given over to bestowing unsolicited confidences. It is unnecessary to extend encouragement by assuming an approachable attitude, for, with startling promptitude she uses every available creature as an instant depository into which she pours the mingled weal and woe of her shallow experiences.

Like a patent sieve, her busy tongue sifts through the mouth all that the ear takes in. Scandal and news, praise and blame, fact and fiction, are hurried on together, leaving the medium empty as before, and always greedily awaiting fresh material. Curiously enough, her own interests often suffer in this mad passion for telling. While shamelessly exposing her own intimate and private affairs, with much of a self laudatory nature, she reveals other incidents scarcely calculated to reflect credit on their narrator.

As a rule strangers are strongly attracted by the confidential woman. In the first flush of acquaintance they are apt to mistake this indication of mental feebleness for courage and frankness of speech. Decidedly flatter by the confiding tone and words implying implicit trust, they accept such impertinent thrusting forward of personal matters rather as the complimentary recognition of certain noble qualities in themselves.

It is as foolish as vulgar to spread abroad facts relating solely to our own personality. Business, friendship and home happiness all thrive under the shelter of discretion. Nor are they the words thoughtlessly spoken in large assemblies, or from the housetops, that work such grave mischief, but rather sentences carefully conned and dropped into the ear under bonds of secrecy. Shame and fear of detection protect the loud utterance from misuse, but promises of silence salve weak natures, make equivocation easy and false witnessing safe.

After a while we grow to detest the ready intimacy implied by unwarrantable confidences. The transparent egotism and frivolity of such behavior we come to regard as a positive breach of etiquette, and resent as an intrusion of the kind.

The woman without reserves invariably lacks delicacy regarding herself as well as others. She is of that odious type that delights in detailing the features of her real or imaginary diseases, squabbles with her husband, the insubordination of children and servants, and has been known to reveal the tricks by which she outwitted tradesman.

Be very sure that the woman whose frankness outstrips her discretion is a person quick to demand in return the full measure of liberties given unasked. She always presumes to take a familiarity for every one she grants, and unloading her private affairs for your delectation, she insists upon hearing your life record to regale her next listener.—Illustrated American.

Not Comforted.

A lady was walking in a country road, and passed a district school house just as the scholars were dismissed. There were big boys and little boys, black children and white children, tall girls and short girls. The teacher herself came out last, closed and locked the door with a snap, and walked away up the hill.

Only one child was left, a little girl of eight or nine, done up in a purple hood and a knitted "comforter." She lingered on the steps, looking sadly up and down the path and into the doorways, evidently trying to find something.

The lady approached and asked what was troubling her. It was her mitten that was lost, the child said, with perfect faith in the lady's sympathy. She had only one left, and they were now, and her mother would scold her so! It was a new mitten, the poor little thing repeated, pitifully—red, with open work on the wrist.

The lady joined in the search, but quite in vain. Then she tried a little philosophy on the youthful mind.

She told the little girl not to care, to tell her mother bravely, and not mind the scolding. There were many things in life to be borne with courage; she herself had lost many things—friends and possessions and hopes—but she had learned to be very brave about it.

"Yes," said the child, to whom the argument brought no comfort—"yes, but did you ever lose your mitten?"—Youth's Companion.

Eating a Good Deal in a Short Time.

"Have you any idea," remarked the cashier of one of the largest lunch restaurants in New York, "how many minutes the average down town business man devotes to his midday meal?"

"At a venture," answered the reporter, watching the hurried play of knives and forks about him, "I should say fifteen minutes."

"You set about the time usually estimated," returned the cashier, "but in reality half that time would be nearer right. The average time consumed for lunch by the patrons of this establishment is just eight minutes. The fact is," continued the cashier, after the reporter had ventured a foreboding for New York digestion, "people find it such a trifling and unobtrusive matter just to get 'a bite of lunch' that few realize what a gigantic business it is merely to supply hungry people down town at noon, because few bring their lunches with them, and from the formation of the city none can go home.

"This establishment feeds 3,000 people a day, and the amount of food required to care for that patronage is enormous. For example, when we put 'hash' on the 'specials' enough is made up actually to fill a wagon. We are not the largest lunch room, however."—New York Tribune.

George Washington's Fastidious Kinsman.

Lawrence, Earl of Ferrers, a distant relative of George Washington, had a most tyrannical temper, and one day, in a fit of passion, he cut down with his sword his steward, an old gentleman named Johnson. The latter had given no provocation for the deed, and the crime was an act of brutality, inexcusable save that the earl may not have been well balanced mentally. He was brought to trial for killing Johnson, and demanded and received the privilege of being tried by his peers.

The house of lords was thronged during the hearing. The evidence proved to be conclusive, and Ferrers was sentenced to be hanged at Tyburn. Appeals were made to the king for clemency, but in vain. Ferrers met his fate with considerable bravado. He was carefully attired for the occasion, and insisted on providing a silken cord for the ceremony. To this whim the executioner agreed, and the earl was turned off otherwise like any other common felon.

It may be worthy of mention that this unfortunate nobleman was not only related to George Washington, but was also a direct descendant of King Edward III of England. His motto, singularly enough, was, "Honor, the reward of virtue."—Chicago Herald.

Wearing the Hair in Greek Style.

Women who aspire to be fashionable are wearing their hair in the Greek style, as is Mary Anderson. Not many of them look as nice as Mary used to, though. The Greek headdress is all very well for women with classical features, but when girls with frivolous little faces and tip tilted noses begin wearing it, it grows a trifle absurd. There are half a dozen variations on the style. In most cases the hair is much frizzed, and the curls worn at the back are false. Women of fashion apparently think nothing of wearing false hair. What is more, some of them do not seem to care whether the real and the false match.