

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

A. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.
EUGENE CITY, OREGON.
FALSE TEETH ARE COMMON.

Artificial Teeth Are Cheap That Nobody Needs the Toothless.

"We sold 1,000,000 more false teeth last year than we ever disposed of before in a twelve-month," said the manager of the greatest dental supply establishment in the world to a reporter yesterday. "I don't imagine that it was because people are losing their teeth more rapidly now than heretofore, although it is unquestionably the case that the enduring quality of the human chewing apparatus has become progressively less from generation to generation in this country.

"It is more the fashion now than it has ever been in the past to wear false teeth, partly for the reason that the public has come to realize what excellent substitutes they are for real ones, and partly owing to the fact that toothless smiles excite much more disgust than it did in old times, when such an affliction was commonly observed and was regarded as unavoidable.

"It is very rare to see a person nowadays, whether a man or a woman, visibly disgraced by the absence of teeth. Anybody whose grinders fall out will in nearly every case go to a dental surgeon and procure artificial ones. They don't cost much. You can get a complete double set from sixteen dollars to seventy-five dollars. Probably a fashionable dentist will charge you the latter price. His margin of profit is considerable, inasmuch as the teeth themselves cost only from fifteen to eighteen cents apiece. They are made of porcelain, of kaolin usually, baked in an oven.

"For the plates the material best approved is rubber. The handsomest plates are made of celluloid, and they have the advantage of lightness in weight, but the celluloid does not resist well the acids with which it comes into contact in the mouth. Aluminum has been tried, but it is affected by vinegar and salt as well as by other substances that are eaten, the result being the development of a salt of aluminum which is thought to be injurious to the system.

"The enamel of artificial teeth is composed of metallic oxides, and the finishing processes to which they are subjected are so delicate that no two teeth produced can be made exactly alike in point of coloring. Among all the hundreds of thousands of teeth which we keep in stock probably no two would match to absolute perfection. But those that are most nearly alike are put together so that the eye of nobody but an expert would detect any difference. After all natural teeth exhibit marked dissimilarities in any individual.

"It does not do to make false teeth look too handsome, lest they appear unnatural, and dental surgeons commonly carry their imitation of nature so far as to make teeth in many instances look more or less defective, the better to carry out the deception."—Washington Star.

Forest Fires and Mosquitoes in Alaska.
Miles and miles of blackened stumps marked the ravages of forest fires. The Indian, when resting on his journey and suffering from mosquitoes, sets fire to the twigs and leaves around him, creating a smoke which keeps the pest at a distance, and when refreshed he straps on his pack and moves along the trail, of course without extinguishing his fire. In announcing his approach to friends at a distance, he sets fire to a half dead spruce or tamarack tree, and the column of thick, black smoke is the signal, to be acknowledged in the same manner by those who see it, so as to direct the traveler to their camping grounds. In the summer everything is crisp and dry, and the timber is saturated with turpentine. The trees left to smolder are fanned into flame by the slightest breeze; the flames creep among the resinous trees and spread till whole forests are destroyed.

These forest fires and the mosquitoes account for the scarcity of game. Over the vast untravelled region that we visited there was a remarkable scarcity of wild animals. We saw only a few ground squirrels and some grouse and ptarmigan. The Indians say that all the larger animals retreat in summer to the hillsides, where, exposed to a constant breeze, they are free from the torments of insects.—E. J. Glave in Century.

Belled His Look.
I remember being at table in the Astor House, New York, when a gentleman entered who was an almost exact counterpart of so far as personal appearance went, of Daniel Webster. The shape of the head and face were the same, the expression much alike. I was profoundly impressed and resolved to make his acquaintance. I did so and found that he had for years conducted a dark alley saloon in the oil districts until a lucky strike made him a man of wealth, but left him mentally where it found him—no better letter than a fool. No, you cannot judge a book by the cover, but you will generally find that the shroudest covers are put on the most worthless books.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Big Sales of Humming Birds.
Owing to the reckless slaughter of humming birds for ornamental purposes, certain species are already on the verge of extinction. This does not seem surprising when one learns that 3,000 skins of the ruby and topaz humming bird alone were shipped not long ago from a Brazilian port in a single consignment, while at a public sale of birdskins, held in London, March 21, 1898, more than 12,000 humming bird skins were disposed of. And in one week during the same year there were sold at auction in London 400,000 humming birds and other birds from North and South America.—Philadelphia Times.

Why Bakers Lose Their Teeth.
Dr. Hesse, of Leipzig, states that bakers are liable to suffer from carious teeth on account of the flour entering the mouth during work, collecting on and around the teeth, where it decomposes and generates an acid destructive to the dentine.

Four Bobbies.
"No, Bobbie," said his mother, "one piece of pie is quite enough for you."
"It's funny," responded Bobbie, with an injured air. "You say you are anxious for me to learn to eat properly, and yet you never give me a chance to practice."—Chicago.

PHANTOM OF THE MINES.

An Indian Ghost That Causes Lots of Trouble.

Haunted houses are common, haunted men have been reported occasionally, and in the highest flights of romance the haunted mine fields. But of all the "haunts" testified to by reliable witnesses that of the "phantom" in the Santiago mountains, near Las Cruces, N. M., holds its place most persistently. Railroads and modern science have no effect on it; the most skeptical white materialists realize the presence just as powerfully as the Indians did fifty years ago.

The ghost is that of an old Navajo Indian, who knew the location of the mine and was killed by the first white prospectors for refusing to reveal it. His name was Jacopo, or is rather, for he is still on deck, and the latest view of him was by Henry Williams and George Goggan, two men from Milwaukee, who recently made a fishing and hunting tour in the Madrede-Dio, a small stream flowing through the Santiago valley.

Two nights in succession both (passed) of seeing a strange looking Indian. The third night they watched and saw him in the spirit of flesh. Next night he came again in their dreams and warned them not to seek the mines. They had never heard of it before, and of course wanted to find it at once. They started into the mountains, but soon Mr. Goggan fell and broke his ankle badly, whereupon the old Indian issued from the rocks, laughed in derision, and vanished like a puff of smoke. They had to ride back to Las Cruces for surgical aid, and decided not to hunt for the lost mine any more.

Colonel Jenkins and Fred Lathrop, of Las Cruces, have also seen the Indian, and the former gives this account: "I was accompanied by a young man named Houston, from Tennessee, who had no fear of ghosts. I had heard of the phantom that haunted the mountains, but you do not know any more of it, feeling myself equal to any specter that I might see. Well, Houston and I were riding down a gorge half way up the

side of a mountain when all at once I saw an Indian standing about twenty feet ahead of us. He was drawn up to his full height and was in full war dress, eagle, feathers, paint, etc., and was using us from under his belt bows as if trying to make us out.

"My horse caught sight of him at about the same time and began to rear and plunge in such a manner as to preclude all progress on my part, but Houston rode on, though his animal resented it also. I watched the young man approach the stately figure in the road, and then all at once saw Houston shoot out of the saddle over the horse's head and fall in the road. He lay perfectly motionless, while the figure of the Indian vanished, even as I looked at it. I then rode forward, and dismounting, looked at Houston, to find that he was dead with a broken neck. I had to put the body on his horse and lead him back to town."

This was in 1872, and misfortune attended Colonel Jenkins every time he went to find the mine. Fred Lathrop tells of meeting the old warrior, resident in the mountains, and "I was amazed," he says, "that I was able to see objects in the road beyond him just as if he had not been there, though the figure, when looked at closely, seemed as palpable as any other thing about me. I paused, scared nearly to death, as I do not mind confessing to you, and Houston, confounding to even turn my horse around. The Indian then came forward and took my bridle in his hand and led the animal about. While it was held by the poor horse kept starting and was bawling in perspiration all over. The phantom continued to lead the horse for the space of 100 yards, while I sat frozen with terror, unable to resist or remonstrate. When we reached a road that circled the mountains without passing over then the ghost gave me a farewell wave of the hand and was gone as an image from the mirror."

And thus the experiences multiply as the years roll on. Indian and Mexican, hunter and prospector, all meet with misfortune if they oppose the lone Indian, and all testify to his reality.

He Equals Blondin.
The great Blondin still lives, and occasionally shows a crowd in England or France by some high walking, but in the Niagara feat he has at last been equaled. Some go so far as to say he may soon be outdone. The new hero of the air is Clifford Calverly.

Clifford Calverly, of Toronto, an agile youth of some twenty-seven years, who gained the nickname of "the Squirrel" while still a lad, by his remarkable ability as a climber.

He recently crossed the Niagara gorge on a wire rope 910 feet long in six minutes and eight seconds. Much of the distance he ran his elevation above the water being 300 feet. For speed he excelled both Blondin and Dixon. In fact there is no record of such a distance having been made in so short a time. Mr. Calverly seems to be one of those rare mortals constructed with out a tendency to giddiness.

Chicken Feathers.
Dushaway—Look here, Uncle Jasper, I thought you said your wife's new dress was trimmed with feathers? I didn't see any yesterday when she had it on.
Uncle Jasper—No, sah, Dat's de 'cellarity' 'bout dat dress. De feathers is dar, sah, but you can't see 'em.—Cloak Review.

ENGAGING A PLAIN COOK.

INTERESTING METHOD OF A FIFTH AVENUE YOUNG WOMAN.

The Ordeal from a Man's Standpoint. Some of the Requirements That One Has to Have to Earn Fifty Cents a Day and Board.

A business man who lives in Madison avenue wanted a cookman to go out to his summer place on Long Island. He dropped in at the Fourth avenue place one morning "just to look around." This place does not employ many watchmen. The watchmen man had to wait for about an hour, and this is part of what he got: He had been there less than five minutes when the daughter of a man who is a familiar figure down town stepped briskly in. She was tall and handsome and stylishly dressed. "Just why do plain cooks not have the engaging charms that one has to take at a loss to explain, but she did under take it, and there she was.

The agent was obsequious in his attentions. The young woman glanced dubiously at the chair he offered her, and remained standing. The watchman stepped in with a note on fine lips as she told what she wanted. "I want two girls— one who can do plain cooking and a second girl to go to our country place on Long Island." The agent proposed that she try first for the cook, and she accepted his suggestion.

The first applicant, examined by the young woman, was an Irish girl with a brogue as broad as the grin on her generous mouth. She answered every question with a vigorous nod and an extra grin that accentuated her jolly "to be shore, mum." An expert stenographer could not have taken all the questions the society dame asked that poor cook. Her first statement was a damper to the cook's hope. It was to the effect that the wages would be but fourteen dollars a month. Now, you can't get a good cook for that money, and the girl knew it. May she imagine she was showing some of her father's business talent. In spite of this disheartening beginner cook remained cheerful.

A FEW QUESTIONS.
Then came in rapid succession something like this: "Can you do plain cooking?" and "Can you wash shirts and collars and cuffs and bake bread? and make good biscuits? and make pie? and make cake? and can you sew any? are you willing to go to the country? do you think you'd like the place? and you are sure you can cook? and make pie? and make cake? and bread? and sweep? and dust?" And the business man, who belonged to an athletic club, and had heard the Irish caretaker sing, smiled a little and hummed softly.

An' you an' sweet an' puff an' exam.
Well, the young woman cross-examined the cook. She traced her genealogy as far back as she could, and entered pleasing comments on it whenever she chose. She asked more questions than a western mortgage shark asks a granger's application for a loan. Life insurance agents would have snubbed away from her in despair. Only a look agent could have hoped to cope with her.

When the bewildered cook, who had nearly nodded her head off and had completely ruined the decorations of her hair, and who was shaking like an egg held gently between the fingers, entered a mild protest at the wages, the tall young woman smiled sweetly and said: "Oh, I guess you could make it fifteen if you can really do plain cooking and can make beds and do housework and mangle washing and fix salads and clean up children and can't make bread and think you'll like the place and are willing to go down in the country, and will pay your fare down there. It's at Bay Shore, you know. And the man in the corner who has a fine automobile will be with you, and he'll look after your baggage and paint the house with the juice if this keeps up."

After the cook had agreed to every imaginable thing for half an hour, the tall young woman said she wanted to see another applicant. There is nothing the matter with that agent, he knows his business. The first applicant was a lit plain as to her looks, but she was neat, clean, and evidently capable. The agent brooded a moment, and then he said to her: "You have noticed the contrast. No. 2 was not a bit proud and she was out what you'd call handsome. She was short and fat and frowsy. A cook which might have been made out of the oat sack in that hour. No. 1 is a fine specimen of a woman of all things in my thoroughly intimate way. Her hair was trimmed in the Peter Jackson. Her hat was a Division Street marvel and her abbreviated dress skirts displayed large splashes of mud on her bulbous boots. The contrast was noticeable to all eyes. She was visibly struck by it, but she traced herself and began again her new catechism. It ended much quicker than the first one and resulted in the employment of the first applicant.

The business man left her the second girl had been secured. Three applicants were examined, and again the first was chosen. While this young woman was engaging two servants a dozen other people had found help to suit them. A slender young woman with a brisk, businesslike air came in to look for a cook. She was quiet and quiet in some gray stuff, which coupled with her expression, carried the irresistible suggestion that her life had been mostly gray.

She told the agent concisely what she wanted. As when he sent a cook to talk to her she went to the kitchen and she promptly what she would require. An agreement was reached in five minutes, and it will last a long time. There are plenty of such cases, and complaints are very few from them. It is from the bargain driving, shrewd ones that the complaints are heard.—New York Sun.

Mulcting Wagner.
Wagner, when a young man, wrote a sonata which had a fair success, but in after life he made every effort to suppress it. Going to the publisher he said: "I don't see any copies of that miserable thing still unsold!" "Yes," was the reply, "I have quite a number of them in my shop." "Send them to me at once, with a bill," said the composer. A thousand copies were soon afterwards delivered at his house. The bill was a big one, but it was not, somewhat grudgingly, and Wagner thought he had done with the thing. What was his surprise, then, at receiving two or three months later on another consignment, this time of five hundred copies. "What are these things?" he protested. "That was all I had in stock," explained the dealer; "these have been returned by my agents, to whom I wrote that you wished to have the sonata suppressed." Wagner wince, but there was nothing for it but to pay the bill. And the dealer, whenever business was done with this crafty publisher, a few hundred copies of the sonata would be struck off on shop worn paper, and delivered at the composer's door, with a memorandum to the effect that they had just come from remote places where they had been sent for sale.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Among muskies the mytilus is a famous climber, throwing out its cables, using its foot to attach them, and so hauling or edging itself long distances. Another is a leaper; another appears to fly through the water, trailing behind streaming tentacles.

SHE HUNTS COONS.

A Connecticut Girl Who Is a Modern Diana.

Miss Lena Beeman, sixteen years old, ranks with the championcoon hunters of western Connecticut. She lives with her parents on a rather wild ridge known as Crow Hill, and there is so much rocky woodland and other waste ground thereabouts that coons are numerous and of great nuisance to the farmers. Miss Beeman longed from childhood to go coon hunting, and one night three years ago, when but thirteen years old, she slipped out with two young dogs and took to the big swamp near by.



LENA BEEMAN.

Great was the commotion when she appeared in the morning with the evidence of having slain seven coons, and she has been a hunter ever since. Her father has bought her a double barreled shotgun, and she is an expert in its use. She is also a fearless rider, well educated, quite good looking, and not a bit masculine in appearance. But she naturally loves coon hunting. One night she fell into a quagmire and had to send for help. Her hands and feet were severely bitten and scratched by coons, the last time about a year ago.

One night she heard a racket in the hen-house. Thinking that a coon had got in, she arose, and taking a lantern and her broom, she went to the door. The farm hand closed the door of the henhouse, and Lena found it wide open. The chickens were still restless, and going to the door the girl held the lantern over her head and looked in. As she did so a monster coon attempted to run by her. She raised her broom and struck at the animal and hit it, but did not disable it. As she raised her club to deal it another blow it sprang upon her with such force that she staggered back, and striking her head against a stick she fell, and the coon scratched at her throat.

She was so badly hurt that she could not get up, and she was in a terrible way. Her arms the girl called for her father, who came running from the house with a gun. The coon, unharmed, kept gnawing and scratching at the girl's arms. Her father did not dare to attempt to shoot the animal for fear of killing his daughter, and she was so badly hurt that she could not get up. The girl was seriously hurt this time, and she was obliged to lie in bed three weeks before her wounds healed and she recovered her strength.

She makes a good deal of money from the skins, and has made herself a magnificent hunting dress of tanned coon hide, elegantly trimmed. In this she is said to dazzle the eye as a splendid Diana of New England.

Fainted in Court.
Della Keegan was her name. She was fifty-three years, and years of disipation had reduced her to the condition of a shivering, feeble creature. Her hair was all white, her face was all wrinkles and her eyes had drawn deep lines in her face. Still she had never fallen so low before as to be arrested and spend a night in the station house with females worse than herself.

When she stood before Justice Ryan in a New York city police court that morning, she trembled and clutched the iron railing desperately. She had been put out of the wretched little room which she occupied in a big tenement house on West Fortieth street—then thrown out on the street by the police. Her mother, a woman whom she had hired the room had come to the police court to see that Della was punished to the utmost extent of the law.

"I—I have never been arrested before," said Della in a hesitating, scared tone. Then the other woman told the justice that she had been put out of several places for drunkenness.

"Three months," said the justice. As Della heard the words she put her hand to her head and sank noiselessly to the floor.

"Now, carry her out," said the roundabout man in charge of the court squad, and five policemen picked up the fainting woman and carry her back into the pen, where she comes back to painful consciousness all too soon, and the wheels of justice move on without a break.

Protection for the Ant Bear.
An effort is to be made in Cape Colony to protect the threatened extermination of that curious but useful quadruped, the aardvark, or ant bear, which is one of the very best friends of the white colonist, although they have only lately been induced to believe it. Its food is the white ant, which does no harm to the crops. Against the pests the bear wages ceaseless warfare, digging out their nests and destroying them in countless numbers. Unfortunately the natives are especially fond of ant bear meat, which resembles a very good quality of pork, and also hunt it for its medicinal value. The ant bear is a dollar in the market. Time however is already beginning to work out the ant bear's revenge. The white ant is increasing with ominous rapidity and the farmers' associations are in a state of considerable alarm. They are demanding protection for the ant bear, and the handsome creature may yet survive to enjoy a season of great prosperity and peace.

A Mother's Search.
A neatly dressed old lady giving her name as Mrs. Gardner arrived in Brazil, one of the other morning in search of her son, Edward Trolley, who she said, was again from his stepfather in 1878, from Hillsboro, Ill., where they were then living. Since that time she has done nothing but wander from place to place in search of him. Every town she visits she makes a thorough house to house and shop to shop for it, in order to be sure that she has not overlooked him. She says that she has spent \$30,000 looking for the boy. She left for Chicago.

Fashion and Finance.
Write—it is the fashion now for ladies to wear crowns instead of hats at the opera. Husband—Could human biology go further? Crows? Crows in free America? Cost a fortune, too, I suppose!
Wife—Very pretty little trinkets for opera wear can be got for fifty cents.

FIRST WHITE WOMAN.

CURIOSITY OF PAVAGES AT THE SIGHT OF AN AMERICAN.

Mrs. David Ker Tells About Her Travels in the Heart of West Africa— queer Customs of the People She Saw There—How the Sick Are Treated.

It is a queer sensation, to those not used to it, to be the center of attraction to hundreds of people, to be surrounded by a sea of faces, and all staring hard at you with different expressions of wonder, curiosity and amazement. When I was the first white woman who of the foibles of the Cameroons river, West Africa, had ever seen, and so it was no wonder that they were astonished at my appearance in their village. Everybody left off their different occupations and followed us wherever we went, shouting and laughing, and all struggling to get near me. Crowds of them ran on in front, and then, turning round to stare at us for a few seconds, would rush on again to keep up with us.

But my excitement soon wore off, for I, in my turn, had much to see and wonder at in a West African village. The people were about the same height as Europeans, their skin very dark and sometimes nearly black. Neither men nor women were adorned with ornaments, which in the case of chiefs was of a rich material and bright color. Most of the young girls, whose cheeks, noses and foreheads were strongly marked, and thought very beautiful.

The most fashionable of these girls wore their hair in a crisp and wavy style, and the shape of circles culminating at the top of the head, and between each two of the rows were bright colored beads and brass ornaments. Huge brass pins were stuck into the wool just behind the ears. They also wore very high pointed hats made of quantities of colored beads around the neck and wrists.

THE PEOPLE.
The streets were straight and spottily clean, and the little bamboo houses with palm thatched roofs on either side the road were very neat and pretty, and here and there were lovely palm trees and huge cactuses.

The families cook and eat under these trees, said Mr. A., who acted as our guide, "for you see the houses have neither windows nor fireplaces. Just put in here, and you will see the only furniture in the bamboo-hut, the best stools and calabashes."

Just then a slim, good looking girl broke through the crowd, and rushing up to Mr. A., seized hold of his arm and began talking very fast and earnestly, as if begging some favor. Her red black eyes looked so sad and wild that my heart went out to her, and I felt so glad to see Mr. A. smile as if willing to do what she asked. She just gave him one look of thanks and then was gone.

"Who is that girl; and do tell me what she is wanting you to do?" I asked. "She is a very nice girl, very intelligent, and she wants you to let her see you. You know I have studied medicine for some time, and the people here think I cure by magic. The Dualias have a horrible cruel custom with their sick. If the patient does not get well in a week or two he or she is taken out into the bush about a mile from the house, and left utterly alone, a woman coming once a day to give the patient food and water and to light a fire. The poor wretch of course soon dies of frost if being left to the mercy of the wild beasts, whose growl and snarl that my heart has never heard, and the long dreary still."

THE SICK AND THE DEAD.
"But the heathen missionaries have nearly got the people to do away with this wicked custom, and the more horrible one of beating to death the unfortunate person who is said by the Dualias to have been bewitched by the evil spirits. When we Europeans are kind and unselfish it is wonderful how much influence we get over these people. But the Dualias have some sentiment in them, for they bury the dead under the houses which they occupied when alive, and they would think it most cruel and unfeeling to cast the deceased out of their homes."

A large, fat, important looking man, with a striped waist cloth, now came up to us and asked us if we should like to see an ancient European chair of the kind occupied when alive, and they would think it most cruel and unfeeling to cast the deceased out of their homes. A ring was formed of boys of all sizes, who, with their elbows drawn close to their sides, walked slowly round, twirling every minute of the body, while the women occupied when alive, and they would think it most cruel and unfeeling to cast the deceased out of their homes.

They were next shown a big wooden drum, which Mr. A. called the Dualla telephone, and he explained to us how by different ways of beating it a conversation could be carried on by natives two miles apart.

Just as we were about to go for the sun was setting, and we had to get down to the river with our dogs. We were waiting for Mr. A. motioned to me to look at two girls standing close by, one of whom was doing something to the other's eye with what looked like a sort of bodkin.

"She is taking out an eyelash," laughed Mr. A. "I have never seen that sort of one of the Dualias have eyelashes? They think they destroy the sight, so they pluck out the hairs as soon as they grow."

Crowds of people followed us to the river, and I found it very mortifying to find that I was the only white woman who had been in the place. The natives were all looking at me with curiosity, and some of the men took Mr. and Mrs. A. on their backs and carried them also on board, for, to say nothing of the coolies, a child in west Africa means fever, and we had had too much of that.

The natives, however, came wading out by dozens, struggling to get the best shaft of my hand, with the flattering compliment, "Now that we have seen the white woman we can die contented."—Mrs. David Ker in Harper's Bazar.

Rigid in Death.
General Sherman narrated a very striking battle between two small Indian tribes, and led them to a charge which was everywhere successful. As he rode into the enemy's camp he saw a soldier lying on a narrow bed an office standing over him with an upturned knife. He stepped to the office and asked the man what he was doing. The man answered that he was waiting for the enemy to die, the only solution being that the officer, who was a surgeon, was in the act of performing an operation for the extraction of a bullet upon the soldier when the confusion broke up the battle and the man who had killed them both was waiting for him. The soldier in the attitude they occupied at the moment when their lives went out.—San Francisco Argonaut.

SECRETS OF VOODOO.

THE SACRED RITES HAVE BEEN WITNESSED BY WHITES.

Great Secrecy is Maintained by the Negroes in the Performance of the Practices Relating to the Superstition, Where Voodooism is Practiced.

The superstitions more or less current among the negroes of Louisiana, and the general name of voodoo, are without a doubt relics of savagery brought by the ancestors of the civilized negroes from Africa. The voodoo ceremonial has never been described in detail by any writer on the subject, because, for the most part, there is no regular routine or form of the practices, whatever they may be. It is very irregular, have doubtless become confused and mingled with various superstitions, some of which were derived from the medieval times when even the most enlightened states of Europe believed in witchcraft, and the practices as to the Voodoo rites, as practiced in Louisiana, have usually been conducted in secret, but they are commonly believed to consist of prolonged and violent dancing by persons of both sexes, sometimes with little or no clothing. Tales are told of scenes of wild disorder, and the practices are said to be derived from the frequent statements that the negro slaves are used in some of these exercises it would appear that a sort of serpent worship makes up at least a part of the groundwork upon which the rites are based.

In the West Indies, but with particularity in the case of the French Guiana, the rites are quite common, and the rites are described as revolting in the extreme, embracing serpent worship, the most abandoned debauchery, with human sacrifices and cannibalism. Sir Spencer St. John, in his work on the "Republics of the West Indies," has related the manner in which these rites are practiced, which appear to be established as facts by testimony entirely credible. His narratives of the voodoo practices in Haiti are detailed and circumstantial, and while the testimony is conclusive as to the African origin of these superstitions, it is not so clear as to the particular attention to the subject have been paid to trace the myths to the particular tribe and localities from which they were derived.

DERIVATION OF THE WORD.
The first writer to give any apparent accurate chronological account of the African origin of the rites was Major A. E. Taylor, a British officer, who, it seems, has made a study of the negro tribes in their ancient Africa. In the Popular Science Monthly he prints an article in which he finds some interesting matter. He gives the following as to the derivation and definition of "voodoo":

"The word vodu belongs to the Ewe language, which is spoken on the slave coast of West Africa, between the River Volta on the west and the kingdom of Porto Novo on the east, and extends inland, as far as it is known, about 100 miles. It is derived from the verb 'to inspire fear—'to inspire' in the same sense as the word 'frighten' is used in the English language. The word 'vudu' is a general term, and it is, therefore, incorrect to say that 'it is the name of an imaginary being of vast supernatural powers, residing in the form of a human snake'—Washington Star.

"On one occasion I sent a story to a certain important monthly, entitled 'The Crystal Ball.' The editor returned it with the usual thanks, saying that my work had not been published. I was very sorry that my story had not been published. You may try the trick yourself, and you will find that it will go very true."

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Flexible Glass Interior Conduit.
As new residences and new buildings of all kinds are now being erected, the matter of an efficient interior conduit that shall have flexibility, insulation and ability to resist fire has come to be of the utmost importance. Such a conduit will even allow of an installation being made in an old building without undue cutting of wooden rods, or the like, in use in glass, and a glass conduit which is at the same time flexible and waterproof has exceptional advantages.

Such a conduit was shown at the electrical exhibition in Providence, where a section of it was connected with a lighting circuit and passed through a glass tube filled with water. This tube was bent twice at right angles in a sharp curve, thus showing the great flexibility and waterproof qualities of the conduit. The conduit is inclosed in a string woven jacket, which gives it a high tensile strength and at strong abrasion resistant. The whole is then soaked in an insulating material. The systems of connections is simple, and its cost is small.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Boy's Idea.
This is a story that shows what the association of ideas is perhaps it would better be called the association of words without ideas—will bring about in the mind of a child. Carl, a Yonkers boy, seven years old, told his mother with glee about a new playmate whose name was Douglas. "Is he Douglas, tender and true?" asked his mother.

"I'll ask him," said Carl meditatively. The next day he came back to his mother. "Will you write down what you said yesterday about Douglas?" he said to his mother.

"What did I say yesterday?" she inquired. "I have forgotten."
"Well, you write and I'll tell you. Write 'Douglas,' she said.
"Now write what he was—rare and fat!"

Misplaced Jaw Cracker.
A certain handsome junior of our State university was as bright as a child as he is at the present time, because he is regarded as very brilliant as a young man. His remark when he was a little fellow, and his memory held fast to a very fine sounding word that came in his way. In his grand mother's household he often caused amusement by a mistaken or exaggerated use of the polysyllabic word that struck his fancy. One day he rushed into his grandmother's room; out of breath as he was with haste and anxiety he panted out: "Grandma! Grandma! send a man to the new out field. Quickly! The pigs have broken in and are eating the beautiful oats most elaborately."—Wide Awake.

Technical Definitions.
According to The Schoolmaster, "stability" was recently defined as being "the cleaning up of a stable," and an answer to some question about insurance had this passage: "The money is provided by the company to defray the expenses of the party in summer; in pecuniary distress." In summer, it seems, the day is longer, owing to expansion by the sun, and this season itself is thus explained: "Once a year we have the whole bright side of the sun turned toward us. Then it is summer. The sun is in the sultrics and stands still."

Three prominent and successful Scotch men of the present time, who were in constant demand. My name was drawn with a regularity that would have been monstrous had it not been that each day's jury brought me two dollars nearer the amount I was in need of, and was working for. When I gave up the job I had secured, I remained for a few days in London, and my future was as uncertain as a jury's decision is.