

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

C. S. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.
EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

THE BIBLE IN OUR SCHOOLS.

Men ask, shall we teach the Bible in our schools? Why not lay the stress on teaching religion, with or without the Bible? Religion will still be in its eternal youth when the Bible has fulfilled its mighty office and passed away from that heaven where there is no temple. Religion is not a knowledge of certain things; it is a state of the heart in which all knowledge should be received and used. How can any good teacher help but teach religion? It is coextensive with the universe. It is not more ecclesiastical or academical than it is not any part of life; it is only the whole science and art of life animated and inspired by a universally pervasive and perfect philosophy, the very alphabet of all correct teaching—an alphabet whose Alpha and Omega are unselfishness.

But unselfishness is not self annihilation, nor any effort after it. It is but the subordination of self to its place in the universal harmony. Its result is—what its motives must never be or the result falls—an immeasurably greater and better acknowledgment of self than any self seeking can possibly attain. True teaching, then, whether in the Bible or not, can be only that sort which moves the student to ask of every offered acquisition, not how can this serve self but what self equipment will this add for that blessed end of the universal harmony, which by its nature tends to make the whole universe itself, and save me from the folly and ruin of trying to make self my universe.—George W. Cable in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Strange Vault.

A strange discovery was made at San Francisco the other day by the workmen engaged in tearing down the old landmark at the northwest corner of Montgomery and Commercial streets. While removing the marble slabs which covered the floor, a stairway was discovered which led down to a vault under the building, the existence of which was unknown. The vault extends the entire length and breadth of the superstructure. It is built of bricks placed lengthwise, which were separated by pieces of slate, the whole being firmly cemented into a solid mass. The roof was arched and constructed in the same manner. At one end of the vault was an apartment, built in an unusually solid manner, to which an entrance was effected by a door of iron a quarter of an inch thick and riveted with bolts.

A pioneer furnished the information that the building, or at least the first story, was erected in 1851, for the occupation of August Belmont & Co.'s banking house. The conflagration of 1849 had swept every structure in the vicinity out of existence, and when the building was erected it was determined to make it fireproof. The basement was where gold bullion and coin were stored, and it was built to resist burglars and defy fire. Even among the then residents of the city the existence of the vault was not generally known, and the method of reaching it was a secret confined only to the bank's employees and to the workmen who constructed it.—San Francisco Letter.

The Idea of Welding Wheels to the Track.

An invention is now undergoing investigation which promises the improvement of railway traffic. The invention consists of a small dynamo and an auxiliary engine placed upon the locomotive in such a way as to be easily operated, furnishing a current of small force but large quantity, which is made to pass from one pole of the dynamo to one pair of driving wheels, thence along to the other pair of driving wheels, thence to the other pole of the dynamo, thus forming a traveling circuit, moving at all times with the locomotive.

An Important Decision.

The supreme court of Rhode Island has just set aside a will probated fifty years ago. The late Joseph Greene, a staunch Quaker, was greatly disturbed during his latter years by members of his family warring without the pale of the society, and attempted by his will to bestow his estate for the benefit of those present whom he considered orthodox Friends, or Wilburites, as distinguished from other branches of the society. The will was uncontested until about two years ago.

Accidents Will Happen.

Did you note that dispatch from Atchison, Kan., relating how Mrs. Ellen Patton, a local poetess of considerable note, dislocated her jaw this morning while yawning? Did you observe that record of how Rufus Getheridge, of Worcester, Mass., "bit the small bone of his left leg in stepping out of bed"? Did you reflect upon the solemn fact that Colonel Warton, of Jefferson, Mo., while picking his teeth "with a wooden toothpick, drew it down into his lungs and died of strangulation"? This brief article is simply intended to show how, in the most of life, you may be—some where else.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Patience That Seal.

"A man," says Behren, "is first of all a human." A visitor to a recent large exhibition of pictures in New York remarked that many of those which had for their subjects homely domestic subjects, such as children, old men or the friends, were marked sold, while others of much finer execution were not bought.

The Prohibition Line in Maine.

The Prohibition line in Maine does not extend to elevations exceeding 1,500 feet. On the tip of Green Mountain, Mount Desert Island, is one of the flashiest barrooms to be found anywhere, run without any pretense of concealment.

CONCEALING THEIR DEFICIENCIES.

Why One Old Negro Could Not Write and Another Could Not Count.

Two stories characteristic of the negro were told in the smoke room of a transatlantic steamer.

Said a gentleman from New Orleans: "I stood on the levee in our city one morning while the paymaster of a river steamer was engaged in paying off the rowboats."

"As each man presented himself to the cashier's window the paymaster asked the question whether he would sign his name or make his mark. If he was unable to write the paymaster, of course, subscribed the name and left a place for the man to place a cross."

"You must recollect that since the close of the war and the establishment of schools for freedmen the negroes of the south are very unwilling to admit ignorance upon their part."

"The payment of the men proceeded without incident until one young up-country dandy presented himself at the window in response to the calling of the name Eugene Jackson."

"Will you write your name or make a cross, Jackson?" said the paymaster.

"I'll write my name," replied the negro.

"The pen was handed to him and the place for his signature was carefully pointed out on the pay roll."

"The man took the pen clumsily, dipped it in the ink, looked at it and then at the pay roll and finally laid it down on the desk."

"What time is it?" he asked, looking up at the paymaster.

"It is just 10 o'clock," was the reply.

"Well, then," said the dandy, "I guess I ain't got time to write my name. I've got to meet a man at the custom house at 10 o'clock, and I guess I'll just make a cross."

"The custom house," said the New Orleans man, in conclusion, "is about ten minutes' walk from where the man was standing."

"That reminds me of a little experience I once had with a negro," said a brick manufacturer of a little town up the Hudson, who chanced to be of the party.

"We called the man old Uncle Ned," continued the speaker. "He was a dear old white-headed fellow, with a bent back and about seventy years old at the time the incident I am about to relate occurred."

"He had lived in a little shanty in the town for years and did odd jobs at whitewashing, masonry work and various other things."

"One day I wanted a man to stack some brick for me in piles of a thousand each, and to turn a little something in the way of Uncle Ned I hired him for the job."

"Can you count, Ned? I asked him after I had told him what I wanted."

"Yes, indeed, I kin, massa," the old fellow replied with a chuckle, "I kin count right smart, and he ran off the numerals up to ten gibly enough."

"Ned began his task and worked steadily for some hours. I looked out of my office window after awhile and saw that he had far exceeded his number of a thousand bricks to a stack."

"I went out to see about it. He was hard of hearing and did not detect my approach as I came up behind him. I drew nearer and overheard him say, as he lay each brick on the stack: 'A nudder an' a nudder, and der goes a nudder. A nudder, an' a nudder, and der goes a nudder.'"

"There was something pathetic about the poor old fellow's speech," continued the speaker. "Of course I paid him for his day's work," he added; "but I had to have his stack of bricks recounted, and had to give the balance of the job to a couple of twelve-year-old boys, who were more expert at figures than he."—New York Herald.

English Hospital Statistics.

Taking the quantity of medicine used at St. Bartholomew's hospital, London, as a fair criterion of the medicine used per patient, the quantities of medicine used every year in the hospitals of this country are as follows: Ointment, 80,000 pounds; cod liver and castor oils and various kinds of mixtures and lotions, etc., 150,000 gallons; upward of half a million pills, and between thirty and forty tons of linseed. Mr. H. C. Burdett estimates that the hospitals of the kingdom have invested property worth ten millions. Their income is nearly a million and a quarter per annum.

The expenditure per bed varies most strangely. It is least in Scotland and greatest in an Irish institution. At Westminster it is only £70 per bed; at University College hospital it is £110 per bed; at the Royal Surrey County hospital it is £111; at the Devon and Exeter £51, and about the same at the South Devon and East Cornwall hospital.—London Tit-Bits.

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HIS OCCUPATION GONE.

NOWADAYS THERE IS VERY LITTLE FOR A SCOUT TO DO.

The Railroad and the Telegraph Have Taken Away His Avocation—Importance of the Scout of Former Times—His Wonderful Eyesight—Indian Trails.

The scout of the frontier is like the typical cowboy—a mythical personage in these days of steam and electricity. The recent Indian war was conducted without him, and the travelers on the prairies do not need his services. Trailing is as much an art as painting or sculpture, and almost as few become proficient in it as in the handling of brush or chisel.

It is impossible to realize nowadays the importance of a scout of former times. No party dared cross the plains alone without a professional trailer to lead it, and no marauding band of Indians or whites could be overtaken unless they were tracked across the boundless wastes of rock.

A traveler across the plains of New Mexico relates to the writer that one day while riding with a guide he stopped and pointed to a clear and well defined bear's track in the sand.

The guide looked at it attentively a moment, then, without dismounting, declared: "You are mistaken; it is not a bear's track."

"Isn't it?" said the American. "Then I never saw one."

"Yes, you have seen many, but this isn't one."

Quickly alighting, the American pointed out the heel and toes of the track as clear and well defined as if made a few minutes before.

"Well," said the guide, "if it does look like a bear's track, still it isn't one. The marks you imagine to be the heels and toes are made by those spires of grass, which, bent by the wind, scoop out the sand in the manner you see."

"You ought to have seen that yourself," he went on, "but you didn't stop to think. You Americans never do. Americans travel with their eyes shut and their mouths open. An Indian or Mexican will travel all day without speaking a word to any one unless absolutely necessary, but nothing escapes his observation, while an American will talk continuously and see nothing but the general features of the country through which he travels."

The guide was probably right, for few Americans become adepts at trailing either men or animals across the plains of the west.

FOLLOWING A TRAIL.

It is impossible to learn the art from books, though there are a few general rules which can be observed. For instance, every one knows that to overtake a party which has perhaps run off some track, provisions must be taken to last several days; that the start must be made slowly and the course followed persistently and at a moderate pace, giving the horses the nights to rest in and start at daylight in the mornings.

Then, when the pursuers come near the pursued, it is the scout's business to tell the number and condition of the enemy, and how many hours have elapsed since they passed the spot on which you are standing, for it may be some necessary for you to remain concealed until you decide upon the manner of attack, for if the party be made up of Indians they will scatter before you can capture them.

Again, any scout can tell whether the trail be that of a war party or not, for no Indians take their families with them on the warpath. Hence no lodge poles drag behind the ponies. If there is no trace of these it is safe to consider that a war party is on the rampage.

One of the difficult things to determine is the age of the trail, and to do it correctly requires much practice. If the track is very fresh it will show moisture where the earth is turned up. Should after a few hours become dry. Should rain have fallen the edges will be less clear and will be washed down somewhat.

The expert Mexican scout can tell by a glance what tribe of Indians has made a given trail, its age, and every particular about it as truthfully as though he had himself seen the cavalcade pass.

A party following an Apache trail during the Indian difficulties of 1883 suddenly came to a ledge of bare rock. The officers of the troops examined it carefully, but could see nothing to indicate where the tribe had gone. But the scout led them for two miles across it as entering as though the trail had been made in heavy grass.

When asked what told him the way, he called attention to the fine moss which covered the rock, and that by close scrutiny gave evidence of having been pressed by the foot, an indication so slight that it would have been passed unnoticed by ninety-nine out of a hundred, yet his keen eye detected every footprint as easily as could be wished.

In the grass a trail can be seen for a long time, as the blades will be bent in the direction followed by the party, and even after it has recovered its natural position an expert trailer will detect a slight difference in the color of the grass that has been stepped on and that growing around it.

So the appearance of the tracks will also show him the gait at which the party was traveling, and he thus knows how to regulate his pace in order to overtake it.

It is rare to find a white person who can retrace his steps for any great distance in the open country, but it is simply impossible to lose an Indian. No matter how circuitous the route by which you have reached a certain place the Indian will find his way back to the place of starting by the most direct route, and without hesitating for a moment which course to pursue.

If you ask him how he does it he may possibly shrug his shoulders and reply, "Quin sabe" or "Who knows?" though the chances are that he will not reply at all. No matter how affable and entertaining he may prove in camp, he will talk little while on route.—Chicago Herald.

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Emily Answered.

Visitor—Well, my little man, have you any brothers?
Emily—Yes, I have one, but my sister Stella has two.

Visitor—Why, how can that be?
Emily—In some circumstances—Ma and my little brother, of course—Philadelphia Press.

A Nose for News.

Any father (burying through breakfast) —Anything startling or important in the paper, my son?
Young Heppel—Yes, indeed, father, Jack Sherman is going to be with the Bostonians next year.—Philadelphia Record.

SILVERPEE'S FARO GAME.

When His Copper Was Winning an Earthquake Knocked It Off.

Silverpeep was an old prospector. He was a taciturn man, and spent most of his time prospecting in Sonora and Arizona. He got his nickname from the fact that one of his legs was amputated at the knee, and he sat in his wearing a wooden peg, and the additional fact that he was always prospecting for silver.

Silverpeep had two ambitions in life—one was to strike a rich silver mine, in which event he swore he would make himself a silver leg to replace the wooden one he hobbled around on; the other was to beat Faro by his system. His system was for certain odds to win clear through, and others to lose in the same manner.

For years Silverpeep had spent his summers in prospecting without finding a "rich silver mine." On the advent of winter he would come to town and endeavor to break the Faro banks with his system. The day the earthquake occurred he was at Havipee, Sonora, and was playing Faro; he was playing his system and had been coppering the Jack. The Jack had lost three times, Silverpeep was in a happy mood, as his system was paying a winning game. He coppered the Jack clear up to the limit, being sure that his system was right, and that the Jack would lose out. But before the dealer could make a turn the earthquake came, the walls of the house shook, and chairs and tables began to slide over the floor, and the dealers and players, being badly frightened, made a rush for the door. When they got out on the street the shock was over. The players, after recovering from their fright, resumed their places at the table. They had been so suddenly surprised by the shock that they had not gathered up their checks, which, on their return, were apparently just as they had placed them. The dealer took his seat, made a turn, and the Jack lost.

The shock had knocked the copper off of Silverpeep's bet, and he had not noticed it. The dealer made the bet, and Silverpeep was dumfounded. He saw what the earthquake had done. His disgust was intense. Gathering up his remaining chips he dashed them in, and turning to the players he said: "Boys, I played Faro before I learned my prayers. I have lacked brass games before, but never as the first time I ever sat at a bank where Providence stood in with the house. My system was all right, and if it had held back for that shock for a few days I would have broke the bank. I can beat the box, but I can't beat Providence. I will never play Faro again. The odds are too great." Silverpeep kept his word, and no inducement could ever persuade him to play Faro.

MARRIED TO CHINAMEN.

White Women Who Accept Mongolian Husbands.

The average American cannot understand how any human being, however inferior by custom, could live in a Chinaman's house. That white women should live there by deliberate choice seems to him monstrous, horrible. Yet they do, and very young, pretty and intelligent women too. And, what is more surprising, the number is constantly increasing, and many of them are the daughters of the Chinese Sunday schools.

By common consent Mrs. Watson is the aristocrat of her quarter in Chinatown, San Francisco, though she is quartered in one of the most filthy and noisome houses in the city. It is a large building on the corner of Washington and Dupont streets, and is fairly running over with Chinese families. Up the second flight of stairs and far down the dingy hall, where dozens of dirty Chinese ladies play, Mrs. Watson's "home" is located. It consists of a small room about eight feet wide and nine feet long, in which is piled a queer job of furniture, and another tiny closet about five feet square partitioned off from the larger room. There is room for but one bed, but a few feet above the bed boards are placed across the rafters in true Chinese fashion, and on this shelf a bed is fixed. There four of the children are stowed away at night. Not a ray of light or pure air can reach the sleeping room, yet a family of seven persons eat, sleep and thrive in this den.

The woman owner of a good family in Maryland, was graduated at the Ursuline school in Morrisania, N. Y., taught in the schools of California for years, and eight years ago fell in love with and married a Chinese pupil in her Sunday school class. They have had six children, of whom five are living—bright, intelligent half-breeds. And Mrs. Watson her husband took that name when baptized is still handsome and pleasant spoken.

Another graduate of the Morrisania convent is Mrs. Lee Po, who is Gertrude Matthews. She is but twenty-two years of age, remarkably beautiful and possessed of a voice that, with proper training, would be a fortune. Yet three years ago she met and loved a Chinaman. They married, and have a boy six months old. She is from Rhode Island. Still more remarkable is the case of Sarah Burke, who was a belle in Santa Cruz but a few years ago and eloped with a Chinese servant. Her father got her arrested and taken before the commissioners of lunacy, but she was evidently sane. Nothing could be done, and her mother died of a broken heart. In the case of Sarah Burke, who was the only form of marriage possible by contract. It is also well known that not one Chinaman in a hundred comes to these shores without leaving behind a wife in China, so by the laws of China, the white wife is not a wife, and if she visited the Father Kingdom she would not be recognized as such.

Property Destroyed.

"They have queer laws out in Missouri." "In what way are they queer?" "Here's an account of the arrest of a man for breaking a horse's gait."—Munsey's Weekly.

After the Arrival of the New Baby.

Mamma—Johnny, why don't you come in to see mamma when she's sick? Don't you love me any more?
Johnny—Oh, yes, mamma, but I didn't know but perhaps you'd be cooking.—Pack.

ART OF PRIMITIVE MEN.

Two Totally Distinct Types Are Found Among Uncultured Races.

Whoever has examined the handicraft of savage peoples knows well that from a very early age two totally distinct types of art arose spontaneously among uncultured races. One is imitative, and the other decorative. Paleolithic men—for example, the cave dwellers of prehistoric Europe before the glacial epoch—had an art of their own of a purely imitative and pictorial character. They represented on fragments of bone and mammoth ivory realistic scenes of their own hunting existence.

Here, a naked and hairy brute, flint spear in hand, stalks wild horses undisturbed in the grassy plain; there, a couple of reindeer engaged in a desperate fight with their antlers hard locked in deadly embrace; yonder, again, a mammoth charges unawakened with wide open mouth, or a snake glides unseen beneath the shooless feet of an unsuspecting savage. All their rude works of art reproduce living objects, and tell, in their naive way, a distinct story. They are pictorial records of things done, things seen, things suffered.

Paleolithic men were essentially draperyless, not decorators. But their neolithic successors, of a totally different race—the herdsmen who supplanted them in post-glacial Europe—had an art of an entirely different type, purely and solely decorative. Instead of making pictures they drew concentric circles and ornamental curves on their boats and their implements with knobs and nicks, with crosses and bosses; they wrought beautiful patterns in metal work as soon as ever they advanced to the bronze using stage, and they designed exquisite brooches and bracelets of exquisite elegance, but they seldom introduced into their craft any living object; they imitated nothing, and they never in any way told a pictorial story.

Now these two types of art—the essentially imitative or pictorial and the essentially decorative or aesthetic—persist throughout in various human races, and often remain as entirely distinct as in the typical instances here quoted. The great aim of the one is to narrate a fact; the great aim of the other is to produce a beautiful object. The first is to speak historical, the second ornamental.

In developed forms you get the extreme case of the one in the galleries at Versailles; you get the extreme case of the other in the Alhambra at Granada. The modern Egyptians and the modern Bushmen, the latter the ancient cave dwellers in their love of purely pictorial art, and the former in their love of decorative art, are story telling; that is, a man in a kayak harpooning a whale; a man with an assegai spearing a springbok; these are the subjects that engage—I will not flatter their pencils—but their sharp flint knives or their lumps of red ochre.

On the other hand, most central African races have no imitative skill. They draw figures and animals (if not at all, but they produce decorative pottery and other ornamental objects which would excite attention at Versailles, and be well placed at the arts and crafts in the new gallery. Everywhere racial taste and racial faculty tend most in the one or the other direction. A tribe, a horde, a nation, is pictorial, or else it is decorative. Rarely or never is it both alike in an equal degree of native excellence.—Fortnightly Review.

The Clever Thief Robbers.

It is said that once, before the English had become used to the maneuvers of the robbers in India, an officer with a party of horse was chasing a small body of thief robbers and was fast overtaking them. Suddenly the robbers ran behind a rock, or some such obstacle, which hid them for a moment, and when the soldiers came up the men had mysteriously disappeared. After an unavailing search, the officer ordered his men to dismount beside a clump of scrubbed and withered trees, and the day being very hot, he took off his helmet and hung it on a branch which he was standing.

The branch in question turned out to be the leg of a bluebel, who burst into a scream of laughter and flung the astonished officer to the ground. The clump of scrubbed trees suddenly became transformed into men, and the whole party dispersed in different directions before the Englishmen could recover from their surprise, carrying with them the officer's helmet by way of trophy.—Harper's Young People.

In Down Town New York.

"The trouble with you New Yorkers is, Quill," said the man from Boston, "they had been looking over Trinity church—that your buildings lack age; they are not venerable enough to command the respect of the soul instinct with the ideals of all that is hallowed by the past. Now, there is the Old South."

"But what's the matter with that?" interposed Quill—they were strolling toward the Battery, and were opposite 45 Broadway—"what's the matter with that? There's Adams Express company. There couldn't be anything much older or more venerable than Adams, could there?"—New York Times.

The Right Answer.

A judge, meeting a countryman, said to him, "Where are you going?" "How do I know?" was the gruff reply. The judge, taking it for a piece of impudence, said: "You don't know, you scamp! I'll teach you better manners. Off to prison with you!"

The poor rustic was seized forthwith and being hauled off to jail when he turned round and said, "Your worship can see now that I answered correctly, for I assure you that I didn't know I was going to prison."

This reply excited the risibility of the judge, who ordered him to be set at liberty.—Tuesnetto.

A Monster Map.

Professor Penck's scheme is to construct a new map of the world on a scale of 1 to 1,000,000, or about sixteen miles to the inch, the sheets to embrace 5 degrees in each direction, except for latitudes beyond 60 degs., for which the width would be 10 degs. of longitude. The total surface would require 709 sheets. The cost is placed at \$500,000 beyond probable returns from sales.—Ohio State Journal.

The Price of Church Organs.

If you have any idea of buying a church organ after learning that they last for centuries, it will interest you to know that you can buy one in this city for any price between \$500 and \$80,000, and that in the best factories an instrument that sells for \$10,000 takes six months to build.—New York Times.

TWO YOUNG EDITORS.

ONE IS A BRIGHT BOY AND THE OTHER IS A PRETTY LITTLE GIRL.

Tello d'Aperry Is Owner of The Sunny Hour and Spends His Profits on Shoes for the Poor—Ethel Stout Is a Temperance Worker.

(Copyright, 1907, by American Press Association.)

Tello J. d'Aperry is a lad fifteen and a half years old, and when two he started a little paper called The Sunny Hour at 18 West Fourteenth street, New York, with the avowed intention of devoting the profits toward getting shoes and stockings for homeless waifs. From the first it succeeded beyond his hopes. The young editor developed an unusual ability to plan and to get notable persons to write for it, and the best writers of all countries. Several of them were crowned, and no money would have induced them to write, but to encourage the boy in his work they did so for him, as he was working for others. His paper has twenty pages, is well illustrated and entirely original in every department.

From the small beginning made at twelve he has now a paper that many a man would be glad to own. He does all the editorial work himself, goes to school and manages the entire business part of the paper. The profits go to the purchase and repairing of shoes. Shoes and clothing

"I ain't sayin' that," said her nurse, "your papa will whip you."

"Will he whip me real bad?"

"Yes, real bad."

The boy then went to the window again and called out, as he saw his little legs would permit, "Nigger, nigger!" Then, turning to the nurse, she said:

"Now call papa in and let's have this thing over."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

A Completed Transaction.

The ability of little folks to arrive at legal conclusions was well illustrated in a Lawrenceville primary school recently. A teacher in one of the lowest grades had been improving the meaning of easy fractional terms upon the minds of her little pupils. Her statements, repeated by her, and so readily comprehended that even her infantile intellects seemed to grasp all that was given them. One little fellow, however, was a little slow, and the teacher repeated her explanation in perhaps the fifth time. Holding up four pennies, by way of illustration, she said, "Now, suppose, if I have four cents and give you half," said the action to the child, "how much will I have left?"

"The other half," replied the boy, with an air of deepest conviction.—Pittsburgh Press.

On the Professor.

The chemistry professor had been expatiating at considerable length upon the impossibility of creating or annihilating any substance, the indestructibility of matter. Every convenient illustration had been brought into play, and the professor closed with the positive remark, "You absolutely cannot make anything." As he paused to note the effect of his remark, a small lad ran in the back of the room and asked trivially, "What, professor, can't we make a racket?" That didn't exist before.—Albany Journal.

Her Own Messenger.

A rain storm is really no excuse for hoping a healthy, strong child from school, at least teachers assert this is so. Some time ago a teacher, on answering a knock at the school door, found one of her pupils well wrapped up to protect her from the rain. "Teacher, mother says I mustn't come to school today, 'cause it rains," and does stairs the little fellow did like a frightened deer.—Albany Journal.

Night Promises Both.

Preceding a man and wife have stepped out on the terrace to see whether cook has forgotten to give them a dinner. They find tiny penny-cakes in a tin, in which operation it is assisted by an immense toment.

Whoever can that creature have come from?

"Inquire no manna, and baby make answer?"

Why, that's pussy's policeman?

Providing for the Dark Days. Thrifty Mother—Ellen, why will you persist in eating the soft part of