EUGENE CITY GUARD.

J. L. CAMPBELL, - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Elisee Reclus' Prize.

It is now more than ever probable that the Academy's biennial prize of 20,000 francs, which the Duc de Broglie declined will be awarded to M.—or, as he prefers to be called, Citizen—Elisee Reclus. The special committee has decided already in his favor. The only objection to the choice of this hard working savant, who is just on the point of bringing out the seventeenth volume of his immense work, "La Geographie Universel," is to be found, of course, in his political opinions, which are frankly communistic and anarchical.

He is, moreover, not only a theoretical but a practical advocate of "freedom in everything," for some years ago he gave his two daughters in marriage to their suitors with no other ceremony than that of linking the hands of the couples and giving them his paternal blessing. M. Reclus, however, has abstained from all active share in politics for the past twenty years, so that it is not thought likely that the Academy will be influenced by his previous history, and its members probably will vote the £800 to the learned man who is aptly described by his intimates as "a lay monk."—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

Trying Days for the Fat Man.

These are the days when the man who tips the scales at 250 and wears the largest sized collar has a delightful time on the cars.

He boards the train with a genial smile—for all fat men are jolly and are born for the express purpose of laughing their way through this vale of tears.

In a few moments, however, he does not feel half so gay. He fans himself with his paper, but that only gives the perspiration a chance to assert itself in large globules and play tag down his neck and chase itself across his rubicund face.

He must have the window up, so he makes a grab for the side spring and the lifter. But the window stays right where it is. He is now hotter than ever.

He wades in muttered expletives. He anathematizes the railroad corporation.

He turns nervously in his seat, but his clothes stick to him like a porous plaster. He tries to make a dignified swoop for the ice water tank, but he bumps into seat after seat and is forced to make a dozen apologies, each serving to make him madder.

And thus he pursues his tortuous journey with wheezes of disgust, while he swelters and melts and continues to try to keep cool.—Albany Argus.

Large Herds of Wild Animals.

Though wild game has been decimated in number within the past few years by unscrupulous hunters, it is not all gone yet. Still it is even rare to see even an antelope close to the city, though now and then a small band of blacktail deer will come down from the hills to drink at the city springs, or a stray elk may be seen between here and Sheep mountain. On this account the sight witnessed by Charles Rock, who came in from North Park, was an exceedingly interesting one.

When just this side of Pinkhampton, near the Mountain Home ranch, about thirty-five miles from Laramie, he saw four bull elk, ten deer and a herd of antelope, so numerous that he could not count them, grazing altogether in a little park close by the roadside. He did not disturb them and they paid no attention to his presence, so he took a good look. It reminded him of a visit to the zoological gardens in some eastern city to see such a number and variety of animals congregated together in so small a space. —Laramie (Wy.) Republican.

Deadly Poison in Her Glove.

"It was the poison from the gloves that caused her death," said Dr. James P. Way.

Shortly after 8 o'clock Lieutenant Cosgrove, one of the oldest officers in the police service, received a message at the Maxwell street station that his wife was dying. A few minutes after he reached his home his wife lay dead in his arms.

Wednesday evening Mrs. Cosgrove, who is twenty-eight years old, went to a ball. That afternoon she had done some shopping, and among other things purchased a pair of black kid gloves. She wore them to the ball that evening. On removing them she found they had slightly stained her hands. The index finger of her right hand had been pricked by a needle. In the morning the finger was swollen and painful. Thursday noon the hand became affected, and that night a physician was called. Dr. Way ordered the hand and arm poulticed, but the poison had reached the shoulder.

At 2 o'clock next morning, when Lieutenant Cosgrove went on duty, his wife bade him goodby and seemed in excellent spirits. At 9 o'clock she was dead. —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Hosiery That Comes High.

Some of the new stockings have very peculiar patterns. One, for instance, is striped with all the colors of the rainbow, another has a sort of dice pattern in black and white, a third has a corrugated surface, and a fourth is parti colored. There are lots of other odd patterns, but I think those just mentioned are about the queerest I saw. Stockings of fine cashmere or lisle thread for day wear are mostly embroidered with floral designs or streaked with alternate lines of yellow and green, gold and pink or chocolate and blue.

Stockings in a soft shade of Russia leather, with openwork fronts, look pretty worn with shoes made of that material. It would be impossible to say which are the favorite colors for evening wear. The best make of silk stockings are as transparent as the finest gauze. They generally have as much lace as silk in their composition, and cost $5 to $6.25 a pair.—Pall Mall Budget.

Why the Child Cried.

A Brooklyn physician says that he was recently attending a family where the little man of the house was in a somewhat refractory humor, and thinking to quiet him he said, "How would you like it now if I punish you I should take your little sister away from you?" The boy sulked and did not reply, but as the doctor arose to take his leave the child burst into a woful blubbering. He was asked what was the matter. "Doctor's goin away without takin sister," he answered.—New York Recorder.

WONDERFUL TRACKERS.

A Horse Thief Has No Chance with the Black Boys in Australia.

The senses of hearing, sight and smell possessed by the black people of Australia are very acute, and they are excellent trackers, though in this accomplishment I have known them excelled by white men. On one occasion we were running the track of some horses which had been stolen, and near sundown found ourselves on a large plain about four miles from the Lachlan river, for which we started, intending to camp on it that night and follow on the trail in the morning.

As we rode on, one of our black boys suddenly pulled up his horse and spoke excitedly to his mates, then announced that he "smelt smoke," and turning at right angles to our line of march cantered off over the plain in the direction of a clump of timber, nearly two miles to windward of us. There, sure enough, we found our horse stealers, horses and all. The thieves not venturing to camp on the river, had lit a small fire in the clump, the smoke from which our sharp nosed boy had smelled.

There are now but few wild blacks left; the whole race is rapidly disappearing, as their Tasmanian brethren have disappeared. Of these latter not one full blooded representative survives. The causes of this rapid decline are hardly generally understood. We hear a great deal said about the vices of the white man and disease introduced by him. If by civilized vice is meant drinking, I do not think that any but the very few blacks still surviving in the neighborhood of large towns suffer from this. In the far interior liquor is a very scarce article, and there is a stringent law against its sale to a black native. Nor have they been killed off by such diseases as measles, which have destroyed so many thousands of the Kanakas of the South Sea Islands.

The young men die off of pulmonary complaints. They enter the service of some squatter as stock riders, live the life and wear the clothes, and avail themselves of the same kind of shelter as the white man with whom they associate. Then suddenly they are summoned off by the elders of the tribe to some assemblage, some corobori or bora. They take off and put away their clothes and start away naked, save a rug, into the bush. When they return—as they will do according to an agreement on a date marked by the moon, to resume their civilized habits—they look starved, many have hacking coughs and the seeds of bronchitis and pleurisy are sown, which carry them off with great rapidity. Having become used to clothing, they cannot bear the shock of a return to their old naked, exposed camp life, yet, hardened as they are by exercise and great meat eaters, they have better constitutions than the lazy vegetarian Kanaka, and survive wounds and disease which would certainly kill the South Sea man. The contrast is remarkable.

The Australian recovers easily from terrible flesh wounds, using his favorite remedy, a little dry dust, and seems curiously insensible to pain. The arms of the tribes vary somewhat, especially in the shape and make of the heelman or shield. I have never seen bows and arrows or slings among them. The spear is the chief weapon of war, and varies considerably in shape and form. The jagged spear is about ten feet long, made of hard, heavy wood, with terrible barbs, like fishhooks, carved out of the solid or glued on with eucalyptus gum. Once in a man's flesh nothing can be done but to break off the jagged head and push it right through the wound.

On the coast many of these ugly weapons are barbed with the sting of the ray or with fish bones. They are thrown without the womera, or throwing stick, or used at close quarters. The celebrated boomerang is certainly one of the most extraordinary weapons invented by man.—London Field.

Murdered in Song.

"Say, Danny, it's tough on youse te-a-ter blokies, ain't it?" was the greeting which recently met a loudly ulstered member of the variety "profesh" as he supplemented his morning "draw one" and "stack of wheats" with a classic pose on the Brower House corner.

"What's eatin yer, me funny friend?" was the haughty response.

"Come now, yer don't mean to say yer haven't heard de news! Why, th' Grand Army men all over the country have signed ther pledge to give variety shows ther cold shake!"

"Say, is this on ther dead level?" gasped the ulstered one.

"Yer bet it be."

"But why?"

"Oh, on account of 'Comrades' bein murdered every night. See?"

He saw.—New York Herald.

Cut Out for an Actor.

Romantic Youth—Father, I wish to adopt the stage as a profession, to interpret and embody the glorious inspirations of Shakespeare and the masterpieces of later dramatists.

Practical Father—My son, you are cut out for an actor, there's no doubt of that. Your legs are exactly the right length.

Romantic Youth—Eh? Legs?

Practical Father—Yes, indeed. The other day, when we were out in the suburbs, you walked those railroad ties better than any of us.—Good News.

You Don't Say.

"Do you know it takes fifty leaves of gold to make the thickness of ordinary paper?"

"Oh, that's too thin!"—Jewelers' Circular.

Luther Holt, of East Exeter, Me., while walking in the woods near his home lay down to rest in the shade of the roots of a large overturned tree. Workmen, not knowing of his presence, chopped the trunk from the roots, which when released flew back into place, imprisoning Holt beneath them. He was dead before he could be released.

The May musical festival at Lincoln, Neb., was by the unanimous request of the Oratorio society conducted by Mrs. V. M. Raymond. For the past five years she has trained all the choruses.

EXPLOITS OF A CROW.

VERY CLEVER INDEED, BUT HE MET AN UNTIMELY DEATH.

Anecdotes by a Man Who Saw Some Strange Things Even Though He Had a Gun—The Crow Disliked Certain Kinds of Animals—He Was a Great Hunter.

"When this region was nearly all woods sixty years ago," said an old resident of Bell Meadow, "I picked a young crow out of the mud in Tamarack swamp, where he had tumbled out of the nest before he was old enough to fly. I named him Abe and tamed him, and he developed into the brightest bird I ever saw. Like all tame crows, Abe was mischievous and inquisitive. There was a knothole in the floor of our cistern, and the crow couldn't find out what was under it, although he tried very hard.

"Several times a day Abe flew down to the creek, hunted up a pebble and carried it in his bill to the floor of the cistern, where he dropped it through the knothole. The instant he let the pebble drop he would put his ear close to the hole and listen. He could hear the pebble strike the water, and the noise out of his sight excited his curiosity so much that he dropped a half bushel of pebbles into the cistern before he gave up.

"Abe accompanied me on all my hunting trips in the fall and winter, and he saw me kill five or six wolves, half a dozen wildcats and several deer. The woods were full of deer, and there were so many wolves that we couldn't keep any sheep. Abe took a great liking to deer and rabbits, but he hated wolves and wildcats, seeming to understand that they were destructive and dangerous. One afternoon, the summer that he was a year old, Abe flew into our little clearing and cawed and fluttered about as if he wanted me to leave my work.

"I knew the crow had seen something that displeased him, and so I picked up two rifles and told him to go ahead, just to see what he would do. He went squalling through the air toward Bell Meadow brook, and when he alighted on a tree he kept yelling and looking down in the ravine. I looked, too, little expecting to see what I did. A pair of wolves were tearing at a doe they had pounced on and pulled down. I killed them both before they got three leaps from the doe, and when Abe saw that they couldn't move he cawed and croaked as though he was glad.

"The next winter there were three feet and a half of snow on the level, and we had to wear snowshoes to get around. While I was splitting wood near the house one cold morning the crow came sailing and squalling to the settlement from the direction of Lake Henry. He was excited about something, and he perched on the log and went to flapping his wings and dancing up and down. I understood him well enough to know that he had seen something that he didn't like the looks of up in the woods toward the lake, so I and my brother and cousin put on our snowshoes, shouldered five loaded rifles and started into the woods, Abe leading the way and yelling.

"He led us to the lake, where we saw a sight that I shall never forget. In a space where the wind had blown the snow from the ice a flock of seven deer had been cornered by a pack of five wolves. The deer couldn't get out on account of the deep snow, and the wolves had killed three of them when we got there. While we were blazing away at the brutes the crow flew overhead and shouted his approval. We killed the whole pack, and Abe felt so good that he rolled over on the crust several times.

"One day in the spring the crow saw a fisher catch a rabbit and carry it to a hole in a basswood tree, thirty feet from the ground. My brother and I were chopping near by, and Abe squalled around till he attracted our attention, when he flew up to the hole where the fisher was concealed. We chopped the basswood down, and the fisher skipped out and ran up a hemlock tree to where the leaves were so thick we couldn't see it. Abe flew up, alighted above the fisher and began to squall, and squinting through the foliage below him I could see enough of the fisher to fire at. I banged away, and down came Mr. Fisher with a bullet in his head. Abe fairly laughed when the fisher tumbled.

"One morning I found six pullets on the floor of the hen shanty. A mink had killed them, and that night I set two steel traps and put one of the pullets between. In the morning a mink had its fore feet in one of the traps and one of its hind feet in the other. Abe tagged me in, and when he saw the mink struggling to get out he ran up in front of it and began to yell in its face. I let the crow torment it, and while my back was turned the mink caught Abe by the neck and bit him so hard that he died in a few minutes."—Cor. New York Tribune.

Yellow and Black.

Yellow and black is a Frenchy combination of the moment. Fans of black ostrich tips have small bunches of yellow roses attached and dangling by an invisible wire. Wide brimmed hats of black tulle bent up from the face and caught with bows of yellow velvet or a pair of yellow roses are a Paris caprice of the moment. The yellow and black motive is not extended to gowns, but shows itself in the accessories of the costume. A black gauze parasol is powdered with golden bees, and vice versa a parasol of yellow gauze has black lace butterflies of large size let in the gores. —Exchange.

A Home for Miss Anthony.

The old Anthony homestead in Rochester, N. Y., has been renovated and refurnished by the Women's Political club of that city to provide a pleasant home for Miss Susan B Anthony. A room has been fitted up especially for Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who will spend the summer with Miss Anthony. This is the first real home Miss Anthony has been able to call her own since she began her work for woman suffrage. Many notable people were present at the house warming given on her acceptance of the gift.—Harper's Bazar.

Help for Sick Working Girls.

The Thirty-eighth Street Working Girls' club is nothing if not progressive. As sure as the business meetings come around some one has a new feature to propose. The latest brand new idea is the visitation committee with a sick loan subdivision. The duties of this committee are to visit all sick members and, finding them in need, to lend them money from the club's funds, the sick member agreeing to pay it back in small installments upon resuming her work.

VASSAR'S AID SOCIETY.

A Pleasant Feature of Commencement Week at Poughkeepsie.

"The Vassar girl is perennially interesting," said a bright little woman, "and the most attractive species of the genus is the composite Vassar girl. Do not confuse her with the ideal Vassar girl, who originated in the brain of Mrs. Willard, of Troy, was developed by Ezra Cornell and Matthew Vassar, and is held up as a model in baccalaureate addresses. She is equally remote from the typical Vassar girl of the humorists—long, lank, preternaturally owlish, taking no interest in anything but ologies and isms. The intellectual Boston girl, the New York millionairess, the breezy Chicagoan, the Baltimore beauty, the Philadelphia girl who has a grandfather—all these sat for the portrait of the composite Vassar girl.

"And the composite Vassar girl differs from the composite Wellesley girl in the absence of the wrinkle over the left eyebrow of the latter, caused by too close application to biological dishes and pans; and from the composite Smith girl in the lack of that indescribable air of closer contact with the world in general and Amherst in particular."

This and more in response to a toast at the luncheon of the Vassar Students' Aid society, which was one of the pleasantest features of Commencement week at Poughkeepsie. Though only a year and a half old, the association now numbers 477 members, has raised seven scholarships for struggling students and is hard at work on a fellowship fund. Its president is Mrs. Kendrick, of Poughkeepsie, who presided with gracious dignity over the social gathering in Statuary hall on Class Day morning, when the Young Augustas gazed with the air of a connoisseur at the salads, and the Dying Gladiator sternly frowned at the ices and breaded chops.

Over in a corner sat Katharine Weed Barnes, of Albany, who had just been giving talks on photography in New York and Brooklyn, and another well known writer for photographic papers, Miss Adelaide Skeel. One of the circle at the toastmaster's table was Professor Marcella O'Grady, a short, fair woman, with steady blue eyes, looking far too girlish in her simple white gown to be taken for the learned woman who has worked up, in a year or two, Vassar's fine biological department.

The dignified woman in blue at the next table was Professor Leach, of the Greek department. She is known as "the opening wedge of the Harvard annex," being the first woman admitted.

"Maria Mitchell's Memory" was a toast most lovingly given. Other responses were made by Mrs. Rossiter Johnson and Mrs. Melville Dewey, wife of the state librarian. There was an undercurrent of congratulation all through this composite luncheon, for the year has been a very fortunate one for the girls' college with the Fayerweather bequest and the promise of a new library to be built by Mr. Frederick F. Thompson, and a number of legacies for scholarships and other purposes. New departments have been added to the college, and at all of these there was rejoicing, but no one thing promises more brightly for its prosperity than its former students' interest and devotion.—New York Recorder.

About Your Summer Gown.

You are going to make your cotton gown. Now, before you do this, see if you cannot have its decoration in its design, and use as little trimming as possible. The quantity of embroidery that was at one time considered in good taste on these gowns is no longer in vogue. Whatever decoration you may use, have upon the bodice. A guimpe of Irish lace, ribbon, collars and cuffs, fanciful girdles or waistcoats of silk or embroidery, of pique or linen, are all in good taste; but an elaborate skirt trimming is undesirable. Your cotton gown wants to express the sweetness of simplicity, and it also ought to tell of its extreme comfort, a something which is never hinted at in an overtrimmed or too elaborately made one. Too much decoration, like too many words, is quite as often an evidence, not only of lack of sense, but of lack of brain.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Good Plot for a Farce.

The following singular will case comes from Hamburg. Some years ago there died in Schleswig, Germany, a government official named Nielsen. Some little time before he died Nielsen bequeathed to his man servant 20,000 crowns and to his cook a like sum, on the condition that if either of them married the 20,000 crowns should revert to the other. As soon as the old gentleman died, however, the happy possessors of this fortune went to the altar and were married. The couple then took up their residence in Hamburg, where they have resided for the last six years.

Recently there arrived from Copenhagen a relative of Herr Nielsen, who by their marriage considered the spirit of his relative's last will and testament had been departed from, and demanded the restitution of the 40,000 crowns. The matter is now before a court of law.—London News.

Queer Places to Swarm.

An Italian organ grinder at Eighth and Main streets had a rather novel experience. When he started to grind his machine a swarm of bees suddenly poured forth from the barrel and fairly made the Italian dance to keep out of their way.

The swarm then took up its quarters in the electric light globe just overhead, and when the electric light man came along to clean that globe there was another seance similar to the first. He succeeded in dislodging the insects of industry, however, and the last seen of them they were wending their flight heavenward.—Kansas City Journal.

A Grateful Old Woman.

A dean was visiting his parishioners when one of them, an old woman, informed him that since they met "she'd gone through a right o' trouble. Her sister was dead, and there wor a worse job than that; the pig died all of a sudden, but it pleased the Lord to tak' him, and they mun bow, they mun bow." Then the poor old lady brightened up and said, "But there's one thing, Mester Allen, as I can say, and ought to say—the Lord's been pretty well on my side this winter for greens!"—Exchange.

He Knew.

Judge—Come, you'd better plead guilty. You'll get off easier.

Prisoner—Ah, I twig yer lay. Yer want to get home to dinner!—London Tit-Bits.

AT JACKSON'S HOME.

THE HISTORIC MANSION OF THE HERO OF NEW ORLEANS.

What the Ladies of Tennessee Are Doing to Preserve The Hermitage and Also the Cabin in Which the Warrior and Statesman Spent His Boyhood.

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Englishmen are proud of their soldiers. "Hearts of oak" they call them. The oak is a majestic tree, unmoved by storms and defying hurricanes. But the tough, sinewy, gnarled and knotted hickory is our synonym for the audacious, per-

THE OLD LOG CABIN.

sistent and fiery American soldier, whose type reached perfection in Andrew Jackson.

"Old Hickory!" Superb sobriquet! Though years have drifted over his grave the principles of the statesman live and the memory of the soldier is green. And every patriot loves him for what he said at Washington and for what he did at New Orleans.

Though a Democrat of the old school Andrew Jackson belonged neither to party nor section. The nation claims him as one of its great men and famous warriors. There is now a golden opportunity for the nation to show in what reverence his memory is held and to raise its hand against the vandalism of greed which would sweep away a most precious landmark of history—The Hermitage—Jackson's old home near Nashville.

The general assembly of the state of Tennessee has assigned to the care of the Ladies' Hermitage association, of Nashville, the house and tomb of General Jackson and twenty-five surrounding acres to improve and preserve in lasting memory of the hero of New Orleans.

This property was purchased years ago by the state from the adopted son of General Jackson, with the proviso that his wife remain there during her life. Mrs. Jackson died three years ago, when the state handed over the historic mansion to The Hermitage association.

When the energetic and patriotic southern gentlewomen who formed this association took possession of the noble mansion they found ruin and decay everywhere prevalent upon the estate. The little log cabin where "Old Hickory" lived for fifteen years was a complete wreck. "Its chimney was falling down and its roof was caving in." Up at the brave old mansion affairs were not much better. The roof leaked, the plaster had fallen in all the rooms, and the wall paper was discolored and peeling. Outbuildings were tottering, fences tumbling down, and the melancholy of ruin was fast settling over the entire place.

The mansion has been roofed, plastering and paper have been repaired, fences, drives and outbuildings put in shape and the log cabin fully restored, even to the kitchen fireplace, before which "Uncle Alf," the ancient negro body servant of the general, still sits, and gazing in its ruddy flames lives over the eventful past.

The Hermitage is a magnificent specimen of colonial architecture. The approach through a long avenue bordered by grand old trees is indescribably picturesque. Across its antique porticoes and massive pillars brush low, drooping boughs, and the warm sunshine touches the old house with loving fingers. The great carved door, with its resounding knocker, stands open. Enter the old fashioned hall, long and broad enough for a modern ballroom. It is papered with highly colored scenes and incidents in the life of Telemachus.

This paper was bought by General Jackson in France in 1827 and is in an excellent state of preservation. The pictures hang on the walls just as Jackson left them. There are two very fine portraits of Mrs. Jackson, by Earle, and any number of portraits of the general, the most interesting perhaps being that taken by order of the French government five days before his death. Quaint claw footed mahogany sofas and chairs are scattered about. A superb winding stairway leads to the rooms above, while on either side stretch apartments whose hospitable dimensions speak volumes of dead and gone cheer.

In the drawing room the antique piano, with its yellow keys, the bronze and gilt candelabra, the ormolu tables, the velvet hangings, the rare bric-a-brac, which would send a connoisseur wild with delight, possess the fascination of the past. In the general's bed chamber stands the four post bed on which he died.

THE HERMITAGE.

The great mansion is a vast treasure house, literally crammed with relics and souvenirs of priceless value. There is a quantity of General Jackson's personal articles of jewelry and clothing, his watch, seal, cornelian ring, topaz breastpin, gold pen and pencil, tobacco box, walking stick, slippers, flesh brush, dressing gown and a marvelous regalia of beads presented to him by Sam Houston, of Texas.

There is his library, a collection of several hundred volumes, nearly all of which contain his autograph. There is an extensive collection of snuffboxes, one of which belonged to Lafayette and was presented by himself. There is a wilderness of curios, medals, coins, pipes and swords, among the latter being the one presented Jackson by the citizens of New Orleans in commemoration of the famous battle.

There are all the beautiful old mahogany, the rosewood, the mother of pearl, the gilt and the damask of those days. There are pitchers, vases, lamps, candelabra, andirons, clocks, statuettes, servers, mirrors, candlesticks, china and silver, including the family tea service. There is a silver dish which belonged to Decatur, a letter from Jefferson, an exquisite porcelain miniature of Mrs. De Witt Clinton, presented by herself and accompanied by a letter couched in stately persiflage of that day; an armchair presented by the wife of Chief Justice Taney, George Washington's office chair, a small panel from the floor of Napoleon's room at Longwood, St. Helena, a piece of candle found in Cornwallis' hut at the surrender of Yorktown and sent to Jackson with the request that he light it on every recurring 8th of January, and a potholder made from a portion of the tree under which Washington first unsheathed his sword in defense of American liberty.

The general's state coach is preserved as well as his carriage, made of a portion of the old ship Constitution.

In cupboards and closets are stored away many rare old bits of faded finery and coquetry. There is the full set of pearls and topaz presented by New Orleans women to Mrs. Jackson. There is a beautiful pink brocade worn by Jackson's niece at the court of Berlin, and the wedding gown of the wife of Jackson's adopted son, a Miss Yorke, a Philadelphia belle. This dainty combination of lace and satin has been worn as a wedding gown by brides of three successive generations.

"All houses wherein men have lived and died are haunted," says Longfellow, and The Hermitage is no exception. It is peopled, to the imaginative visitor, with a company of illustrious shadows, among which perhaps the phantom of gentle Rachel Jackson moves with the most tender and melancholy interest, seeming indissolubly blended with every nook and corner of the home to which she was devoted, and from which destiny decreed she should not wander.

The story of Rachel Jackson's life is like a romance. She was a wonderfully beautiful woman, and her portraits limn a face of winsome and innocent expression. The throat is full, the lips sweet, the brow rounded, and the eyes are large and limpid. A cap of soft lace crowns the dark curls which fall over the shoul-

JACKSON'S COACH.

ders. Mrs. Jackson possessed a lovely disposition and deep personal piety. In her youth she contracted an unfortunate alliance with one her inferior in every respect, and from whom she was divorced. The love of General Jackson for his amiable and interesting wife amounted to idolatry, and during his momentous career he never escaped from the influence she left behind her. He wore her miniature on his heart till his death, and, no matter what his cares or pleasures, at the close of each busy day the president retired to a quiet room to commune with the portrait and the Bible of his dead wife.

Mrs. Jackson cared very little for the honors of this world and longed for nothing so much as the hour when her husband would finish with politics, for he assured her that when that time arrived he would become a Christian. When Jackson was elected president his wife said to those about her: "For Mr. Jackson's sake I am glad; for my own I never wished it. I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in that palace in Washington."

It was while making preparations for her departure from the dearly loved Hermitage and the little chapel built by her husband for her own especial use that this gentle soul received the rude shock which caused her death. She was like a mother to every servant on the estate, and wishing to leave all comfortable for the winter made a trip into Nashville to buy supplies and clothing for those who were dependent on her. Weary from her shopping she went into the parlor of a hotel to rest while waiting for the family coach to carry her back to The Hermitage.

Suddenly she heard her name spoken in an adjoining room and her character basely and cruelly calumniated. For some time she sat there, pale and cold, listening to accusations against herself which had been trebly circulated during the campaign, but which her chivalric husband had carefully kept from her knowledge. The popular tradition adds that she was seized with spasmodic disease of the heart, from which a few nights later she died.

The grief of Jackson was agonizing, and from that hour he seemed to live to avenge her wrongs. Probably during no other administration of the government has personal feeling entered so largely into official appointments as in the offices filled by Andrew Jackson. Did he have the slightest suspicion that a man had neglected to espouse the cause of his beloved wife he lost no time in removing him. Upon her tomb he caused her virtues to be enumerated and her good deeds recited, ending the glowing tribute with these touching and eloquent words: "A being so gentle and so virtuous slander might wound, but could not dishonor. Even death, when he bore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God."

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

A Financial Crisis.

"My mother-in-law never understands a joke," says a correspondent. "I finish a good story, and she always looks up and asks, 'Well, what did the other man say?' As she can't appreciate wit, I was surprised to receive a letter from her a few weeks after my little boy had swallowed a farthing, in which the last words were, 'Has Ernest got over his financial difficulties yet?'"—Exchange.

The Work of the Interior Department.

The duties which devolve on the secretary of the interior were performed prior to the establishment of that post by the heads of the other departments. The patent office was attached to the state department, the land office to the treasury department, and the pensions and the Indians had been looked after by the war department.—New York Sun.

The Limit of Population.

Philosophers and statisticians have compared figures and find that the limit of the earth's capacity is 5,294,000,000 human beings; also that this number will be reached before the close of the Twenty-first century.—St. Louis Republic.

LANGUAGE IS SWEET.

EXPRESSION BY THE TONGUE IS NECESSARY TO HAPPINESS.

Life Would Be Mighty Desolate Without Sweet Words—Much More Beautiful Could We Make This Existence If We Took More Pains in Talking.

How would you enjoy life with sweet words left out? My littlest one runs to me and with both arms about my neck pulls me down to kiss me, and whispers as if it were a new secret: "Papa, I love you. Oh, how I just do love you!" What a pest it is to be pa. I shout so when one is busy! How it dislocates one's collar and one's thoughts! But what would you take for such prattle? How would you like it checked, and instead of such spontaneity be compelled to imagine you are loved? Dear me, old man, but why so fussy? Do you not know you are lovely? Do not actions speak louder than words? Does not your wife cook your meals, and does not your girl put your room in order? Must you also be mussed over and gabbled to in order to be satisfied?

Then comes my oldest boy, a grand fellow, stout and wholesome and brainy, and before I am aware his arm is about my neck, and he pulls my head over on his shoulder with a kiss and a "Papa, you are awful dear to me." Pshaw, what is there in words? A few sounds—nothing else! I am not so certain about that. I only know that I would not take a mint of money for that small bouquet of my boy's words. No, not for the world would I have to guess at his affection and get hungry for a solid certainty. There is not enough such eloquence, as I have looked about the world. And yet it should not flow too easily. Tongue love is quite another thing from open heartedness. In my opinion we should bring up our young folk to easily and frankly express their feelings, only not to express any more than they feel. The art and trick of speech is to be more eloquent than true, and so to turn love into a lie.

Somewhere I have lately read a good story of a married couple that from some spleen vowed not to speak to each other. Well, if they had not really loved they could have got on without talk, but in this case they could not. So by happy inspiration they used the household cat as a go between. "Go," said Betsy, "and tell John that dinner is ready." "Go," answered John, "and tell Betsy I am on hand." "Here, puss," says John, "tell Betsy this pudding is remarkably good, and I will take another plate of it if she pleases." "Go tell John," answers Betsy, "that I am glad he likes this peach shortcake, and he shall have three pieces if he will."

So for years they kept their vows, but told their love and got on famously. It is a general fact that friendship grows stronger by a short separation and correspondence by pen. A man or woman will say sweet or true things in a letter that they would not say first by mouth. I do not quite understand this, but I know it is true. Friends treasure letters, and friendship never is quite itself until a few letters have passed. I encourage young folk to write letters to learn the art of talking well. One would suppose it would be the other way—that good talkers should write well.

How came it about that the tongue and adjacent organs got control of language? Possibly Dido can explain this. She leaps and bounds about me in overwhelming joy. Her nose is in my face and her paws on my chest. At last, utterly unable to express all her emotion, she throws back her head and explodes in a bark. It is nothing but an explosion, but it is a great relief to her. That is the beginning of speech in all creatures—only a noise made by the rush of emotion through the mouth. By and by this noise is modified to express different emotions. The dog can express a dozen passions and resentments, and yet most of these are told by the tail and the body in general.

The next step is, or was, to modify these sounds into musical roles. The bird does not enunciate first, but sings. The lower races sing well and talk badly. The highest art is to sing well and talk equally well. So language slowly gets stolen by a certain set of organs that at first had little to do with it. The legs and hands come less into play to tell emotions; the tail, which has done so much animal talking, is aborted. I think it is aborted mainly because its functions are mostly passed over to the tongue. I have not heard whether the tailed tribe of Africans wag those appendages in friendly greeting like dogs or not. I would not own a tailless cat or have a horse's tail even clipped of its hair. It is to abbreviate speech; it is to lop off the organ of expression.

You will see that my theory about the development of language accounts for many abnormal forms of speech. Profanity is a mere explosion of sound, closely allied to the dog's bark and the cat's squall. It is not so wicked as it is beastly. It is the natural language of a vulgar fellow who has no art of high language. Half the world talks by explosion and expletives. The more beastly a man's habits the more profane he becomes by necessity. It is his natural language. What a stretch it is from such a man to Coleridge or Emerson or Lowell!

I heard of a man the other day, "Ah, he is a great scientist, to be sure, but he is also such a splendid talker." The art of saying fine things finely you cannot afford to be without. "Live with wolves and you will learn to howl," says the Spanish proverb. We ought to be able to add, "Live with men and you will learn to talk well." But that is not so. There are too few really good talkers—really wise and witty tongues.—E. P. Powell in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Rats in a Mulberry Tree.

Rats have taken possession of a large mulberry tree along Frankford creek. They eat the ripe, luscious berries and drive off all birds, but when disturbed by the approach of a human being they drop headlong from the branches of the tree to the ground and run off until the coast is clear for their return after more berries. Seven sleek rodents were seen to drop from the tree in succession yesterday.—Boston Record.

Apparently the wheat crop of 1891 will be the heaviest ever harvested in this country. Not only is the condition of the crop better than in many years past at this time, but the acreage is the largest ever known. Experts estimate the probable crop at between 520,000,000 and 540,000,000 bushels. The greatest yield hitherto was in 1884, when 512,000,000 bushels were gathered.