EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL, - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Hand Power to Remove Pain.

A correspondent writes to us very earnestly upon the subject of a neglected natural force—the power of the hand to remove pain and cure disease. All the ordinary ailments of humanity, he says, such as headache, pain in the back, rheumatism, etc., can be removed by gentle stroking with the tips of the fingers. He is convinced, also, that a robust husband can do much to bring a delicate wife back to health by the same method. It may be so.

That is probably why young people, aspiring to matrimonial relations, sit about the parks in couples, the males rubbing the small of the female's back with his robust arm, trying, no doubt, to endow her with his own vitality. And a further reason for suspecting that our correspondent has got hold of a valuable principle is the fact that in the moral sphere an analogous virtue undoubtedly attaches to the power of the hand. Nurses and nursery governesses are well aware of this. When inbred sin makes its appearance in their young charges they invariably expel the evil tendency by the hand.

Operators differ considerable as to the exact spot for the hypodermic injection, but it is generally behind the left ear or below the spinal column. A few prefer an application midway between the shoulders, or, indeed, anywhere that is handy; but the principle underlying the treatment called variously a box, a spank and a slap is the same.

A distinguished supporter of this moral method was once promenading her young charge upon the beach at a French seaside place, when her attention having been temporarily diverted for half an hour or so by a local beau, the young charge took the opportunity to try to drown himself. He was rescued, however, dripping and frightened, and was receiving the enthusiastic sympathy of all the French ladies around, when—enter the French nurse, who without more ado grabbed her dripping young gentleman by the arm and with a "Come 'ere, Master 'Enery!" spanked him before the assembled plage. That is the true power of the hand.—London Globe.

Beefsteak in Paris.

Next to his work—and indeed, very often before his work—the ambition of a student in Paris is to discover a cheaper place in which to feed well, than all the other places already discovered. When he has found this Arcadia of the appetite his crowning glory is to announce it. One day into the dim studio of my friend Croute, in the Rue de Misere, little Bilkins rushed with his face aflame.

Glory of glories! right here in Paris he had ferreted out a beefsteak club restaurant at ten sous the steak; and as his month's remittance had just come in from the sister at Leeds, who had sent him across the channel to become another Landseer on the improved French plan, we must come and dine with him for the sake of good Old England and her national dish.

What a dinner it was! The steak lacked succulency, to be sure, but it was well flavored and fairly tender. It had a sweetish taste, which might come from its having been fried, but the sour petit blue with which we washed it down offset this drawback. The place in which we ate it might have been cleaner, and the roar of day's end traffic over the stones of Montmartre outside was not exactly the music of a banquet band. Our company mostly wore blue blouses, except one wretched creature with a visored cap that had the shape of a fish, who ate apart, and at whom the far from comely waiting woman flung his dishes like an insult.

We ate many a steak together under the sign of The Honest Man even after we discovered that it was the flesh of an animal that did not ruminate the cud. We once had a roast of horse meat there, and horse soup was the invariable overture of the dinner. At a time when a beefsteak on the Boulevard was weighed like so much gold we got good fare from The Honest Man—or from his plump relict and representative behind the little bar covered with a sheet of lead.—Alfred Trumble in New York Epoch.

A Soothing Reflection.

"This," said Colonel Clawtrap as he gazed upon the pleasant surroundings of his suburban home, "is what we call a restricted neighborhood. No man can buy a lot here unless he will agree not to build a boiler factory, a powder mill, nor any other kind of manufacturing establishment that might have a tendency to disturb the quiet of the neighborhood or to mar its rural aspect. You can imagine my amazement, therefore, when I found upon my return from a two months' absence in the west that a calliope factory had been started here.

"Nobody had ever thought of specifically prohibiting calliope factories any more than they had of prohibiting shipbuilding or the manufacture of soap ladies, but here it was. The building had formerly been a private residence, and it still had that appearance, but the evidence of its present use was unmistakable. You might put flowers around the crater of a volcano and call it a fountain, but that would not change its real character.

"When I mentioned the calliope factory to Mrs. Clawtrap she said:

"'Why, Horace! that is where the Hill tops live. What you heard was the children playing.'

"'Do you mean to tell me,' I said, 'that there are children noisier than ours?'

"'Of course I do!' she said. 'I have always told you so.'

"I confess that I have at times shown signs of irritation when my children have been unusually noisy; but now when the uproar is greatest I smile and am grateful that they are not so noisy as the children across the way."—New York Sun.

Dentistry in Japan.

You must know that a Japanese dentist never uses anything but his fingers when extracting a tooth. They have no surgical instruments. This is how they are able to work: A number of holes are bored in a plank of wood and pegs inserted in them. The plank is laid on the floor, and the novice pulls them out with the finger and thumb of his right hand. By this practice strength and dexterity are acquired. Then an oak log with oak pegs is tried, and the young man is kept on this for a year.

The third year is put in by operating on a slab of marble which contains numerous pegs of the hardest wood. After this he is qualified to go into business. A thorough workman will grab a patient with his left hand and yank out five or six teeth with the right hand without even stopping to rest. It seems impossible, but practice and long training will enable any one to accomplish it.—Chicago Herald.

Painful Gallstones.

Very small gallstones may pass out with the bile and give no sign. Very large ones never pass into the duct, but sometimes cause inflammation and ulceration and escape through an abscess.

When one of the size, say, of a filbert, gets into the duct it obstructs the flow of the bile, which accumulates behind it, swelling the bladder and exerting a constant pressure on the stone. As the stone is slowly forced along it produces a dilation and inflammation of the duct, until a sudden cessation of the pain announces that the stone has dropped into the intestine, but other stones may follow, repeating the agonizing process.—Youth's Companion.

Saw Her Son's Spirit.

There lived in Allegheny City at the breaking out of the rebellion a widow by the name of MacDowell. She had one son, John by name, who lived with his mother in a two story frame house on Rondina street. The widow and her son were devotedly attached to each other, and when he came home one night and told her that he had enlisted at one of the recruiting booths on Federal street she was inconsolable.

On the afternoon of April 6, 1862, Mrs MacDowell sat in an easy chair at the second story window of her home. It was the first day she had felt strong enough to leave her bed. It was warm and the sun was shining brightly. As she sat alone with her wan cheek resting against the pillows, she heard a heavy step on the narrow stairway. She described the succeeding events to the first neighbor woman who reached her side as follows: "The instant I heard the step I knew it was John. As he reached the head of the stairs I turned toward the door and tried to rise and meet him, but I was too faint, and besides there was something in his face that drove all the blood from my heart. He was dressed in his uniform and was carrying a big sword in his hand.

"He stopped in the middle of the room and I saw under his cap, which was pulled back, a broad bandage stained with blood around his forehead. Suddenly he waved his sword and I saw an awful look, such as I had never seen before, come into my boy's eyes; he waved his sword three times, looking backward over his shoulders as he did so. I saw the sword fall from his grasp, but it made no noise on the floor; he reached both hands to me, and the fierce expression died out of his eyes as he cried out, 'Oh, mother,' and then before I could say a word he was gone."

A week from that day the widow MacDowell was buried in the Hilldale cemetery. On the afternoon of April 6, the day when the apparition of her boy appeared to her in the sick room, he was killed while repulsing a Confederate charge at Pittsburg Landing. He was struck by a spent ball upon the forehead early in the day, but tying a handkerchief around his forehead he remained in the fight. All the officers in his company had been killed or wounded, and he was leading his company with the sword of a dead Confederate in his hand when he was hit and instantly killed by a second bullet. His last utterance as he fell was the pathetic cry, "Oh, mother!"—Philadelphia Press.

The Future of Paraguay.

As regards the future of Paraguay there can be no doubt that the country has great natural resources and that it could be immensely and rapidly developed by the introduction of European colonists. It is probable, too, that the English capitalists will in the near future manifest greater and greater interest in Paraguay, and that a part of the interest hitherto monopolized by the Argentine Republic will be transferred from the discredited country to the new paradise in the interior, where the conditions in general are not unfavorable.

Furthermore, if we admit that progress is desirable and that it is good for men to toil and earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, and abstraction being made of humane and sentimental considerations, it might be argued that the war almost of extermination which the Argentines and the Brazilians waged against the Paraguayans was a blessing for the country and for humanity, inasmuch as it destroyed thousands of useless creatures and left the ground clear for new energy. The native element cannot be counted upon as an auxiliary in the amelioration of Paraguay.

The Metis, the Guarani and the other Indian races that form the actual population, together with a small criollo class, cannot be induced to work except under the hand of a despot like Lopez, or by an ingenious and paternal system of communism, such as the Jesuits established in the old colonial days in their missions on the Alto Parana. After the expulsion of the Jesuits, it may be remembered, most of the Guarani Indians whom they had civilized and exploited retired to Paraguay, where their descendants have remained to the present day, but of course lost in the masses. These natives refuse to work in a regular manner.—Theodore Child in Harper's.

Story of a Tornado.

E. C. Perry, a cattleman of the Choctaw Nation, tells a remarkable story of a cyclone which he witnessed in the Indian Territory. Said he: "It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon that dark clouds appeared in the southwest, and in a few moments the clouds turned light blue, and it seemed as if they were on fire with lightning. A perfect calm prevailed, and the heat was suffocating. The clouds seemed to split in the middle, going east and northwest. Then I heard a low, rumbling noise like continuous thunder.

"On the prairie was a bunch of cattle which belonged to a man named Corning. The terrific wind, or what you might call a tornado, lifted the cattle into the air some fifty feet and dashed them into the trees, killing them outright.

"Now, I am going to tell you something that may seem incredible, but it is nevertheless the truth. I saw a calf carried up into the clouds and disappear. The animal went round and round in a circle until lost to view. A vigilant search was made for the calf, but it has never been seen since. The wind tore things up for a mile or so, when it spent its force. Rain and hail followed in the wake of the storm and a number of trees were uprooted. The storm was confined to the wood and did not reach the crops in the clearings."—Chicago Herald.

How Paradise Was Cleared.

In a very quaint and laughable poem Hans Sachs describes how a troop of Landsknecht contrived one day to enter Paradise, owing to an oversight of St. Peter's wife, who had been strictly charged to watch the door, but happened at the critical moment to have turned her back. The unruly intruders at once proceed to make themselves at home, and set up their dice table in the sacred precincts.

The authorities, much concerned, take anxious counsel as to their removal, but without result, until an angel, well acquainted with Landsknecht human nature, suddenly raises the cry "To arms!" outside, when the whole troop instantly starts up and rushes to the fancied fray through the open gate, which is promptly closed behind them.—Macmillan's Magazine.

He Drew the Line.

"Well, Penn," said Hannibal, surveying the room critically, "you have mighty snug quarters here for a bachelor, I must say—books, papers, photographs of pretty girls—stunners too. Hello! here's a scrapbook (examines and turns to Penn with a look of disgust). Oh, I say, it can't be possible that you laugh at these so-called humorous paragraphs!"

"Excuse me," replied Penn, coldly. "You are unjust. I write them. I do not read them."—Harper's Bazar.

Cruelly Maligned.

One of the curiosities of the house of commons, very rarely seen, was Erle Drax, for many years member for a Dorsetshire borough. Once at a general election, on the day previous to the nomination, he put out the following address to his constituents: "Electors of Wareham! I understand that some evil disposed person has been circulating a report that I wish my tenants and other persons dependent upon me to vote according to their conscience. This is a dastardly lie calculated to injure me. I have no wish of the sort. I wish and I intend that those persons shall vote for me."—San Francisco Argonaut.

KILLED BY HIS RIVAL.

TRUE STORY OF THE MANNER OF PRINCE RUDOLPH'S DEATH.

Retribution Follows the Treachery of a Prince to His Friend, Who Had Confided a Love Affair to the Emperor's Son—An Account by Gossip.

I met at a dinner party a most charming old Austrian lady who had come from Vienna to Paris to visit her daughter, who is the wife of a French noblemen and had just presented her husband with an heir to their joint estates. After dinner the conversation turned upon matters and things in Austria, and I spoke of the mysterious death of the unfortunate Crown Prince Rudolph and the secrecy that had been observed concerning all the details of that ghastly catastrophe.

The Countess von X—— shrugged her shoulders. "It is a mystery for the outside world and for the newspapers, if you will," she answered, "but the true story of the case is generally known among the upper classes of Viennese society, and I have no objection to relating it to you.

"Briefly stated, the facts are as follows: A foreign nobleman, the Prince de Z——, who was a widower and a connection by marriage with a leading member of the Austrian royal family, was presented one evening at a ball to the radiantly beautiful Baroness Marie de Vecsera. Instantly fell madly in love with her and formed the resolution of making her his wife.

"He was on terms of intimate friendship with the crown prince, and before proposing in due form for the young lady's hand he consulted Prince Rudolph on the advisability of the step he was about to take. 'I must see the Baroness Marie,' replied the prince, 'to ascertain if she is in all respects as charming as you say before I give you my full approbation.' The introduction took place, and the superb beauty of the lovely girl impressed Prince Rudolph no less than it had done his friend before him.

DEATH FOR TWO.

"The passion thus inspired was mutual. A liaison was formed, which was conducted with the utmost possible secrecy, but rumors of its rise and progress did not fail to reach the ears of the unfortunate Prince de Z——. At last the ill fated expedition to Meyerling took place, and the presence there of the lovers was betrayed to the unhappy wooer by one of the servants who was in his pay. He hastened to Meyerling, but was denied admission to the house.

"He then made his way to the back part of the ground, climbed over the wall, scaled the balcony attached to the prince's room, and, shattering the windows, he leaped into the presence of his false friend and his faithless lady love. A terrible hand to hand encounter ensued between the two men, both of great strength and accustomed to all sorts of athletic exercises. The furniture of the room was literally smashed to pieces in the conflict.

"Finally the Prince de Z—— snatched up an unopened bottle of wine and dealt the crown prince a furious blow on the head with it, crushing in his adversary's skull and killing him instantly. The Baroness de Vecsera had, it seems, always carried about with her a dose of strychnine, with a premonition of some such catastrophe.

"On seeing her lover fall a corpse before her she swallowed the fatal drug, and death ensued in a very short space of time. One of the young nobles who had been Prince Rudolph's guest at Meyerling hastened to Vienna to bear the terrible tidings to the emperor, while another one remained to guard the house wherein lay the bodies of the lovers.

THE EMPEROR'S DECISION.

"The emperor," continued the countess, "would permit no legal proceedings to be taken against Prince de Z——, declaring that he only acted in self defense, neither would he consent to receive the prince's resignation of his position in the army. The facts were hushed up as much as possible. All discussion of the catastrophe was prohibited to the journals of Austria. But the story was known to too many persons to be kept a close secret."

I afterward met at an evening reception a Belgian physician who has been settled for several years past at Vienna. He fully corroborated all the details of the crown prince's death as imparted to me by the Countess von X——, and added securious little history concerning the Emperor of Austria.

It appears that for long years past his majesty has sought and found consolation for his troubles and repose from the cares of state in the remarkable intellect and brilliant conversation of an actress, by name Catherine Schratt, whose counsels are said to have been of the greatest advantage to him on many important affairs of state.

He is accustomed to drive out to the palace at Schoenbrunn, and there, leaving his equipage, he will be met by Miss Schratt, and will take long promenades with her in the forest to talk over matters and things in general. So widely is this friendship known in Vienna that the lady is known there as the vice empress. Her extraordinary intelligence and clear, cool judgment are valued in the highest degree by the emperor, and are acknowledged even by the empress herself.—Paris Cor Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Girls Kept Quiet.

A pair of chattering young women met with a deserved rebuke at the exercises of the Brooklyn high school. As the different young men appeared on the platform to deliver their orations these young women kept up a running fire of comment and criticism most annoying to persons near. A gentleman sitting just in front of them looked around several times and frowned sharply at the continued buzzing, without, however, producing any appreciable effect. At length a young speaker came upon the stage in whom the gentleman was evidently deeply interested. If possible, the rear conversation was noisier than at any preceding moment, and nobody in the vicinity regretted when the gentleman squared himself about and said in a voice loud enough to be heard up and down the line:

"The lad speaking is my nephew. I will be obliged if you will allow me to hear him."

The silence that followed could be felt.—New York Times.

Crazy Cloth Scarfs.

There is a material sold in the dry goods stores called crazy cloth, or cotton crepe. It comes in white, yellow, pale blue and pink. Any of these shades can be used for scarfs to throw over the back of a chair, around a picture frame or easel, or drapery for a mantel. Now I will tell you how to make your scarf more decorative.

Cut the length you wish the scarf to be—a yard and a half or two yards—and hem it on all four sides with a hem an inch wide. Above the hem draw out four or five threads all around. If you can draw well enough, draw in outline a branch of leaves, or get a pattern stamped at some fancy store. Outline over the drawing with colored silk or cotton in a color that will look well with the color of the cloth. The pattern need be only on one end, but may be on both. It may be as elaborate as you may care to make it, or a very simple design.—Harper's Young People.

A Cheese Salad.

A delicious cheese salad for those who like the high flavored delicacy is made as follows: Chop the salad very fine and mix with a handful of tarragon, sprinkle with coarse white pepper and add a quarter of a pound of finely grated cheese—Rochefort or Parmesan is best—then dress with a French dressing, from which the salt is omitted and serve.—Exchange.

AN AMBITIOUS ROOSTER.

He Entertained a Host of People from Boston to Philadelphia.

When a Philadelphia boy returned home from his father's New England farm, where he had been several months, he carried with him a young game rooster which had been his care literally all one, for he had seen the little chicken come to life in an incubator, and had made it his pet from the first. Carefully packed in a basket, young Chanticleer began the journey. His owner would trust him to no hands but his own, and deposited basket and bird safely in his stateroom on the boat. In proper season he gave his charge a rooster's supper, and at his own bedtime, seeing that his pet was well disposed for the night, went to sleep to dream of the dear farm he was leaving behind.

All went well till the first streak of daylight appeared. Chanticleer was not "house trained," and being proud of the lusty, discordant crow he was just acquiring, nature commanded him to herald the dawn with true barnyard vigor.

The first few peals fitted themselves beautifully into the boy's dreams of the farm. Soon a particularly strident crow waked him completely, and left no doubt in his mind that his pet was acting in a very questionable manner. Crowing on a farm, even badly, may be a worthy accomplishment, but in the stateroom of a sound steamer, before the passengers want to get up, it is quite another thing.

Evidently the rooster felt more at home than the boy, for he continued his clarion call at frequent intervals with increasing fervor.

The boy rolled out of his berth and tried to awe the bird by peering sternly into the basket. For a moment Chanticleer was silenced, but the boy's eye was not a lion tamer's, and even as he looked the bird crowed again. At a rough count this was the tenth peal.

Murmurings of discontent could be heard from the surrounding staterooms. "Wring that bird's neck," called out one sleepy traveler. A better natured man was heard to laugh, and more distant came the words, in undoubted Yankee twang:

"Wal, I swan, if I didn't think I was back in the state of Maine, and chore time was here."

Strangulation seemed the only cure, and then the boy would not have inflicted at the command of the captain and all the boat's officers. The rooster kept on crowing, and the funny side of the affair struck its owner more and more forcibly. As he chuckled the rage of his neighbors increased, and he soon heard sounds of getting up, dressing and indignant protests against traveling with a barnyard. The angry man said:

"There's no more rest in this part of the boat, and I'd rather shiver on deck as we go through Hell Gate than hear such a din."

Stateroom doors slammed. The rooster had won the day, early as it was. In the train from New York to Philadelphia the crowing went on, and when they reached the Broad Street station, the tally the boy had carefully kept since the tenth outburst showed the alarming record of 177 crows.

It was not altogether "bad fun" for the boy, but it was after all somewhat embarrassing, and he decided he would not manage another "personally conducted tour," with a young rooster as chief traveler.—Youth's Companion.

How to Make Gas.

To make coal gas is very easy. Most schoolboys know how to do it at a few minutes' notice. Here is the process which I tried a hundred times or more before I was ten years old:

Get a little bit of bituminous coal—as much as the size of a walnut will answer. Pound it small, almost into dust, with a hammer or cobblestone. Take an ordinary tobacco pipe (one with a long stem is preferable) and fill it with the pounded coal, pressing it pretty closely with your thumb—I should have said nearly fill it. On the top press down some tough clay, reduced to the consistency of putty by being tempered with a little water. Then insert the pipe, filled with coal and closely covered with the tenacious clay, carefully between the bars of the grate, so that the clay on the top of the bowl may not be disturbed. In a minute or two the heat of the fire evolves carburetted hydrogen gas from the coal in the pipe.

If the covering be compact and complete the gas flows out of the long stem of the pipe, which projects out of the fire, and you can immediately see and smell it.

The smell is that of escaped gas—which is so unpleasant and unwholesome when perceived in a room—and the appearance is that of a thick smoke. Then apply a lighted match to this vapor which, being inflammable, instantly is all aflame—burning brightly until all the coal in the bowl of the pipe has parted with its gas. When this is done there is an end of the flame.

Take the pipe out of the fire, remove the clay cover of the bowl, and the residuum remaining therein is coke!

Now, this is the distillation of gas from coal, which lights our houses and streets—only at the gas works the vapor is submitted to processes which purify it, thereby producing a clearer and brighter light when burning. What is left after making the gas has a commercial value.—New York Recorder.

Mexican and Brazilian Coffee.

An agent of the Belgian government says that in Mexico the cultivation and export of coffee will become very shortly one of the largest sources of wealth. The climatic and topographical conditions of the country adapt themselves marvelously to the cultivation of coffee of superior quality, equal to the best Java product. The districts where the best Mexican coffee is produced are situated on the slopes of the Sierra Madre, as well as in the valleys to the north of Cinaloa and on the coasts of Yucatan and Tamaulipas. A large proportion of the Mexican territory consists of elevated masses formed by the extension of the Cordilleras, and declining gradually to the Atlantic on the east and the Pacific on the west.

It has been shown by trials for more than fifty years that the lands and climate of Mexico are adapted to the production of fine coffee. These trials have also shown that the profits for the coffee grower and the quality of the product cannot be surpassed.

The state of Vera Cruz, by reason of its privileged position and its ready communication with the United States and Europe, has become the chief center of the cultivation of coffee.

The Brazil crop will be small comparatively, an official committee estimating that less than 2,700,000 bags can be shipped from Rio during the present year.

Old Sailors Get Sick Too.

"Seafaring men often suffer from seasickness," said a retired navy officer. "I used to get a touch of it every voyage. Not the long continued and sometimes deathly illness of the landsman, but decidedly uncomfortable, nevertheless. It usually lasted a day with me—sometimes only a few hours. It would repeat itself as soon as we left next port. The only time I ever missed it was when we were chasing a Confederate blockade runner. I got so excited that I forgot all about it. Curiously enough, when the excitement was all over I felt a tinge of it as usual.

"It is the bilious temperament. I've been so humiliated over it that I could shed tears. No, I wouldn't dare go off the coast fishing because I know I'd be sick. There is really no sure remedy for seasickness, though the best precaution against a violent attack is to go without eating or drinking on the day you sail. Most people invite seasickness by overloading the stomach just before sailing."—New York Herald.

WHALEBONE IN PILES

A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH STORED IN ONE BUILDING.

How the Precious Stuff Is Guarded—Great Care Is Necessary in the Handling of the Product—Whalebone Is Very Valuable Nowadays.

In a little brick and stone structure on the Potrero shore of the bay there is a million dollars' worth of whalebone stored, and it is guarded as jealously as if it were so many twenty dollar gold pieces or its weight in precious stones. It is the property of the Pacific Steam Whaling company and came off the whaling barks Beluga, Mary D. Hume, Agenor and America, in from the arctic.

The building is a perfect vault with brick and stone sides, iron roof and iron doors. All around the top runs a perforated pipe by means of which the whole interior could be flooded if a fire should by any possibility break out. Rats are thick on the water front and can do a great deal of damage to a cargo of whalebone, so small iron doors have been put in to answer as barricades when the big ones are opened to air the place. Oilskins such as the fire patrol use are spread over the cargo as the final additional precaution that human ingenuity can suggest.

The uninitiated on first stepping into the cold, cheerless place, with its damp cement floor, are apt to wonder why it has all been done. The long black stalks don't look like much piled against the walls, and to hear their immense value set forth is enough to take the breath away. But the place does not always contain a $1,000,000 stock. The season was a most profitable one and in consequence the warehouse is nearly full.

"The lady purchasing a few sticks of whalebone on her shopping tour scarcely realizes the immense risk and the great amount of labor necessary to place it on the counter," said W. R. Wand, one of the representatives of the whaling company. "There is a big risk even here. We can take no chances. In the rough, after a simple polishing, the bone is worth five dollars a pound, and we have at least 200,000 pounds on hand now. When the vessel docks at the wharf yonder we pitch in and work day and night until the cargo is housed here, and then we try to get it off on the railroad as soon as possible. While it is here this little structure is guarded day and night. A million dollars is something of a responsibility, I can assure you."

"Where does most of the bone go?" was asked.

"A great deal of it goes to New York," replied Mr. Wand, "but most of the cutting is done in Paris and at Bremen. A little is done in London. We polish it off here, get the color, assort it out and put it up in bundles. Then it is forced through to its destination as rapidly as possible. You see, the bone with a light or pearl shade is worth more than the black and we have to separate it."

Several of the bundles bore the mark M. D. H. in a diamond. "That," said Mr. Wand, "is the name of the vessel from which the bone was taken, in this instance the Mary D. Hume, a vessel which brought the most valuable cargo ever received from the arctic seas. One or two of these bundles are marked cut, you observe. That is to guide the buyer when the bone is offered for sale. It signifies that the bone is nicked on some portion of it. The value is greatly reduced, and we must therefore handle the cargo like eggs. If roughly handled a cargo of whalebone can be well nigh ruined. The slightest cut in a stalk brings it down in value about one-half.

"The bone you know is the teeth of the whale, and a fair sized front molar is worth about fifty dollars. In every whale's jaw there are 473 teeth, and one good sized head is worth a good deal of money. On the last trip the men on the Jessie D. Freeman brought one big fellow alongside, the head of which produced 3,000 pounds of bone. The mouth of the whale is simply a huge suction pump. The monster travels along with his mouth wide open on the surface. The only food he will take is a little red bit of animal life that floats on the northern seas. He sucks in enough to make a good mouthful, and then ejects the water. The food is sifted down through the soft teeth, and is filtered like a lot of sawdust would be in a sieve.

"This black hair that fringes the bone has a separate value. It is cut from the teeth and is used for making fine furniture. It has become so valuable, however, that it cannot be used to any great extent."

"When do you expect to ship this cargo off?"

"As soon as ever Providence will let us. It is something extraordinary for us to have such an enormously valuable load here, and we won't hold it a day longer than necessary, I can assure you!"

"Ever troubled by thieves?"

"No," was the laughing response. "The bone is a trifle too heavy to run away with and the place is too well guarded. Fire is the greatest danger, and you can see how that has been guarded against."

Out in the bay six of the most unsightly ships that ever huddled together in port were tossing. Put up at auction the lot would scarcely bring its value in old lumber, but those hulks brought in as valuable a freight as many a treasure ship has been laden with.—San Francisco Chronicle.

It Worked.

He was such a looking man as might easily be expected to be able to put up at a respectable second class hotel, and when he went into one last night down town the clerk met him pleasantly.

"Have you any quarters here you could accommodate a man with at this time of night?" he inquired, as he laid a paper bundle on the counter and reached for the register.

"I regret to say, sir," said the clerk, "that we have not. The house is full."

The visitor turned half away, then stopped and thrummed on the counter for a second thoughtfully.

"No quarters," he said, as if speaking to himself. "That's bad, and every place else shut up."

"Yes, it is," sympathized the clerk; "but we can't help it. We haven't got any."

"So I understand you; but say, old man," he said, bending over the counter, "if you've got no quarters mebbe you've got a couple of nickels. They'll do to tide me over a drought."

It worked and he went out pleasantly, almost cheerfully.—Detroit Free Press.

Too Big a Hurry.

Literary man do wife—I want to dictate some matter this morning to you, my dear.

Wife—Yes. Shall I use the typewriter, John?

Literary man—No; I am cramped for time, so you had better use the pen.—New York Sun.

A RAILROAD INCIDENT.

The Story of the Man with the Permanent Position.

The car was quite full, and I sat down in a seat with a rather intelligent looking man who had a newspaper in his lap. He was pleasant and remarked that "it looked some like snow," which was a fact. Then he abused the railroad company for not providing better cars and making better time, and we were soon very friendly. It is always a great pleasure to meet a man on the train who will abuse the company with him and act as if he cared to make it pleasant for his fellow travelers. We found fault with the company until we were tired, and then he said he was going to Allegheny. He was going to settle down there, he said, and stop roaming around. He'd traveled a good deal in his time, but he'd concluded it didn't pay, and hereafter Allegheny was his home. He'd struck something there that he thought was sure to be a steady thing for several years at least, and he didn't see why he might not as well stay right there. In fact, he'd firmly made up his mind to it, and no consideration would induce him to move. He said if I ever happened in Allegheny to hunt him up, and I promised to do so. He would be glad to see me, he explained, any day. I wasn't going to be out done, so I told him if he was in New York at any time to come in and see me. He looked at the water cooler vaguely, and said he probably wouldn't be that way much, as his duties in Allegheny would keep him pretty closely confined. We chatted some time very pleasantly and found fault with the company some more, when he asked me cheerfully if I wouldn't please take off his hat and place it in the rack above, as it was getting rather warm in the car.

I looked at him as inquiringly as I knew how, but not learning anything that way, I asked him gently why he didn't take off his own hat. He wriggled his arms around a little, and the newspaper slipped off his lap, and I saw he was wearing a pair of adjustable steel handcuffs. He also had shackles on his ankles. A man in the seat behind rose and took off my companion's hat and put it in the rack, explaining as he did so that he was the county sheriff, and that he was taking my friend to Allegheny to serve a twenty year term in the penitentiary for pounding his brother over the head with a brick. I then went back and sat with a fat woman who was carrying a basket of eggs in her lap.—New York Tribune.

Virtue in Air.

A wonderful, wonderful gift of God is the blessed air! It does not stand upon its dignity, nor revolt at the way it is treated. It infolds us every chance it gets like a garment; it caresses us like a cover; it dries tears; it soothes sorrow, it lightens affliction. The tortured heart, the overwrought brain rush to the fresh air for consolation and restoration, and always find the same healing, the same reviving influence. The miracle of it is always being performed; the measure of it is every moment emptied; yet remains always full.

We need in our daily lives a broader, wider, truer, more general recognition of this influence. We make a virtue now of shutting the door. "Shut that door; I shall catch my death of cold," is an everyday form of expression. It is not true; it does not really mean anything. Often the open door would let in the chance for life instead of death, but the inaccurate and ill conditioned expression does its work nevertheless.

It gives the child, to whom it is usually addressed, the impression that air is a bad thing; that goodness and virtue consist in keeping it out, because of the mischief it causes and wickedness in admitting it so that it may way work its evil will.

Of course it is not necessary to sit with open doors and windows in cold weather, or make ourself and others generally uncomfortable. What we need is the recognition of the virtue, instead of the vice of fresh air, its inherent virtue, which it holds and keeps at all times, night and day, and which it is the first duty of man and woman to preserve from taint and corruption by admixture from barnyard, decomposing refuse, or not allowing fresh air to take the place of dead air within doors.

If this recognition were part of the unwritten law of our lives, it would not need preaching to enforce it. Children would literally take it in with the air they breathe, and the knowledge of it would be as wide as the sea, the earth and the atmosphere.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Babies in England.

It must be sorrowfully admitted that it is only the child of well to do or cultured parents in Great Britain that is as well and wisely cared for and that is as happy as the child of Japan. There is no doubt that the average of childish comfort and happiness is very much greater in Japan than in England. Yet a well ordered English home is baby's paradise. There he is not swathed in bandages and rolled in a pillow and crowned with a nightcap; he is kept always clean and sweet; he is lightly but sufficiently clothed, and he is allowed to kick and crow and grow strong as much as ever he likes.

He is no longer put to bed in a deep wooden cradle set on wooden rockers, but in a light and airy bassinette, which either is stationary or swings lightly upon hooks. The question of stationary or moving bassinette has become somewhat vexed among mothers, many doctors favoring the opinion that it is neither necessary nor desirable that infants should be sent to sleep with rocking or swinging. The old rocking cradle had a much more fearsome motion than the swinging bassinette. Rocked by a careless or energetic person it would often make the baby ill.

Indeed, there used to be a tradition among humble mothers (a tradition which still obtains in Scotland) that if the cradle was rocked when empty the baby would certainly be ill when next put into it. The rocking cradle with its great wooden hood has had its day (and how magnificent the height of its day was may be guessed from the cradle of James I, that was shown in the Stewart exhibition)—it has had its day, and is now departing into the limbo of things obsolete and forgotten, and thither probably in the course of years the swinging bassinette will follow it.—Strand Magazine.

How Paris Dog Stealers Work.

There is a means of stealing dogs which requires great dexterity. It consists in cutting the cord or chain of dogs that are led and carrying off the animal before its owner is aware of the theft. This is a risky dodge and does not always succeed. It is generally tried in crowds and with small dogs. These animals are always getting between the legs of pedestrians, and their owners—for the most part women—let go of the string in order that the animal may free himself. Then the booty runs from one person to another, seeking to recognize his mistress. If he has the misfortune to wander a few steps away he is at once seized by the prowler, who is on the watch, and who conceals him under his coat. While the woman is looking for her dog in one direction, the thief scoots off in another.

When the dog is led by a man, the trick is not so easy. However, it succeeds sometimes. If, when the theft is discovered, the dog has no collar, the stealer pretends that he found the animal wandering in the street and is taking him to the pound. So the owner is obliged to go to the pound and claim his property. This visit costs him nine francs, two of which are given to the person bringing the animal there.

If the dog, when stolen, had a collar and plate bearing the owner's name and address, the thief first tries to take it off. But if he does not succeed he runs great risk of being arrested. When this case happens, he pretends that he was carrying the dog to the address marked on the collar. This excuse is not always accepted.—Paris Cor New York Epoch.

WROTE WAR SONGS.

TWO POETS WHOSE FAME WILL ENDURE FOR AGES.

Father Ryan Was a Champion of the Confederacy, and Julia Ward Howe Is the Author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

The faithful priest and ardent Virginian, Father Abram Joseph Ryan, was but forty-six years old at death, yet may be said to have lived two ordinary lives. He was in a way dedicated to the priesthood from his birth, for his mother was a woman of the most devoted piety, and even in his boyhood days in Norfolk, Va., he showed a marked tendency to the study and contemplation of divine things. He had, however, scarcely completed his preliminary studies and been ordained to the priesthood when the civil war began, and he and his brother David were soon in the Confederate camp sharing in all the hardships of the soldier.

What a strange contrast does the life of Julia Ward Howe present! At first view it would seem that the supposed or conventional mentality of sex had been reversed; that the man was all sentiment and sentiment, the woman all hard, cold logic. She was from the start a Unitarian, he a Catholic; she the daughter of a well to do banker and a cultured wife, reared in comparative

FATHER RYAN.

luxury and trained in the severest schools of fashionable self restraint, and he thrown at once upon a career of self denial and called to complete his education in the fiercest conflict of the age.

When the Confederacy went down Father Ryan was almost heartbroken. His "Conquered Banner," written soon after Lee's surrender and probably its best known of all his poems, is indeed a psalm of sorrow. He lived to become reconciled and to do good work as a journalist and lecturer, but realized long before his friends did that his span of life was to be short. On March 22, 1886, he entered the Franciscan convent of St. Bonifacius, at Louisville, and one month later died at the age of forty-six. Next to the "Conquered Banner" probably his feelings are best expressed in his poem, "The Sword of Robert Lee":

Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,
Flashed the sword of Lee!
Far in front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave in the cause of right
Its stainless sheen, like a beacon light,
Led us to victory.

* * * * * * *

Forth from its scabbard! How we prayed
That sword might victor be!
And when our triumph was delayed,
And many a heart grew sore afraid,
We still hoped on while gleamed the blade
Of noble Robert Lee.

Forth from its scabbard all in vain
Bright flashed the sword of Lee;
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
Defeated, yet without a stain,
Proudly and peacefully.

Father Ryan stood alone. Julia Ward Howe is but one—though by far the greatest one—of a talented and eminent family. As the wife and assistant of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, the philanthropist and inventor of the latest system for educating the blind, she would have been famous. As the sister of the somewhat noted Sam Ward she might have had a fame of a very different kind. As the daughter of Julia Rush Ward, poetess of the early years of America, she would still have had claims to public notice, and as the mother and teacher of Julia Romana Howe (Mrs. Michael Anagnos) she would have been entitled to the highest praise.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

But far beyond all this she is to be honored for herself alone and to be immortal as the author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." No quotation is necessary. Every well read American can repeat the soul stirring lines. It only remains to add that the author was born in New York city May 27, 1819, and early in life became noted as a linguist and philosophic writer; that she has preached in Unitarian pulpits in many places, has written many books and done much good work in many lines and still lives in the enjoyment of health and honors. Her son, Henry Marion, is an engineer of note, and her second daughter, Maud, is a well known writer.

Why They Failed.

Here is a fact for those careless boys to ponder upon:

Several boys who were candidates for a naval cadetship from the Eighth Alabama district were rejected because the examining physician found that their nerves had been affected by smoking cigarettes.—Exchange.

How to Shop.

Fair Shopper (in great store)—Then this novel will do. Don't wrap it up.

Clerk—Don't wrap it up?

"No, indeed. I'll sit down here and read it to kill time while waiting for my change."—Good News.