EUGENE CITY GUARD.

J. L. CAMPBELL. - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

The Use of Sudden Wealth.

The disposition toward mad extravagance, so often seen in wealthy young men, is not always the result of means to gratify overstrong desires, but of positive "foolishness," or mental incompetence, which, under the pressure of narrow means, would not only never have developed itself, but never have existed. "I have succeeded," said a very great statesman, "because I have never had enough to live on." The silly marriages the old frequently make are in just the same way the result not of loss of judgment, but for a weakening of the resisting power of the will. The consequences of unexpected wealth are, however, as often fortunate as unfortunate, for they are the products of the natural character.

We have seen a man who inherited a fortune very large for his wants become during the remainder of his life almost or quite miserly, but that was only on a large scale, the result of the impulse to save, which on a small one had been pronounced a "wise economy," aggravated a little, it may be, by a feible—timidity about spending, which is constantly noticeable also in men who were born rich. But we have also seen a lady previously suspected of meanness become habitually and rather splendidly liberal.

Serenity, which we hold with the Quakers to be an eminent virtue, often comes with unexpected good luck, and graciousness, too, the latter being the result we conceive of the disappearance either of a grudge at fate or of some inner fear of being suspected of "boeing" on account of poverty. Suspiciousness is pre-eminently the foible of the poor, and frequently though not always disappears with wealth and the confidence it brings, a confidence occasionally so great and so needed as radically to improve manner.—London Spectator.

Where Kauri Gum Is Found.

Kauri gum is formed of the turpentine that has exuded from the kauri tree, a species of pine which is the finest and for general purposes the most useful forest tree in New Zealand. Thirty years ago the Maoris were the only people who employed themselves in searching for this gum, which at that time was to be found on or cropping out of the surface of the ground, where perhaps ages before forests of kauri had stood.

After a few years' exports the Maoris began to dig for the gum a few inches below the surface. As the uses for it increased, its market value rose, and presently Europeans betook themselves to digging for it, until at the present time there are probably 4,000 whites and 1,000 Maoris engaged in the work in the Auckland provincial district, where alone the gum is to be found. Hence the output has steadily increased during the last thirty years, notwithstanding that the gum is not being reproduced, except to a very inappreciable extent, in the existing forests, and these are being rapidly cut down because of the commercial value of the timber.

Within a measurable period of time the production of the gum must cease, although it is expected that at the present rate it will take 50 years to exhaust the deposits in the Auckland district. In some places gum bearing land has been purchased from the crown for settlement purposes, and the gum unearthed in plowing it has been sold for enough to pay the purchase money of the land and for plowing, fencing and sowing it as well.—London Times.

An Object Lesson In Futility.

They were talking about futility and for some reason known only to each other failed to agree. Finally she asked:

"Well, now, suppose you give me an example of what you call futility."

"All right," said he. "Multiply 3,046 by 271."

She took her little gold pencil in hand, seized a piece of paper and after a few minutes of diligent figuring announced the result:

"Two million eight hundred and forty-five thousand and sixty-six," said she.

"Divide that by two," he continued.

"One million four hundred and twenty-two thousand five hundred and thirty-three," she said.

"Very well," said he. "Now, add seven to that and then subtract 1,423,549 and tell me what you get."

"The result is zero," said she, after figuring a little more.

"Well, that's what I call futility," said he, with a laugh. "You've covered a sheet of paper with figuring to arrive at nothing."

Whereupon she became so angry that she refused to argue further on the subject.—Harper's.

The Elusive Lead Pencils.

What becomes of the lead pencils is as insolvable a problem as what becomes of pins. No one ever really uses up lead pencils—no one drinks them, so to speak, to the very dregs, unless it is one of those admirable people who keep journals and cash accounts, and who usually carry a sort of penholder arrangement in which they insert a half length pencil and go on and on using it and sharpening it until it is all gone. Very few people ever get pencils worn down as far as a half length. They disappear before that stage is reached. What becomes of them all? Hundreds of thousands of them annually are lost to young children and never seen again, but what do the children do with them? Do they eat them up? Possibly.

Everybody has seen lead pencils the upper end of which have been chewed into a brush, but children do not possess such ostrich stomachs as would enable them to consume all the pencils that disappear.—Boston Transcript.

Don't Like to Begin on Friday.

"It may be a suggestion of value," said a woman recently, "to remind housekeepers in need of servants that Fridays and Saturdays are almost useless days upon which to advertise. Maids are invariably superstitious about taking a place Friday, while the old rhyme, 'Saturday's flit is short sit,' holds them in equal thraldom for the following day. They want one more free Sunday, too, and will invariably wait until Monday for their appearance."—New York Times.

At Ruby mountain, in Colorado, is a remarkable deposit of great garnet crystals, which, being imbedded in a soft matrix, usually come out perfect in their beautiful geometrical shapes. At least five tons of them have been sold for use as paper weights and ornaments.

A NIGHT IN THE SUBURBS.

Experience of a Confirmed Old Bachelor Who Went Away from the City.

"Do not talk to me of the pleasures of the country," said a confirmed "old fogy," looking contentedly around on his comfortable quarters. "Town is the place for me. Here I have my comfortable bathroom, no end of water, plenty of room and quite as much breeze, I fancy, as at most of the places on the Hudson, besides all the comforts of civilization, and thankful I am to get back to it all. 'Come with me to my little box out of town for Sunday,' my partner said to me a day or two ago. 'It will do you good to get a breath of country air,' and like an idiot I accepted.

"An hour's ride in the hottest, dustiest and stuffiest cars that I ever got into brought us to M——, where my friend has a little house near the waters of the sound. 'On-the-Brink' they called the place. 'On-the-Mud' I thought would have been more appropriate. They gave me a tiny little room on the ground floor, wherein I had no sooner deposited my bag than my lively host thundered at the door. 'Now, old fellow,' he called out, 'we will have a swim.' This sounded rather pleasant, for it was sweltering hot, and we were soon bobbing up and down in the narrow channel which ran in between the two peninsulas of mud, which he had described to me as 'such fine bathing.'

"The mosquitoes were lively and they soon began to congregate upon the top of my bald head. Again and again I dove under to escape the pests, but they renewed the attack on each reappearance and finally drove me out of the water. My repeated diving, however, had had the disastrous effect of forcing so much water down my ears that I was rendered deaf for the rest of the evening. This, combined with a sort of mansard roof which the mosquitoes had raised on the top of my bare pate, rendered me anything but happy, and I was glad enough to retire to my own room, hoping to forget my discomforts in sleep. Vain anticipation.

"After barely an hour's rest I was awakened by the most dismal and continuous howling, and going to my window, which was only a few feet above the ground, I found a romantic setter baying at the moon. After vain efforts to get rid of him I had a happy idea, and seizing him by the nape of the neck, drew him into the room. The plan answered admirably; he was a nice, gentle creature, and we were both soon fast asleep, but not for long.

"This time a small terrier also selected my window as a desirable spot on which to make the night hideous, and his yelpings soon became unendurable. Opening my window I tried the same plan as with the setter, and after various efforts to induce him to come within my reach I pulled him also into my room. No sooner, however, had I again ensconced myself in bed than there was pandemonium let loose; the two brutes were evidently enemies of long standing and immediately engaged in a free fight. With the aid of my stick in one hand and my umbrella in the other I finally succeeded in routing them both, assisting their exits through the window considerably, whereupon they left for parts unknown to settle their differences. This was a gain at all events and once more I courted slumber.

"Perhaps I slept an hour—certainly not more than two—when I was aroused by the most frightful clamor I ever heard. 'Quack, quack, quack,' came from a great brood of ducks, as they filed backward and forward under my window until I was nearly frantic. How long they kept it up I do not know. An apathetic despair had seized me, and I only waited for the day to enable me to make some wild excuse (I believe I plead illness) and to flee me back to town. And no more country for me, thank you. I do not mind an evening at Coney Island, or a regular outing trip where I can fish, shoot and really enjoy myself. But no more suburbs for me."—New York Tribune.

Tattooing Among the Burmese.

Of all Burmese customs one of the most singular is that of tattooing the person from the waist to below the knees with figures in black ink. Every man in the whole of Burmah is thus adorned, and, unless his skin be unusually dark, he looks at a little distance as if he were clothed in a tight fitting pair of knee breeches. This "mark of manhood," which is usually conferred when the subject is between twelve and fourteen years of age, is a very painful one, and the agony, which must necessarily be of the most intense, is often prolonged from three days to a week. The subject, stupefied with opium, lies insensible to the pain, while one figure after another gradually appears on his skin.

The instrument used by the tattooer in doing this dainty work is a brass rod nearly two feet in length and a half inch in diameter, weighted at the top with a little ornamental figure and provided at the other end with a hollow point, divided into four very sharp points by cross slits. Deep as the points of this stylus sink into the flesh they seldom draw blood; but the limbs and body soon swell in a manner that would alarm any one who did not know what the final result would be.

Eight rupees is the usual fee paid the tattooer for his week's work. The figures that compose the design vary little, consisting, as a rule, of tigers, dragons and devils. Each of these figures is usually surrounded by a border sentence invoking good luck upon the owner of the skin wherein they are inscribed.—St. Louis Republic.

How Matches Are Made.

Sweden is the great matchmaker of the world, but the industry is conducted on an enormous scale in the United States and other countries. The wood used is chiefly pine, white or yellow. Timber for the purpose is cut out in blocks fifteen inches long—long enough to make seven matches. After being freed from the bark the blocks are put into a machine resembling a turning lathe, with a fixed cutting tool by which a continuous strip of veneer is turned off precisely the thickness of a match. While this is being done small knives separate the sheet of veneer into seven bands so that seven long ribbons are produced, the width of each just the length of the match that is to be.

Next these ribbons are fed more than 100 of them at a time into another machine, though at first they are cut into 6-foot lengths, and the knotty parts are removed. This latter contrivance chops them into match sticks at the rate of thousands a minute, which are afterward dried in heated drums that revolve. The sticks thus prepared are then sifted to remove all splinters, and the same apparatus that accomplishes this purpose arranges them parallel, so as to be conveniently handled.

Finally they are dipped in combustible mixtures, and although this performance is so elaborate as to render a detailed description undesirable it is performed with as much quickness as the process which went before. From the felled tree to the finished matches all is done by machinery, the boxing only being executed by hand.—Washington Star.

Scientific Calculations.

An electrical writer has calculated that the firing of a small pistol sets free about 600 foot pounds of energy, while a watch consumes about 1-34,000,000th of a horsepower, the energy of the bullet being sufficient to keep the time for two years. An Edison telephone transmitter requires about 1,000th of the energy in a watch. It would therefore be worked for 2,000 years on the energy exerted in the pistol. A lightning flash of 8,000,000 volts and 12,000 amperes, lasting 1-21,000th of a second, would run a 100-horsepower engine for 10 seconds.—New York Telegram.

SPREADING SUNSHINE

BLIND JENNIE'S PATHETIC STORY OF WAYS OF DOING GOOD.

She Has Built a Temple In a Tenement, Where She Holds Sunday School Each Saturday and Sunday—She Has Scattered Sunshine In Many Homes.

In a little east side tenement she lives, a woman "sore afflicted unto God," yet who knows not the nature of repining.

Ah, no! If you ask any child of the neighborhood to tell you the happiest, sweetest, most tranquil person in it, I wager they'll shout with unanimity, "Blind Jennie!"

And it is true as true can be. The light has gone forever from the eyes, a blight rests on the feeble body, but on the peaceful soul and on the mind illumed are lights no doctor's or magician's skill could conjure up, and Jennie, "Blind Jennie," everybody's friend in Lewis street, basks in eternal sunshine.

A simple little story is Jennie's, a story that I might fill full of tears, I suppose, and much sentimentality. But what is the use of weeping if Jennie smiles? Is it not better to rejoice that the little heroine has found so much good to do in the world which has so little good to offer her?

She was struck by lightning many years ago—at least, that is the cause her mother gives of her blindness. This mother, with whom she lives, is a little flighty at times, and that is one of Jennie's crosses, but it is her unflagging industry, going about the streets peddling soap, matches and pincracks, which pays the rent and brings bread to the poor tenement which the two call home. The bad boys often chase the old woman, taking advantage of her feeble mind, and harass her greatly. There is no cruelder beast in the jungles of Asia than the bad boy, and he has not the beast's excuse for cruelty.

After Jennie had been blind some time the disfiguring disease attacked her face. It ate away her mouth and nose and compelled her to wear a thick veil whenever she went out to the church or Sunday school. Doctors said it was a cancer, and attempts were made by kind friends to get Jennie admitted to the Cancer hospital, but the physicians there said that it was no cancer. And so, with that cruelty which sometimes marks the conduct of our hospital attendants, sworn to mercy and kindness, poor Jennie was driven from one institution to another, and none would have her. None would have her! Shame be it on the name of every one!

And so she retreated to the poor little tenement behind another tenement and prepared to live out her life as best she might.

And then began her Sunday school. She did not seek for scholars. They came to her as the sparrows did to look for crumbs upon the window sill. They were the children of the very poor. Some of them were of Hebrew birth, like Jennie, others were Roman Catholics. Others did not know if they had been born to any creed, unless it were the creed of poverty and anguish.

How they crowded into that little room! What comfort they found there under the spell of the blind girl, who seemed to them to talk with the tongue of angels! How they awakened the echoes of a region which usually resounded to the songs and curses of the drunken and the vile!

Two Sundays in Jennie's week—Saturday for the Jews and Sunday for the Gentiles.

One day a little girl came up to the room.

"I want to come to Sunday school," she said.

"But there is no Sunday school till after dinner."

"Well, I ain't going to have no dinner today, so I guess I'll stay and wait."

You may be sure that she was made welcome, and that she did have dinner that day with Jennie and her mother.

And that is the kind of child who belongs to Jennie's Sunday school. There are fully 50 who belong to it, and who attend either one day or the other.

Jennie's knowledge of the Scriptures and of the hymns sung in the mission and at her home is marvelous. If the words of a hymn whose music attracts her are read to her several times, she remembers them forever after. The singing is one of the great attractions to the little ones.

The members of Jennie's class do not meet at stated hours, but run in whenever they desire.

Ah, what a glorious thing it was that the hospitals turned Jennie from their inhospitable doors! She would have been so useless in those warm and cheerful rooms—a recipient of their alms and nothing else, whereas she has turned her tenement into a temple and filled one of the darkest corners of the city with the light and the grace of God.

Hope Mission chapel keeps its eye on Jennie and her mother and keeps the wolf from entering at the door, as it would do sometimes if they were left absolutely unaided. The good people, who are not overrich themselves, help them out with the rent and the coal man.

A few days ago the missionary went shopping for Jennie, and this was what he bought after paying out $5 for the rent: Quilt, $1.50; cot, $1.25; underclothing, $1.50; pillow, 74 cents; sheets, 68 cents; two cups and saucers and two knives and forks, 34 cents, and washboard, 18 cents.

"The fund from which we drew these little purchases," said Pastor John B. Devins to me, "was only $87, but we found that Jennie absolutely needed them, and that settled the matter with us."

There was a great time when Jennie's Sunday school celebrated Christmas. Such songs, such games, such recitations! And then there was a collection taken up to build a Presbyterian church in Pratt, Minn., and when Jennie counted out the largess of her little ones there was one whole dollar to go to that worthy fund!

I wonder if any millionaire in New York gave so largely of his store as did "Blind Jennie's" children!—New York Herald.

Shall We Annex the Embezzlers?

San Francisco papers announce that Lafayette Cole, the noted embezzler, forger, etc., of that city, has reached the Sandwich Islands and is safe. And this emphasizes the fact that if those islands are annexed quite a little colony of fugitive American criminals will have to fly farther. Mr. Cole cut quite a swath in San Francisco as a financier, and ended by getting big drafts on eastern houses cashed. He then fled to British Columbia and thence to Honolulu. He took one "wife" with him and left the another in California, but his legal wife, a most estimable woman, lives in Pekin, Ills.

TRED BY AN ALLIGATOR.

A Hunter Placed In a Peculiar and Perilous Predicament.

In all North America there is no region which has in its season a greater number and variety of wild creatures than the Red river valley from Natchitoches up for 100 miles or so. Bears still linger in the brakes and alligators in the lakes, wild geese and other fowl pause there for awhile in their autumnal flights to the far south, and there are coons, possums, squirrels and many "varmints." Of course the hunters have thinned out the game a good deal, and equally, of course, some of them have had queer adventures.

One such was relating his experiences recently to a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat and told how he was "tred" by alligators. He lodged with a superannuated hunter, who loaned him a dog that had been "nipped" by an alligator in his callow youth and was panicky accordingly. Into the water for birds he would not go, and even on land the sight of the big saurian demoralized him. Well, he and Buster (the dog's name) were floating lazily in a little skiff one day when, says the hunter, "all at once, not 10 feet away, rose the bent spine and goggle eyes of a huge alligator.

"What little sense Buster had instantly fled to the winds. With a wild yell he flew at me and dashed between my feet. Buster was a good sized dog, and I wasn't looking for him. I was completely upset in more ways than one. Without a moment's hesitation I went head foremost into the lake, turning the boat bottom side up and losing the best gun I ever had. I came up scared to death about that alligator. I grabbed frantically at the nearest tree, a young cypress, and proceeded to yank myself up out of that water with great enthusiasm.

"With wet clothes and rubber boots full of water, I was, as it seemed to me then, half an hour getting high enough so an alligator could not nip off a foot, and when I looked down there was Buster trying with all his might to climb the same tree. I suppose it had never occurred to Buster before that he could not climb a tree. He soon discovered, however, that something was wrong with his climbing apparatus, so he gave it up. The boat, bottom side up, had drifted against some trees about 10 feet away, and Buster swam there and managed to scramble upon the boat. He sat down and howled like all possessed.

"I HUNG THERE TWO MORTAL HOURS."

"That brought the alligators—it always does—and there was soon a battalion of 'em, all with goggle eyes shining on me. I climbed higher, and then came my calamity. In squirming about I fell and would have gone plump into the lake but for a certain long, sharp, dry limb. I came near impaling myself there, but missed it by about a hairbreadth. The limb thrust itself between my coat and my back, and there I hung like a grasshopper on a barb wire fence, arms and legs waving and suspended about 10 feet above the water.

"I shouted myself hoarse calling for help, but only the echoes answered me. I fancied that a lurking grin overspread the countenance of Buster; but, moved by our joint disasters, he threw his head back and joined his hands to mine. The horrible absurdity of the situation made it terrible to think of anybody coming, and yet I shouted and yelled for dear life, every breath hoping that some one would hear me and come. And yet I hung there two mortal hours—think of that, and still my arms and legs waved wildly, and still the limb held on."

Relief came at last, but in a way that made the old hunter angry and ashamed. A boating party of two ladies and two gentlemen heard his cries, rowed to his relief, laughed until they were sore and then rescued him. Buster, too, was relieved. The hunter was going on at great length when a remark of the correspondent caused him to close thus abruptly:

"What's that? Am I related to Colonel Ochiltree of Texas? Not in the least. If you don't believe this story, just go home with me and ask the lady you will meet there where she first saw me, and hear her, oh, just hear her laugh!"

A Ghastly Exhibit.

Gallows, guillotine and garrote, shooting and drowning, poison, hara-kiri and the electrical chair! If you were condemned to death and free to choose, which of these methods would you take? All of these and several others have been legalized at various times. In Utah territory during all the years that the condemned had his choice of three methods only one chose hanging, not one beheading, and all but the one took shooting.

At the Chicago World's fair there will be a complete exhibit of all the instruments employed in various countries for the legal infliction of death, among which the guillotine, garrote and electrical chair will doubtless excite most interest. There is a popular tradition that Dr. Ignace Guillotin, inventor of the machine which was named for him, died by it, but this is an error. He died in Paris in 1814, aged 76, and his guillotine was so far accounted a success that it is still the instrument of legal death in France. The exhibit at Chicago will possess great interest—for some folks.

An Odd Kind of a Club.

The Locust Grove Swimmers had a dinner once a year, and each man, whether member or guest, was obliged to eat a whole duck and one complete lemon pie. He who cleaned his plates most effectually was presented with a piece of silver plate. Suspended over the dining table was a great wooden paddle, which was taken down when the toasting began. The significance of this article became apparent when a member, in responding to a toast, told a story which had been heard before. Another member whistled "Auld Lang Syne" and finished the story, thus proving that he had heard it before, and the paddle was put into vigorous use upon the offender.—New York Times.

Where People Live.

It is stated that about one-sixth of the people of the country live less than 100 feet above sea level, namely, along the immediate seaboard and in the swampy and alluvial regions of the south, and that more than three-fourths live below 1,000 feet, while below 5,000 feet are found nearly 99 per cent. of the inhabitants. At great altitudes there are found only the most trifling proportion.—Washington Star.

A HISTORICAL DUEL.

TWELVE SWORDSMEN SLAIN BY ONE MAN BEFORE AN ARMY.

A Scene More Exciting Than Any Battle In the Annals of Modern History—Two Great Armies as Witnesses of the Terrible Work of One Sword.

To give an idea of what a brave man can do if he knows fencing thoroughly and but keeps cool and collected in danger, we will relate a historical duel. So extraordinary is this combat that it would be held a romance had it not been witnessed by a whole army. The hero is Jean Louis, one of the great masters of the beginning of this century, and the duel happened in Madrid in 1813. He was the master-at-arms of the Thirty-second regiment of French infantry. The First regiment, composed entirely of Italians, formed part of the same brigade.

Regimental esprit de corps and rivalries of nationality caused constant quarrels, when swords were often whipped out or bullets exchanged. After a small battle had occurred in the streets of Madrid, in which over 200 French and Italian soldiers had taken part, the officers of the two regiments, in a council of war assembled, decided to give such breaches of order a great blow and to reestablish discipline. They decreed that the master-at-arms of the two regiments should take up the quarrel and fight it out.

Imagine a whole army in battle array on one of the large plains that surround Madrid. In the center a large ring is left open for the contestants. This spot is raised above the plain so that not one of the spectators of this tragic scene—gayly dressed officers, soldiers in line, Spaniards, excited as never a bull fight excited them—will miss one phase of the contest. It is before 10,000 men that the honor of an army is about to be avenged in the blood of 50 brave men.

The drum is heard. Two men, naked to the waist, step in the ring. The first is tall and strong. His black eyes roll disdainfully upon the gaping crowd; he is Giacomo Ferrari, the celebrated Italian. The second, tall, also handsome, and with muscles like steel, stands modestly awaiting the word of command; his name is Jean Louis. The seconds take their places on either side of their principles. A deathlike silence ensues.

"On guard!"

The two masters cross swords. Giacomo Ferrari lunges repeatedly at Jean Louis, but in vain. His every thrust is met by a parry. He makes up his mind to bide his chance and caresses and teases his opponent's blade. Jean Louis, calm and watchful, lends himself to the play, when, quicker than lightning, the Italian jumps aside with a loud yell and makes a terrible lunge at Jean Louis—a Florentine trick, often successful. But with extraordinary rapidity Jean Louis has parried and ripposte quickly in the shoulder.

"It is nothing," cries Giacomo, "a mere scratch," and they again fall on guard. Almost directly he is hit in the breast. This time the sword of Jean Louis, who is now attacking, penetrates deeply. Giacomo's face becomes livid, his sword drops from his hand, and he falls heavily on the turf. He is dead.

Jean Louis is already in position. He wipes his reeking blade; then, with the point of his sword on the ground, he calmly awaits the next man.

The best fencer of the First regiment has just been carried away a corpse, but the day is not yet over. Fourteen adversaries are there, impatient to measure swords with the conqueror, burning to avenge the master they had deemed invincible.

Jean Louis hardly had two minutes' rest. He is ready. A new adversary stands before him. A sinister click of swords is heard, a lunge, a parry, a ripost and then a cry, a sigh, and all is over. A second body is before Jean Louis.

A third adversary advances. They want Jean Louis to rest. "I am not tired," he answers, with a smile.

The signal is given. The Italian is as tall as the one who lies there a corpse covered by a military cloak. He has closely watched Jean Louis' play and thinks he has guessed the secret of his victories. He multiplies his feints and tricks; then, all at once, bounding like a tiger on his prey, he gives his opponent a terrible thrust in the lower line. But Jean Louis' sword has parried and is now deep within his opponent's breast.

What need we to relate any more? Ten new adversaries followed him, and the 10 fell before Jean Louis amid the excited yells and roars of an army.

At the request of the Thirty-second regiment's colonel, who thought the lesson sufficient, Jean Louis after much pressing consented to stop the combat, and he shook hands with the two survivors, applauded by 10,000 men.

From that day fights ceased between French and Italian soldiers.

This wonderful and gigantic combat might be held a fable were not all the facts above stated still found in the archives of the ministry of war.—Lippincott's.

Navigation on the Nile.

From the beginning of winter to the end of spring—that is, while the Nile is navigable—the north wind blows steadily up stream with sufficient force to drive sailing boats against the current at a fair pace, while, on the other hand, the current is strong enough to carry a boat without sails down against the wind, except when it blows a gale. That is why ancient Egypt did not need steam power nor electric motors for the immense commerce that covered the Nile, nor for the barges carrying building material for hundreds of miles.—Harper's Young People.

Peeling an Orange.

If one wants to peel an orange, all that is necessary to be done is to cut with a knife a very small circle around the stem end, and then mark dividing lines from the stem to the summit—at points on the surface of the orange. The skin can then be drawn off just as easily as one may draw a finger from a glove.—Exchange.

The Queen's Big Book.

The largest book ever known is owned by Queen Victoria. It is 18 inches thick and weighs 63 pounds, and contains the addresses of congratulation on the occasion of her jubilee.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Work of the Types.

The editor who at the last moment had to substitute "dead" for "ill," but who forgot the qualifying adverb, furnished his readers with the surprising news that "our esteemed fellow citizen, Simon Smith, is lying dangerously dead."

CAME TO LIFE.

An Affecting Scene of a Tragedy Broken Up by the Principal Character.

Many amusing incidents are recorded of the laughable blunders caused by doubling parts. Among them is a story of George Powell, an old English actor, who was among the great men of the stage in 1700. The play was Rowe's "Fair Penitent," in which the haughty, gallant, gay Lothario is slain at the close of the fourth act, but his corpse figures prominently in the concluding scene. The stage directions provide for a room hung with black, with Lothario's body upon a bier standing on one side of the stage, on the other side a table with a skull, book and lamp. Calista is discovered on a couch in the back. In this, as in similar cases, it was clearly unnecessary for the impersonator of the lively Lothario of the fourth act to represent his dead body in the fifth. It was usual, therefore, to allow the actor's dresser to perform this delightful duty. Now, Mr. Powell's dresser was a rather timid young man by the name of Warren, and on the occasion recorded was lying on the bier waiting for the curtain to go down on the fifth act.

Powell, forgetful that his attendant was employed in impersonating the corpse of Lothario, was impatient to be gone and called loudly for his dresser. He was a very passionate man and when enraged quite violent. He opened his door and called for Warren and threatened him with the severest of punishments if he did not immediately come to his assistance.

The unhappy dresser could not help overhearing his raging master, yet for some time his fears were surmounted by his sense of dramatic propriety. He tremblingly longed for the fall of the curtain. Powell threatened to break every bone in his skin, which threat he, in his dresser's opinion, was a man quite likely to carry out. The situation finally became unbearable, and, with a cry "Here I am, master," Warren sprang up, clothed in the sable draperies which were fastened to the handle of his bier.

The house roared with surprise and laughter as the dead Lothario, encumbered with his charnel house trappings, fled from the stage. The play, of course, ended abruptly, and for once the somber tragedy of the "Fair Penitent" had a mirthful conclusion.—New York Herald.

A Famous Fire Rescue.

In the forenoon of Jan. 31, 1882, the old building at Park row and Beekman street caught fire. The 6-story building had only one stairway and was filled with people. The building being old and dry, the flame spread rapidly, and many people found a terrible death. Just as it seemed that no human being could escape death three men were seen in an upper window. The firemen quickly brought ladders, but the longest reached only half the distance. In the crowd a colored bootblack, Charles Wright, saw that fastened to the roof of the building, just above the window where the men were, was a telegraph wire, and that this wire ran across the street to the top of a telegraph pole in City Hall park.

He saw that if the wire was cut in the park it would fall right across the window, so that the men could descend by it. In an instant he seized a fireman's wrench that lay near by, ran across the street and began to climb the tall, smooth telegraph pole. It was not easy in the wind and snow, but by hard climbing Wright soon reached the crossbars. Quickly he twisted the wire rope off. Down it fell, right across the window! The crowd shouted for joy as one after another the three men came down in safety. For a moment only the boy was forgotten. It was not long before every one had heard of Charles Wright, the boy who saved three lives.—Cor. New York Press.

Greeting a Bunko Steerer.

Sometimes the bunko steerer meets his match. Recently ex-Judge Thomas Lawrence, who has been a practicing lawyer in this city for many years, but now resides in his beautiful home in Nyack, had an encounter with one of Hungry Joe's confrères in which the latter acknowledged defeat. The ex-judge is a Quaker and wears a slouch hat and Joshua Whitcomb clothes. Passing through city hall park an elegantly dressed young man said: "What! Do my eyes deceive me? You are"— But Mr. Lawrence seized the fellow's hand and broke in: "Why, I am glad to see thee, friend. Thou hast changed thy clothes since I saw thee last on Blackwell's island." Slapping Mr. Lawrence on the back, the would be swindler laughed and said: "That will do, old Quaker; I see you are on to my game."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Elsie's Occupation.

It was in the Sixth avenue elevated that one fond mother beamed upon an acquaintance and said:

"Yes, we are expecting Elsie home for the holidays. You know she's been in Boston persecuting the study of music all winter."

And the other woman never even dropped her eyelids as she answered:

"You must be so very proud of her. Not many girls of her age could accomplish so much."—New York World.

Letting the Soul Pass Out.

The writer remembers a case of a dying woman some few years ago in Sussex. She was gasping, and apparently was undergoing the last struggle in great distress. The nurse went to the window and opened it. At once the dying woman breathed deeply and expired. The writer said to the nurse, "Why did you open the window?" The answer given was, "Surely you wouldn't have her soul go up the chimney?"—Popular Science Monthly.

Cost of Living in Australia.

I now believe that a workingman can live here for as small a sum as he can in England. On a Saturday night, in order to see a workingman's market, I went off to one of their big markets to see the prices paid. I found good beef 4d. to 5d. per pound; mutton 3d. to 3½d.; half a lamb, 3s.; rabbits, 8d. per couple; any quantity of prime hares at 9d. each; cauliflower as big as your head, 1d. each; potatoes about half English price.—Melbourne Cor. London News.

Origin of the Coast Indians.

In 1876 a large canoe was sent to the Centennial exposition from the northwest coast. This canoe was made after the pattern of a Japanese junk, of one piece of timber. Again the carving followed the Japanese skill and design.

A lot of Japanese were brought over to work in one of the mills here, and at the sight of them the Indians here said, "Our people."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

"LUCKY" BALDWIN'S STORY.

He Tells How He Rode on the Back of a Buffalo.

"Lucky" Baldwin is the Tom Ochiltree of San Francisco. He has all the breezy grandiloquence of the great Texan romancer and more than the Ochiltree sweep of imagination. But he is far more than an Ochiltree. He is, in his line, an uncommonly good business man; he is the owner of the famous Santa Anita ranch, of the Baldwin hotel and of some of the fastest horses on the Pacific slope.

He is full of reminiscences.

"LUCKY" BALDWIN'S REMARKABLE RIDE.

At first view one would say that no man could have had so many adventures, but it must be remembered that "Lucky" was a man—or nearly so—in Wisconsin when gold was discovered in California; that he crossed the plains in the good old way in 1852, when Indians and buffaloes were plenty and the Mormons none too friendly, when the trains were liable to miss the water, and things in general were in a very unsettled state. And it was in that year that he had the adventure which he often tells of, and in these words:

"In those days," says Mr. Baldwin, "the country swarmed with buffaloes, and on the Laramie plains we had a grand hunt. I singled out a fat calf, shot it down, and without thinking leaped from my horse to cut its throat. Suddenly the horde of buffaloes were moving down on me. Death stared me in the face. In an instant their hot breath was in my face. A gigantic bull was almost on me. I watched his every movement, and a thought dawned on me. Just as he reached me with his big horns down and his eyes glaring I slipped aside, buried my hands in his shaggy mane and leaped upon his back.

"The buffaloes ran as only such animals can run. Before me were thousands upon thousands. To my right and left were myriads, and in my rear was a following flood of them farther than the eye could reach.

"How I escaped their horns, even after I got on the bull's back, and through the mad ride, I do not know. They cracked and rattled all around me. Their snorting and roaring sounded, with the clash of their sharp horns, like the war of a battlefield.

"My hat came off, and I lost it, for I had enough to do to hold on to my strange steed, who was all the time going in the mad phalanx like a house afire. I must have ridden in this way at least five miles. My companions were all long since observed from view. What my thoughts were no one could imagine. I kept figuring how I could get off and out of the midst of the great band.

"Finally we came to a little creek, which the buffaloes had to ford. By this time my buffalo had begun to get tired carrying me, and he had got pretty well to the rear. Just as he got to the edge of the creek I got behind and slipped off, and he plunged in and went on.

"My hat I never got. It took a good deal of searching to secure my horse, and as long as I was in the train I never heard the last of my buffalo ride. Some of them made some pictures and caricatured me riding on the shaggy beast, and they had a lot of fun out of it for a long time.

"The ride, strange and dangerous as it was, didn't hurt me any. At that time I was but 22 years old, and I was exceeding strong and supple and could do most anything.

"Now, I suppose there will be some people who won't believe this story—say it's too big to be true—but John Mellenry, my watchman here, will tell you and everybody that it is. He was in the train at that time. That's where I first met him. I'm a poor hand to remember names, but I do not doubt there are yet many others scattered up and down the Pacific coast who were in the train at that time and will testify to the truth of my singular experience."

THEORY OF LEPROSY.

Result of Extensive Observations Made by an English Traveler.

Some very interesting observations with reference to leprosy have been made by an Englishman named Boyle, who visited Burmah, the Malay native states, Sumatra, Siam, Borneo, Java, Australia, New Zealand, Samoa, the Sandwich Islands and many portions of North America. Mr. Boyle declares that leprosy is increasing all over the world at an alarming rate. In Burmah the evil has assumed frightful proportions. The steps of the great Shwedagon pagoda at Rangoon, the mecca of the Indo-Chinese Buddhists, Mr. Boyle found to be "closely lined from top to bottom with lepers, suffering from that loathsome disease in its worst forms and most advanced stages." A number of the victims examined by Mr. Boyle "presented a most sickening and awful spectacle." Yet no provision worthy of the name appears to be made for the maintenance or treatment of these poor lepers, who are thus compelled to resort to begging to keep themselves in existence.

At Mandalay Mr. Boyle came in contact with horrors of a similar nature. During times of high festivals the entrances of the great Arakan pagoda in that city are crowded by hundreds of lepers, so that the visitor has to pick his way carefully among them. In the Sandwich Islands also Mr. Boyle was strongly impressed by the terrible effects of the curse of leprosy, which, he says, has nearly decimated the native population.

He has a curious theory to the effect that the propagation of leprosy has been to a large extent connected with cannibalism, the disease "being spread wholesale through the eating of infected bodies." He has frequently seen in New Caledonia and the South Sea islands human bodies "hanging up in the native huts, intended for future repasts, though then in an advanced stage of decomposition and exhaling a sickening odor."

Few Schoolbooks In the Home.

There is one effect of the law requiring towns to provide free textbooks for schools that will operate a little against the public good, though probably not seriously. This is that scholars go out from the schools at graduation without the little stock of schoolbooks as private property common to former years. In many households these schoolbooks comprised in the main the family libraries, and they have doubtless in thousands of instances been sources of information and means of study to "children of a larger growth" in the home circle. Now the books have almost entirely disappeared from the country stores, and the citizen who wants one has to send abroad for it. A Maine man who tried to purchase a textbook the other day in a village containing 40 stores couldn't find one for sale.