

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

A NOVELTY IN FLOGGING.

How Agents of a Trust Company Slogged an Emplacement.

Many a man has been badly pounded or whipped and a few have been killed for attention to the wrong woman, but it is confidently asserted that Frank Le Clear of Grand Rapids, Mich., is the first man ever flogged by a trust company. The busi-

A QUESTION OF VALUES.

"Kisses are cheap," said Bob. Blaine. Flushing a widow's glasses at her. "Cheap I call, when a girl as fair stoops to be kissed by John St. Clair."

"No! a word do I desire to reply As I watch the sunset fade and die, And in the shadows that fall about Much of life's sweetest scenes about." "He kissed me, yes, ere he went away 'Twas a memory, he said, he could keep for days."

And Bob doesn't know. Ah, what man could guess one-half that a woman would?

A year later, with softened tread, Bob comes to and says, "He's dead!" "St. Clair?" I ask, and now there lies A wondering question in Bob's blue eyes.

"I thought you know, Bob, is it true That the fellow was really nothing to you?" I raise my eyes, they are stern and cold: Bob's are not—they're alive and bold.

"My darling! Mind! Ah, at this late day— For I know now why he went away."

"But my kisses are cheap—I remember, you see."

"They are more than untold wealth—to me."

—Yankee Blade.



MRS. AVERILL.

man agents of the company were Deputy Sheriff Herman Cowan and Dan Powers, but the company was the prime mover and in this wise the widow was wrong.

A Costly Bible.

The most expensive illustrated book yet made is said to be a Bible now owned by Theodore Irwin of Oswego. It is valued at \$10,000. For Mr. Irwin paid that sum for the work. The original was in seven volumes, 16mo., and by the addition of drawings and engravings it was enlarged to 60 volumes, each 16 by 24 inches, which occupy 17 feet of space on the shelves. This remarkable book contains 3,000 pen and pencil drawings, etchings, engravings, lithographs, oil and water color paintings and mezzotints. Among the illustrations are parts of the "Great Bible of Cranmer," printed in 1539, parts of the "Bishop's Bible," printed in 1568, parts of the "King's Bible," printed in 1763, and of "Luther's Version" and the "Brotherhood Bible." The extender has brought together not only all that could be found of the best and rarest efforts at illustrating the text of the Bible, but also the art of modern painters and engravings, making it the most complete and valuable copy of the Bible in existence. —Washington Star.

THE GHOST OF OWEN'S LAKE.

When Materialized, He Ate Bacon Rinds and Raw Flour.

Owen's lake in Inyo county, Cal., is one of the wonders of the world. Certainly it is the strongest water in the world, for the solid contents of any given quantity are nearly three times those of the Dead sea, and are chiefly salt and soda. Of course there is no living thing in the lake, and the water is as acid even to being poisonous, though fresh water mountain streams fall into it. The lake has no outlet.

For many years teachers who camped along the road, which skirts the lake told stories of a ghost which invaded their camp at night and when spoken to plunged into the lake. No sooner would skeptics prove the story absurd than another reliable man would report that he had seen the ghost. As a family business the dream of it, a few men observed that the apparition was like a naked man and that it picked up the scraps left from the campers' evening meals. At length some of the boldest first met it, but as it plunged into the lake and was seen no later nights the ghost theory took precedence again.

Fashions in Glass.

Very few years ago nothing would please but plain blown to the utmost thinness, either plain or engraved with ornamental designs, but now we have returned to the heavy faceted decanters and goblets, which we were brought up to despise. Which is the stricter taste? Undoubtedly that which we have just discarded for the special quality of glass, which can be rivaled in no other material, is its transparency and capacity for being blown into exceedingly lightness. When cut into facets the former quality is impaired, the latter is not displayed, and the object depends for beauty on its brilliancy, in which it compares at a disadvantage with rock crystal. The virtue of an art consists not in bringing out the highest quality of material than in revealing the mind of the artist. —Blackwood's Magazine.

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THE GHOST.

At length, in the fall of 1871, some unusually cool fellows got a good view of it by moonlight. It was a white man of great size and covered only with struggling hair. It greedily devoured the bacon rinds and scraps about the camp, but dashed into the lake as usual when spoken to, not, however, until some time had been wasted at it by a good marksman. It was seen no more, but so many witnesses declared that it always made for a little point of black lava rocks a careful investigation was made.

At the water's edge was discovered an opening in a rock, and by the aid of the investigators crawled into a cave some 10 or 12 feet square and 6 feet in height. In it lay the "ghost," a dead man, entirely naked. The floor was covered with rag, straw and bones. The county corner was notified, and the wild man's corpse was decently buried, but no information could be had as to the name or history of the poor ghost of Owen's lake.

Bullying Down a Speech.

An old newspaper man in Washington tells this story of Mr. Blaine.

"My first experience with Mr. Blaine was when, as correspondent for a western paper, I endeavored to get him to withdraw from the official reporters of the house a speech which he had made, in order that I might make an abstract of it."

"How much of this do you want to use?" Mr. Blaine asked.

"I replied that I thought I would send about half of it."

"Then I will make an abstract myself, said he, reducing it one-half. I do not doubt your skill, but I want this speech boiled down by its friends." —New York World.

Spiritual Manifestations in Paris.

Why list that 69 persons out of every 100 are more afraid of the dead than of the living—that is, if they believe the dead moving about them? That it is so is proved for the ten thousandth time by recent manifestations in Paris. Now, there is superstition enough in France, and many visions have been attested in the provinces, but Paris, pleasure-loving and skeptical Paris, has been exempt. Recently, however, a dwelling in the Rue de la Soudriere has been "afflicted," as the French say, in a way that beats the poles.

The ushers operators break the glasses, toss the kitchen utensils about and play practical jokes without number. Locking and barring amounts to nothing. The police have watched, but without result. Of course the lodgers have abandoned the place, and the landlord is in despair. Paris now believes in ghosts—at least many Parisians do. The police having failed, the priests are trying their hand, but according to the latest accounts the ghosts are still haunting the kitchen utensils about in spite of exorcism and holy water.

There is no accounting for tastes in this topsy turvy world. A New York woman wears a ring in which is set in a circle of diamonds her first baby's first tooth.

Seneca, when tired writing his treatise on morals, found amusement in going over his accounts and calculating how much interest was due him.

When a woman says that she is afraid of a particular man, it is a covert, perhaps an unconscious, confession that she is strangely drawn to him.

A Cat Family.

A teacher asked her class to name five different members of the "cat" family. Nobody answered till her last one little girl raised her hand.

"Well," said the teacher encouragingly. "Father Cat, Mother Cat and three little kittens?" —Exchange.

In India, up till the last few years, the wife, either according to her wishes or otherwise, was cremated on the same funeral pyre that converted her dead husband's remains into ashes.

A confectioner being curious as to the weight of 500 pennies placed them in a paper bag on a confectioner's scales and found that they weighed 3 pounds 51 ounces.

The central chamber of the great pyramid is a room hewn out of the solid stone, 46 feet long, 16 w d and 23 high. It contains a sarcophagus, probably of the builder.

Of all the possible means of counteracting the effects of confinement in the office, or of other sedentary employments, walking is one of the surest and easiest.

A little 5-year-old, after shopping with her mother at leading drapery establishments, said, "Seems to me that there are a good many boys named 'Cash.'"

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BLAINE AND CONKLING

THE NEW YORK EX-SENATOR'S STORY OF THE LIFELONG FEUD.

A Charge of Blatant and Illicit Fees Which the Statesman Never Forgoes—The Story of an Entanglement That Meant Much to American History.

Colonel Edward Gebhard, a lawyer in the Mutual Life insurance building, said that he thought the true reason for the bitter feeling between Roscoe Conkling and James G. Blaine had never been printed. He said that during Mr. Conkling's life in New York city he frequently met the great Republican statesman from Utica, and on several occasions they talked about his difference with Mr. Blaine. Colonel Gebhard said:

"Conkling used to come up to see me. We were intimate friends, and one afternoon I told him that I would like to get at the bottom of the entanglement between Mr. Blaine and myself. I told Mr. Conkling that it seemed to me absurd that a man who had been a lawyer all his life and a public man, should have taken offense at Mr. Blaine's speech calling him a turkey gobbler, etc. It was something I could not comprehend. Mr. Conkling replied: 'It is just as absurd to me to take it that way as it is to you. You know I have practiced law all my life. If lawyers permitted the animosities of public trials to warp their sensibilities, we would be in a fight with all the world. The true cause of the quarrel between Mr. Blaine and myself is that Mr. Blaine took an unfair advantage of me in the house of representatives to reflect upon my personal integrity.'

"In the discussion growing out of the discontinuing of the office of provost marshal general Mr. Blaine rose to a question of personal privilege. Mr. Conkling told me that he did not pay much attention to Mr. Blaine's speech until he heard his name mentioned. Then, after listening, he found Blaine was making a personal assault, foreign to the matter of personal privilege and alien to the subject under discussion. Conkling said he listened, and the more he listened the more he was amazed, and then he became angry. Conkling said that he so lost control of himself under the impulse of the moment that he went to his friend, Thad Stevens, and said: 'Mr. Stevens, you have heard what Mr. Blaine has just said. What shall I do? The question of personal privilege Mr. Blaine used was a personal attack upon my integrity. He has characterized me as a man who has accepted employment from the government while I was a member of congress, and while in that employment had received fees paid to me by Secretary Stanton, and that the fees embraced pay for services which had been illegally rendered by me to the government of the United States in doing some work in the western part of the state. This work included the investigation of certain laundry franks which had taken place in Elmira, and the rotary came to me and employed me to get at the root of the trouble. I devoted a great deal of time to the business, and the upshot was that the government recovered, through my efforts, many thousands of dollars. Upon my return to Washington Secretary Stanton sent me and offered \$10,000 in payment for my services, which I refused to accept. I said to him at that time that if I was to receive anything I preferred to arrange the price myself, and at all events I would not accept such a sum.'

"Pending the discussion between Secretary Stanton and myself I went to Utica and talked over the matter with Governor Seymour and Judge Demio, chief judge of the court of appeals, both Democrats. I told them that I did not want to take a step which could be used against me in any way. I did not want to make a show of purity that would be ridiculous, and I did not care about accepting a fee that might be questioned. On my return to Washington the check of Secretary Stanton was reduced to \$1,500. Even then I was timid about accepting it, but Stanton said: 'By God! I know what services are worth. I have been a lawyer all my life, and this money you have got to take.' I did take the money. I felt that I had earned it, and when Mr. Blaine referred to this in the senate I felt that he had taken a mean advantage, and I determined never to speak to him again.

"Mr. Conkling told me," continued Mr. Gebhard, "that Mr. Stevens said to him, 'I'll attend to this for you, Mr. Conkling, and will call for a committee of inquiry.'"

"A committee was appointed for the purpose of investigating and reporting on when it became evident that the report of the committee would entirely exonerate Mr. Conkling from the alleged irregularities, then it was that he recognized the fine hand of Mr. Blaine or his friends in the successful attempt to frustrate the purposes for which the committee was appointed.

"Mr. Conkling told me that he never spoke to Mr. Blaine from that time; that all the charges that Blaine had brought against him were groundless. 'That is the cause for my feeling against Mr. Blaine,' said Mr. Conkling, 'and I shall never speak to the man again or recognize him till he is as public a piece as the house of representatives, makes an apology for the assault he made upon me at that time.'

"Several attempts were made to reconcile Mr. Conkling and Mr. Blaine, but Mr. Conkling always said: 'When Mr. Blaine gets up in congress and takes back this charge, then I will be prepared to meet him, and until he does it there I will never speak to him again. Subsequently, during the Blaine campaign of 1884, Conkling told me: 'I have received an invitation to a dinner at which Mr. Blaine is to be present. I wonder what the gettars up of this dinner take me for. I am a Republican, and I believe in the success of my party, but there is one thing I will never do, I will never meet Mr. Blaine until he makes an apology as public as his charges.' —New York Sun.

WOMEN GET OFF CARS BACKWARD.

They Are Usually Thinking of Walking Back Over the Reeds.

After the woman had rolled over two or three times in the dust and made a voluminous display of lingerie, she struggled to her feet. Her face was very red, her back hoarse and her hair mussed and her draperies in most chaotic disorder. She scornfully refused to give her name to the conductor, who rubbed to her assistance, and would not say whether she was hurt. As she turned to walk away the conductor whistled "go ahead," and ladies began to show among the passengers.

"She's like all the rest of 'em," was the sneering comment of the conductor as he jumped on the car.

"I never knew a conductor who stopped his train at the right place," sneered a fat woman who overheard the conductor's remark. "It's the greatest wonder in the world that more people are not killed by the carelessness of these conductors. They haven't a bit of accommodation in their souls."

"Did you hear that woman?" inquired another passenger. "She blames the conductor for that woman's tumble and will in all probability alight from the car backward when she reaches her destination. I have been a close observer of this perverse habit of women who ride on the street cars, and believe that I have solved the problem."

"Why do they turn their faces the wrong way? I saw a theory advanced the other day in a newspaper that left handed women were never seen to take a tumble because their stronger arm aided them to retain their balance when alighting. But it really makes no difference whether a woman is left or right handed. She gets on a car and tells the conductor to let her off at Twenty-first street. She is bound down town shopping and is in a hurry to reach home."

"All the time the cable is pulling her homeward she keeps thinking of how much she will have to do when her journey is ended. The conductor yells 'Twenty-first street!'

"She is aroused with a start from her study, intent only on getting off the car. You have noticed, no doubt, that a cable train always passes a crossing before it stops. There is the whole secret of a woman's many tumbles. She would be safe and happy if the conductor would only stop the train so she could step off at the right spot exactly. But the car passes the crossing, and unconsciously she turns her face in the direction she wishes to go. If she would wait until the car stops all would be well, but the thought that she is being carried past her destination makes her hurry. Before the car stops she thinks of the few extra steps she will have to take if she is carried any farther and jumps off. You know the rest, and there is the true reason why 99 women in 100 get off a street car backward. The 100th woman is on the rear seat of the last car and steps off at the right place." —Chicago Herald.

A Valuable Team.

The man from Saginaw was visiting the national capital to see the sights. One day, on Pennsylvania avenue, he saw a heavy, close, dark wagon, more like a black maria than anything else, and asked his guide what it was.

"It's rather strange about that," said the guide in the slowly didactic style. "You've been talking about the salaries of officials here, from the president's \$50,000 a year down, but do you know the horses to that wagon beat them all?"

"That so?" said the Saginawer.

"They don't look like they could earn more than \$5 a day anyhow. I've got better horses than that to hire at \$5 a day and feed."

The guide looked at his charge with pity.

"Why, my dear sir," he explained, "those horses draw millions from the treasury every year."

The Saginawer man wouldn't have it said so with profane emphasis.

"But it is true nevertheless," insisted the guide. "That's the wagon they haul the gold and silver in," and the Saginawer looked at it steadily. —Detroit Free Press.

Spelling Comes by Nature.

In confirmation of the saying that "spelling comes by nature" the case may be cited of a certain little girl, 6 years old, whose parents are both good spellers. At school recently she was given to write out a list of 78 words, which contained many rather hard ones, such as "hatchet," "receive," "neighbor" and so on. She spelled every word correctly and was the only scholar in the school who did so.

Now and then it happens, however, that the child is a famous speller breaks its parents' heart by proving an incorrigible bad speller. In such a case the disappointed parent may console himself with the reflection that the child inherits his bad spelling from a grandparent, or even from some more remote ancestor. —Youth's Companion.

First Type Cast in America.

It was a good man, Christopher Sower, who made the first punches and matrices and cast the first type in America. That the steel he made them out of is still preserved. They were for a German Bible which he published. "The price of my newly finished Bible, in plain binding, with a clas, will be 18 shillings," he said, "but to the poor and needy we have no price."

John the Baptist sent the message to Christ. "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?" and Jesus sent back word, "The poor have the gospel preached to them." Sower's German Bible was printed in 1743 and was the first Bible published in America in any European language. —Age of Steel.

Education May Not Produce Beauty.

It may be doubted, strange as many may deem the assertion, whether continued education will produce beauty, whether the growth of intelligence will even in age yield the physical result which we notice the authors of Utopias always assume, as if it were a scientifically demonstrable consequence of the new society. —Milton.

Running Trains in Ireland.

A well known railway man who has returned from a tour of inspection in Europe states that in Ireland the trains would run fast enough between stations, but would wait for 5 or 10 minutes at each stop. At one long stop where the driver took water and told him a 5-act story, and the stationer called around, he heard an old fellow in the car next the engine say: "The driver has stopped to let the water get in. I wonder why they don't tie it round, like they do in England." —Exchange.

FIRES IN DWELLINGS.

FEW HOUSES HAVE MEANS OF ESCAPE EXCEPT THE DOORWAYS.

A Trapdoor in the Roof Seems to Be the Only Suggestion for a Means of Escape in Case the Stairway of a House in the City is on Fire during the Night.

Two deaths from suffocation in a burning dwelling have again called the attention of all thinking people to the fact that dwelling houses are not provided with any practical means of escape in case of fire occurring in the lower floor during the night. Investigation by a reporter shows that the law is strict on the subject of escapes from dwellings. Neither the laws governing the bureau of building inspectors nor those applying to the bureau of fire torch on the subject. Both bureaus agree in saying that some means of exit other than the stairways should be provided, and both favor the introduction of trapdoors in the roofs as the most feasible and most effective plan. It is stated on good authority that these trapdoors, while one of the best means of escape, cannot be found in more than one house in 200 on the average through the city.

Chief Baxter of the fire department and president of the bureau of fire escape said: "There were 1,303 fires last year, and 485 of these were in dwellings. Fortunately but few people met their deaths from dwelling house fires during the year. This is not always the case, however, and I have seen quite a large number of fatal results from such fires—the deaths of a few years ago as the result of the fire in the King residence at Seventeenth and Pine streets, for instance, and many others not quite so appalling for their prominence. In most of these cases the fatality would not have been so great had some means of escape, other than stairways, been provided."

"There certainly should be some new clause in our fire escape laws, and the most important one would be one requiring trapdoors in the roof of every house, or some equally feasible means of exit. The present laws are particularly stringent regarding fire escapes on hotels in the city, but neglect altogether the dwellings. It would seem more proper to take care of the permanent population than transient visitors to the city, from which class the hotels derive their income."

"Of the dwelling house fires which occurred last year," the chief continued, "146 were caused by defective flues. It is fair to presume that the majority of fires from this cause occur at night after the fires have been fixed and the family has retired. In fixing heater flues for the night the general method used is to open wide the flue draft and close the bottom draft. The heat ascends up the chimney then, and any defect in the flue may cause a fire. Before the family are awakened the whole lower room may be in flames, and escape by means of the stairway may be impossible. The family would then probably have to jump from the windows, unless the house had one of the illegal frame kitchens in the rear."

"They could then jump out that and from there to the fence. If trapdoors were provided in the roof, however, they could easily ascend and escape either to an adjoining house or at least escape confinement by running along the roof to a place of danger until the fire department arrived. These trapdoors have been suggested, but it is claimed that they would furnish means for burglars to enter the houses from those adjoining. The popular sentiment, though, would seem to indicate that most people prefer to take chances of being robbed of a few dollars than to take the risk of being burned to death."

Harmon Boorse, a member of both bureau of building inspectors and the bureau of fire escapes, and he had always been in favor of building trapdoors in every house. "The law," he said, "forbids the erection of frame kitchens, but at present these furnish the only means of escape from a dwelling after exit by the stairway has been cut off. Statistics prove that fire very seldom occurs in these outside kitchens. A prominent insurance agent told me only a day or two ago," he continued, "that the majority of dwelling house fires were caused by defective flues in the cellars where the heater flue enters the chimney."

James G. Moore, a prominent builder erecting from 200 to 300 dwellings a year and a member of the Operative Builders' association, denounced in outspoken terms the present system of building without providing a means of escape from the upper floors except by the stairways. He said: "It is an outrage on the community."

"As dwelling houses are built in these days, not one in 200 on the average is provided with a trapdoor or scuttle in the roof. I have always favored this manner of building." —Philadelphia Press.

An Important Influence.

One phase of the movement known as university extension has not received due attention. What can the system do toward directing the reading of the young into proper channels?

Our librarians tell us that a large part of the reading of the young is novel reading, and to a certain extent this is an undeniable evil. In meeting it two methods have been used. One the old method—consists in discouraging such reading. There are still parts of our country under Puritan influence in which this is the only method conscientiously used. The result is a resorting to the street and the case of boys and to gossip in the case of girls.

The new method—which might also be called the positive—consists in putting into the hands of the young other reading than novels and exciting a lively interest in it. This requires an effort, but the end is well worthy such expenditure of energy and money. —Kate Field's Washington.

Waiting to Be Called.

The solicitor of a mountain district of North Carolina a few years back was J. M. Guider. On one occasion five colored men of unusual blackness of tint were on trial. When the case was called, the judge, noticing the group, inquired, "What have you now, Mr. Solicitor?" Instantly came the reply, "A flush of spades, your honor." —San Francisco Argonaut.

Too Many Entertainments.

Little Daughter—Say, mamma, won't you take me to Cousin Jane's funeral? Mamma—No, pettie. You went to the matinee yesterday and a party last night. You nuzn't have too many entertainments at a time. You don't want to give yourself up entirely to mirth and frivolity. —Texas Sitings.

Caleb Cushing's "Dog Case."

Caleb Cushing's celebrated dog case with Fernando Wood went the rounds of all the papers in the country. Being much distributed and unable to sleep on account of the barking of a dog owned by the latter, Cushing, after trying in vain to have the dog sent away, swore out a warrant against Wood for maintaining a nuisance and appeared in court both as a witness and attorney to prosecute him. After an extended trial and lengthy arguments, the animal was judged a nuisance and ordered removed. —Cor. Cincinnati Tribune.

GRUEL FRIENDS.

How a Dear and Loving Woman Tried a Mother's Patience.

In no respect are the friends outside the sanctuaries of home crueler than in acting upon the conviction that what Mrs. Stone defines as "terms of unless introduced" with as justifies them in parceling out your time to suit their convenience and pleasure. Women are most unaccountable in this species of torture. Men have been slaves to business for so many centuries that the masculine gusto of a glimmering appreciation of the fact that his associates must have time in which to earn a living. The cruellest friends is the woman who does nothing in particular and at no particular time and is so fond of you, who have a specific occupation and set hours for carrying it on, that she cannot be happy away from you and finds the day sorrowful which has not been salted by a comfortable talk between you and herself.

A very fiend of affectionate barbarity was a rich and idle woman who chose as her bosom friend the busy wife of a city clergyman and the mother of five children. Of these children she was also the governess until the boys were ready for the college preparatory school and sent her three girls from the family schoolroom to Smith and Vassar. She judged rightly that she would lay the foundation rudiments of thorough scholarship more conscientiously than hired instructors and enjoyed the noble task. Her husband's passionate desire that that part of the day lying between 9 and 1 o'clock should be devoted to her pupils, and to the credit of those who did not aspire to the honor of such intimacy at the rectory as might warrant reversal of household arrangements, it may be stated that her eccentricity in this regard was generally respected.

The wealthiest vestryman's wife, by virtue of her peculiar attachment to the industrious householder, spurred regulations not of her own making and declared her independence by word and deed. The rector's wife loved her for many excellent qualities and valued her answering esteem. I think, nevertheless, that Mephistophiles would have been a more welcome apparition than the smiling visage that presented itself twice or thrice each week at the study door with the coaxing apology:

"I know you can't bear morning calls, but I was actually finishing for a glimpse of you. I'll just sit over here in the corner with my fancy work and never slip a syllable—just fancy my eyes and ears. The children don't mind the presence of mamma's dearest friend."

The children did mind, and mamma more than they, an intruder who distracted eyes and thoughts and embarrassed recitations none the less for the frequency of the visitation. A gravel stone in the shoe is one of the minor ills of the daily walk to which the flesh is slow to become reconciled. A common acquaintance could have been denied at the outer entrance, or had she reached the parlor could have been bowed out into the drawing room. An uncommon friend grappled with the sufferer at a fatal short distance. —Marion Harland in Harper's Bazar.

Prior as a Diplomat.

Prior had several qualifications for diplomatic work. Though he must sometimes have been hampered by his humble origin, he never failed to maintain the dignity of his official position. His special knowledge of commerce, his readiness, his humor, his fluency in French, his familiarity with Horace (a useful accomplishment in the Angloman age) and even "ex visage de bois," as Bolingbroke called it, must often have been of service to him. But Prior's life when he had the honor of representing Queen Anne at the French court was not happy. His letters during that period show that he was uneasy about the prospects of his party and felt his own position to be insecure.

In those days, moreover, the British government was not a good paymaster; generals had sometimes to find money from their own pockets to pay their soldiers, and ambassadors' salaries were often in arrears. When the crash came Prior found himself in an unfortunate plight. He was looked coldly on both by the new administration and by his own party. It was stated that he had made revelations, and it was even supposed that his indiscretion was the cause of Bolingbroke's ill judged flight. For this malicious report there is, so far as we know, no trustworthy foundation. —London Athenaeum.

One Form of City Charity.

A grocer complains bitterly because wealthy patrons of his establishment send trays and papers there with notes saying: "Mr. B—, give this man a pound of crackers and a box of sardines," or "the bearer would like four bundles of kindling and a pound of coffee." The applicants get the stuff because the grocer wants to retain the custom of those who send them and who have not the slightest intention of paying for goods thus given away. "It's pretty cheap charity for those rich people to engage in," says he, "but my experience is that it hurts a rich man worse to give a dollar than it does a poor man." —New York Sun.

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The solicitor of a mountain district of North Carolina a few years back was J. M. Guider. On one occasion five colored men of unusual blackness of tint were on trial. When the case was called, the judge, noticing the group, inquired, "What have you now, Mr. Solicitor?" Instantly came the reply, "A flush of spades, your honor." —San Francisco Argonaut.

Too Many Entertainments.

Little Daughter—Say, mamma, won't you take me to Cousin Jane's funeral? Mamma—No, pettie. You went to the matinee yesterday and a party last night. You nuzn't have too many entertainments at a time. You don't want to give yourself up entirely to mirth and frivolity. —Texas Sitings.

Caleb Cushing's "Dog Case."

Caleb Cushing's celebrated dog case with Fernando Wood went the rounds of all the papers in the country. Being much distributed and unable to sleep on account of the barking of a dog owned by the latter, Cushing, after trying in vain to have the dog sent away, swore out a warrant against Wood for maintaining a nuisance and appeared in court both as a witness and attorney to prosecute him. After an extended trial and lengthy arguments, the animal was judged a nuisance and ordered removed. —Cor. Cincinnati Tribune.

GIRLS'HOUSE SLANG.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO COLLEGE GRADUATES.

Slang in the Mouths of Men is Bad Enough, but When Well Dressed Young Women Are Admitted to the Habit It Becomes Absolutely Intolerable.

Dear girls, avoid slang. There are many reasons why you should not use it, and only one excuse in its favor that I have ever heard from any one. —Edward Thorley. Here it is:

Oliver Wendell Holmes, in one of his racy breakfast table talks, says: "Don't think I undervalue the proper use and application of a cant word or phrase. It adds piquancy to conversation as a mushroom does to a sauce." That this is the idea most young people have when they first begin to use it will admit, but unfortunately it is like moderate drinking in its tendency, so intoxicating in its growth as a habit, and they become so "addicted to it" (to follow the old simile), that it seems impossible to make themselves intelligible without it. I have heard young ladies of an extraordinary amount of slang which would be as utterly unintelligible to a well bred English or Scotch gent as Chinese or Greek.

"To quote the veteran philosopher again: These expressions come to be as mere symbols of minds which have grown so weak or indolent to discriminate. They are the blank checks of intellectual bankruptcy. You may fill them with whatever idea you like. It makes no difference, for there are no funds in the treasury upon which they are drawn."

That of course is very severe, but I have often heard quite clever and well educated young ladies using those old "blank checks" to such an extent that any one not knowing them intimately might readily have supposed their intellectual bank empty.

I wonder what Dr. Holmes would have thought of an actual conversation between two young ladies in good society, so called, who sat behind me in the grand stand at a baseball match last summer. I can give it almost verbatim:

"Say, Jen (abbreviated form of Jennie), I've got a short to use the whole of a person's name, who is the 'fy' looking 'sable' in the yellow striped 'est up?'"

"Oh, 'come off the roof.' To pretend you don't know Cob (C. O. B.) is the young gentleman's initials wildly converted into 'Cob.' After the way you went for him at the ball last year. You can't 'stuf' me with that kind of gar. Miss Innocent."

"Oh, is that Cob? He must be 'of' his nut 'to 'rig' himself in such a 'swaggy' way."

"Oh, Jen, look at Cob now! He is horribly 'rattled.' Mabe (short for Mabel) 'slung a glance' at him, and he lost his head as well as his base."

"Is she 'mashed' on Cob?'"

"Ha, ha! 'Pull down your vest! Do you think Mabe is 'of' her base? She likes him 'to trot her round' and 'stump up the needed' for ice cream, etc., but she likes Alf Jones better 'all the same-er.' You can 'bet your sweet life she won't marry Cob.'"

"Look at him now. 'You bet' he's 'sting'!"

"Get there, Eli! 'Rodriguez' 'That was 'lost' run! and so on all faulted all mummum. All this is a perfectly admissible vice, and they were seemingly aware that there was anything incorrect out of the usual in their conversation. Probably there was not, and yet those two young ladies were college graduates and were possessed of more than average ability.

If you think this description exaggerated, listen critically to the next unrestrained conversation between two young ladies whom you know to be guilty of using slang freely. I fancy I hear you say, "But I never could talk like that." Take care! Just as confident ones as you have begun by using a few slang words—"they are so ended and expressive, you know?"—and ending by forming a vulgar and enslaving habit which took great strength of mind and firm perseverance to break. The worst stage of a slang devotee is when she grows utterly unconscious of or indifferent to the habit. There is very little hope of improvement for her. The only safe way is never to form the habit at all.

Dear young girls, on you the "fugacity of the future" in great measure depends. You are the coming mothers and teachers and will have an all powerful influence in molding the language of the next generation to come and numberless generations after that. See to it that it is a language of intelligence, grace and purity. —Miss Frank Davis in Wives and Daughters.

The Value of a Good Address.

Young men should study to talk well—to state their propositions with clearness and force that will make their hearers feel that the speaker has reached the gist of the matter, and that his opinion is of some weight. You will notice a man coming into the office. There is something in his very appearance and the way he carries himself that commands respect and attention. A canvasser for a book came into my office only yesterday who was a splendid illustration of it. I had no intention of buying his little book. But he was well dressed and intelligent. He seemed to understand my wants, and in five minutes we were talking busily together. He sold me \$125 worth of books.

I think that a good personal address is something too little cultivated. I would rather have it than a profession. —Interview in New York Press.

A Sure Sign.

When a young man talks about the business of "our firm" in a pitch of voice that can be heard from one end of a street car to the other, it is a sure sign that his wages have been raised to \$2 a week. —New York Herald.

Convicted.

Judge—Prisoner, do you acknowledge your guilt?

Prisoner—No, my lord. The speech for the defense has convinced even me of my innocence. —Exchange.

It is worth while for a man to venture his life to carry a rope to a stick or to save a great cause, but to win a line in a college paper or the applause of a crowd—is such glory worth the price?

Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote a novel which he called "The House of Seven Gables." His son Julian (who is the father of seven children, calls his house "The House of Seven Gables."