# EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

### THE CHILDREN'S LAND.

I know a land, a beautiful land,
Fairer than isles of the east,
Where the farthest hills are rainbow spanned
And mirth holds an endless feast;
Where tears are dried like the morning dew,
And joys are many and griefs are few;
Where the old each day grows glad and new,
And life rings clear as a bell.
Oh, the land where the chimes speak sweet and true
Is the land where the children dwell!

There are beautiful lands where the rivers flow
Through valleys of ripened grain;
There are lands where armies of worshipers know
No God but the god of gain.
The chink of gold is the song they sing,
And all their lifetime harvesting
Are the glittering joys that gold may bring,
In measures they buy and sell;
But the land where love is the coin and king
Is the land where the children dwell!

They romp in troops through this beautiful land
From morning till set of sun,
And the drowsy fairies have sweet dreams planned
When the little tasks are done.
Here are no strivings for power and place,
The last are first in the mimic race,
All hearts are trusted, all life is grace,
And peace sings "All goes well"—
For God walks daily with unveiled face
In the land where the children dwell!
—John Jerome Rooney.

**Thoroughly Confused.**

The elevated stations are a constant source of turning about to absentminded folk. Those at crowded thoroughfares, where there are stairs not only on both sides of the avenue, but also of the cross street, prove particularly confusing to "transients."

The other day a young woman not often in New York stopped at one of these to ask the guard a question:

"You're on the up town track," he answered; "go down stairs and cross the street."

Down stairs she went, crossed Twenty-third street and appeared again.

"I told you," repeated the man on seeing her, "to go down and cross the street."

Thoroughly bewildered, she went down, recrossed and once more presented herself before the same guard.

"What ails you?" he cried. "I said go down and cross the street."

Down she crept, abashed, crossed the street and climbed the stairs for the fourth time. As she reached the top she peered cautiously over. There stood that man. She gathered up her skirts, and turning on tiptoe raced down again at the top of her speed.

A little reflection on the curbstone sent her finally rejoicing across the avenue to the other track.—New York Times.

**About Carrying Canes.**

"Some persons," said a promenader, "seem inclined to make sport of the young man who carries his cane by the middle with the head downward. My own impression is that it is a reasonable and sensible practice. Some people carry canes and umbrellas horizontally under their arms, and some swing them about thoughtlessly to the danger and discomfort of others. There are many, however, who carry their canes carefully in a vertical position by their sides, and next to these, so far as the public safety is concerned, I should certainly class the young man who carries his cane by the middle. There is little to fear from a cane so carried, for usually its head or crook is heavy enough to bring the cane on a line that is nearer vertical than horizontal, and it is almost certain to be carried steadily in one position and not flourished about."—New York Sun.

**Storage of Health.**

Now, in summer is the storage time for health, and girls need to be looked after kindly to make the most of their vacations for strength and beauty. Strange we never think of strength as a factor of beauty, when it is the main one. Force of the heart sends the blood freely through all the fine capillaries of the skin, so that waste and repair are carried briskly on, with the result of a clear, brilliant complexion. A skin in good working order throws off the hundred frets and ails of duller systems, and its reaction frees it from freckle, blotch and pimple. The strong digestion uses what is sent it to good purpose, and does not make obstruction of its cereals or go acrid over new potatoes and brown gravy.

A girl with a rich complexion will be able to ride, walk, dance or work far better than a pasty faced creature who has hardly vitality enough to carry on her internal economy. The beauty may not be used to work, but the ability is there to be developed, and all the better for the preservation of her looks if she trains it to use. Strength and nerve are the foundations of beauty.—Shirley Dare.

**Womans' First Duty.**

The lecturer at a household club talked to her audience the other day about the moral side of good cookery, and told her hearers that she believed the immoral side to be found in bakers' pies, bread and cake, in canned meats, vegetables and preserves.

The woman who, to gain time for what she calls the higher needs of her family, or for her own culture, habitually shifts her cooking to the shoulders of the grocer or caterer, is robbing her husband and children of health and strength, and using her money for household expenses in the most extravagant way. One may belong to a dozen clubs and be a bright and shining light therein, may paint china, sing divinely and feed and clothe the heathen, but the duty that lies nearest her, and the foundation of all true advancement, begins with nutritious and suitable food daintily served.—New York Post.

**Hot Water for Sunburn.**

An excellent remedy for sunburn following a yachting trip or any excursion is hot water. The application should last fully twenty minutes, and is made by means of wringing out soft cloths in water as hot as can be borne and bathing the face with them, wiping gently downward and pressing and holding the cloth against the face. It is remarkable how much of the heat and burn put there by the sun will leave the skin after such treatment.—Exchange.

The bayonet is so called because it was first used, it is said, near Bayonne. A Basque regiment, having exhausted their ammunition, placed long knives in the barrels of their muskets and made the original bayonet charge.

The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder—a waif, a nothing, a no man. Have a purpose in life, and having it throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you.—Carlyle.

The eyes of hares are never closed, as they are unprovided with eyelids. Instead, therefore, they have a thin membrane, which covers the eye when asleep and probably also when at rest.

## FOLKLORE OF THE PUEBLO INDIANS.

**How the Old Inhabitants of New Mexico Hand Down Their Traditions.**

Despite all their progress in civilization, despite their mental and physical acuteness and their excellent moral qualities, the Teewahn are in some things but overgrown children. Their religion is one of the most complicated systems on earth. Besides the highest deities all the forces of nature, all animals, as well as many things that are inanimate, are invested by them with supernatural powers. They do not worship idols, but images and tokens of unseen powers are revered. They do nothing without some reason, generally a religious one, and whatever they observe they can explain in their own superstitious way.

Every custom they have and every belief they own has a reason which to them is all sufficient, and for each they have a story. There is no duty to which a Pueblo child is trained in which he has to be content with the bare command, "Do thus;" for each he learns a fairy tale designed to explain how people first came to know that it was right to do thus, and detailing the sad results which befell those who did otherwise.

It is from this wonderful folklore of the Teewahn that I have learned—after long study of the people, their language, customs and myths—and taken, unchanged and unembellished, this series of Indian fairy tales.

The use of books is not only to tell, but to preserve; not only for today, but for ever. What an Indian wishes to perpetuate must be saved by tongue and ear, by "telling down," as were the world's first histories and poems. This oral transmission from father to son is of sacred importance with natives. Upon it depends the preservation of the amusements, the history, the beliefs, the customs, and the laws of their race. A people less observant, less accurate of speech and of memory, would make a sad failure of this sort of record; but with them it is a wonderful success. The story goes down from generation to generation, almost without the change of a word.

Here in Isleta, the quaint pueblo of the Teewahn where I am living, I have become deeply interested not only in the folk stories themselves, but also in the manner of handing them down. Winter is the season for story telling. Then the thirsty fields no longer cry for water, the irrigating ditches have ceased to gnaw at their banks and the men are often at leisure.

Then of an evening if I go out to visit some vecino (neighbor) I am likely to find in the great adobe living room a group of very old men and very young boys gathered about the queer little corner fireplace with its blazing upright sticks. They, too, have come a-visiting. The young men are gathered in another corner by themselves, eating roasted corn and talking in whispers so as not to disturb their elders, for respect to age is the corner stone of all Indian training. They are not required to listen to the stories, being supposed to know them already.

As I come in, kindly old Tata (grandfather) Lorenso is just beginning a story in the musical Teewahn, and one of the boys runs to bring me a little hewn wooden stool that I may join the circle. Lorenso pauses to make a cigarette from the material in my pouch (they call me "Por Todos," because I have tobacco "for all"), explains for my benefit that this is a story of the beginning of Isleta, pats the head of the chubby boy at his knee, and begins again.—C. L. Lummis in St. Nicholas.

**When It Hurt.**

An army surgeon in the late civil war had occasion to lance an abscess for a poor fellow at Camp Douglas, and as the sore was obstinate it became necessary to use the knife twice. The operation was not a very painful one, but the patient declared that it had nearly killed him, and when a third resort to the lancet was proposed he protested that he could never go through the operation alive.

The surgeon promised to make it easy for him, and calling up a few of the loungers ordered one of them to hold his hands close over the patient's eyes and two others to grasp his hands firmly.

"This arrangement," explained the doctor, "is said to prevent pain in such an operation. Now lie perfectly quiet, and when I say 'Now!' prepare yourself."

The surgeon at once began quietly with his work, and in a short time had completed the operation without the least trouble, the patient lying as quiet as though in sleep.

When all was done, the surgeon laid aside the knife and said "Now!" Such a roar came from the lips of the sick man as is seldom heard from any human being. He struggled to free himself, yelling, "Oh, doctor, you're killing me!"

Shouts of laughter soon drowned his cries, and he was told the operation had been all over before the signal was given. It was a good joke; but it is doubtful if the poor fellow could ever be made to believe that he did not feel actual pain immediately after that fatal "Now!"—Medical News.

**The Aim of Science.**

The grasp of the human understanding expands every day. It is only a few years since Humboldt conceived the mighty truth that Cosmos—the universal organization of things—was one system, however many universes it may contain, each atom in it depending upon and having relation to all of the others. Next came Lamarck, who showed that all animals are kin. Then followed the great inventor of the spectroscope, who proved that all of the stars are composed of the same sorts of materials as those which make up the earth. Finally came the discoverers who learned that the invisible powers of nature—heat, light, sound, electricity, magnetism, etc.—are all forms of motion. All these propositions have been demonstrated. What the most advanced scientists are striving now to prove is that mind and matter are one and the same. That proposition represents the highest intellectual effort of the age.—Interview in Washington Star.

**His Way of Showing His Love.**

"You wrong him, papa. He does not love me for my money. He scoffs at the world's sordid eagerness for wealth."

"What proof have you, child?"

"Why, only last night he told me he didn't care if he never was able to make a penny in his life if he only had me!"—Exchange.

**Water Like a Sheet of Fire.**

Three miles an hour is about the average speed of the gulf stream. At certain places, however, it attains a speed of 54 miles an hour, the extraordinary rapidity of the current giving the surface the appearance of a sheet of fire.—St. Louis Republic.

## BONES OF MASTODONS.

### WHY COMPLETE SKELETONS ARE RARELY FOUND NOWADAYS.

**Portions of Animals Are Frequently Carried Away by Smaller Creatures and Then the Bones Generally Decompose. Evidence That Men Saw Them.**

A reporter has had an interesting talk with Professor Ward on the subject of the mastodon remains discovered at Oakfield. "A man came to me yesterday," said he, "and showed me a rib which he said he had dug up. It was certainly a mastodon rib. He said he was going to dig for the rest of it, but I doubt if he finds very much more. You can easily see how this might be. Suppose an ox gets stuck in the mud and dies, wolves tear the flesh and gnaw the bones; perhaps a skunk will carry some of the smaller ones into his hole. Bones decompose. If there is a flood they become scattered.

"So, you see, before time has dug a grave in which the remains of our imaginary ox may rest undisturbed for ages, chance has scattered them far and wide. So it is with the fossil remains of the mastodon and mammoth, and the man who finds one bone of the animal and digs for the rest is very apt to be disappointed. There is hardly a county in the United States west of New England where remains of mastodons have not been found at one time or another. The country was full of them. I believe that a mastodon tooth was found in this city some twenty years ago, and several bones were found near the Brighton lock. The mammoth bore about the same relation to the mastodon that the Indian elephant does to the African.

"Mastodons were more numerous in this country and mammoths in Europe and Asia.

THE STUDY OF BONES.

"I have here," continued Professor Ward, "the skull and upper jaw of a baby mastodon which, as you see, is very perfect. The teeth are milk teeth, and you can see one of the second teeth imbedded in the upper jaw. The teeth formed at the rear and were pushed forward. I say a baby mastodon, and so it was; but it was as large as the largest ox to be seen at a county fair. Under the upper layer of skull you see this sort of honeycomb of bone. You know enough of anatomy to remember that the human skull is composed of an upper and under layer of hard bone, with softer bone between. The human head does not require to be large to be in proportion to the body, and a caput just large enough to hold the brain is all that is required.

"An elephant, mastodon or mammoth does not require a large brain, but they all need a massive head. Here you have the upper and under layer, as in the human skull, but the porous bone between is magnified enormously. It is nearly a foot in thickness in some of the larger specimens. I remember when I was on the coast of Africa seeing what I supposed to be an enormous hornet's nest. The natives told me it was the head of an elephant which they had killed three or four years previous. The upper layer of the skull had been shelled off, leaving the middle honeycomb of bone exposed to view. It was some time before I could bring myself to believe that it was really an elephant's skull."

Professor Ward showed his visitor his collection of mammoth and mastodon bones. He has nearly enough of different sizes to reconstruct an entire animal, but, of course, the variation in size would prevent this. It is much more satisfactory in the results obtained to take these specimens for models and reconstruct a skeleton from wood. "I suppose," said the reporter, after a prolonged inspection of these curiosities, "I suppose that human eyes never saw these wonderful animals that roamed over the country in such vast numbers so long ago."

THE ONLY EVIDENCE.

"You are mistaken," said Professor Ward, "though your mistake has been that of the world of science until recently. Bones of the mastodon have been found split open in such a way that the object of breaking them was evident. It was to obtain the marrow within. But more, the stone head of a hatchet with which the work was done has been found near by. Now, there are no animals which use stone hatchets to break up bones. That hatchet head was once the implement of some primeval warrior. A shoulder blade of the mastodon, a bone comparatively thin, has been found pierced, as if by a spear, and the spear head has been found with it. The spear was evidently thrust in and withdrawn from the body of the animal, and when it was withdrawn its head was probably torn off. Monkeys don't carry spears.

"But, though these evidences are convincing enough, they are not the best proof we have that man existed in the days of the mammoth and the mastodon and has survived them both. Antiquarians who have spent so much time in an endeavor to discover the meaning of the mounds erected by the mound builders have made one thing certain. Many of these mounds were constructed in the shape of animals and birds. There on the wall hang a number of facsimiles of these mounds. They were prepared by a member of the Milwaukee Historical society. There is one which evidently represents a hawk or some similar bird of prey with outstretched wings, and there is another which evidently portrays some squirrellike animal with a remarkably long tail, and here you have as perfect a representation of an elephantlike animal as could well be contrived.

"Now, had the mound builders been as learned in comparative anatomy as we are, and had they reconstructed a mastodon as we have, they could never have understood the meaning of the cavity in the skull which indicates to us that the animal had a trunk. We could never have done that had we not seen an elephant. No, the mound builders saw the mastodons before they became extinct. They hunted them and, perhaps, were practically instrumental in their extermination."—Rochester Post-Express.

**Time and Money.**

A couple of bachelors were talking about their forlorn and undouble condition.

"Well," said one, "I should have married long ago, but I haven't had time enough to think about it."

"Time?" echoed the other. "Time? Well, if the adage is true that time is money, then I haven't had time enough either," and they went on their lonely ways dejected and sad.—Detroit Free Press.

**Something New at the Circus.**

Jinks—Been to the circus, eh? See anything new?

Binks—Yes. The children who laughed at the clowns were new.—Good News.

## IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

**Ingeniously Contrived Instruments Were Employed In Torturing Criminals.**

When we read of the extreme care now taken to put murderers to death without pain, it is hard to believe that only 200 years ago criminals were whipped to death, racked to death, torn in pieces by horses hitched to their separate limbs, boiled to death, pressed to death by heavy weights, hacked, sawed, minced or roasted to death according to the court's judgment as to the enormity of their crimes. To make them confess or implicate others, even unconvicted men were tortured till they unfeignedly prayed for death to end their misery.

IN THE PILLORY.

For refusing to plead, as some men did to save their estates from confiscation, they were bound down and pressed to death by weights successively added and placed on their chests. The only instance in America was that of Giles Cory, the husband of a reputed witch, in Massachusetts in 1692, who, aware that he had no chance of life before the tribunal organized to convict him, determined to save his property for his children and so refused to plead. Although 80 years of age, he stood the torture for several days, and by his heroic example stopped the Salem witchcraft madness.

Burning to death was for ages the common legal punishment for witchcraft, and so frequently was it applied that Barrington says that in England alone during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries not less than 3,000 persons were burned to death for witchcraft alone, to say nothing of those who suffered the same punishment for unnatural crimes. There were epidemics of witch finding. One broke out at Geneva in 1515, and in less than three months over 500 unfortunate men and women were burned to death in the great public square.

It is impossible for the riotous fancy to conceive of any prolonged torture that has not been inflicted, and in many cases skilled physicians were employed to see that the accused did not die till the law's vengeance was complete. Of many cases recorded two have a horrible pre-eminence. One is that of Francis Ravaillac, who killed Henry IV of France on May 14, 1610. His teeth were drawn, his hair pulled out by handfuls, his ears were cropped; his nose sliced away; his lips cut off; his finger and toe nails were torn out; his flesh pinched away with red hot nippers; he was racked; thumbscrews were put on his hands, and "French boots"—mechanical devices by which the flesh of the legs was crushed to a pulp—were placed on his lower limbs. His eyes were cut out, his tongue torn out by the roots, his whole body was seared with redhot irons, and salt and poisonous acids were applied to the raw and bleeding flesh.

Then four horses were attached to his limbs, and he was torn asunder. Damiens, who tried to kill Louis XV in 1757, was so strongly knit that the horses could not pull him asunder till, as an "act of grace," his muscles were severed with a knife. After every limb was torn off the body showed signs of life for several seconds.

The other case was that of Titus Oates, the famous perjurer in 1685. He received 1,700 blows from a whip in the hands of a strong man. Skin and flesh from his neck to his heels were cut in fine strips to the very bone, and yet this bad man recovered. He was released at the revolution of 1688 and lived till 1705. It is not well to think much on such things. Yet it is well to occasionally show that the world has advanced in humanity quite as fast as in the arts and sciences.

## ANOTHER DOUBLE LIFE.

**A Female Jekyll and Hyde In Philadelphia.**

West Philadelphia has been the home for a long time of a woman who has led a "double life" as remarkable as any of those that have become famous in the realms of fiction and quite as romantic as any of the numerous cases that have been recorded in the domain of absolute fact. On one side of the Schuylkill this woman moved in good society, was an active church member, a Sunday school teacher and president of a young people's church guild. On the other side of the river she was a professional thief, the associate of dissolute men and women, and led a life so entirely at variance with that of her home circle as to make it seem impossible that the two careers could be united in the life of one woman.

A Philadelphia jewelry house employed a detective to trace a mysterious thief who had been robbing them since the beginning of December last. There was but one clew, and that was a month old. A clerk gave as good a description as he could of a respectable looking woman whom he remembered to have shown some watches about the time a valuable timepiece was missed. A woman answering the clerk's description was caught pawning a watch, and the detectives found owners for several other watches and a number of rings pawned by the same woman. They had all been stolen from Philadelphia jewelers.

The detectives kept a close watch and finally caught her in the act of stealing two handkerchiefs from a dry goods store, where she was arrested. The day previous she had attended church twice and taught her class in Sunday school. She had many aliases and had been ejected from several hotels because of the number and character of her visitors. Her mother and sister, with whom she lived and who are of unquestioned respectability, believe she must be insane and express their determination to redeem her.

**Buying Choice Books.**

A woman was buying some books. She seemed to have choice governed by handsome bindings. She picked up Charles and Mary Lamb's "Tales of Shakespeare." She opened it, and in a minute turned to her companion and said: "See here! We'll get our teeth cheated out of our heads next. This book says 'Shakespeare' on the outside, and on the inside it says, 'Written by Lamb.'"

She would have none of it. She would not even listen to the salesman's explanation.—Teresa Dean in Chicago Tribune.

**The Weight of a Dancer's Clothing.**

"Do you know what the average weight of a premiere danseuse's wardrobe is?" asked Signor Marchetti, the famous ballet master. "This is it: One pair of silk tights weighing 4 ounces; 5 ballet skirts, including tucks, 9 ounces; 1 pair of slippers, 4 ounces; 1 bodice, 8 ounces, the entire outfit weighing 25 ounces. That isn't much of a wardrobe as far as weight is concerned, but it can cost a great deal more than some that take up every bit of space in a Saratoga."

## NAILS THAT WHISTLED.

### A JOKE THAT MADE 40,000 MEN THINK THE ENEMY WAS NEAR.

**It Sprang from the Agitation of Smokeless Powder, and Price's Men Imagined That the Ingenuity of the Yankees Had Evolved Something Terrible.**

"I see," said the veteran, as he twisted his feet up on the veranda railing and gazed lazily at the sunset, "that they are making whole lots of talking in the newspapers nowadays about smokeless an' noiseless powder. Why, we were talking about the same thing when I was in Price's army.

"You know we were away down in the brush in southwest Missouri, where we were all cut off from the world and couldn't get any news from the outside. Well, the story got started somehow that the Yankees had invented a new powder—a kind that burned with no smoke, no flash and no noise. Pretty soon they were talking about it in every regiment, worrying over the thing, and reviving the devilish ingenuity of the Yankee. There was nothing to talk about, and you know how it is in a big body of idle men.

"There was one fellow that took great stock in the noiseless powder story. It bothered him all the time. This was Bill Oliver, of Colonel Winston's Second Missouri. Bill came from up here at Platte City. He was a blacksmith, a strapping great big fellow, strong as a horse. He weighed, I reckon, 200 pounds.

"One black night Bill was put out in the brush on picket duty. Now, he was just as gritty a fighter as you ever saw in line with a man on either side of him, but I tell you, my boy, set a man out in a dark thicket all alone and the enemy known to be near and supposed to be everywhere, it takes all the starch out of the best of them.

WHISTLING NAILS.

"So Bill was trembly and shaky and saw Yankee sharpshooters everywhere.

"Now, in the same regiment they had a daredevil, harum scarum fool—Reub Hill. This Reub Hill was the kind of a specimen every regiment has—a pestiferous practical joker—a nuisance that everybody liked. Here was a rich chance for one of Reuben's little jokes. Soon as Bill had got settled at his post Reuben loaded his pocket with a dozen or so big wrought iron nails, and out through the dark he circled to get in front of the pickets. He hid in a sassafras brush about a hundred feet from the big blacksmith and looked out.

"There was Bill tiptoeing up and down his beat like an elephant on a rickety bridge, dodging and whirling every time a grasshopper chirped or a horse back in the camp snorted. He was getting badly scared. Reuben picked up a right ragged nail and flung it just as hard as he could jerk.

"You know what a vicious screeching a nail makes when you throw it that way? No minie ball ever sounded wickeder. It goes:

"'Whe-u-u-u!'

"Poor Bill's heart stopped with a big thump like a sledgehammer, and Reuben, away off in the thicket, heard him catch his breath as if some one had dropped a bucket of ice water on him. His big bulk dropped in the weeds like a sack of sand, and for about a minute there was not the sound of a breath. Then the big picket muttered shakily: 'Sho, I'm gittin skeery as a woman with thinkin of them Yanks an their new fangled powder.' And he got up and began warily to walk his beat.

"Reuben let go another of his nails, and a third just as quick as he could throw. They went whirring bloodthirstily toward William, and one of them ripped through the leaves over his head, spattering twigs and bits of leaf all about.

AN ARMY IN READINESS.

"There was no doubt about it this time, and big Bill, as he let his musket off wildly in the air, charged for camp, sputtering, puffing, yelling, tearing up weeds and sod and bolting into trees. His trail looked like the track of a young cyclone. Into the camp he plunged, over men and tents, musket stacks and cook trenches. It is an actual fact that he ran over a little foraging pony that was tied to a tree and couldn't get out of the way, knocked the poor beast down and crippled it for a week. His headway was terrific. He finally brought up full tilt against a tough little hickory sapling, which he ran down like a moose, landing up in the leafy top with his hands clawing at the boughs.

"He waked every man in the regiment. Down the line went shouts and bugle calls. Within ten minutes every one of Price's 40,000 men was in line of battle, staring into the darkness for the enemy's advance guard, listening for the purr of their silently fired bullets.

"Of course, the enemy did not come, but the men lay on their arms all night.

"Reuben was too tickled over the way Bill tore through the brush to keep quiet. Next day every man in the army had the story. But it did not take well with the officers. A corporal's guard came after Reuben and put irons on him, and his little joke was ponderously considered by a court martial. That afternoon came news of the enemy in deadly earnest, and Price set out on one of his long, forced marches. Reuben went along. He took with him by especial request of the court martial a full sized black oak fence rail, soggy with sap. He was charged carefully not to lose that rail for three days.

"'The first day,' said the disconsolate joker after it was all done, 'that rail felt pretty heavy, just like an ordinary rail. Next day it felt like a whole tree, but, my! on the last day I thought I was carrying all the woods.'

"It is still an open question among the boys of Winston's regiment whether the joke was on William or Reuben."—Kansas City Times.

**Little Florence's Idea of God.**

Little Florence, two years old—her mamma was trying to explain to her infant mind in reply to her question "Who is God?" listened very attentively to the explanation, and, with a sigh of satisfaction, said: "I love God; don't you, mamma? He's a good old man."

And after listening to the story of Jesus, she said: "Wasn't he nice when he was a little baby! Were you his mamma?"—New York Tribune.

**An Al[illegible] Dreamer.**

A Georgia man dreamed that some one stole his watch from his trunk. He saw the robber in his dream. On awakening he found his watch gone. He went to town and soon saw and recognized the thief that he had seen in the dream, whose arrest followed, and the watch was found on his person.

## THEY DONNED SERVANTS' CAPS.

**Two Pretty Daughters of a Well Known Literary Man Help Their Father.**

A well known literary man who had been the recipient of not a little attention during a brief stay in London, received not long ago a letter from one of his English friends announcing his arrival in America and proposing himself for a visit of a few hours, including one night. Although delighted at the prospect of seeing a man whom he much admired, Mr. L—— was greatly puzzled in regard to the entertainment and accommodation of his visitor, as their modest household boasted of only one servant, and he wished to ask a few friends to meet the distinguished author at dinner.

His eldest daughters laughingly took matters in their own hands, telling him to invite the guests and they would "guarantee satisfaction." The shy recluse, having unbounded faith in his womankind, did as he was bidden, invited half a dozen choice spirits to his little country house and retired to his den and his books with perfect equanimity.

"We make only one stipulation, papa," said the girl, "and that is that Meta (the third daughter) shall be the only one ready to receive your grand English friend, and that you will not mention the rest of us." Mr. L—— readily agreed to everything, and, absorbed in his beloved books, was quite oblivious to all arrangements until Meta, looking as pretty as a picture, in the freshest of ginghams, announced that she was ready to drive him to the station to meet the honored guest. On their return with the stranger the door was opened by a tidy looking maid in the neatest of caps and aprons, at whom the old gentleman hardly glanced as he ushered his guest into the house, merely thinking that his daughters had picked up a rather nice looking girl.

The modest little guest room was most attractive with fresh muslin and bunches of roses, and fairly luxurious with ample and comfortable washing arrangements and abundant drapery. The neat looking maid brought a can of hot water to the door and announced the dinner hour. "How delightful all this republican simplicity is, and how comfortable!" murmured the traveler to himself. "It is just as I imagined L—— would live, and what a pretty girl his daughter is!"

A gentle knock hurried his toilet. "Dinner is served, sir," said a sweet voice, and he followed the attractive looking Abigail to the little drawing room, where his host introduced him to the half dozen clever men who had been assembled in his honor. An involuntary exclamation of delight escaped the lips of the convives as they entered the dining room at the exquisite arrangement of the table. The center was completely covered with soft, green moss, out of which grew quantities of tiny woodland flowers. Blocks of sparkling ice held flasks of Rhenish wine in their hollowed out centers, and candles screened with rose colored shades gave a charming and sufficient light. The attractive hostess in the simplest of white gowns presided with pretty dignity, and two deft maids, dressed alike with dainty freshness, served the well cooked dinner.

The entertainment was altogether a decided social success, and the Englishman was profuse in his expressions of delight. The next morning he took his departure, being driven to the station by Meta, neatly attired in cheviots and serge. His astonishment would have been great could he have beheld the scene that followed, when the demure maid servants danced around the old gentleman with their caps borne aloft on the end of broomsticks in triumph.

"You wicked hussies," said their father, trying in vain to look angry, but failing signally. "How could you play me such a trick! I never recognized you until dinner was announced, and then it was too late to do anything but submit."

"But we wanted the whole thing to be a success," pleaded the quondam servants, "and it was impossible to arrange it otherwise."

"Well, I forgive you," said their parent, laughing in spite of himself. "But mind, I shall never allow such a performance again."—New York Tribune.

**Ask About the Well.**

"In selecting a boarding place in a village or on a farm where water is not brought from a common supplying source," says a physician, "try to get a place where a driven rather than a sunken well is used. The latter in times of frequent and abundant rain is apt to get some surface drainage; the former never, if driven deep enough, as its bore goes down through several strata of filters—clay, gravel, sand—getting its water finally from a source that cannot be surface polluted. People have only to show a little interest and intelligence about these things to secure them. Anybody who wants to take boarders should be alert on the question of sanitation at least and inquiry ought to amount to suggestion."—New York Times.

**The Editor's Dilemma.**

Once upon a time an editor fell into a pit and one of his would be contributors came along and offered to help him out.

"I will accept your assistance," said the editor.

"Thank heaven," said the contributor. "I have at last found something you are willing to accept!"

"Hold on!" shrieked the editor. "Will you try to sell me that joke when I get out?"

"Yes," said the contributor.

"Then leave me to my fate."—Harper's Bazar.

**Patient Waiting No Loss.**

Mrs. Acres—There's a boy up in that apple tree.

Farmer Acres—Wall, ef I start fer him he'll wait till I've clum 'bout half way up th' tree after him, an then he'll drop down an run away. Could never catch him in the world. I'll wait.

"What for?"

"I'll wait till he's eat a few apples."

"What good 'll that do?"

"They'll double him up so he can't run."—Good News.

**A Genuine Antique.**

Mrs. de Fad—That old clock is very handsome, and I'd like to have it, but I'm afraid it is not such a genuine antique as Mrs. de Rich's.

Store Boy—Does hers go?

Mrs. de Fad—Oh, yes.

Store Boy (triumphantly)—This one doesn't.—Good News.

**A Mean Wretch.**

It is a mean wretch who will slyly drop a hairpin in a horse car loaded with women and then smile as he sees every woman make a grab for the back of her head when she notices it.—Exchange.

## WOMEN IN A VOLCANO.

### THEY MAKE A PERILOUS DESCENT INTO POPOCATEPETL.

**Mexico's Lofty Mountain Scaled by Three Plucky Americans—They Startle the Guides by Going Into the Crater—Sliding Down the Mountain Side.**

At midnight they rose from the rude couches in the mountaineer's hut where they had rested, and made ready. How? By dressing warmly, wrapping their feet and limbs in fold upon fold of cloth, since at every step they must break the glazed crust, covering the unmelting snows beneath, and by shielding with thick veils their eyes and skin against the glare and sharp needles of the snow, though it was but moonlight.

Slowly then the three ladies, with their masculine friends, began the long walk. To each lady was assigned a guide familiar with the route, and it was his duty, as well as pleasure, to break the way for them by putting his larger foot down and through the crust, so that their labor was only to put their feet into his tracks.

Six mortal hours of plodding wearily onward and upward, hardly daring to look behind, at least not often, upon the world, seemingly lying in chaos behind them, but themselves pressing up the snowy heights before them, wrapped in the moist, cool glissance of the cloud land. Long, long before the sun broke through the clouds at their feet upon a sleeping, mist wrapped world below did they see his glorious flames spring from the far seas and reflected upon the heights toward which they climbed, though faint his glow till a late hour of that very, very early morning.

But at last, with their feet wrappings cut to pieces, they stood upon the borders of the volcano Popocatepetl. Glad enough were the wornout ladies to rest in a poor shelter, while their Indian guides and cook prepared their breakfast.

INVESTIGATING THE VOLCANO.

A faint mist lay rather than rose upon the air of the crater, and the odor of sulphur was already perceptible. When, breakfast being done and all preparations made, it became evident that the three Americans actually intended to descend to the sulphur beds in the bottom of the crater, the poor Indians were seized with terror. No woman's foot had ever touched these dens and caves, these mines of sulphur, from which their labor had drawn for centuries, from which Cortes obtained the means for the fiery conquest of their forefathers. These sources of supply would be bewitched, despoiled, should a woman's foot ever touch them.

They fell upon their knees and begged them to desist from the attempt. But the Americans had not braved the toil and danger of the ascent to return unsatisfied. Go down they would. The Indians shook their heads and sighed beneath their breath, and wondered what kind of men those fair gentlemen could be who did not seem to be able to hinder their wives from carrying out this awful resolution. But, since there seemed to be no help for it, they prepared themselves to let down these extraordinary burdens upon the windlasses.

Yes! there was nothing else for it but to go down as the gentlemen did upon the crossbeam of the rope, which the Indians slowly unwound from above the fair artist, if so she might be called, keeping herself from being dashed against the craggy, yellow seamed and stained walls by means of a strong cane or stick, with which she pushed herself away from the crater sides as she descended.

One of the ladies, not so strong as the others, became unconscious from the fumes of sulphur and had to be hurried up to the air again.

FASTER THAN TOBOGGANING.

What was the interior like? An immense, nearly circular chamber, of which the floor was an uneven, yellow tinted surface, like a caldron whose contents have hardened, while boiling, in huge bubbles. Crags and huge spikes, of half pillars or sulphurous masses filled in the weird shop of the sulphur gnomes. No language can fitly describe such an interior. Only those who are willing to pay the price which the Americans paid can have the remarkable sensation of seeing and being inside of a volcano. But once more restored to the upper air, not the least remarkable part of this adventure remained to be tried.

Standing on the border, the descent over the snow slopes up which they had toiled the night before looked sharp and dangerous; and too sharp and dangerous it was to attempt by foot as they had come up. The guides must take them down on the patatas. Broad plaited straw mats were these, as stiff as an ordinary half inch board. The guide sat in front with a steering pole, which was also a crook of safety, since, if the descent became too rapid, there was imminent danger of the whole party being pitched head over heels down the steep, perilous slope of ice. Behind the guide sat the ladies, as boys slide down hill, and at a given signal away they flew.

Such a sled trial! Tobogganing a child's play compared to it. The distance which it had taken six hours to climb was passed over again in just fifteen minutes. Then the whole party were once more below the snow limit and feeling that they had once more returned to the world in which they had previously passed their lives, for their other experiences had seemed to belong to another sphere than that of earth.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

**Woman and the Steam Engine.**

It takes sand to run an engine; so it does to run a woman.

There is usually a great [illegible] about an engine; so there is about a woman.

It makes a fellow mad to get left by an engine; so it does by a woman.

An engine is an object of much wonder and admiration to men and of fear to horses; so is a woman.

When an engine goes off the track it usually takes a man or more along with it; so does a woman.

An engine is known by its company; so is a woman.

An engine will sometimes blow a fellow up if he puts on too much pressure; so will some women.—New York Herald.

In passing dishes do not lean against the back of the chair. See that a dish is so presented to the one who receives it as to offer the very best place for taking hold of it.

Julius Cæsar was ashamed of his bald head, and when it became shiny he constantly wore a laurel wreath in the hope of concealing the deformity.