EUGENE CITY GUARD.

J. L. CAMPBELL. . . Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

LONG AGO.

I once knew all the birds that came
  And nested in our orchard trees,
For every flower I had a name—
  My friends were woodchucks, toads and bees,
I knew where thrived in yonder glen
  What plants would soothe a stone bruiser toe—
Oh, I was very learned then,
  But that was very long ago.

I knew the spot upon the hill
  Where checkerberries could be found,
I knew the rushes near the mill
  Where pickerel lay that weighed a pound!
I knew the wood—the very tree
  Where lived the poaching, saucy crow
And all the woods and crows knew me—
  But that was very long ago.

And pining for the joys of youth,
  I tread the old familiar spot
Only to learn this solemn truth:
  I have forgotten, am forgot,
Yet here's this youngster at my knee
  Knows all the things I used to know;
To think I once was wise as he—
  But that was very long ago.

I know it's folly to complain
  Of whatso'er the fates decree,
Yet, were not wishes all in vain,
  I tell you what my wish should be:
I'd wish to be a boy again,
  Back with the friends I used to know
For I was, oh, so happy then—
  But that was very long ago.

—Eugene Field.

Downtrodden.

He was a big, sullen looking fellow, towering fourteen inches above the meek, inoffensive looking little woman trotting along by his side, and the casual observer would have said at a glance that she was a broken spirited, browbeaten wife to whom marriage had been a failure, which would have proved that the opinion of the casual observer is of little value.

They entered a clothing store and he asked to be shown some "pants." He picked up about the first pair shown him and said that he would take them, when she snatched them from him, tossed them aside and said icily:

"Well, you'll do nothing of the sort, Jack Smith! I think I see you paying seven dollars for a pair of pants. This pair at five dollars is just as good, if they don't look quite so well. They're too short! They're nothing of the sort, and I can let down the hem if they are a little short. Here, Mr. Clerk, do up these pants."

Then she fished an old leather wallet up from the depths of a pocket in an unsuspected place and paid for the "pants," after which she graciously tossed the big bully by her side a ten cent piece, saying as she did so:

"There's the dime you said you wanted to get some tobacco with. Get out and get it while I wait here for you, and don't be gone more than ten minutes, either, for we're going home on the next car. Hurry up!"—Detroit Free Press.

Early Iron Manufacture in England.

The manufacture of ordnance seems to have begun in the Fifteenth century, a mortar that was still in existence and even used for purposes of amusement less than a century ago at Eridge, near Chichester, being claimed as the first of the kind ever made in this country. This was a hooped gun. Cannon cast and bored are of later date. These, too, were first made in England at Buxted, in Sussex, the founder being one Ralph Hogge, who employed a Frenchman, Peter Baude by name, as his assistant, or, more properly instructor, the art of gun founding being, it would appear, a French invention.

Baude had as an apprentice one John Johnson, who is described as "having exceeded his master in his art of casting ordnance, making them cleaner and to better perfection." And John Johnson's son Thomas is described as having cast, toward the end of the Sixteenth century, artillery distantly approaching to the heavy guns of the present, his "forty-two cast pieces" weighing three tons apiece.—London Spectator.

How an Edition Was Exhausted.

The death of James Russell Lowell recalled an amusing story of the way in which he escaped the usual fate of literary beginners—a financial loss in the publication of his first volume. The cost of publishing Mr. Lowell's book, runs the story, was borne entirely by that gentleman himself, the edition being a plain but substantial one of 500 copies. The author felt the usual pride in his achievement, and hoped for almost immediate fame, but only a few copies of the work were sold.

Soon after, a fire occurred in the publishing house where the volumes were stored, and they were destroyed. As the publisher carried a full insurance on the stock, Mr. Lowell was able to realize the full cash value of his venture, and he had, therefore, the satisfaction of saying to his friends that the entire edition was exhausted.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Fruitful Season for Apples.

External circumstances somewhat determine lines of growth. The warm sun brings forward the blossoms. The stamens, which prepare the fertilizing dust, develop rapidly under unusual warmth, while the pistil, which has the responsibility of bringing forth the fruit, takes its own time. In this way the stamens often mature the pollen in advance of the needs of the pistil. When the pistil is mature there is no pollen, and hence no fertilization and no crop. The abundant seasons are when stamens and pistils mature contemporaneously. But even when the fruit is properly fertilized the tree has not stored up nutrition enough the past season, and then the ground under the tree is stored with fallen miniature fruit.—Thomas Meehan in Philadelphia Ledger.

Bad Place for the Boy.

A capital story is told of a shorthand clerk who wanted his boy entered in a certain school where shorthand was taught. Knowing that the school master would be able to decipher it, the father, to save time, wrote the message in shorthand. He meant to say, "Dear Sir—I have decided to enter my boy in your school." What he really did say was, "Dear Sir—I have decided to inter my boy in your skull." Fancy the astonishment of the pedagogue at such a proposal!—Exchange.

Proved.

Jim—Do you mean to say that that brutal father is a loyal subject of Queen Victoria?

Charles—He proved it to me. The marks on his poor boy's back showed that the father was a Welshman, and the little fellow couldn't take off his shirt without bringing to mind the prints of wales.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

If a sprain is slight, simple rest of the foot for a few days may be sufficient. The more absolute the rest the better. But an apparently slight sprain, causing, beyond the first pain, no discomfort for perhaps twenty-four hours, may, without proper care, become sorely troublesome for months.

A Quiet Time.

Small Brother—That young man who comes to see you now always brings me candy.

Sister—Well, if he does you needn't tell everybody. What do you do with it all?

Small Brother—Sit under the sofa an eat it.—Good News.

NEARLY 3,000 MILES AT A CLIP

Sleeping Car Porters Who Have the Longest Runs in the World.

The only employees of the Canadian Pacific who are with the express trains all the time between Montreal and Vancouver are the sleeping car porters. They travel nearly 3,000 miles without a break, and are on the road for nearly six days. It is a pretty hard life, but at both ends of the route the porters have an opportunity to rest, though even then they hardly get sufficient recuperation. For two or three nights the porter is not likely to get over three or four hours' sleep a night, and he is lucky if he gets that. He is his own conductor, and collecting the sleeping car tickets and accounting for them adds considerably to his work.

Leaving Montreal at 8:40 p. m., he is certain to have a busy time at Ottawa shortly after midnight, and then he has his boots to black, and he is lucky if he gets a wink of sleep before 2 or 3 a. m. He takes a pillow and lies down in the smoking room when no passengers are there, and catches cat naps if he can. He is likely at any moment to be aroused by a bell, summoning him to one of the berths, and the bell is sure to be kept busy after day break.

After leaving Winnipeg he has a comparatively easy time across the plains, though he is compelled to be up after midnight both at Regina and at Calgary. At all important stations he has to go to the telegraph office with a statement of the accommodations unoccupied in his car, so that the station agents ahead may dispose of berths. He has a busy time through the mountains.

As a rule he loses nearly his entire carload at Winnipeg, and it fills up there at once with passengers from the south. He loses his passengers again at Banff, and their places are supplied by tourists who are going on from that pleasure resort, then many of his passengers get off at Glaziar, and others come on, so that nearly all the time he has much to do in the way of keeping his accounts, besides his duties as porter.

At Vancouver he lays over for two days, and as a rule he sleeps in the car, occupying it all the time for the round trip. When he returns to Montreal he has been away fourteen days. Then he has a longer rest. He is off duty for five days, except that he has to take his turn reporting at the depot at night to assist the outgoing porter in taking care of luggage. His five days' rest puts him in pretty good condition for another two weeks' siege.

The porters say the trip is rather trying, but that there is nothing like getting used to a thing. The company pays them forty dollars a month, and they expect to make at least as much more in fees. All of them are colored men from the States, and have served on some of our best lines. They say they like the service. Once in awhile a man is switched off his regular run, which does not please him very well. For instance, he may reach Winnipeg, going east with an empty car, and he is likely to be side tracked for further orders. He has plenty of leisure then, but the fees, which form so large a part of his income, are not forthcoming, and he prefers more profitable activity.—New York Sun.

A Mystery Explained.

A gentleman of this city who has taken some interest in mind reading, hypnotism, telepathy and the like, entered his office the other day, and just as he was sitting down thought of a friend whom he wanted very much to see on a matter of business. In less than a minute in walked the very person.

"Did you just arrive?" asked the gentleman.

"Drove up to the door about half a minute ago," said the visitor.

"Must send it to the Psychical Research society," said the gentleman, explaining what had happened.

After his visitor went away he began thinking it over. Then he suddenly recalled something he had overlooked. On passing his office through another room he had seen a gentleman reading a book with a peculiar binding. It reminded him of another book in similar binding he had been reading at a summer resort the week before. This reminded him that he thought of going back there for another week of recreation and that reminded him that his friend had been down there, too, and was expecting to go back with him. Then he wondered how many similar mysteries might be rationally explained if the connection between one's thoughts could only be re-established.—Detroit Free Press.

The Wisest Man Contradicts Himself.

Napoleon was a fool more than his just proportion of time, and he had a habit of sticking to decisions made in his off hours. You may bear this in mind, that the wisest man is he who most often and freely contradicts himself. To never veer in judgment, and never go back on yourself, is not a mark of genius. I asked my boy the other day what the phrase "go back on yourself" meant, and his answer gives me just the illustration I need. He was picking a row of raspberries, his answer was: "I have to go back every few feet and find berries I have missed. When Phil tells me I am not picking clean, I tell him to go back on himself."

That is a wise man is one who reviews himself as often as once a day, and then perhaps again each week. If you have a possible controversy, and have written a letter, be sure not to send it for twenty four hours, giving yourself time to reconsider it. Perhaps a good rule is to let all letters lay by for a day, if possible. You may have written one in your fool hour. You will be surprised at least that you could have said some things, or proposed others.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Where Scallops Are Found.

Sixty years ago the presence of giant scallops was known in the vicinity of Castine, Me., but it is only within the last fifteen years that they have found a market. Everybody ought to learn that it is the "heart" (which is not the heart) of the scallop which is eaten. This so called "heart" is the strong adductor muscle of the mollusk. All the rest, or the mantle, is thrown away.

In all muscular tissue there is a sweet tasting substance, and probably in the scallop this is present in large quantity. The usual method of taking the scallop is by dredging. It is believed that there are undiscovered beds of these giant scallops yet to be found off the coast of Maine.

There used to be entertained the idea that since scallops were only found near the old French settlements, they were due to accidental planting by the first colonists, but such is not the case. The Pecten naturally belongs to the whole North American coast.—New York Times.

The Fish Just Climb Aboard.

The use of fire in fishing is one of the curiosities of that employment. In southern waters mullet are taken in enormous quantities by boats which go out with wire baskets at the bows filled with blazing pitch pine. For the purpose in view the craft is so loaded as to bring the gunwale on one side down nearly to a level with the water, and the fish, attracted by the light, jump aboard by hundreds. Sometimes a big dip net is used to scoop in the scaly creatures which crowd in the water toward the illumination.—Interview in Washington Star.

Only Right.

"I love her, but I cannot marry her! Not because her father was my father's steward—I have no false pride—but because she is wealthy and I am not."

"But, my dear fellow, by marrying her you only get back what her father stole from yours."

"That's so. Guess I'll try it after all."—

FUNERAL OF A DRUID

STRANGE DEATH RITES ON A LOFTY HILLTOP IN WALES.

Impressive Ceremonies Attending the Final Disposition of the Body of the Late Leader of the Druids of Wales—Rather Mixed Services.

Far away seem the times and the rites of the Druids; even under the mistletoe at yuletide—the time of Yowling. Theirs was one of the most ancient and primitive of religions, and its cult is greatly shrouded in mystery. Yet it is not altogether dead. Among the hills of Wales many strange relics of the past remain. There may be no "fragments of forgotten peoples," but there are legends and customs and songs and social and religious rites preserved unchanged from the days of Arthur and Merlin and Taliessin. There are probably not a few seers who, like Glendower, "can summon spirits from the vasty deep," though whether or not they will come is yet a mooted question. And as for the Druids, their line is yet unbroken, and their weird rites are still celebrated as of old.

The death occurred at Llantrissant of Dr. William Price, who held the distinguished office of archdruid of Wales. He was something more than 93 years old and might have passed for one of the old time bards who perished in King Edward's reign, so rugged and antique was his appearance. Six or seven years ago, it may be remembered, an infant that had been born to him in his old age died, and its body was publicly cremated by him with Druidical rites. For this he was arrested and brought to trial. But after a hot contest in court he was acquitted, and a decree was pronounced from the bench establishing the entire legality of this form of funeral. Accordingly when Dr. Price himself died a similar ceremony was enacted without thought of interference.

The ceremony took place on the summit of a high hill at Caerlan, the very spot where the body of the infant had been burned. Several hundred tickets were issued to the friends and former patients of Dr. Price, entitling them to enter the inclosure and witness the burning. The hour first set was noon. But public curiosity rose to so high a pitch that, to avoid being overwhelmed by a mob of sightseers, it was at the last moment decided to change it to 7 o'clock in the morning. So in the gray light of that early hour the strange procession made its way to the hilltop. No mourning garb was to be seen. The closest friends of the deceased Druid were attired in the ancient costumes of the Welsh people.

The body of Dr. Price was clothed in the Druidical robes he had worn in life and was then placed in a coffin of perforated sheet iron. On the hilltop two stone walls had been built, four feet apart, each being about 10 feet long and 4 feet high. A number of iron bars extending from one to the other formed a rude grating between them, some distance above the ground, and upon these bars the coffin was placed, the head being toward the east and the feet toward the west.

A clergyman of the Established church was present and read the ordinary service for the dead in Welsh. The vestments of the church contrasted as strangely with the Druidical garb worn by some of the attendants as did the words of the prayer book with the strange rites. Some slight changes were made in the service, such as the body being "consigned to the flames."

Then under and over and all around the coffin was piled a great lot of wood, perhaps a whole cord of it, and to this were added several tons of coal. Many gallons of paraffin oil were thrown upon it, thoroughly saturating the entire pile. Then, at about 8 o'clock, two of the closest friends of the late Druid came forward from the throng and applied torches to the wood, one at each end of the mass. In a moment it was all a raging furnace, and the hill literally flared like a volcano.

A brisk breeze was blowing, which fanned the fire and carried the flame and smoke far into the heavens. For many miles the strange spectacle was clearly seen, and thousands of people came flocking thither from all parts of Glamorganshire. Seven or eight thousand of them gathered in a ring about the pyre, as close to it as possible, and watched it with eager interest all day long.

Some hours after dark that evening the flames had died down, and there was only a dull glow from the coals. Then with long hooks they dragged the coffin from the furnace, when it was discovered that it had been literally burned through in many places, and when the lid was uncovered the receptacle was absolutely empty without the faintest trace within of the remains. The coffin was subsequently conveyed on a bier, followed by an immense crowd, and deposited on the couch in the deceased's residence, where a few days previously he had breathed his last.—New York Tribune.

Two Wealthy Girls With No Taste.

Two girls sat awhile ago in opposite stage boxes at the theater to whose united wealth the word inconceivable would almost literally apply. Both were faintly pretty, of the style that is absolutely null without proper dressing. One, the most decided type of blond, wore pale blue. The result was simply flat. The other girl is a brunette and was dressed in a brown silk (which is the ugliest and most characterless wear the mind of man can devise, except in combination), and had a wisp of illusion tied tightly around her neck.—New York Letter.

A Stanch Friend.

Old Gent (proposing health of the happy pair at the wedding breakfast)—And as for the bridegroom, I can speak with still more confidence of him, for I was present at his christening. I was present at the banquet given in honor of his coming of age. I am present here today, and, God willing, I'll be present at his funeral. (Sensation.)—Pick Me Up.

A First Thought In Church.

A little western boy less than 3 years old was taken to church for the first time. He gazed about with much interest and finally asked in a clear but awe-struck voice, "Mamma, where's God?"—New York Tribune.

Love For Teachers.

"Do you love your teacher?"

"I suppose I have to."

"Why so, Tommy?"

"Because the Bible says we must love our enemies."—New York Telegram.

A FRONTIER FARMER'S WIFE.

Her Burdens Are Many, and Her Pleasures Are Few.

The women who live in cities can form no estimate of the work done day after day by the farmer's wife on the frontier. There are no convenient laundries, bakeries or stores where she could buy the ready made articles she is compelled to make for herself. It is unceasing work with her from early sunrise until long after the hours have grown small at night. She lights the fires for breakfast.

Nowhere is a man so completely lord and master as on the farm. His mother was a farmer's wife and lighted the fires; his wife shall do the same. While the kettle is boiling she does the milking, and cases are not rare where a farmer's wife milks as many as 8 or 10 cows twice a day. The milk is carried into the cellar in great heavy pails that would try a man's strength, and she returns to the work of getting breakfast. During the progress of the meal she cannot sit back and eat and rest, as many do, but is kept jumping up and down waiting on the men folks and children. It is often a question to strangers who visit on the frontier if she ever gets a chance to eat at all. Then the children are to be started off to school, and though the credit of their education falls to the father it is the mother who does extra work that they may go, and who pulls them out of bed and starts them off in time every morning.

The milk is to be strained and put away, crocks scalded, butter churned, and the dishes and chamber work still wait. Dinner and supper and afternoon work take up her day. Then in their turns throughout the week there are washing, ironing, baking every other day, scrubbing, sweeping, sewing and mending. In harvest time she will have as many as 14 to cook for and does it all alone. It is seldom that a farmer feels that he can afford to hire help in the kitchen. She has the vegetable garden to see to. To brighten the dreariness of her life she has close to the seldom opened front door a bed of half starved looking flowers—old fashioned coxcomb, four o'clocks, grass pinks and a few other cheerful looking plants that will thrive under neglect. She makes everything that her family wears except hats and shoes. She has no time to think of rest or self.

It is in most cases her lot to welcome a new baby every other year, and the only time when help is employed to assist her is for a period of two or three weeks when the little stranger arrives. The births of the babes are about all that vary the monotony of her life. Occasionally death calls and takes from her tired arms a little life and leaves in its place an added pain in her heart. She is old and tired out at 50.

When her daughters reach the age at which they could assist her, the dreary prospect of a frontier life appalls them, and they seek employment in town. Nothing in her house is of late improvement. Her washboard is of the kind her mother used, and her churn in its heavy, clumsy build shows that it belongs to the same date. Improvement stalks all over the farm and leaves no trace in the kitchen. Her pleasures are few. The satisfaction that she is doing her best seems to be all that rewards her. She is a heroine in a calico dress, wrinkled and stoop shouldered—a woman with a burden who never complains. Late at night, when all the members of the family are in bed, a light will shine out across the prairie from the family living room. It is by this light the farmer's wife is doing her mending and sewing, and it will shine out long after the occasional travel that way has stopped, and no one but the one who blows it out knows at what hour the patient burden bearer's labors cease.—Baltimore Herald.

Drying Brewers' Grains.

A special machine has been devised for effecting the drying of brewers' grains in vacuum at a low temperature. "Brewers' grains" are now largely employed for feeding cows and horses, but the high nutritive value of the spent grains known by that name is not generally known. The dessicated product of the new process has proved to be of a highly satisfactory character, being free from the peculiar bitter taste so often possessed by brewers' grains and showing on analysis a very high percentage of proteids and fat producing material.

The advantages claimed for the vacuum drying process are: The lowest working expenses with greatest capacity, rapid drying at lowest temperature and consequent excellent quality of the dried grains; no loss of material or nutritive properties, as the grains are not pressed before drying; a clean and simple process, and the avoidance of vapor in the drying rooms or vicinity.—New York Telegram.

Deceptions of Wild Birds.

Falcons, hawks—the largest species—can compress their feathers and look very slim, if they think it necessary to do so. As to the owls, they can hump up into any position they think most suitable. It is useless to look for those self preserving traits in any of the family kept in zoological collections, for the birds are so accustomed to see large numbers of people passing and repassing, or standing in front of them, that they treat the whole matter with perfect indifference. They know that at a certain time their food will be brought them, and that they are otherwise perfectly safe. Then the raptores in a wild state have a bloom on their plumage like the bloom on a bunch of grapes, which is not often seen when in captivity.—Cornhill Magazine.

Looking For Bear.

A party of farmers in Wales once set out in search of a bear which had escaped from a traveling menagerie and roamed their lands with considerable detriment to their live stock. In the course of their quest one of the farmers, observing a brown animal of considerable size lying apparently asleep under a tree, discharged his gun at it with fatal effect. The victim of his zeal, however, turned out to be a common donkey. The bear was ultimately tracked.—London Tit-Bits.

The Captain's Trials.

Pretty Passenger—Captain, did the ship really make twenty knots every hour last night?

The Captain—Yes, miss.

P. P.—And what do you do with so many knots?

The Captain (gruffly)—Toss 'em over board.

P. P.—Oh, how queer! I thought the sailors had to untie them during the day.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Winter forcing of tomatoes is very profitable, especially near large cities. A high temperature, plenty of sunlight and great care in the growing are all that is required to produce good results.

HOW DISEASE SPREADS.

DIPHTHERIA COMMUNICATED IN MANY UNSUSPECTED WAYS.

The Easy Propagation of the Terrible Malady by Momentary Contact with Infected Persons or Surroundings—Exposure from Pet Animals.

The extreme contagiousness of diphtheria is well known. A moment's exposure to a child suffering from it, even in the mildest form, or in a room infected by a patient weeks or months previously, or to objects infected by being in the room occupied by the patient, or to garments or objects infected by being worn or handled by him while sick, has in numberless instances communicated the disease. The diphtheria virus adheres so tenaciously to infected persons or objects that they often communicate diphtheria at a distance from the source of the infection, and when there is no suspicion of danger. Thus a child with fatal diphtheria, seen by me in consultation, apparently contracted the disease by embracing a playmate, who was in the street for the first time after an attack of the malady.

A French medical journal has called attention to the fact that resident physicians and nurses in diphtheria wards, whose persons and clothing become fully infected by the diphtheritic germs, are very liable to communicate the disease, unless they constantly employ precautionary measures. Thus the shawl of a nurse sent to the house of a friend introduced diphtheria into the family.

Many children have diphtheria so mildly that they do not complain of being sick, have some appetite and are not confined to their homes. Hence, diphtheria is often contracted from these mild cases in public conveyances and in places of public resort.

DANGER IN SCHOOLS.

In the outdoor department at Bellevue I have often seen children with diphtheria sitting among other children waiting their turn for treatment. These children with mild diphtheria, taking their meals regularly, though with poor apperite, and having so little fever that it is not noticed, are often sent by their unsuspecting parents to the public and private schools, and there communicate diphtheria, frequently of a malignant and fatal form, to their classmates. I have been able to trace attacks of diphtheria not only to the public and private week day schools, but also to the Sunday schools, and especially to the mission schools designed for tenement house children.

It is now known that several animals, even those that are pets in the nursery, are liable to be attacked by diphtheria. Indeed, this has been proved, as we have seen, in the laboratories, for bacteriologists investigating the nature of diphtheria have in numberless instances communicated the genuine disease to animals by inoculating them with cultures of the Klebs Loeffler bacillus.

It is very important that parents should know that milk, the common food of the nursery, is a culture medium of the diphtheritic germ. The specific bacillus falling into the milk in handling at the farm house or elsewhere grows and multiplies in it. Mr. Cole, a veterinary surgeon of Australia, published in the Australian Veterinary Journal, February, 1882, the history of an epidemic of diphtheria that was traced to the use of milk from a diseased cow.

DANGER IN MILK AND CATS.

The London Medical Times and Gazette for January, 1879, states that Mr. W. H. Power, a health inspector, investigated an outbreak of diphtheria and obtained sufficient evidence, in his opinion, that it was caused by the use of milk that contained the diphtheritic germs. The cows that furnished the milk had what the veterinary surgeons designate garget or infectious mammitis.

It is evident from the above observations and facts that the utmost pains should be taken to obtain milk designed for the nursery from a healthy source, and to prevent its subsequent infection. We may also anticipate our remarks on the prevention of diphtheria by stating that milk designed for the nursery should always be subjected to the prolonged action of heat near the boiling point, which destroys all pathogenic germs. I invariably direct that it be steamed in or over boiling water two hours as soon as possible after its reception.

Klein has made experiments showing the identity of feline and human diphtheria, though diphtheria in the cat presents some anatomical characters different from those in man, and the following observations appear to show that it is sometimes communicated by this pet of the nursery to the children that fondle it:

The Medical Press and Circular, June 4, 1890, states that Dr. Lawrence reports two cases under his care in which diphtheria seems to have been communicated by cats. In the first case, that of a little girl, a careful inquiry showed that she had not been exposed to any patient with diphtheria, although this disease was prevailing within a mile of the patient's residence, but that she had nursed a sick cat some days previously. The cat died soon after, and a second cat became sick and was killed.

DANGER IN FARM ANIMALS.

Further inquiry disclosed the fact that a neighboring farmer had lost seventeen cats and another farmer fifteen cats from a throat distemper. One of the farmers stated that he had examined the throats of some of the cats and found them covered with a white membrane.

Observations show that the feathered tribe are especially liable to diphtheria. On the island of Sklathos, off the northeastern coast of Greece, no diphtheria had occurred during at least thirty years previously to 1884, according to Dr. Bild, the medical practitioner of the island.

In 1884 a dozen turkeys were introduced from Salonica. Two of them were sick at the time and died soon afterward. The others became affected soon afterward, and of the whole number seven died, three recovered and two were sick at the time of the inquiry. These two had difficult breathing, swelling of the glands of the neck and a pseudo-membrane extending to the larnyx. As farther evidence that the disease was diphtheria, one of the turkeys that survived had paralysis of the feet. The turkeys were in a garden upon the north side of the town, and the prevailing winds upon the island are from the north.

When this sickness was occurring among the turkeys an epidemic of diphtheria began in the houses in proximity to the garden and spread through the town. It lasted five months, and of 125 individuals attacked by diphtheria in a population of 4,000 thirty-six died. From this time diphtheria has been established on the island, and frequent epidemics of it have occurred.—Dr. J. Lewis Smith in Babyhood.

Colors in Gold.

If an electric current be passed through a solution of metallic salt, such salt is decomposed and the metal may be deposited on a plate suitably arranged for the purpose. In treating a solution of a gold salt, chloride of gold for example, the first deposit of the metal will appear of a beautiful and most delicate pink color. As the deposit thickens it changes to a deep, rich purple. The purple then turns to a fine green color, which darkens perceptibly as the process goes on, finally changing to the metallic luster of burnished gold.—New York Recorder.

An ankle sprain is a stretching or tearing of the ligaments of the joint, caused by a sudden twist, the weight of the body being unexpectedly applied to the ligaments, as if by a lever. In most cases the foot is turned inward, and hence it is the external ligaments that suffer.

A CLEVER TRICK.

Trying to Save a Bank Clerk and in Reality Helping a Swindler.

A queer story is told of a Liverpool bank officer who received a private letter from his friend, a member of a London banking firm. It is said that one of their employees, the son of their highly esteemed cashier—a man who was probity itself—had gone away with several thousand pounds of securities. If the son should be arrested and placed in the prison's dock the old man would never lift his head again. The firm was, therefore, resolved to do all that lay in its power to save its aged and valued servant from the misery and shame which would certainly overtake him if his son's sin became known.

The writer thought that in all probability the young man would call with his securities at the Liverpool bank, and on the strength of his connection with the London bank try to negotiate them. If so, the London banker wanted the Liverpool banker to seize the property and keep it until he heard from the London banker again, to lecture the young man soundly, buy him a ticket to New York and give him $1,000 with which to begin the world again. The London banker was going to Paris for a fortnight, so that the Liverpool banker didn't need to write to him about the affair until that time. He also wanted the secret kept from everybody, as far as possible, both for the sake of the London bank, the young man's father and the young man himself.

The Liverpool banker, knowing that many a young man had gone wrong who might have been saved at the proper moment, decided to comply with his friend's request.

Soon after a nice, frank looking young man of the name referred to was ushered in to him, and, saying that he desired to travel, explained in a constrained and nervous manner that he had some securities on which he would like to realize. He said he didn't understand business, and perhaps was going awkwardly to work, but the ship for New York was to sail that day and he was in a hurry.

In reply the Liverpool banker handed him the letter he had just received. As he read it his breast heaved with emotion, tears came into his eyes and he finally burst into a fit of weeping. He made a full confession, and the banker, after pointing out the heinousness of his crime, offered to do what the letter requested. The young man kissed the banker's hand in token of his gratitude, said that he had been foolish and wicked, and would gladly go to another country and redeem himself.

The banker then gave him the $1,000, bought him a first class steamer ticket and gave him a dinner at the restaurant. But nothing he could do or say seemed to raise the young man's spirits. He was so sad and broken down that the banker really pitied him. As he bade him goodby from the ship's side, the hard old man could not restrain his tears as he thought of the young and repentant sinner he had saved from a life of crime.

At the end of the fortnight, when he supposed the London banker would have got back from Paris, the Liverpool banker wrote to him in great glee of his success in carrying out his wishes, and of the contrite youth who had set sail for new scenes with the banker's blessing.

He got the following reply from London:

"You must be mad. Our cashier never had a son. No securities are missing. Perhaps you have been sold."

It was true. He had. The letter was forged. The securities were worthless. He had thrown away $1,000, a passage to New York, a good dinner and a good deal of advice upon an ingenious swindler.—Boston Every Other Saturday.

Cleanliness in Shaving.

Notwithstanding that the subject has recently given rise to some discussion in the daily press, there can be no reasonable doubt as to the causation of parasitic sycosis, and the frequent responsibility of barbers for its propagation. We will not deny that the disease may occasionally arise from accidental contact other than that of infected soap and brush. Its close connection with these, however, is affirmed by the evidence of a common and persistent sequence of events.

We need not dwell upon the tenacity with which it clings to the hair of the face, nor will we examine the methods used by the dermatologist for its destruction. Sanitary cleanliness is here better than any remedy. We are advised to shave ourselves, to avoid the cheap barber, to use precautions with brushes and the like. Perhaps the advice first given would prove the best, but the professional operator is to many persons indispensable.

The truest wisdom for one's self in such a case is clearly to use due care in selecting a barber. Whatever he is not, he must be clean and careful. It should not be forgotten that there are possible safeguards well within the reach of this class of tradesmen which a customer may fairly exact for his own security as part of the common law of shaving. These include the use of perfectly fresh water and soap, or preferably shaving cream, as admitting of exclusive use, a clean brush and a clean razor for each person shaved.

We should also advise, as a further but not superfluous precaution, that instruments after washing be dipped in some convenient antiseptic solution. Such measures as these require but little time to carry them out. They are needful in order to insure immunity from contagion, and the poorest will find them worth a small addition to the barber's fee.—London Lancet.

Sweet and Sour Apples.

Just why some should be sweet and some sour is a puzzle. The malic acid which gives it the sour taste seems to be in about the same proportion in the unripe as in the ripe apples, the difference in sweetness seems to arise from the change of feculent or starchy matter into sugar as the ripening process proceeds. But, though the chemist can tell us the exact elements that go to make sugar, he cannot make sugar for us. No power but that of the living plant can do it, and we are absolutely in the dark as to how the plant gets it done.

Possibly the climate has some influence on the acting vital power, for the Rhode Island Greening apple, a sour apple in the Atlantic states, is a sweet apple on the Pacific—and the same apple will often have a part of the same fruit sweet on one side and sour on the other. These cases are generally attributed to some one in the past having split a branch through a bud, then fitting the sweet apple half to the half of the sour apple bud, and grafting the spliced graft. This is regarded as an ingenious afterthought. Those who have directly gone and repeated the experiment have had no such result.—Thomas Meehan in Philadelphia Ledger.

Sorry He Spoke.

A parrot belonging to a clergyman was generally taken out of the room when the family assembled for prayers, for fear he might take it into his head to join irreverently in the responses. One evening, however, his presence happened to be unnoticed and he was entirely forgotten. For some time he maintained a decorous silence, but at length, instead of "Amen," out he came with "Cheer, boys, cheer!" On this the butler was directed to remove him, and had got as far as the door with him when the bird, perhaps thinking that he had committed himself and had better apologize, called out, "Sorry I spoke." The overpowering effect on the company may be more easily imagined than described.—New York Advertiser.

In Africa iron hoes are quite common currency, reminding one of the iron money of the Spartans. Mats, cloth, brass and copper wire, and beads are also African money.

TROTTER BEATS PACER.

FAMOUS MATCH FOR $10,000 AT A DISTANCE OF TEN MILES.

Six Miles Were Covered in Fifteen Minutes Fifty-five and One-half Seconds, When the Running Horse Quit—The Victor Made the Tenth Mile in 2:39.

My mind wanders back through an interval of years to a day in the long ago before the majority of the present generation of racegoers were born, and to a race that was at that day sensational, and one that would tomorrow draw such a crowd as would fill the coffers of the association giving it as they were never before filled.

The race was at ten miles (mile ten heats, remember) for a purse of $10,000, and the horses that measured strides were the trotter Prince, driven by the late Hiram Woodruff, and the pacer Hero, handled by the renowned George Spicer. The meeting took place on the old Centreville course in the fall of 1853. I can remember the day quite distinctly. The weather was fine, the atmosphere clear, cool and invigorating. Within the grounds and in the trees and on knolls surrounding were assembled fully 10,000 persons, who came from far and near to see the event that had been held in lively anticipation for months.

Among the throng that packed the stand and overflowed the lawn were politicians of national prominence, lawyers of great repute, solid men of business, sporting men pure and simple, and even clergymen, and ladies (God bless 'em). And what would you say today to see men at the track dressed in swallow tail coats, with wide expanse of shirt bosom, and cravats that could in an emergency be used as table covers. That was the way we dressed in 1853, and the wide brimmed tiles worn then would appear ludicrous now.

THE FIRST TWO MILES.

The race was called about 3 o'clock. The track was in excellent order, and the horses appeared in superb condition, trained, as we say now, to the minute. Hero was the favorite, and $100 to $75 was staked on him, probably to the amount of $40,000 or $50,000, in those days considerable money.

The judges called the drivers up to the stand and stated the conditions of the race and cautioned them in much the same manner sometimes practiced nowadays regarding any violation of rules, and then they were given the start, the pacer having the pole and leading round the first turn. In my mind's eye I can see the runners plainly as though it were but yesterday instead of nearly forty years ago.

On the backstretch the pacer waited for the trotter and let him come alongside, it being apparent at this early stage that Spicer did not intend to go any faster than Hiram would make him, at the same time keeping the latter on the outside all the way round, thereby making him go a greater distance in the race. They kept side by side until they reached the lower turn, when Hiram pulled in behind Hero and waited until he reached straight work on the homestretch, while he came out, and the two came to the stand with the wheels of their sulkies as close together as it was possible to get them without touching. The first mile was done in 2:44.

On the second mile Hiram, seeing through Spicer's tactics, began to crowd him. The pace of both horses now became accelerated, and it was evident that Hiram intended to force his adversary to a breakdown, believing presumably that his horse would prove the better stayer. Spicer kept the pacer well in hand, and would not go any faster than he was absolutely compelled to. The trotter again fell in behind on the lower turn, and again made a break up the homestretch, the pair coming to the stand head and head. The time for this mile was 2:36.

HOW THE RACE WAS WON.

On the third mile Woodruff pursued the same tactics as in the two preceding miles, only putting on a little more steam, which compelled the pacer to add a little more pressure, and away they dashed around the upper turn and down the backstretch at a killing pace. They came to the stand on even terms in the third mile, Hiram exclaiming to a friend as they passed, "I've got him, sure." Time, 2:32 1-5.

The fourth and fifth miles were run in precisely the same manner, both horses coming to the wire like a team. The time for the fourth mile was 2:33 and the fifth 2:37. On the sixth mile the trotter became the favorite, any amount of money being offered on him, without takers. He took the pole on the first turn, in spite of Spicer's efforts to force the pacer to extend himself, and the latter began to show symptoms of distress. He struggled bravely, however, but the trotter opened the gap at every stride. At the half mile pole he was fifty yards in front, without the slightest abatement of his speed, but on the lower turn Hiram let him up, and took it more moderately up the homestretch, coming to the line in 2:46, having performed the six miles in 15:55½, an average of less than 2:40 for the six miles.

When the pacer reached the stand it was evident he had enough, and he was stopped at the wire. A more exciting race, as long as it lasted, I have never seen.

The trotter was then allowed to an easy gait, as it was unnecessary to drive him up to his speed any longer, and he was walked and jogged the next three miles, keeping as fresh as possible for the last mile, his owner having a wager of $500 that he would make the tenth mile in less than three minutes. The time of the seventh mile was 5:08, the eighth 6:18 and the ninth 6:19, but he was let out on coming to the wire and started to decide the wager, doing off at an astonishing rate of speed, which he kept up throughout the mile, performing the distance in 2:39—the greatest feat ever known.

How many horses are there in training today that can trot six miles in less than sixteen minutes, jog along three miles farther and then wind up by doing a mile in 2:39? Who are they?—Judson Jay in New York Sun.

Reading Character by the Nose.

"You can almost tell a person's character from the nose alone," remarked Professor Oppenheim. "All great men have great noses. The Greek nose, which has no protuberance, but is straight, argues great sense of aesthetics, of beauty, but no character and no power of contention.

"Large nostrils show courage. People of fearless disposition breathe fully and freely. All the fiercer animals have dilated nostrils. The drooping nostril shows histrionic talent. If the nose also droops it denotes a tragic power, and if only the nostril the capacity is marked for the interpretation of comedy.

"Where the nose is thin at the bridge it shows generosity, while a nose that is thick at the bridge argues acquisitiveness. When it is tiptilted like the petal of a flower the person is inquisitive. A projecting nose argues a disposition to investigate. It is ahead of the person, as it were, and wants to scent out things."—London Cor. New York World.

Natural Ornaments.

Necklaces and bracelets are made of Mimosa seeds. At the Colonial exhibition held in London in 1886, in the West Indian court there was a very large display of ornamental articles made of nuts and seeds. The very hard seeds of Symphonia globulifera, about the size of a pea, and resembling minute pitchers when perforated, are strung like beads by the natives of India and put around the necks of children to prevent evil. The green seeds of Dalbergia sissoo are worn by Santal girls as pendants from the ear. In Tahiti the native maids make crowns and necklaces with the red seeds of Pandanus odoratissimus.—Chambers' Journal.