EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL. - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

A PRAYER.

Dear Lord, to thee my knee is bent,
Give me content
Full pleasured with what comes to me,
Whate'er it be.
An humble roof, a frugal board
And simple hoard;
The wintry fagot piled beside
The chimney wide,
While the enwreathing flames up sprout
And twine about
The brazen dogs that guard my hearth
And household worth;
Tinge with the ember's ruddy glow
The rafters low,
And let the sparks snap with delight,
As fingers might
That mark deft measures of some tune
The children croon.
Then, with good friends, the rarest few
Thou holdest true,
Ranged round about the blaze, to share
My comfort there.
Give me to claim the service meet
That makes each seat
A place of honor and each guest
Loved as the rest.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Box Office Queries.

Charley Metcalfe was telling some stories illustrative of the box office man's tribulations. "If it weren't for some people's dirty thumbs," said he, "I'd wish the Lord had made me in book form. I don't put in much time in the box office, but the few minutes I am there is enough for a lifetime. The average ticket buyer asks enough inane questions, but what do you think of a man who sticks his head through the window and wants to know the name of a big steamer he saw going down the East river day before yesterday? Well, my boy, that's what happened this very morning, and that's not a 'marker' to the questions some people ask either.

"There's the man who knows everything and wants you to recognize it, the man who knows nothing and proves it, and the woman who is nothing more or less than a perpetually animated interrogation mark. Why, two days ago a man came in and told me all about the piece then being played in the house. After getting rid of him I had to choke off a long breath to inform a fellow that the theater was neither a hotel nor a lodging house. He said he was sorry that he liked the location first rate. Before I had recovered from the fit he gave me, a man with three baskets, four children and a woman walked into the lobby.

"'Be they a-actin or anything inside?' asked the man. 'No, sir,' said I. 'Performance at 8:15.' Then what do you suppose that man wanted? He actually had the stupendous gall to ask me if he and his family couldn't go inside and sit down for an hour or so while they ate their luncheon!"—New York World.

Women and Mice.

"I wish somebody would find something to take the place of the exceedingly stale and silly 'women and mice' paragraph which has been going the rounds of the papers, with divers and sundry changes rung on it, ever since I can remember, and goodness knows how much longer," said a charming little woman as she opened the mousetrap and let two or three of its occupants out into the jaws of a number of hungry kittens. "I wonder who started it anyway? Of course there are women who are afraid of mice, no doubt, but I never saw a woman make herself more ridiculous over a mouse than a certain man did when one of these harmless little creatures scooted up the leg of his trousers.

"I don't imagine any one would feel especially comfortable with any such foreign element meandering around one's preserves, but why 'women and mice' in particular, is what I don't understand. I think there are very few housekeepers but what have frequent occasions to come in contact with rats as well as mice, and, as far as I can see, they seem to survive—at all events, I never heard of anybody dying from fear of them. I suppose that the mouse paragraph must be near akin to that of the mother-in-law. Be that as it may, both are so threadbare and faded and frayed out and bleached with time and hard service that it would be a work of mercy for some benevolent and intelligent paragrapher to get up a new supply of ammunition."—New York Ledger.

An Army of "Poor" Employees.

To look after the city's standing army of dependents and delinquents requires a big official force. There are three commissioners with $5,000 a year each, a secretary who gets $2,300 and a staff of eleven at the central office, besides the superintendent of the outdoor poor and six assistants.

There are 45 employees at the Tombs, including 4 physicians and 4 matrons. There are 81 employees in the district prisons (Jefferson Market, Essex Market, Yorkville and Harlem), 72 employees at the Bellevue hospital, besides 54 trained female nurses, a chemist and 3 assistants, and 66 male nurses and employees.

There is a staff of 13 at the Gouverneur hospital, of 10 at the Harlem hospital, of 150 at the Charity hospital on Blackwell's island, of 82 at the penitentiary, of 42 in the almshouse, of 45 in the workhouse, of 250 in the city insane asylum, of 50 in the Ward's island hospital, of 300 on Randall's and Ward's islands, of 22 at the Hart's island workhouse, of 150 at the Hart's island asylum, of 75 at the Islip asylum and of 18 in the storehouse department on Blackwell's island.—New York Sun.

Remarkable Feat of Strength.

E. P. Kendall gave a remarkable exhibition of his skill and strength with a ten-pound dumbbell at noontime. He matched himself against eight strong men employed upon the grade work about the county court house, and agreed to put up from shoulder to arm's length a ten-pound dumbbell more times than the eight men could. Kendall has a limb which makes it necessary for him to use crutches, and as he is of very slight build the result of the contest appeared to be a foregone conclusion.

One after another the eight men took their places, Kendall keeping time with each one, and after the eighth had dropped his arm from sheer exhaustion Kendall smiled pleasantly and ran up his score of consecutive lifts to an even 1,000. His best score with a twelve-pound bell is 2,600 lifts, and he has a brother who holds the world's championship.—Seattle Press-Times.

There are a great many men in America who, although well born and well bred, have absolutely no idea of what is proper in the matter of dress.

MARRIAGE IN ASSYRIA.

Rather More a Matter of Barter There Than in the Land of the Free.

Men live on six cents a day in Assyria. Assyrian women are bought and sold, are made to work with oxen at the plow and have as little liberty as in the days of Cadurus. Men who pay six dollars a day to live and ladies who ride to shops in victorias thought over these things as they left the Lincoln Park church Sunday night. Amen Rasi, born on Mount Lebanon, told these things in broken English.

Amen Rasi is a tall, handsome Assyrian, with a skin as rich as the cinnamon silks made at the foot of the mountain on which he was born. He looked into the curious, bright eyes of girls and told them that, had they been born Assyrians in Assyria they could not go upon the streets unless their faces were concealed, that they could neither receive nor make a call among women without their husbands' consent, and that if at any time, even by accident, they were seen by any man or in any way recognized no one would marry them.

He said that once two couples—a tall man and a short woman, and a short man and a tall woman—stood before a priest to be wed. The priest placed the tall man and tall woman and the short man and short woman together, and none of the four knew whether it was right or not, neither of them knowing the other. But the parents hastily objected, and placed the tall man by the short woman and the short man by the tall woman, as that was the way of the contracts.

Then Mr. Rasi showed how these contracts were made. He left the pulpit, and presently a man wrapped up in rich Assyrian raiment went up and sat upon the floor. Mr. Rasi came back and squatted beside him.

"I would very much like," he said, "for a girl who is yours to be wife to my son Isaac."

"I would be honored," returned the man, with a very unmistakable American accent.

"How many have you?"

"Three."

"How much years have they?"

"One is fifteen, one twenty and one twenty-five."

"Don't talk to me about the twenty-five nor the twenty; they are never fit to marry. How much do you charge for the little one?"

"Five camels, four horses, three sheep and fifty dollars."

"Bah! I can buy 100 women for so much."

"But no little one."

"Oh, I think so."

"Well, you can't have mine for a cent less."

"I pay."

But even then Isaac did not get the little one, because a few minutes later Mr. Rasi returned as another man, and by doubling the price secured the girl for his son Jacob.

Then Amen Rasi looked at the young men, whose patent leathers cost them seven dollars, and told them that people in Assyria paid fifty cents for a suit of clothes. The common people, he said, paid three cents for twenty-five pounds of cabbage and four cents for five pounds of turnips. Fifty loaves of bread were turned out at a baking, and men sometimes ate four and five loaves at a meal. He waited for a moment, and then, turning to a black boy behind him, said, "They are so big," and he drew a circle that would inclose a Thanksgiving platter.—Chicago Herald.

It Looked Great.

Mr. G. S. Clinton placed "Coventry, England," after his name on the Auditorium register the other morning. A reporter asked him what he thought of this country in general.

"Oh, I like it pretty well," he replied.

"Have you traveled very extensively in the United States?"

"All over it."

"Have you been in Chicago before?"

"Often."

"Do you intend to remain in this country long?"

"For the rest of my life."

"Then you like it so well that you intend to settle here?"

"I think I will. I've been in the United States for twenty-seven years. It suits me first rate. I register from Coventry because it looks better than Hell Creek, where I live, and so that I can remember to write letters to my people in England. Haven't seen Coventry since I was a small boy and don't want to, but the name looks simply great on a hotel book. Don't you think so?"—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Question of Poleage.

When the late Hon. P. H. Winston first attended court in Tyrrell county, N. C., after beginning practice, he stopped on his way thither to spend the night with a brother lawyer, then in full practice, who in reconstruction days obtained a judgeship and the title of "Jaybird" Jones. To entertain his young friend Jones on said occasion discoursed largely of law, and among other inquiries put this question to young Winston:

"I have," said he, marking the lines on the floor as he proceeded, "this land case. Beginning at A and running to B, my course and poleage [distance] is all right, and the same from B to C and from C to D. But in running from D to the beginning of A, my course is all right, but my poleage overruns. Now why can't I bend out and get my poleage?"

"Well," said Winston, looking intently at the diagram, "no reason at all except this fellow out here, a miserable sinner, might say, 'Why don't you bend in and get your poleage?'"

"Ah," said Jones in a passion, "that is preposterous, sir—perfectly preposterous."

In Return For Praise.

Praise went a long way with Brignoli. One evening at rehearsal the orchestra laid down their instruments as one man and applauded his singing of a favorite song long and vigorously. He was much pleased, and advancing to the footlights with many a bow and smile of satisfaction said:

"Gentlemen, immediately after the rehearsal there will be a champagne supper at the Everett house. I hope I may have the honor to meet you all there."

It is needless to remark that they were there, every man of them. The supper cost Brignoli $200.—New York Tribune.

Could Stand Anything.

"You are enjoying yourself, I hope?" said the hostess at a Fifth avenue dinner to Gus de Smith.

"You know, madam," said Gus, with his most gracious smile, "that the dullest parties never bore me. I can't stand almost anything."—Texas Siftings.

It probably will interest those who buy Indian and Mexican silver filigree work on the trains in New Mexico and Arizona to know that many of these fragile curios are manufactured by a firm of people in the street called Maiden lane, in the city of New York.

TWO TYPES OF BAD MEN

THE REAL THING IS IMITATED BY THE PLATED ARTICLE.

Sometimes It Is Hard to Tell Them Apart, Though, and in Experimenting One Is Liable to Run Up Against the Wrong Kind—Two Striking Examples.

"Bad men in the west break into two classes," said a gentleman late of Silver City, "the sure enough and the imitation bad man. One is a killer and the other simply blusters. The two sorts look alike, talk alike, garb themselves in big hats, belt guns on their hips, swear and guzzle and follow each other's suit from first to last, for which reasons it is hard to tell the real thing from the counterfeit. The only sure way of distinguishing the true, solid silver bad man from the plated fellow is to test them as fast as presented.

"Russian Bill, who, in the early eighties was a rustler in the valley of San Simon in Arizona, and a singularly industrious horse and cattle stealer of that shameless region, was an imitation bad man. He was a great talker, and—hear him tell it—had filled more graves than an epidemic. It is doubtful, however, if he ever drew human blood, and the other rustlers similarly regarded him as a man of no courage. It turned out a case of the magpie and the peacocks with the Russian though, for one evening the impulsive denizens of Shakespeare, A. T., took Bill's word for it and incontinentally hung him de bene esse.

"The Russian had company, though, for they stretched another gentleman, time and tree the same, yclept Sandy King. There was no discount, however, on King. One could have taken a brace and bit and bored clear through him and struck nothing but clean strain game. King and Russian Bill were together on the occasion of their apprehension and taking off, and were decided specimens of the two types of bad men.

THE NAME OF BILL.

"Bill, as a name, has been the property of a good many of the fighters of the west. Frequently some affix or prefix went with it to keep the blood bedewed Bills from getting all mixed up. There have been a Curly Bill, a Wild Bill, a Navajo Bill, a Buffalo Bill, a Poker Bill, a Cheyenne Bill, a French Bill, an Antelope Bill, a Russian Bill, a Broncho Bill, a Canadian Bill, a Monte Bill, a Butcher Knife Bill and Bill Bonney, or Billy the Kid, that I have known of.

"Cheyenne Bill was and is one of the false killers referred to, and always trying to run a blazer upon some tenderfoot and scare him to death. Raton, N. M.—pronounced Rahtoon—does not, as a community, rise early of a Sunday morning, and as I once, back in 1883, came out of the hotel in the still and early hours of that holy day I heard a voice over on the next street raised to a point between a threat and a command. My attention was at once attracted, and getting out where I could see I found Cheyenne Bill in slow but threatening pursuit of a reluctant tenderfoot who had come in on the train the night before. What the row was about I didn't know.

"'Stop whar you be, or I'll pull on you!' commanded the vaporish Bill in a fierce tone, his hand on his six-shooter and following along after the stranger some two rods behind.

"To give the tenderfoot his due, while he kept walking away from Bill, he appeared more disgusted than scared, and while he said nothing and did not turn on his would be captor, nevertheless he received his orders to halt with becoming contempt, and kept straight on.

BILL AND THE TENDERFOOT.

"Except for my presence, Cheyenne and his victim had the town to themselves, Jack Hixenbaugh, the marshal, and the rest of the citizens being sensibly in bed. I had seen a Chinaman run Cheyenne around once over in Trinidad, and knew there was no more to be feared from him than from the last calf on the range, and shouting over to him I so informed the person from the east and advised him to go after the doughty Cheyenne and pull his head off. The tenderfoot had about made up his mind to do it anyhow, and my vote settled it. He turned and started for Bill, whereupon that person at once lost all his valor and fled briefly.

"The tenderfoot caught up with him, however, and eased his surcharged soul by three or four forceful and very meritorious kicks. This seemed to do both Bill and the shortaom a world of good, and the former avoided the fifth by plunging up a stairway. The tenderfoot wanted to charge after Bill and kill him completely, but I urged a different view and pointed out the fact that Bill took his gun with him and that if he found himself cornered he might shoot.

"Curly Bill was another of the riotous and desperate sort. His range in 1881 and 1882 was southwestern New Mexico and eastern Arizona. No one knew where Curly Bill hailed from, but if there's truth in Scripture, where he was going was plain to all. He was reported, when I saw him, to have killed nineteen men, and had the air of one who was looking hard for a chance to make it a score. Curly Bill has found his grave somewhere out in the arid wastes he patroled, as nothing has been heard of him for some time."—Kansas City Star.

Gave Himself Away.

One day in a chat with a friend he said to me: "Has it ever occurred to you that when old age deprives you of much of your present ability to earn a living you will be obliged to look to your friends for support, or else become a charge at some one of the charitable institutions? I confess I am neither a money maker nor a money saver, but "it is dollars to doughnuts" that the person who thus twitted me of my weakness simply echoed as he did so the general plan which he, in the cold blood of middle age, is counting on as his resource when he shall get too old to be indispensable.—Detroit Free Press.

The Use of the Word Telepathy.

The term telepathy must not be introduced without explanation. Some term not yet in common use must be employed when mental phenomena—influences of mind on mind—not generally seen to be closely related have to be classed together and, if possible, brought under one law. The familiar term "though transference" has much too limited a meaning. And "telepathy" is already in use. It has been adopted by the Society for Psychical Research, and among other writers, especially by Mr. Edmund Gurney.—Blackwood's Magazine.

PUFF! AND OUT THEY GO.

A Cavern in Colorado That Resents the Intrusion of Strangers.

There is a cave near Rockwood, a station on the Denver and Rio Grande railroad, which has been visited by many persons. No particular mention of the cave has been made, as it seemed to be little worthy of notice. On Sunday last a number of pleasure seekers left this city to join a party at Rockwood who had planned to visit the cave. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the members of the party, having disposed of their dinner, began to climb the hill near the top of which the mouth of the cave is located.

After much exertion the foremost of the party reached the mouth of the cave, and being in advance of his companions they were startled to see him fall backward into the low oak brush as if he had been thrown from a catapult. His companions pushing forward more vigorously, soon came to his rescue and found him recovering, not much hurt, but slightly scratched and somewhat dazed. He could give no explanation of his sudden removal from the opening to the cavern.

Curious to know what the cause was the entire company in a body pushed up the hill, which has a particularly steep descent near the mouth of the cave. To the astonishment of the whole number the instant after stepping into the cave they found themselves all piled together in a spot near where the first had landed. It took but a little while to recover from the entanglement, when they began to inquire the cause of this sudden excitement. They all agreed that they had seen nothing to cause such a thing, and they were curious to know the reason for the phenomenon. But how to find out what they wished was the thing to decide.

At last it was determined that the strongest gentleman of the party should gain a position at the side of the entrance, and, thus protected, get an opportunity to reconnoiter. So, taking a circuitous route and avoiding a position directly in front of the opening, they soon found themselves close beside the entrance. Cautiously putting his head out beyond the protecting wall, the foremost peered it. His hat immediately took flight down the declivity, but he was thus made aware of the exact state of affairs.

The philosophy of the current of air in caves suddenly dawned upon him. As is well known the air of a warm day in summer is much lighter on the outside of a cave or cellar than it is inside. Consequently the cold, heavy air rushes out with great violence—enough in this case to cause the trouble spoken of and throw the party down the hill.

Later, relating this tale, an old timer told your correspondent of a former adventure of his at the same place. On a cold day in the early winter he was tracking a deer along this hillside, when he was astonished to see the cave open up before him, and he noticed that the snow seemed to have been disturbed very recently, as though a body had been dragged into the entrance.

Without thinking, he stepped forward to examine into the cause of the disturbed condition of the snow, when he felt himself violently pulled into the cave, the force pulling him from his feet. He felt a shock, and for awhile was oblivious to all around him. When his senses returned he found he was lying by and partially upon the body of a deer. Upon examination he found the body of the deer yet warm. This led to a still closer examination. He at last determined that the force of the current of air blowing into the cave had drawn the deer in, killing it, but that when he was drawn in the shock was somewhat obviated by his striking the deer, thus saving him from death. The explanation is just the reverse of the other, the air being warmer inside the cave than out. The current flows into the cave during the winter, thus accounting for the strange affair.—Denver Sun.

Taming a Zebra.

Zebras can never be tamed, unless the process is begun while they are still very young. H. A. Bryden gives an instance of a tragic fate which befell one of them, captured when he was 7 or 8 years old.

He had joined a troop of horses belonging to one of the author's friends, and finally allowed himself to be driven with them into a kraal or inclosure. It was then determined to keep him, and if possible to domesticate him.

For this purpose he was lassoed and tied to a tree, but so ferocious was he in the presence of man that the greatest precautions had to be observed in approaching him. All possible means were taken to induce him to feed. When captured he was in splendid condition, and his coat shone in the sun. Herbage was brought from the mountain tops where he had been used to graze, and every conceivable food placed before him, but in vain; he steadily refused to eat.

Water he drank greedily, and would dispose of three bucketfuls at a time.

At length, after three weeks of vain endeavor to tame the noble creature, during which time he subsisted entirely on water, he died.—Youth's Companion.

An Incident at Lloyd's.

An interesting incident in connection with the loss of the Peninsula and Oriental steamship Bokhara has lately come to light. At the door of Lloyd's is stationed a porter, whose duty it is to prevent the entrance of unauthorized persons and to shout out the contents of telegrams received. One day, just before the news of the disaster reached London, an underwriter at Lloyd's took a risk on the vessel at 80 guineas. Just as he was in the act of signing the slip the porter, in the exercise of his duty, bawled out, "Bokhara"—pausing for a moment in order to make the announcement impressive.

The underwriter, pen in hand, believing that the rest of the telegram would be "has arrived," snatched the slip from the broker, exclaiming:

"I have it."

In another instant the porter continued—"is totally lost."

The remarks of the underwriter are not on record.—Million.

Old English Silverware.

Old English silverware is much in demand just now, and genuine pieces, especially those of historic interest, fetch high prices. There is a special interest in tableware of the seventeenth, eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. As both tea and coffee came into use in England near the middle of the seventeenth century, some of these coffepots and teapots are among the earliest of English make. Even then the device of the wooden handle, designed to interpose a nonconductor between the hand and the hot metal, had come into use. The best of the coffepots are large, stable vessels, with little ornament and no striking grace of form, but rather a look of solidity and a suggestion of coziness and comfort. Those bearing the hall marks of the old silversmiths are usually to be accepted as genuine.—Chicago Herald.

ISSUING BANK NOTES.

EXHAUSTIVE MEANS ARE TAKEN TO PREVENT FORGERY.

Notes of the Bank of England Are Rarely Counterfeited — How the National Bank of Scotland Proceeds With a New Issue. Great Skill and Ingenuity.

Although coins are often counterfeited, as the police records show, it is rare that an attempt is made, in this country at least, to forge a bank note. The invariable custom of the Bank of England never to reissue notes is a strong safeguard against forgery, as detection would be speedy, but even in Scotland, where they circulate year in and year out until they become grimy and greasy, counterfeits are seldom if ever heard of. This immunity is no doubt mainly due to the difficulty of reproducing an exact facsimile, even with all the advance which has been made in recent years in photo processes, and to the fact that the banks having daily exchanges the notes are quickly returned to the issuing bank.

Those who produce bank notes, as well as the banks who issue them, are of course fully alive to the opportunities which improvements in the arts offer to a skillful forger, and their energies are directed to counteracting those possibilities. In every part of the work of producing a note the highest technical skill and ingenuity are employed, and its reproduction would not only baffle a forger, but even the same craftsmen were they to start afresh with other materials could not reproduce exact imitation of a given note. The difference might be slight, but it would be sufficient for an expert to detect.

The fact that the National Bank of Scotland is just now preparing for an issue of fresh notes has induced us to make some inquiry as to the method of their production. The work has been intrusted to a firm which has turned out not a little of the paper currency of South American and other states. In conversation with the head of the department, a representative learned that the first thing to be done is of course to fix upon the design.

The bank managers stated that they wanted on the face of the note a portrait of the Marquis of Lothian, who is governor of the bank, along with views of shipping on the Clyde, Holyrood palace and Edinburgh castle, also the arms of Scotland and of the bank. On the back there was to be a view of Princes street, Edinburgh, from the Calton hill. The design was worked out by the artists according to these directions, and a very artistic note is the result.

The object in view, however, was not wholly artistic. The vignettes, and more especially the portrait, were introduced in order to make it difficult, if not impossible, for forgers to imitate the note. Even the most skilled engravers would be hard put to it to reproduce the fine lines of the former and the expression of the latter. As portrait and landscape engraving are as much divided as the two branches of the painter's art, and coats of arms form an other speciality, the work had to be intrusted to several hands, each according to his vocation. Engraving on steel is a very slow process indeed, and something like two months were spent in producing the portrait.

The engravers worked simultaneously on their special parts, and when finished these were put together by a process which need not be detailed, so as to form the complete plate. Another feature of the design is the narrow border on the face of the note and the broad border framing the view on the back. These are formed of geometric lacework of extreme intricacy and delicacy, which is produced by a machine of very expensive construction, and the movements of which are so intricate that if the operator lost the register of the wheels and, in dress he would not be able to reproduce the same design. Great reliance is therefore placed upon this machine for outwitting the ingenuity of the counterfeiter.

The practice in a good deal of so called steel plate engraving is to transfer the design from the plate to stone, and then print from the latter. In the case of bank notes, however, the printing is done direct from the plate, and the result is that the lines are much more delicately reproduced on the paper, and the difficulty of imitation is thereby enhanced. The paper is made from fine linen rags, which impart the qualities of durability and softness, so that it can be folded without creaking—almost like the material from which it is manufactured.

The front of the note is printed in blue ink on two grounds—one of red and the other of yellow, while the back is blue on a pale ground of yellow. The tints are first printed from relief blocks, and the printing from the plate from the blue ink follows. The colors were chosen with a distinct view to the possibilities of photo lithography. The first proofs that were pulled when put to the test were found not to be altogether satisfactory, and after a series of experiments those colors were employed which gave, it is believed, absolute security.

In the handling of the paper and the printed notes there is an elaborate check system. When the paper reaches the printer from the paper maker, every sheet is carefully counted, and at each stage the same precaution is taken. At the termination of the printing the notes are finally counted and packed up for delivery. If there are any "spoils," they are burned. The plates are kept in a special box belonging to the bank in the strong room. In the case of a foreign issue the consul puts his seal upon the box. After the notes are sent to the bank they have to be signed by an official before they are finally ready for issue to the public.—Pall Mall Budget.

The "Huntsman's Cup."

The "huntsman's cup," or pitcher plant, is conceded to be one of the earliest, if not the earliest, of the wild flowers of America to become known to Europeans. References occur in relation to it as early as 1579, when a Lisbon physician named Lasmanus sent it to a contemporary as the leaves of the frankincense tree. It appears that two sailors brought the curious leaves with some rosin from the pine trees growing near, and Lasmanus supposed they belonged together. Much confusion has occurred and much wonderment been expressed as to what curious tree with such leaves could be found in America giving such "sweete odoure when the gum was burned," and, strange to say, most attempts to clear up the mystery resulted in greater obscurity.—New York Independent.

The Cost of Football.

A football player, interviewed as to the cost of the game, says that taking all as an average weekly salary and an average of 16 professionals to each principal club "the annual expenditure for football salaries amounts to an aggregate of £1,078,272, or nearly twice as much as the annuities of the entire royal family, twice as much as the pay of the entire cavalry of the British army, and five times as much as that of the three regiments of foot guards."—London Tit-Bits.

The Clergyman's Holiday.

Sunday is the clergyman's working day, and Monday is his day of rest. In eastern cities it is common for the ministers of the town and its neighborhood to assemble at convenient points, usually the publishing houses or mission centers of their respective denominations, and to spend some hours in the discussion of topics not always religious. They dine in little groups at a good restaurant, and if their consciences allow they go to a concert or a theater in the evening. This pleasant custom had its origin in Boston, and probably no performance has been given at the Boston Museum on Monday night in 40 years when clergymen did not form a part of the audience.—New York Sun.

AN ELECTHICAL SNAKE.

A Tall Story About a Fiery Monster That Left a Trail of Glass.

Mark Weston, a farmer living near the town of Alexander, Ind., relates a most wonderful phenomenon which occurred at his place.

He says: "Just after dark night before last I had occasion to go out to the barn to look after the horses. A public highway passes within 200 yards of my house, and the barn is built about 20 rods from the house due south and somewhat nearer the road. I started from the house in the direction of the barn and had gone perhaps half the distance when I noticed something playing along the ground that looked like a tremendous fiery snake.

"The object crossed my path, and as it did so I felt the air grow much colder, and a peculiar, moaning sound arose, like the sighing of the wind through the trees, only it was loud enough to drown a man's voice when he would shout. Then I felt something come over me like electricity, and I became motionless, as though I had grown fast to the ground.

"I was terribly scared, but I never lost the use of my hands or legs through fear, though there was something peculiar in the air that simply paralyzed me. When the thing had got perhaps 50 feet from me going west, it turned and came back, and as it did so the moaning sound changed to a shrill whistle, something like a locomotive would make, and when it got just in front of me it took a course directly away from me and toward the barn.

"It traveled very rapidly and looked like a large, rugged streak of fire, perhaps 80 feet long and 18 inches in diameter. The thing reached the barn and in almost an instant ran directly up in front of the building and onto the roof. I expected every moment to see the barn burst into flames, but it did not. The great fiery snake ran with great rapidity all over the building, in almost every direction, up and down, crosswise and every way, I suppose, a thousand times. It then came to the front of the building and elevated itself, and it stood straight on its tail fully 40 feet in the air.

"I was perfectly conscious all the time, but try as I would I could not move from the spot. After the thing had remained in an upright position for, I presume, three or four minutes there was a sudden explosion like the discharge of a cannon, and the thing disappeared entirely. With the disappearance of the strange phenomenon I felt a shock like the first one I had felt, and at the same time I gained control of my limbs. I hastened to the house, told my wife what I had seen, and she thought I was crazy, but upon my insisting she consented to accompany me to investigate the matter.

"You can imagine our surprise upon reaching the barn to find it covered with a remarkable network resembling large ropes of ice. They appeared to pass around the building in exactly the way the fiery monster had passed. It was not ice, however, but seemed to be more of a crystal, for it would not melt even when we held a flame to it, and when struck with a hatchet it simply gave a dullish sound and did not break.

"Upon entering the barn we were amazed, as two good horses stood in their stalls immovable. They were alive, but neither could move a muscle. They seemed to be paralyzed and stood there more like statues than anything else. They were warm and breathed all right, but aside from this you could not tell they were alive. I applied the whip, and they never flinched. A dog that sleeps in the barn was dead and appeared completely petrified. He was lying on the ground with his head on his paws just like he was sleeping. When I left home this afternoon, everything was just as I have described it to you."—Cor. Chicago Mail.

Life In Hawaii.

Of the people of the Hawaiian Islands it can be truly said that they are the most amiable, careless, irresponsible people in the world. The nearest approach to work of any of them is in their employment as cowboys on the stock ranches. They are wonderfully expert horsemen and also become adept in the use of the lasso. A native man, or a native woman for that matter, is never so happy as when on a spirited horse, going at a hard gallop, decked out with flowery leis and streamers of bright colored cloth, in screaming conversation with a whole troop of companions. They ride their horses to death, they kill their babies with neglect and improper food, and yet it cannot be said that their is a grain of conscious cruelty in their nature.

There is no record of any violence ever done by them to a woman. A white woman is absolutely safe among them without any protection and is exempt from insult or even disrespect beyond what may come from an unconscious usurpe of etiquette. Many of them pass the greater part of their lives squatted on woven grass mats before the doors of their huts chatting incessantly and eating their meal of fox when the inclination comes to them.—Washington Star.

Presidents Who Married Widows.

Three of the first four presidents of the United States married widows. The wife of John Quincy Adams, who received her education in England, created a great sensation in the nation's capital. The wife of Martin Van Buren, Hannah Hoes, lived but a short time after her marriage, dying about 17 years before her husband's election to the presidency. President Tyler's second wife was an ardent Roman Catholic, and Mrs. Polk was a calm mannered Presbyterian. Mrs. Millard Fillmore had been a schoolteacher, and the courtship was carried on under difficulties, as the lover could rarely afford the expense of a journey to see his fiancee. Mrs. Franklin Pierce was the devout daughter of a clergyman and made the White House a center for charitable and religious enterprises.—Detroit Free Press.

An American Greeting.

An American naval officer says that once when a great function took place in the harbor of Cherbourg several vessels of our Atlantic squadron were present and were drawn up in line to salute the empress' yacht as it passed. The French sailors manned the yards of their ships and shouted, "Vive l'Imperatrice!" Knowing that he could not school his men to repeat these words in the brief time left to him, the American admiral ordered his crews to cry, "Beef, lemons and cheese!" The imperial yacht came sweeping on, and as it reached the fleet a mighty roar went up of "Beef, lemons and cheese!" that entirely drowned the voices of the Frenchmen. And the empress said she had never been so complimented.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Learned Blind Man.

Blind men in Japan sometimes distinguish themselves outside their regular occupations. One was a famous "go" player, and it is recorded that, having beaten a prince at the game, his antagonist, in a fit of jealous anger, killed him and was himself executed for the crime. Another was a famous author, and compiled a valuable repertory of information in 635 volumes. The blind also practiced usury, and acquired much unpopularity from the harsh way in which they treated their debtors.—London Times.

Delayed.

Briggs—I saw your wife in a dry goods store yesterday morning.

Griggs—You did, eh? She must have been pricing something.

Briggs—Why so?

Griggs—She was late to dinner last night.—Cloak Review.

AN ODD CORPORATION.

WHAT MRS. MARY TYLER DID TO SAVE HER HEIRS TROUBLE.

She Transferred Nearly All Her Property to an Incorporated Organization Called "The Tyler Estate"—Real Estate in Several Cities.

Among the property items which the city is trying to acquire title to for the proposed Ninth regiment armory in Fourteenth street is a lot belonging to the Tyler estate. The Tyler estate is a novelty among the corporations of the country. It is not the estate of a deceased person, as one would naturally infer from the title, but is the estate of a wealthy western widow, who has had her real estate holdings capitalized and a stock company formed to take and hold the titles to it. Her object is said to be to so arrange the titles to her property that when she comes to dispose of it by her will there will be the least possible opportunity left to disappointed relatives to contest her will and drag her name and private history into the courts and before the public.

The certificate of incorporation of the estate recites that it was organized under the laws of Missouri as a corporation for manufacturing and business purposes, and is called "The Tyler Estate." It was organized under the legal advice and direction of Henry Hitchcock, of the St. Louis bar, a lawyer of that western city, who is said to have assured his client that the laws of Missouri authorized the organization and formal incorporation of real estate corporations.

The founder and principal proprietor of the Tyler estate is Mrs. Mary Lawrence Tyler, widow of Robert Tyler, of Louisville. She is said to be worth several millions, principally in lands and property in this city, Philadelphia, Louisville, St. Louis and other places, all of which, however, she has conveyed to the Tyler estate, taking the stock of the peculiar corporation in payment. The estate is capitalized at $500,000, but that does not begin to represent the actual value of the property it owns.

THE LAW IN SEVERAL STATES.

The real estate records of this county show the transfer of two pieces of property to the estate by Mrs. Tyler in February, 1888, the time when the corporation was formed. One of the items is the lot in Fourteenth street, which is wanted by the city for armory purposes, and the other is a business building and lot in Crosby street, between Broome and Spring streets. The city authorities and the representatives of the estate could not agree upon the price to be paid by the city for the Fourteenth street lot and condemnation proceedings have therefore been begun, wherein the price will be fixed by a commission.

But the principal interest in the affair attaches to the corporation itself. Many devices have been resorted to in times past by wealthy people who had large estates to dispose of by will to prevent the quarreling of heirs over the manner in which the property has been distributed by the owner in his or her will, but this is the first instance ever heard of in which a private person, having no desire or intention of going into business, where some occasion for forming a limited liability corporation might exist, has voluntarily had her property capitalized and represented in stocks and bonds.

In some of the states corporations for the purpose of holding titles to real estate are prohibited by law. New York is said to be one of these states and Illinois another. But they are apparently sanctioned by the laws of Missouri, and the laws of this state permit the holding of title to real estate by any corporation organized under the laws of any other state, the laws of which authorize the existence of a corporation for the purpose stated.

HOW THE SCHEME MAY WORK.

Who the present officers of the Tyler estate are could not be ascertained, nor any statement regarding the details of the organization—whether the corporation has more than one executive officer, how the property is managed by the officers, or in what manner transfers of real estate belonging to such a corporation could be made so as not to affect the value of its shares or to impair the security of the bonds. How long a life such a corporation could have is a question, furthermore, which no lawyer could answer offhand.

But it is claimed for it that the property can in this manner be held together for long periods of years, whereas, under ordinary conditions, no sooner is a wealthy person's will filed for probate than a long contest begins in the courts between the various heirs over the manner of its distribution among them.

By incorporating, as Mrs. Tyler has done, it is declared that all trouble of this character is done away with. The testatrix will not her property, but a certain number of shares of her estate to each heir, who is limited by his opportunities to either accept or reject them. This, however, still leaves the contesting heirs opportunities to fight over the distribution of the shares.

But Mrs. Tyler expects to get the better of this class of heirs by giving away the shares to the persons she desires to have them before her demise. The corporation, as said, is a novel one, but like the trust, may prove to be only the forerunner of many which will be organized as soon as the legal status of the Tyler estate shall have been passed upon by some competent legal tribunal.—New York Times.

Music From Insects.

The notes of the katydid are perhaps as familiar as any and have a certain fascination, the sounds taking on various inflections and meanings. They are produced by rubbing the inner surface of the hind legs against the outer surface of the front wings—fiddling, in fact. When the male cricket sings in the hearth it raises its fore wings and scrapes them against its hind ones. Even the butterfly makes a sound audible at some distance, certain species having been heard to utter a clicking sound.—St. Paul Dispatch.

It is encouraging to be assured, as we are, that with sufficient care, not only may a consumptive to recuperate at home, but he may be kept as favorable there as he could hope to find them at many health resorts.

The great Zeno lived a quiet and happy life until the age of 98, when one day he accidentally stumbled and broke his thumb. He interpreted the accident as a summons from earth and so hanged himself.

General Grant once declined to serve as president of the Panama Canal company with a salary of $25,000 because he thought its scheme impracticable.