EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL. - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Radical English Fashions Don't Go.

The recent refusal to sanction with the customary prompt enthusiasm several of the most radical changes in the regime that have been made of late years by London swells has had a decidedly discomfiting effect upon our English cousins. Their confidence of leadership has received naturally a severe shock in consequence. From all accounts the London swell mob is passing through a period of experimentalism. As a result men's fashions abroad have not been so unsettled in fifty years.

The heavy swells continue groping aimlessly after the elusive innovation. For their independence at this time, therefore, Americans have cause for self congratulation—the more particularly so on account of the very divergent character of some of the foreign ultra speculations. Advanced copies of the recent London fads in coats and top coats, had they been tried suddenly on the New York public, would have created almost a riot in the streets. The English swell, be it known, can dress himself up as his fancy dictates and the yeomanry makes no outcry.

Now that we have thrown off the shackles of slavish emulation and blithely accept or reject what we want, or what does not appeal to the sense of the fitness of things, the English fashion framer will come down from his oracular eminence and in the future pose with ameliorated despotism in the light of guide, philosopher and friend. I am aware that the sentiments above set forth would have been regarded a few years ago as rank heresy, but they verify the aphorism of Brer Rabbit that "the world do move."—Clothier and Furnisher.

An Ingenious Prisoner.

It is seldom that a convict turns the hours of his enforced confinement to such good purpose as an inmate of a Maryland prison. His term of imprisonment is thirteen years, on a conviction of horse stealing, of which he insists he was innocent. By working overtime he has earned such sums of money as to enable him to purchase books, of which his cell contains over 200. A short time ago, when electric light wires were being placed in the prison, he became interested in electricity and bought some standard works on the subject. The result was the construction of half a dozen different electrical appliances, including a burglar alarm, which he has just completed for the bedroom of the warden of the prison.

Another result of his industry is a lock which is so arranged that hammering on it drives the bolts deeper into their fastening. He exhibited a model of this lock to the warden, who was so pleased with it that it was at once adopted for use in the prison. Castings for the locks were made in the prison foundry, a lathe was set up in the prisoner's cell and he was relieved of all other tasks so that his entire time could be devoted to the manufacture of his locks, with which in a short time all the dormitories of the prison will be provided.—Exchange.

Against the Insurance Company.

A merchant who was a member of a mutual accident insurance association was killed, while hunting for recreation, from an accidental shot. The association provided for the payment of sums ranging from $5,000 to $500, according to the occupation of the member. Merchants' certificates call for $5,000; but the company paid the beneficiaries of the man in question only $500, on the strength of a provision that any member receiving an injury while engaged temporarily in another occupation more hazardous than the one given in his certificate, he shall be entitled only to such sum as provided for in the occupation in which he is engaged at the time of injury.

The Illinois supreme court held that the beneficiaries were entitled to the whole $5,000, as the word "occupation" in the bylaw has reference to trade, vocation or profession, and does not preclude a member from the performance of acts which are simply incidents connected with the daily life of men in all pursuits.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Amusement for the Baby.

Mr. Waldrige surprised his baby Sunday night. He didn't intend to surprise it; he intended to amuse. He had been to church, and on reaching home drew his revolver from his pocket to put it away. Baby reached for the weapon. If baby wanted it, baby must have it, so papa took out the cartridges—every one of them—and then to show baby how to operate the toy, he pulled the trigger. That was where the baby was surprised! It would surprise any baby to see its papa shoot the cook stove on a quiet Sunday night with an unloaded revolver, when the cook stove was quietly pursuing its vocation and digesting hard wood at the rate of an armful an hour.—Myrtle Point West Oregonian

It Was Hot.

Some wretch, who evidently delights to see mankind sweltering in perspiration, played a rascally practical joke on about two hundred passengers who were in the waiting room of the Staten Island ferry. For some reason, the arrival of the long expected boat was delayed; the crowd was therefore large, and as the night was intensely warm, the atmosphere in that close room was not only enervating, but distressing. The weather was unanimously voted to be the warmest of the season—hot enough to parbeil a Hottentot. It was then discovered that the Turkish bath temperature had been caused by a practical joker, who had unfeelingly turned on the steam heat.—Yankee Blade.

The Potato with the Iron Mask.

J. T. Choate, Esq., showed us this morning a veritable curiosity taken from the ground by his father while digging potatoes on his place. It was a heel iron from a lady's boot, through the center hole of which had grown a potato. The iron was nearly in the center, and on each side was a growth nearly large enough to hide the iron, which formed a metallic collar around the center of it.

The Shamrock.

Those who believe that one of the 10 lost tribes of Israel settled in Ireland lay stress on the fact that "shamrakh" is the Arabic word for trefoil, which, under the name of shamrock, has been made the national bloom of Ireland.—Philadelphia Ledger.

HOW THE ESKIMOS LIVE.

They Are Uncivilized, but They Can Give Points to Many a Civilian.

A very pleasant and openhearted people are these Cape York Eskimos. One would expect to find them gloomy and unhappy, like the icy fastnesses of their native Greenland. Their frame of mind, on the contrary, is very different. When they first sighted the Kite from their hillside tents they gave her a joyous greeting. "Kymo! Kymo!" or something resembling that word, they shouted in hearty tones. They seemed to have no fear that the visit of strangers boded them ill.

All the time aboard the ship they were smiling and laughing. These people have never had any Christian teachings, and almost the only white men they ever see are the whalers. Yet they are scrupulously honest. In trading with them members of the expedition passed around among them needles, knives and many articles as precious to them as diamonds to an American. Everything was returned.

All the men aboard the ship who had been whaling declared that no Yak had ever been known to take anything that was not his. The whole forty-eight people swarmed over the vessel for two days and not a single article was missed.

It was very different in the Danish settlements. There everything was tied up or stowed below as soon as any Eskimo came aboard.

There was only one thing that could have been construed into theft at Cape York. A Yak walked into the cook's galley and grabbed a piece of bacon from the pan and devoured it. In their settlements, however, the food appeared to be common property—a rule which may prevail during prosperity. It was noticed that they brought aboard birds and blubber for sustenance while they remained on the ship, but it did not seem to be the exclusive property of any one. Whoever was hungry helped himself.

Looking at these Eskimos, who are entirely beyond the influence of civilization, who live, as one might say, "on their own hook," one is tempted to ask whether the Danish rule is such a beneficent thing for the Greenlanders farther south. There does not seem to be so much happiness in the latter quarter. The only advantage possessed by the Danish Eskimo is that he has a better market for his goods. A few hundred years of civilization have not done much else for him, except to give him a liberal strain of European blood.

What these Cape York Eskimos need in a material way is wood, and perhaps guns and powder. Civilization can do little else for them. No signs of a rebellion could be seen, but they evidently have traditions, superstitions, and perhaps a god, for all their affairs are well regulated.

In the mob of forty-eight people, all bargaining, there was no instance of an Eskimo coveting any article secured by one of his fellows, nor was there a single dispute as to property. On no occasion, as far as seen, did any Eskimo lose his or her temper.

The husband and wife seemed to have separate property. All was not owned by the man. Sometimes a wife went ashore to get fresh articles of trade belonging to her husband, but on her return she would never part with them, however tempting an offer was made, until she consulted him. Her own possessions, however, such as bone needles, thimbles, necklaces, etc., she sold without consulting him. The bargaining of the children for their toys was not interfered with in the least by the old people.

The couples are very fond of each other and are tremendously proud of their children.—Boston Herald.

Improvements in Leather.

As early as 1823 an English tanner conceived the idea of forcing the tan liquors into the hides by hydrostatic pressure. By this method he greatly lessened the time of tanning; and, as he used a frame on which the hides had to be tacked before being put into the wheel, and as the hides had to be cut to fit these frames, thus causing considerable waste and damage, the process was abandoned.

It is hardly to be doubted, however, that with the spirit of push and enterprise now manifested by those engaged in the manufacture of leather the future will see wonderful improvements in this important industry, and that science and electricity will make it possible to convert hides into leather in as many hours as it now takes days. If this is done at all the shoe consuming public need have no fears that it will be accomplished at the expense of the excellency of the material which goes into its footwear, while tanners themselves can rejoice in the fact that they, being able to turn their money several times a year, can make both better and cheaper leather than ever before.—New York Advertiser.

Carrying Good News.

During the siege of Vicksburg an important artillery position had been assigned to a battery commanded by Major Schwartz, a German attached to General Grant's command. Late in the day while Grant was in his tent receiving dispatches from the front a German orderly made his appearance earnestly inquiring for "Zhineral Grant." After much parley his hearers, being convinced that his business with the general was important, admitted him to the latter's tent, where he made the announcement, "Schwartz's battery is took!" "Well," said the general calmly, "did you spike the guns?" "What?" shrieked the little German, "spike dem guns? Dem new guns? Vy, it would schpile 'em!" "Well, what did you do?" said Grant impatiently. "Vy, we took 'em pack again, by tam!"—Life.

Meanness in the Chaste Dove.

Cases of meanness are not numerous among the animals. A surprising one is the innocent dove, which sometimes hides under her wings food for which she has no need simply to deprive her companions. The sense of property is manifested in the competition for prizes, as in the struggle for the female or for food, rank, territory or nests. The dog distinguishes the property of his master and even discriminates between objects belonging to different members of the same family.—Current Literature.

Youthful Condescension.

The Father (sorrowfully)—Your absorption in social gayety grieves me. At your age such a life had no fascinations for me.

The Son (condescendingly)—At my age you probably lacked the fascinations which I inherit from my mother's side of the family.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

POLITICAL PARASITES.

THE "STRIKER," THE "WHEELER" AND THE "HEELER."

Descriptive Nouns That Most Local Statesmen in Big Cities Understand. Distinctive Peculiarities of Each Variety—Above Them Is the Voter.

The vocabulary of politicians is not frequently enriched by additions of any very striking sort, for the reason, very probably, that local leaders are much more likely to quote the expressive phraseology of others than to originate any of their own. So when in giving his testimony at one of the boodle trials, Alderman Michael Duffy, known prior to that as "the mayor of Harlem," used the term "a combine"—with the accent on the com—to describe a corrupt alliance between public officials having legislate powers, he added something to the politicians' vocabulary and the term has endured, in frequent use, since. There are, however, some nouns of description which all local politicians understand, even if no one else does. Here are a few:

A "striker" is a full fledged or would be elector who seeks some pecuniary return as the condition of giving his support to a candidate or party. The basis of his demand is that if his terms are refused he will work for the other side. Usually the "strike" is sugar coated; under guise of ball, picnic or excursion tickets offered for sale just before election, or of the membership of a target company or a social club, or a subscription for an alleged destitute person, or a chance at a raffle. The distinctive peculiarity of the striker is that he is without power or influence. He deceives only the weak kneed or uninitiated. Strikers, like wolves, usually go in pairs—never alone.

A "wheeler" is, in politicians' parlance, an elector whose identification with a party is due to pecuniary reasons and wholly disconnected with any principle. The "wheeler" is a grade above the "striker," because he has usually some influence, and those who pay him get, therefore, some return, whereas in the case of the "striker" they are, to use a Bowery phrase, "flat bunkoed." The "wheeler" does not remain on the same side of the political house two years in succession, lest through close identification with it he might come to be regarded as a regular member, and thus out of reckoning as a purchasable agent.

A "rooter" is a follower of a party or candidate on behalf of whom or which his loyalty and enthusiasm is shown whenever required. He gives and can give no reason for his support other than the fact that he is with his champion "through thick and thin." He holds usually some small place and there is no discount upon his effusive devotion, extending, as it does at times, to deeds of violence and even to those of a criminal character. The "rooter" does what he is told and does it with great energy and in a loud tone of voice.

THE "HEELER'S" FORMER BUSINESS.

A "capper" in the field of politics is the subsidized eulogist of a local statesman who is rich in means but spare in fame. The chief duty of the "capper" is to retail in touching accents and in forcible and picturesque language the kindly and beneficent actions of his chief. He gets for this a regular weekly salary, and his ordinary formula in a crowded barroom or on a street corner is about this: "You all think that the old man is mean, small, selfish and only looking out for himself. You never made a bigger mistake in your life. Why, in my presence, only this morning, I saw him distribute $300 among a score of poor persons, asking only of each of them one thing, that they would never mention it to a living soul. I suppose he will be dead sore at me if he hears that I have told this, but I've got to stand up for what is just and right, even if it is my ruin."

A "heeler" is the follower and attendant of some boss or subchieftain whom he accompanies on all missions or excursions of peril or importance. He is not enthusiastic like the "rooter" and has none of the intellectual accomplishments of the "capper," but he is invariably on hand when needed for a convention, a primary or an outing, and no instance is known of a "heeler" enjoying anything but the most robust health on election day, even though on other occasions his infirmities should be as many and as complex as others of the average of humanity. In the old days of repeating and ballot box stuffing, before a registry law was enacted, the prime duty of the "heeler" was to vote early and often.

ABOVE THEM ALL, THE VOTER.

A "hooker" is a constitutionally impecunious person, who believes that the living which the world owes him, and which the world withholds, can and should be secured in the troubled fields of politics. He regards, therefore, every candidate, leader, ward worker and municipal statesman as his debtor, and loses no opportunity to enforce small loans ranging in amount from a dime to a dollar. He uses no threats like the "striker," and makes no promises like the "wheeler," but regards himself as a privileged character and the candidate as his appropriate prey. It not infrequently happens that one of the results of the "hooker's" persistence is his failure to register, the consequence of which neglect is that he is unable to vote, and thus all the financial aid and comfort given him is entirely thrown away.

The list of personages indigenous, as it were, to the field of local politics might be still further extended, but when the "striker," the "wheeler," the "rooter," the "capper," the "heeler" and the "hooker" have been told about, the subject in its plainer aspect has been very nearly exhausted. For above all these is the one man whose influence outweighs all the others—the voter who, and who only, determines elections, approves or rejects movements and policies, indorses or rebukes the action of the public servants, and maintains intact and entire the system of representative, popular government, which the others named would threaten if they had the power to assail it.—New York World.

Jelly from Elephants' Tusks.

How many people have ever eaten jelly made from elephants' tusks? Yet it is very good, indeed. In the English factories where many tons of ivory are sawn up annually to make handles for knives and forks, great quantities of ivory dust are obtained. This dust is sold at the rate of sixpence a pound, and when properly boiled and prepared it makes the finest, purest and most nutricious animal jelly known. Years ago ivory jelly was a very fashionable remedy and much sought after.—Washington Star.

MILITARY TRAINING FOR ATHLETES.

Advantages of Discipline and Restriction in Muscular Development.

Americans take a special interest in athletics and all forms of outdoor exercise. In this they partake of a habit of most of the northern races. The Englishman indulges in rude sports in the field, and in his hunting will travel as far as India to have a brush with the tiger or lion in his native jungle. In Germany societies prevail everywhere for the purpose of physical training, and the German is fond of dashing into the forests to hunt the wild boar. The favorite diversion of the Americans in the west has been the hunting of the buffalo and grizzly bear. The excitement of such sports amply compensates for their danger. "It doth more stir the blood to rouse a lion than to start a hare."

The case is very different in most southern countries. In southern Europe the sports consist principally in hunting small game, involving no very great physical exercise. The favorite amusement is billiards or cards, which can be played within doors without exertion or exposure to the elements. Americans being among the most prominent people in pursuit of athletics and conspicuous in their disposition to indulge in manly sports, it is always an interesting question as to what training it is best to pursue in that direction. For youngsters the hoop, the top, marbles and tag answer every purpose. While young men are in college football and baseball furnish ample means of physical exercise.

At West Point and Annapolis military and naval drills, swimming and occasional outdoor games insure the perfection of physical training, and send the graduates of those institutions out into the world with muscles of iron and constitutions fitted for almost any strain. But after the college days the training ceases, a reaction sets in, and a breaking down in health is often the consequence. Gymnasiums, bicycles and long tramps may serve a good purpose for a time, but these are soon given up, as there is little incentive for exercising unless the exercise be systematic, part of some well organized plan and stimulated by association with one's fellows.

In casting about we find no better physical advantages to be gained than those derived from the military exercises which young men undergo in the militia services. Camping out in summer in well selected camps gives them an outdoor life which is a much needed change from the indoor life led throughout the long winters, during which so much vitiated air is breathed in crowded places of business and ill ventilated sleeping apartments. Marching is the most rational exercise for the legs; the manual of arms always insures healthy chests and well developed arms, and moving at the double quick improves the breathing power of the lungs.

Unlike the athletics in college there is no overtraining, which so often injures the subjects by excess, and no breaking down after the training has ceased. The marching and drilling under competent instructors improve the gait of the recruit, and give him a firmer, easier step and a more graceful carriage.

Military service has many advantages mentally. It cultivates intelligence among young men and does much toward improving the memory and curing absentmindedness. The necessity of being alert, listening for each word of command and acting promptly upon it, quickens the wits and cultivates the habit of fixing the attention and concentrating the thoughts. Marching to the sound of music gives a young man a better idea of measure and rhythm, and is calculated to make him more methodical in all things. His entering upon the duties of a soldier leads him to study military history, which embodies the chief history of nations.

The hardest lesson to be learned in life is that of amenability to discipline. In a land like this, where there is very little restraint among young or old, where self abnegation is but little heard of, and where the race of life is pretty much a "go as you please," there is scarcely any school in which subordination and obedience are taught except in the military service.—General Horace Porter in Cosmopolitan.

Edison and His Visitors.

About Orange you can hear numberless stories of Edison. Everybody likes him. One man, who had for years been in his employ as an experimentalist, told of a visit a number of men—Jay Gould, Sidney Dillon, Cyrus Field and others—paid to Edison at the laboratory one day. Edison came out of his workroom, where he was busy, and shook hands with Mr. Field. At that instant something popped into his head apropos of the experiment he was at work on. He never gives an idea time to escape him. Without a word of excuse to the magnates, he turned on his heel and hurried into his den again. They waited and waited, and by and by, tired out with delay, wended their way down stairs. Shortly afterward Edison came out and asked:

"Where did those paupers go?"

"Down stairs."

"Did they walk?"

"Yes."

"That's right. I don't want 'em to wear the oil off my elevator."

Then he stood around and told stories to his men. He is a great man for stories, and it is a tradition among his employees that they can tell him the same story every day for a week and he will never tire of it, nor in fact show any sign of having heard it before.—Drake's Magazine.

Naval Officers' Clothes.

American naval officers are men of many clothes, and the official etiquette of dress aboard ship is appalling to a landsman. Every officer must have four or five styles of hats and caps, at least as many different kinds of coats, and even prescribed styles of neckties in considerable variety. The captain ordinarily prescribes the uniform of the day, but when a flagship is within signaling distance of another man-of-war, the admiral is the authority on clothes as on other things.—Yankee Blade.

Why Boy Choirs Are Preferred.

There are several reasons why the old style quartette should have been replaced by the boy choir. Under the old system the singers often misbehaved; they took no interest in the church service, and I have known cases where they occupied their spare time during the service reading novels and newspapers. Then, again, the solo singers were extremely independent; they used to take most unwarrantable liberties with the service and were not at all amenable to discipline. — Interview in New York Epoch.

NAPOLEON ON RECIPROCITY.

A Possible Reason Why England Was Always Ready to Fight Him.

Napoleon was in very good spirits and seemed very desirous to show that though he had ambition England was not without her share also. He said that ever since the time of Cromwell we had set up extraordinary pretensions and arrogated to ourselves the dominion of the sea; that after the peace of Amiens Lord Sidmouth wished to renew the former treaty of commerce, which had been made by Vergennes after the American war, but that he (Napoleon), anxious to encourage the industry of France, had expressed his readiness to enter into a treaty, not like the former, which it was clear from the portfolio of Versailles must be injurious to the interests of France, but on terms of perfect reciprocity—viz, that if France took so many millions of English goods England should take as many millions of French produce in return. Lord Sidmouth said:

"This is totally new. I cannot make a treaty on these conditions."

"Very well. I cannot force you into a treaty of commerce any more than you can force me, and we must remain as we are—without commercial intercourse."

"Then," said Lord Sidmouth, "there will be war, for unless the people of England have the advantages of commerce secured to them which they have been accustomed to they will force me to declare war."

"As you please. It is my duty to study the just interests of France, and I shall not enter into any treaty of commerce on other principles than those I have stated."

He stated that although England made Malta the pretext, all the world knew that was not the real cause of the rupture—that he was sincere in his desire for peace, as a proof of which he sent his expedition to San Domingo. When it was remarked by Colonel Campbell that England did not think him sincere, from his refusing a treaty of commerce and sending consuls to Ireland with engineers to examine the harbors, he laughed and said that was not necessary, for every harbor in England and Ireland was well known to him. Bertrand remarked that every embassador was a spy.

Napoleon said that the Americans admitted the justness of his principles of commerce. Formerly they brought over some millions of tobacco and cotton, took specie in return and then went empty to England, where they furnished themselves with British manufactures. He refused to admit their tobacco and cotton unless they took from France an equivalent in French produce. They yielded to his system as being just. He added that now England had it all her own way, that there was no power which could successfully oppose her system, and that she might now impose on France any treaty she pleased.

"The Bourbons, poor devils [here he checked himself], are great lords, who are contented with having back their estates and castles, but if the French people become dissatisfied with that [the treaty] and find that there is not the encouragement for their manufactures in the interior of the country that there should be, they [the Bourbons] will be driven out in six months. Marseilles, Nantes, Bordeaux and the coast are not troubled by that, for they always have the same commerce, but in the interior it is another thing. I well know what the feeling is for me at Terrare, Lyons and those places which have manufactures, and which I have encouraged." — Thomas Usher, R. N., in Century.

How Crinoline Is Used.

Talking with a celebrity on feminine costume a day or two ago I lightly touched the mooted point—crinoline—and asked the masterly opinion on the subject. "Crinoline," replied the young man, "as we employ it, is not likely to detract from feminine grace or loveliness. On the contrary, all I desire is to give a consistent appearance to the materials employed, and for that purpose some convenient and as light as possible material has had to be adopted. Alpaca woven with horsehair is about the least weighty lining going and accordingly is more in demand than any other. It is also probable that later on strips of aluminium will be used to rigidly maintain the hems of skirts in funnel shape. Stiff muslin sewn with narrow lines of straw is forthcoming from several manufacturers, but it is exceedingly heavy and inconvenient, and in consequence I have not given it house room."—London Telegraph.

Women of Their Period.

In the great momentum of the women movement, which gains new victims every day, one is inclined to overlook the fact that woman was a power morally, socially and intellectually in the fifteenth century as well as the nineteenth, that the doors of the universities were open to her not only to study but to teach within their sacred precincts. In the University of Salamanca she had a place, and when Isabella of Spain desired to acquire the Latin tongue it was to a woman that she turned for a tutor. In Italy, even in the thirteenth century, a noble Florentine lady won the palm of oratory in a public contest in Florence with learned doctors from all over the world.—New York Sun.

Street Railway Crossings.

Grade crossings on street railways are as dangerous as on trunk lines and should be just as carefully protected. If a railroad company should cross the tracks of another, leaving the chances of collision to be avoided solely by the watchfulness of the engineer, there would be a great hue and cry. Yet similar carelessness is passed over in the case of street railways, though the danger is even greater on account of the increased frequency with which the tracks are used.—Kate Field's Washington.

A Bad Habit.

Mrs. Clamwhooper—John, you have a very annoying habit of saying "What's that?" whenever you are spoken to. Can't you break yourself of it?

Mr. Clamwhooper (reading)—Eh—what's that?—Texas Siftings.

A Detroit school uses the Columbia postage stamps as a text for essays. They form quite a picture gallery and, as is generally known, are descriptive of the discovery of this country.

Hervennius, the Sicilian, showed signs of madness and was confined by his friends. Determined to thwart them he beat his brains out against a post.

A Tamil proverb expresses the idea that tears in woman are not so bad after all: "A weeping man and a smiling woman are not to be trusted."

ROYAL BURIAL IN INDIA.

SOLEMN FUNERAL OBSEQUIES OF A MOHAMMEDAN RAJAH.

Ceremonies Attending the Death of an Indian Chief—An Imposing Procession to the Grave of a Ruler in Hindostan. An Event That Interests Crowds.

From an early hour crowds of Malays, Arabs, Javanese and other Mohammedan races had gathered in the grounds of the house lately built for the descendant of the Singapore royal line at Kampong Glam. Before 4 o'clock the large rooms of the house were filled with white turbaned sheiks and Malays seated in long lines on the mats and murmuring in low toned unison prayers for the dead. Within the house could be heard the splashing of water, where the corpse was undergoing ceremonial purifications previous to burial. Outside stood the bier, an enormous structure some twenty feet by twelve, made of lashed rollers and roofed in with yellow cloth, cut into a fantastic fringe at the edges.

Really it was a bier within a funeral carriage, for the center was screened off to contain the coffin, a space being left all around for relatives of the deceased Tungku to stand and scatter golden rice over the crowd. In one corner of the ground the coffin was having its finishing touches. This was a massive box of 2-inch thick planks, dovetailed at the corners and stayed across the top. It was in itself a great weight and took a dozen men to carry it. The tone of the crowd in the ground was quiet and subdued, but by no means sad or despondent.

Behind the coffin itself, for instance, was a group of retainers quietly taking a meal. Swarms of Malay boys were running about the ground, and the men, some nicely dressed, many in their ordinary clothing, chatted about their dead chief. A little distance from the bier stood the gravestones of granite, also swathed in royal yellow and lashed to a stage for convenience of carriage.

THE COFFIN.

The coffin, clean wood though it was, was carried away and also washed, being then placed in the porch of the house and half filled with clean white sea sand to await the body. A posse of Malay policemen arrived to keep order, and other police officials appeared. In front of the house a row of sixteen umbrellas, eight white and eight yellow, was formed, and from many windows peeped the women of the household. A lelah or cannon in the inclosure of the mosque had been firing at frequent intervals, being tended by a gigantic negro. Meanwhile the occupants of the house remained nearly silent, interest being centered in a group of katips (priests) and Kalthis, who were seated in front of a curtain of striped satin, behind which the body was being prepared for the grave.

It was considerably after 5 o'clock when a movement among those seated in the house indicated that the time had come when the body would be put in the coffin. Amid a considerable amount of confusion and a perfect babel of excited cries, all that remained of Tungku Allum was carried down stairs, wrapped in yellow cloth and infolded in a red edged mat. Borne on the shoulders of six priests the coffin was reached and the body deposited in it, H. H., the Sultan of Johore, reverently kissing it when the wraps were removed. The bystanders seemed perfectly frantic to get a look at the corpse ere it was placed on its bed of sand in the coffin.

AT THE GRAVE.

Then, in response to cries, a deathlike silence ensued, and an Imam, in a clear, musical voice, chanted some verses in Arabic, the bystanders responding in a deep toned murmur. Then the heavy lid was put up, and with difficulty (the sand making it exceedingly heavy) the coffin was put upon the bier or kranda. Round about it placed themselves young Malays with salvers, whence they threw among the crowd yellow rice, spices, money and scents.

First marched a number of boys beating censers or cups, some with spices, many wi incense. Next were about thirty women in two lines, each with an enormous yellow candle and a slip of yellow cloth tied round their necks. Then came the kranda, borne by a great number of men escorted by the umbrellas and followed by the gravestones and the immense concourse of people.

The distance to the mosque, about 300 yards, was laid with yellow cloth. The grave was in a small structure adjoining the mosque and abutting on the road. On reaching there the coffin was lifted from the bier. This was apparently the signal for the destruction of the latter. In ten seconds it was surrounded by an excited crowd who snatched at any part of it to secure a relic of what they believe had been sanctified by contact with the remains of their chief. Not a shred of the precious yellow cloth was left on it and even the wood of the structure was taken.

With much difficulty the coffin was then lowered into the grave and close upon dusk the ceremony which marked the close of the "reign" of another rajah was concluded.—Singapore Free Press.

Old and Young.

There is no surer antidote for the effect which time has over us all, in making our age evident, than a young heart.

"I should like to live to be as old as you are, grandmamma," said little Helen, "but I don't want to be as old as Aunt Susan, ever!"

"Why, why," said grandmamma, looking over her spectacles, "what do you mean, my dear child? Your Aunt Susan is a great many years younger than I am!"

"I don't see how that can be," said Helen, much perplexed. "You always remember the plays you had when you were a little girl; but when I asked Aunt Susan one day, she said, 'For pity's sake, child, you don't expect me to remember any of the games I had as a little girl. It's so long ago I've forgotten whether I ever played any!'"—Youth's Companion.

Raising Mushrooms All the Year Round.

A company in St. Louis is raising mushrooms in an immense cellar, 12 by 90 feet, for the western market. An inquirer who ventured into the subterranean garden found an almost Egyptian darkness and a temperature of 50 to 52 degs. Fahrenheit. The company began operations in August last and has already sold 40,000 pounds of the succulent fungi. The season of field mushrooms lasts only six weeks, and the St. Louis growers propose to meet the demand for the remainder of the year.—New York Post.

His Sight Was Telescopic.

The official of a leading railway company tells a good story about one of the engine drivers of his line. The engine driver was growing old, and frequent reports were made to the directors that his eyesight was not as good as it should be. This the old man stoutly denied, but nevertheless there is every reason to believe that his eyes were getting a trifle dim. However, he stoutly maintained that his eyes were not only strong, but phenomenally strong, and that these criticisms were made by jealous fellow engine drivers.

The test for eyesight on that line was made by a doctor who lived in a house facing a large common. When he wished to test the men's eyes he used to say, "Look over there and see what you can see." This fact had got known to the employees of the railway, and when the old engine driver was going to be examined he arranged with his son that he should take his bicycle about half a mile across the common and stoop down and oil it.

In due course the old engine driver was led to the window and the doctor said, as usual, "What can you see?"

The old man peered out and said:

"Well, I see a young man stooping down beside a bicycle."

"Do you?" replied the doctor; "I cannot see anything at all."

"Gammon!" said the engine driver; "can't you see it? Why, he's oiling it."

On this the doctor took up a pair of field glasses on the table and looking out behind quite plainly saw a young man stooping down oiling his bicycle.

"Magnificent sight!" he said; "magnificent!" and to this day the engine driver is taking his forty shillings a week with striking regularity.—Exchange.

How a Man Acts in a Woman's Company.

"My office is nearly opposite a popular down town restaurant, the upper floor of which is reserved for ladies or gentlemen accompanied by ladies," said a young aspirant for legal honors the other day at the Lawyers' club.

"The view from my window, however, allows me to see only one person seated at any of the three tables near the window, and that fact has enabled me to have lots of fun, and at the same time gives me a first rate chance to study my fellow man in the presence of a girl of whom he thinks enough to invite her out to luncheon.

"In a fortnight I got so I could tell in a moment whether any man of whom I could catch a glimpse at a table had as his vis-a-vis another man or a woman.

"How did I do it? Oh, it was easily enough divined. If there were two men the one I could see would act perfectly naturally. But if there were a woman on the other side of the table things were very much changed. The fellow in my view would conduct himself entirely differently from the one with his chum along. His interest in the curl of his mustache would be increased tenfold, and every now and then he would suspend operations in the eating line to cast a killing look at his fair companion.

"In fact, under such conditions, I found that the whole manner and pose of nine men out of ten became at once absurdly unnatural and self conscious, and their efforts to please, from my point of view, invariably became most amusing."—New York Herald.

Doctrine of Malthus and the Food Supply.

The doctrine of Malthus regarding the future food supply of the world and the ultimate starvation of a portion of the race has been greatly misrepresented, but even the most favorable interpretation is a gloomy one. Briefly stated, the theory is that population increases in a geometrical and food supply in an arithmetical ratio; and hence the time must come when there will not be food enough. Perhaps the simplest and most correct reply to this theory is that the assumption that the race increases and will continue to increase in geometrical ratio is not borne out by observed facts. The theory that the food supply increases in only arithmetical ratio, and must ultimately reach its limit, is doubtless nearer the truth. But while there is a limit to the possible production of food, it transcends all the ideas that ever occurred to Malthus or to the people of his time.

It has always been assumed that the capacity of the soil to produce plants is measured by what is popularly called its fertility—that is to say, the amount of production possible under ordinary conditions of culture. The science of today, however, shows this measure to be incorrect, and the practice of agriculture is already beginning to add its testimony to the same effect. And remarkable as is the story told in market gardening, in the reclaiming of the desert and in irrigation, it is only the first chapter of a tale the already attested wonders of which almost rival those of the "Arabian Nights."—Professor Atwater in Century.

Tanning Hides.

Of late years there has been much talk of tanning hides by electricity, and several methods have been tried, but with indifferent success. There is no doubt, however, but that electricity does greatly aid in the tanning process. In the old days of tanning, the hides, after being dehaired and made ready, were placed in the tan vats, and there allowed to remain untouched and undisturbed for from nine to twelve months, and in some cases even longer, until the tannin in the liquors, thoroughly uniting with the hides, had converted them into leather. But after a time it was discovered that by putting the hides into a revolving wheel or drum, which had first been partially filled with the tan liquors, the time necessary to convert them into leather was greatly shortened.—New York Advertiser.

Dressed in Style.

Stage Robber—Hold up y'r hands!

Scared Passengers—Yes, yes, yes, of course.

Robber (gallantly)—Beg pardon, lady; you needn't hold yours up. Put 'em down again.

Lady—My hands are not up. Those are my shoulder puffs.—New York Weekly.

Scrupulous Dr. Peabody.

According to Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the late Dr. Andrew Peabody, while looking over some papers one day, discovered that he was $40,000 richer than he had been the year before. Thereupon he wrote to the assessors of Cambridge and directed them to increase his tax bill.

The waste of a great city might easily feed its desperate poverty. We waste our coal and our smoke, our gas and our water, our food and our refuse. What we want is more forethought in times of comparative prosperity.—Exchange.