EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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SHADOWS.

Shadows of the morning, on the way!
Shadows of a morning, fresh and gay!
Shadows of the morning, like a maiden's tears adorning
For her bridal—oh, how soon ye pass away!

Shadows of the midday, cool and calm,
Shadows of Oasis and of palm!
Where a weary pair are resting, after heat of desert blest in
Airs that wander in those shadows, breathing balm.

Shadows of the evening, how they fall
Somber, dank and heavy, like a pall!
How at first, they quicken: then they thicken, thicken, thicken,
Till they rush upon us, myriads, veiling all.

Shadows of the midnight, dark and drear!
Shadows of the midnight fraught with fear!
But for hopes we fondest cherish, faiths we dare not let to perish,
Oh, ye awful, awful shadows! And so near!
—Spectator.

Dixon and Ingalls.

Rev. Thomas Dixon has a lecture on the negro that he often delivers on account of its great popularity. Some time ago he was called upon to lecture at Berlin Falls in New Hampshire. His audience was a large one, but largely Republican in its politics.

The tall young preacher tells this story of himself to illustrate the power of antithesis, a figure of speech he is very fond of employing in his lectures and sermons.

Said he: "The audience was with me from the beginning, but I had a long quotation in my lecture from Senator John J. Ingalls' speech in the senate on the race question three or four years ago. Ingalls said some very bitter things about the negro in his speech, and the quotation was one of them. I delivered Mr. Ingalls' words with all the effect I could possibly give them. The audience, which up to this time had been so responsive, had become silent, but one great, stout fellow, over 6 feet, rose from his seat. His face was livid; his eyes fairly gleamed with anger as he stood there shaking his brawny fist in my face. He was speechless, but he looked like a man that meant business, and the whole audience seemed half alarmed.

"When I had finished these severely unkind words about the negro from Mr. Ingalls' speech, I quietly announced that 'these are the words of your own Republican senator, John J. Ingalls.' The audience now leaped to its feet, and the outbursts of applause and derisive laughter fairly overwhelmed the indignant man on his feet.

"This man was stopping at the same hotel with me, and next morning at the breakfast table he sat just opposite me. He was then another sort of looking man, for he seemed to be shy and ashamed and also anxious to speak, but he did not know just how to strike up a conversation. Presently he commenced to pile the dishes near by around my plate in a nervous fashion. At last I spoke to him, and he took me in the corner and apologized for all he was worth."—New York Evening Telegram.

Why Girls Like a College Dance.

A college dance is generally considered by young ladies to be very good fun. There is an adventurous zest in journeying to a college and exploring it and meeting crowds of people you never saw before, and there is something wild and reckless in being quartered in an odd little boarding house, or more delicious still in some room in university hall borrowed by your entertainer for the occasion, with the owner's photographs and souvenirs hanging about just as he left them.

Then, too, the young men themselves, some of whom you have met or heard of before, try to be very agreeable and do everything in their power to make you have a good time, if for no other reason, in order that you may see how superior their college is to any other, so that even several seasoned society girls consider it worth their while to run down to a college dance and be amused by these fresh faced young fellows. Some of them have been coming off and on for several generations of college men and could talk interestingly of your brother in the class of '86 should they be so inclined. They know all about these hops.—Harper's Bazar.

The Judgment of Years.

A significant bit of wisdom, to be pondered over by the very young, whose griefs and disappointments seem so tragic, was that uttered by Mrs. Dolly Madison, when she was over 80 years old and near her death.

Her life had been fortunate and beautiful, not only because circumstances had proved kind to her, but from the brightness and buoyancy of her temperament.

She harbored no bitterness over past experiences, but life had taught her the unimportance of most trials which loom so gigantic in approaching.

Not long before her death one of her nieces went to her for sympathy in some slight trouble.

"My dear," she said, "do not trouble about it. There is nothing in this world really worth caring for. Yes," she repeated, looking intently out of a window, "I who have lived so long repeat to you that there is nothing in this world below really worth caring for!"—Youth's Companion.

Death From Fright.

"I have interested myself somewhat in looking up unusual causes of death," said Dr. Elder, "and have met several well authenticated instances where fright was the cause. The English Surgeon General Francis tells of a drummer in India across whose legs a harmless lizard crawled while he was half asleep. He was sure that a cobra had bitten him, and it was too much for his nerves, and he died.

"Frederick I of Prussia was killed by fear. His wife was insane, and one day she escaped from her keeper, and dabbling her clothes with blood rushed upon her husband while he was dozing in his chair. King Frederick imagined her to be the White Lady, whose ghost was believed to invariably appear whenever the death of a member of the royal family was to occur, and he was thrown into a fever and died in six weeks."—Washington Post.

Housecleaning Apophthegms.

Always tear up every room in the house and set the furniture out on the lawn.

If pressed for time, clocks and other heavy articles may be hurled through the window.

A carpet is never beaten enough. When beaten out of existence, the good carpet beater pounds the shuddering atmosphere where it hung.

Tacks will stand firmer on the floor points up.

In leaving pieces of soap on the stairs, see that they are wet if possible.

Shut the family cat and your husband down the cellar in the night to get them out of the way.

Cold beans make the best food during housecleaning. They taste best eaten out of the bookcase.—New York Tribune.

Every young person should be taught that it is a mark of good breeding to keep a promise even at serious inconvenience. "Noblesse oblige," and if you live in the upper strata of society you should be proportionally well bred.

An Interesting Question.

A child stood in silence watching a cook skin a rabbit, but at the end of the operation heaved a deep sigh and said, "Can 'oo put his fock on 'gain, cook?"—London Truth.

CARMEN.

Carmen was sixteen. Everything about her was seductive, of a penetrating charm and enchanting grace. Her sweet, youthful visage, of an alabaster white, slightly tinted with pink, bore the imprint of rare distinction; large black eyes, shaded by long lashes, gave her at times a grave air, which was quickly dissipated by the smile upon her lips. A corsage garnished with jet usually decked her shapely bust; her short skirt revealed tiny feet with finely turned ankles, which more than one aristocratic senorita envied her. Her voice had a melody of exquisite purity. She sang and danced ravishingly.

Not less handsome was Miguel, the youth upon whose arm Carmen was leaning. In stature slightly above the medium, admirably proportioned, of lofty bearing, with bright eyes and intelligent forehead, he seemed born to protect the noble young girl.

They were slowly walking along a path bordered by orange trees and myrtles forming a terrace above the Duero, the waters of which flowed between thickly shaded banks through the valley of Paradise.

It was the anniversary of Carmen's birth. On this occasion Don Luis Ayelo, her father, had invited a few friends to spend the afternoon at the country residence he owned at the gates of Grenada. In the first rank of these friends was the Ortega family of which Miguel was the eldest son.

Miguel and Carmen had grown up together. An invincible penchant had drawn one toward the other. For a long while a brotherly and sisterly affection had subsisted between them; then, without their knowledge, this affection had been transformed into a deep and passionate love, but they had not as yet mutually confessed it.

Of what were they talking? Of a thousand insignificant things which delighted them. Their glances were full of tenderness, and they bent with confidence one toward the other.

The young Spaniard experienced for the first time the voluptuous thrill imparted by the arm or hand of the beloved woman, and when his curly locks touched Carmen's forehead he felt in all his being an inexplicable but delicious faintness. His voice, which had grown softer and more penetrating, deliciously agitated the young girl's heart. In her also the flower of love was blooming and its perfume intoxicated her. A strange sensation, wholly new, gradually invaded her; she clung more closely to the arm of her childhood's friend.

With a sudden spring their lips met, they both uttered the same exclamation; this first avowal and this first kiss sealed their betrothal.

Happy and blushing, Carmen, as if to regain possession of herself, led Miguel to the edge of the terrace, where they gave themselves up to vague contemplation.

It would be difficult to find a more marvelous landscape than that which at that moment the fast setting sun empurpled throughout its entire extent. Lying lazily against its two hills Grenada opened like the fruit the name of which it bears, displaying its houses, its palaces, the cupolas and spires of its churches. Upon an elevation the Vermilion towers threw aloft their shrub clad walls. Not far from there the Alhambra, that palace which the Genii have gilded like a dream, that gigantic plaything, one of the marvels of human art, spread out its luxury of arabesques, its varnished and multicolored faiences, its verses of the Koran carved in relief above its thousands of colonnades, its love knots varied in the most harmonious fashion. To the east the Genera life exhibited its admirable gardens, all gushing with water which sprang up in jets, fell in little cascades or seemed to sleep in the marble basins.

Miguel and Carmen, absorbed in their thoughts, saw nothing of this splendid picture, which besides was familiar to them, nor did they admire that plain of the Vega covered with vineyards, fig trees, mulberry trees and orange trees, a vast orchard which, beneath the blue sky of Andalusia, produces the effect of an immense emerald set in sapphire. They perceived not in the distance the huge masses of the Sierra Nevada bordering the horizon, casting their severe aspect over the splendors of the plain and communicating a secret languor to the soul.

The two young people finally tore themselves from their reflections and rejoined their families. From that day they were happy only when together, and when they were separated they thought and dreamed but of each other. All that was not Carmen was indifferent to Miguel; all that did not concern Miguel had no interest for Carmen.

This happiness lasted two months. An unforeseen catastrophe suddenly put an end to their joys and hopes; a reverse of fortune fell upon the Ortega family; it speedily found itself ruined.

Carmen's father would no longer hear of his daughter's union with Miguel. But the young man persisted; his courage, energy and resolution were equal to the occasion.

"Your father," said he to Carmen, "declines me as his son-in-law because I am poor, but I love you and no power on earth can make me give you up. Since fortune separates us I am going to Brazil; I will create a position for myself worthy of my beloved, and when I have it I shall return to demand your hand. Until then, Carmen, be faithful to me."

"Faithful unto death!" answered the young girl.

"Remember your oath. That I may succeed I must be sure of your love. Carmen, swear to me that no man shall replace me in your heart."

"I swear it. You alone shall be my husband—I will have no other; I will wait for you. Go without fear, my Miguel; have faith in the word of your betrothed."

It was one Sunday morning at the door of a church that Miguel and Carmen exchanged their oaths; the young man put all his soul in the supreme embrace which he gave his fiancee, and, while with eyes reddened by tears she went in to kneel at prayer, he fled desperately, broken hearted and with brain on fire, toward his father's dwelling.

A few days afterward he embarked at Cadiz on a vessel ready to set sail for South America. The Ortega family quitted Grenada. Carmen no longer heard Miguel mentioned; no one could give her news of him.

An old custom exists in Grenada. Every year a grand ball takes place for the benefit of the poor. Not only do all the members of the city's high society consider it a duty to be present, but also a great number of persons of distinction come to Grenada on that occasion from the other towns of Andalusia and even from Madrid.

The attraction of the fete consists in the right which each cavalier enjoys of soliciting of a lady the honor of dancing with her. He buys this privilege with a sum of money which is immediately paid into the treasury of the poor. Several claimants can contest simultaneously; a veritable auction is then established, and it is with the last and highest bidder that the lady is compelled to dance.

No woman can escape this obligation, no husband can prevent his wife from dancing with a stranger unless he offers a larger sum than his rivals on the moment.

Such is the law of the fete; all are aware on entering that they will be compelled to submit to it. Don Ramon Moreno was not ignorant of this when he took his young wife to the annual charity ball. It would have been a great disadvantage, in truth, had she not appeared there, so remarkable were her grace and beauty. Nevertheless, in her dreamy eyes one saw a shade of sadness which accentuated still more the pallor of her complexion and the delicacy of all her person. She replied only in monosyllables to the questions addressed to her by her husband and with a smile of deep melancholy to the compliments of her numerous admirers.

"My love," said Ramon, offering her his arm to take her upon the terrace that she might enjoy the cool evening air, "can nothing divert you from your thoughts?"

She arose without answering, placed her hand upon her husband's arm and was preparing to accompany him when she was shaken from head to foot by a violent commotion; her eyes, opened to their widest extent, were fixed on a stranger whom she had not noticed until then, but whose ardent and passionate glance had not quitted her since her arrival at the ball.

"He!" muttered she, with joy mixed with fright. "He! Miguel!"

And she sank down upon the chair she had just quitted.

"What ails you, Carmen?" asked Ramon Moreno. "Are you ill?"

"Why did you deceive me?" cried the young wife. "Why did you assure me he was dead? Oh, what you have done, Don Ramon, was unworthy of an honest man—you bought my consent at the price of a lie!"

"Of what are you talking, Carmen, and what signifies your language?"

"It signifies that I did not wish to marry you; that I wished to remain faithful to my old and sole affection. My father insisted that it was my duty to renounce it. You know to what threats, to what prayers he had recourse. His fortune and his honor were at stake. For a long while I resisted and never would I have yielded had not he and you affirmed to me Miguel's death. Well, Miguel is not dead, since there he stands!"

And her glance shot toward the stranger. Don Ramon had no time to answer, for Miguel had quitted his place and was advancing with a calm but resolute air. When he reached them he said, bowing respectfully to Carmen:

"Madame, will you do me the honor to dance with me?"

She grew faint and put her hand to her heart as if to restrain its throbs; then realizing that all eyes were fixed upon her and feeling her husband's arm tremble, but resolved to have an immediate explanation with Miguel, she demanded of him according to the usage:

"How much do you offer?"

"A thousand piasters," replied he.

"It is I, senor, who will have the pleasure of dancing with my wife," replied Don Ramon, "and I do not believe I shall pay too much for that pleasure by giving to the poor two thousand piastres."

"And I will give ten thousand!" coldly resumed Miguel.

A sullen rage took possession of Don Ramon Moreno's heart.

"You are making this a personal affair, senor!" cried he. "So be it! I will give twenty thousand!"

"A hundred thousand!" said the impassible voice of Miguel.

The spectators could not repress a murmur of approbation. Don Ramon realized that by persisting further he would render himself ridiculous. Besides, he was there and would not lose sight of his adversary. What danger could there be in letting him dance with Carmen? It was upon another field that he counted on taking his revenge. Hence he strove to compose his features and said in the most amiable tone he could assume:

"Indeed, senor, I should with ill grace deprive you of a satisfaction which flatters as much as it honors me. Your persistence would prove to me, were I not already aware of it, what value I should attach to the possession of a wife whom a cavalier so perfect esteems sufficiently to pay a hundred thousand piasters for the mere favor of dancing with her!"

Miguel drew a checkbook from his pocket, filled up a check for a hundred thousand piastres, tore it out and handed it to one of the commissaries of the fete, then he offered his arm to Carmen.

During this colloquy the young woman had not made a movement. Faint, half dead, she nevertheless had the strength to arise and follow her cavalier. Miguel encircled her waist with his strong arm and the waltz bore them away in its whirl.

"Ah! madame," murmured the young man in Carmen's ear, "not only a hundred thousand pirstres, but all my fortune, the millions I have amassed in order to lay them at your feet, my very life, which henceforth has no charm for me, would I have given for this moment! Not that I now attach the slightest value to the honor of dancing with you, but because I want to tell you that I despise you!"

"Have mercy!" whispered Carmen, whose heart bled beneath the insult.

"There is no mercy for a perjurer! You promised to wait for me, to remain faithful to me until death, and you have broken your oaths!"

"But, Miguel, you do not know"——

"I know but one thing, Carmen—that you are the wife of another and lost to me. I am devoured by jealousy and wish to avenge myself!"

"Yes, you are right—avenge yourself. I merit death—kill me, Miguel! Better die than live since I have lost you. What would life be to me now that I have found you again and cannot be yours? For it is you alone I love! My father forced me to marry that man, but I have never loved him."

"Then let us fly together!"

"Fly! I cannot do it. It would dishonor me!"

At that moment they passed before Don Ramon. The sight of the man who had robbed him of his love and happiness sufficed to dissipate the tenderness with which for an instant Carmen's words had softened Miguel's heart. Drunken with jealousy and fury, he tightened his grip upon the young wife, hastened the movement of his steps and then madly, passionately, in the sight of all, snatched a long kiss from her lips.

Don Ramon saw it; he sprang forward to stop him and tear away his wife from his embrace. When the two rivals were face to face Miguel opened his arms and let Carmen fall into those of Don Ramon.

Don Ramon received only a corpse—Carmen was dead, stifled by her lover.—F. de Noce, in Philadelphia Times.

Hysteria in Men.

Hysteria in men is apparently not rare in other countries, but in England it is, relatively speaking, very uncommon. Not many years ago a Russian physician observed that true hysterical fits were common among young Circassian men, and the disease might reasonably be suspected to prevail where men of an imaginative and impressionable stock predominate. Judging by the evidence of French medical publications, Frenchmen are far more subject to hysteria in adult life than Englishmen. Occasionally certain cases, recorded in French medical newspapers, must cause us to reflect. Are such cases hysterical at all, or are certain nervous affections common in England really forms of hysteria?

The doctrine that hypochondria is in males the homologue of hysteria must be accepted by the French on the evidence of what prevails in England. For hypochondria, low spirits, or "spleen" is proverbially common there, and the French hold exaggerated opinions on the subject. In a more excitable race more acute nervous symptoms might be expected.—British Medical Journal.

An Electric Boat.

A French engineer has designed an electric boat, the leading feature of which is that it will be propelled by a sea water battery. The plates are sunk in the sea under the boat by way of a kind of keel and drive a large rotary wheel by means of a motor. Pulleys raise or lower the plates of zinc or copper, as required. A Vermont blacksmith, Thomas Davenport, announced a similar device for the purpose about fifty years ago.—Philadelphia Ledger.

DESERT OF COCOPAH.

FOUR YEARS' EXPERIENCES OF TWO DARING GOLD MINERS.

A California Inferno Which Has Swallowed Up a Small Army of Plucky Seekers After the Yellow Metal—How Two Men Managed on Their Terrible Trip.

God may have wrought a place more terrible than the Cocopah desert of Lower California, but if so it is unmarked by the trail of mortal. A desert from which Dante might have added to the horrors of his "Inferno" a level of gray death, feared of man and forgotten of its creator; a region separated from the seething caldron below by a thin crust of sand, through which the fumes and heat from the ebb and flow of fire seem plainly apparent.

As a starting point for a desert trip find Campo, a village in southern California near the Mexican boundary and about 60 miles back of the coast line. Twenty miles south of that, as an initial point, run a line of 100 miles southeast until it touches the gulf coast line. Between that line and the gulf lies the famous Cocopah desert with its range of mountains—a territory about 100 miles square, but as little known as the interior of Africa. An innocent looking little spot on the map, but on the surface of what it represents lie bleaching the bones of many men, both white and red. You will note that it is not marked with the zigzag lines which generally denote watercourses, nor is it marked with the shaded lines representing mountains. Why? Simply because as yet there has been found no corps of engineers with sufficient hardihood to attempt its survey. There are maps of the region, but they are seared on the brains of less than half a dozen hardy prospectors.

Standing on the line you have drawn and looking eastward you may see the outlines of a range of low mountains distant, with water 40, possibly 60 miles. Without water eternity intervenes between you and that range of hills rising darkly purple through the shimmering heat. That stretch of 40 or 60 miles is the worst part of the Cocopah desert—a wide stretch of arid, sterile, sandy plain lying far below the level of the sea and absolutely devoid of vegetation and life in any form. Too hot and dry for even the lizard and horned toad, the heat radiates from the sand and rocks with scorching effect, blistering the skin.

Forty or 60 miles is not a great distance, you say, and ought to be covered in less than 24 hours. Other good men have thought the same and tried it. Their bones scattered about on the sand afford proof of their error. Every year for nearly half a century that desert has claimed its victims singly and in groups. Yearly since the Argonauts drifted south from the gold fields in the center of California men have started for the Cocopahs and never returned.

Once having reached the mountains, you are not saved from death by thirst. There are but two or three places in all that range on the west side where water fit to drink may be found. There are strange phenomena in that region, however, which are worthy of a scientific exploration. At the foot of the mountains, on the west, is a lake known as the Laguna Salado. It is probably eight miles in length and from one to two miles in width, lying parallel with the range. The water is very salt and has tides like the ocean's. Its shores are fringed with a marine vegetation, and it is evident that the lake is fed from the gulf of California, but the gulf is more than 60 miles away, and a range of mountains intervenes.

What lures men to that locality and tempts them to cross those burning sands? Gold.

Of the hundreds that have tried to reach these mountains, that El Dorado of mucho oro, there are but a pitiful few that have ever returned. Among the latter are J. M. Brown and Jacob Crawford, two old time miners. Four years ago they "outfitted" at the little village of Campo and started for the Cocopah country. Two years later, gaunt, thin and hollow eyed, they drifted into the little Mexican town of Ensenada, some 60 miles down the coast. Their belts were full of gold, however, and after resting they refitted and disappeared. From that time nothing was heard of them until Monday, when they arrived in this city.

When they started for the desert, in addition to the usual supply of provisions and necessary prospecting tools, they had made four canteens of zinc, each of six gallons capacity and so constructed as to fit the backs of their burros. On the back of each burro was also a 5-gallon keg. Their way led them south from Campo to Tajo, some 30 miles south of the Mexican line. From there they went down the Canon de la Palmas, and nine miles brought them to the edge of the desert. They decided to steer straight for what appeared a low pass in the Cocopah range and one that could not be mistaken. One night the canteens and kegs were filled at the spring 2½ miles up the canon, and the next morning they started on their journey through that veritable valley of death.

They had hoped to make the pass by traveling constantly in 24 hours, but here their experience failed them. The heat was worse than that of the Sahara, and the dryness of the atmosphere something of which they had not dreamed. They soon found that they could not engage in conversation without their throats and tongues becoming inflamed, and they went along in silence. The hot air seemed to shrivel their very lungs. Their canteens were constantly drawn upon, and by the time the mountains were reached those 192 quarts of water had disappeared, though it had been used sparingly. Suddenly the old burro stumbling along in front half paused, threw up his head, the long ears went forward, and his nostrils worked convulsively. The pause was but for an instant. Then he went forward at a pace that hurried his more heavily packed companions to maintain.

He had scented water. The first visible sign to the men was a spot of damp sand under the edge of a bowlder in the bottom of the canyon. A short distance farther up a little stream trickled over the rocks, and not far above was a spring.

The ever present heat was too intense for them to carry on their operations except in the early morning or late in the afternoon, but they managed to get an ounce of gold a day. The nights were but little cooler than the days, and after the men had spent the usual two hours after sundown in the places they would stretch out naked on the sand and endeavor to pass the night in sleep. Mosquitoes and other insects did not bother them, the heat being too great seemingly for even them to bear.—San Diego Cor. San Francisco Examiner.

Fire Restored Her.

A curious incident delayed Lowell's transfer to England. The health of Mrs. Lowell at that time was so delicate that she could not be moved from her room. Mr. Lowell therefore wrote to Washington that he should be unable to accept the appointment which was so honorable to him. Just at this moment it befell that the curtains of Mrs. Lowell's bed took fire. Nurses and attendants were frightened out of their senses, she alone retaining her presence of mind. She, who had been helpless but just before, sat up and gave directions for extinguishing the fire, and, in one word, she received such vitality, if one may so speak, that she was a new person. The physicians were delighted with the result of this fortunate misfortune. They told Mr. Lowell that no difficulty would follow her removal, and it was thus that he withdrew the letter which he had sent to Washington. To the fortunate incident of the lighting of a bed curtain with a candle was due Mr. Lowell's diplomatic career in England.—Exchange.

MRS. MAGOOGIN TALKS.

She Makes Some Philosophical Observations to Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"Id takes th' cake, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Fwhat diz, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Th' Jursey City man thet's axin th' divoasht because his wife dizn't know how to cuke corn bafe an cabbage, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Fwhat quare goin's-an, Mrs. Magoogin!"

"Thrue for ye, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the widow. "Id is quare, there's no gainsayin that. But id's quarer shtill that there shud be anny wuman wud so little since thet she should go an get marrid wudout knowin how corn bafe an cabbage is cuked, me frind. Fwhat did she think she was gettin married fur, Oi don't know? Was it to put her heels up an tap av th' sofee an wud pincushions an pillies undher her head to lose down an dhrame sweet dhrames the whole livelong day, Mrs. McGlaggerty?

"Id's all roight an well enoof fur a woman thet gets howlt av a Vanderbilt ur an Asther, an thet kin have sarvints an cukes av her own, an thet has divil a ha'p'orth to do from mornin till noight but brish her hair an talk to herself in th' lukin glass—id's all very noice an raisinable fur a daisy loike thet to inther th' mattherynomial shtate wudout andherstandin how to cuke corn bafe an cabbage, but id's a shame, an an outrage, an a croime agin th' conjoogal conventhialties fur a gerrul that marries a wurrukin man to be ignorint av id, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Id med me laugh fwhin Oi fusht hurd me daughther Toozy readin about id; but, begorry, fwhin Oi come to think about id Oi can't help thinkin but th' man that axes th' divoasht is roight, me frind. Sure an aff a woman dizn't know how to cuke corn bafe an cabbage fwhat in the name of St. Mick av the Mountain kin she know at all at all, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Yurra, wurra, but th' gerruls thet ar growin up ar th' divils in all fur knowin nothin an doin nothin but dhressin an shtoyle an breakin min's h'arts.

"They don't want to sile their hands aff they kin help id, but they'll play long Dinnis an shmoke cigaroots an paint imbr'idderies an think they're hall an all on fwheels, so they will, Mrs. McGlaggerty. But they can't cuke corn bafe an cabbage, an fwhat gud ar' they fur wolves wudout that, me frind? No wondher th' min ar' runnin away wud other gerruls an gettin so many divoashtees, Mrs. McGlaggerty. How kud it be otherwoise, me frind, fwhin they can't have their malls cuked praperly for thim at home? Wait till Oi show ye fwhat a fushtclass woife luks loike wan av these days. Oi won't say fwhin—but me Cubyan smash is an th' marry, an I wudn't be shupproise but fwhat me daughter Toozy id have a shtepladder for a father wan uv these foine days, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"—New York Mercury.

He Never Tried It Again.

A brigade major serving in Gibraltar was in the habit of giving to soldiers who had indulged not wisely, but too well, a note addressed to the sergeant of the guard, in which it was written, "Please confine bearer."

One day an astute Irishman happened to be one of the victims and was handed the note and ordered to return to the barracks at once to deliver it.

On his way he met the brigade major's groom, and knowing the contents of the note asked him as a favor to take it to the barracks, as he did not wish to return for an hour or two.

On delivering it he was of course confined to the guardroom.

The major, on learning the truth, said no more about it, thinking it very smart on the part of the soldier, and never again tried it.—Spare Moments.

A Very Old Rule.

The oldest mathematical book in the world is believed to be the "Papyrus Rhind" in the British museum, professed to have been written by Ahmes, a scribe of King Ra-a-us, about the period between 2000 and 1700 B. C. This "Papyrus Rhind" was translated by Eisenlohr, of Leipsic, a few years ago, and it was found to contain a rule for making a square equal in area to a given circle. It was not put forth as an original discovery, but as the transcript of a treatise 500 years older still, which sends us back to, approximately, 2500 B. C., when Egyptian mathematicians solved, or thought they had solved, the problem of squaring the circle.—All the World Round.

The Wrong Night.

"So you deny that you ever asked my client to marry you or that you promised to marry her?" queried the attorney for the plaintiff in the breach of promise case with a comprehensive gesture and an air of surprised incredulity.

"No, sir, I admit it," responded the defendant promptly.

"You admit it!" shouted the lawyer, leaping to his feet and casting a triumphant look about the courtroom.

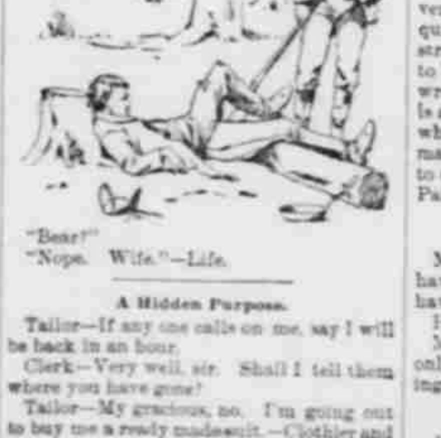
"Yes, I admit it, but the conversation alluded to occurred on Sunday evening, and I believe contracts made on that day are void."—Detroit Tribune.

One Sample Enough.

Newman—Come in a moment, old fellow! I want to show you a new invention of mine. It is the latest thing in pants stretchers.

Shockem—Excuse me, but I've had my share of that article, thank you. Old Bodly operates a very effective one. He tried it on me last night, and it not only stretched his pants but stretched me out on the sidewalk.—Boston Courier.

After the Battle.



"Bear?"
"Nope. Wife."—Life.

A Hidden Purpose.

Tailor—If any one calls on me, say I will be back in an hour.

Clerk—Very well, sir. Shall I tell them where you have gone?

Tailor—My gracious, no. I'm going out to buy me a ready madesuit.—Clothier and Furnisher.

He Was a Tenderfoot.

"Are you fond of music?" he asked.

"Sometimes," was the answer.

"I have some duets in my trunk. Can any of you sing at sight?"

"No, but a lot of us can shoot at sight."—Washington Star.

Where They Went.

Carruthers (in Waite's den)—That's a very pretty desk you have there, but I don't see any pigeonholes for bills and the like.

Waite—No, but you'll observe a very pretty wastebasket to the left.—Truth.

No Hurry.

Eaton Saltzer—Where are those oysters I ordered on the half shell?

Waiter—Don't get impatient, sah. We're dredfe sho't on shells, but you're next.—Exchange.

TELEPHONIC JOURNALISM.

The Alleged Editor In Buda-Pesth Who Spouts the News to His Subscribers.

The capital of Hungary, where I am now spending a few days, has distinguished itself among the cities of the globe by establishing a telephonic newspaper, which has now been in existence some months and is extending its plans and hopes. The Oriental Review of this city gives a long account of what this novel enterprise has done and may do, which I am sure will interest my readers. The whole city of 500,000 people—as large as Boston and I may add quite as handsome and better served with street railways—is divided into eight sections for the purposes of this telephonic editor, and each of the sections has one conducting wire. The apparatus in each house occupies a space of about 5 inches square and has two tubes, so that two members of the family can get the news at once. The whole cost of putting it in is $6, and each subscriber pays a rate of 60 cents a month for the special newspaper service.

The news collector does his work in the night, as elsewhere, and at 9 a. m. he takes his post in the central station and begins to tell his story "in a telegraphic style, summary and precise, avoiding everything superfluous." At the end of five minutes, fearing lest some of his subscribers may not have heard everything, he repeats his budget of news, word for word—mostly concerning home events and news of Hungary. At 10 o'clock he issues another oral edition, this time of foreign news. At 11 o'clock he lets us know that the Hungarian parliament is in session and may mention what is being debated. But word may also come of a riot, and by noon the alarmed subscriber may hear that the populace have attacked the police and been fired upon. This, we will say, causes stocks to fall 5 per cent. Immediately the wise subscriber rushes to his own telephone and gives his broker an order to buy. At 2 o'clock the central editor rings furiously and reports a violent debate in parliament, which leads to a change of the ministry. At 3 o'clock there is a fire in a building of which the subscriber is part owner—and so it goes on.

"All this news," says my author, "is related in a sonorous voice, easily understood—and, as there is only one wire, the subscriber is not vexed with the hubbub of 20 voices trying to use the same wire at once. Still, it is a little fatiguing to get your news in such slices instead of having it all in your hand at once. So (I continue to quote), at 6 o'clock he can take a rest (that is, the subscriber can), and madame, his wife, comes forward to hear the report of a lecture at the academy; perhaps the repetition, with all due emphasis, of a new poem. At 7 o'clock the young ladies listen to a concert through The Telephonic Gazette. They can distinguish wonderfully well the touching pathos of the violoncello, the pearly staccatos of the violin, the sweet melodies of the flute and the enchanting voice of the prima donna." What could be more delightful and convenient?

All this, I am assured, is daily going on in Buda-Pesth. Nay more, "by the aid of a single wire of the State telegraph line our central station has been connected simultaneously with the telephone stations of Vienna, Gratz, Brunn and Trieste, and in all those cities the voice of The Gazette's editor has been heard—clear, sonorous and with every shade of intonation."—Buda-Pesth Cor. Boston Advertiser.

The Matter of Flesh Food.

There is no real reason why a puppy, properly bred and fed, should not be as good as a rabbit, but what Englishman could eat a puppy? Nor is it a merely sentimental prejudice. It needed the terrible starvation of besieged Paris to induce Europeans to eat rats and mice, which the ordinary Chinaman regards as dainties. It is said, with what truth we know not, that since the siege of Paris the taste of the Parisian has been attracted toward such strange meats as horse and donkey flesh, and that the price of horse meat per pound is considerably higher now than beef or mutton.

The flesh of mares was always eaten by the Tartars, also by the South American Indians, and to a certain extent by their successors, the Gauchos. The latter have a theory that horse flesh not only preserves but whitens the teeth. It is hard to imagine how it can be preferred to beef, for besides its disagreeable color it has a curiously astringent taste.—London Spectator.

Playing Cards With One's Wife.

Binks—No use playing cards with a woman. Women haven't the first glimmer of an idea of honor—no, sir! I've tried it with my wife often.

Winks—Eh? She doesn't cheat, does she?

Binks—Well, not exactly, but she might as well. You see, I put up a certain amount of pin money for her against a certain lot of garments of mine that need mending. If she wins, she's to get the pin money. And if I win, my clothes are to be mended.

Winks—Fair enough.

Binks—Well, every time she wins she demands compound interest at 10 per cent a minute from the time the game commenced, and when I win she sends my clothes to the tailors.—New York Weekly.

Recovered After Twenty Years.

Mr. Hicks Gibbs had a curious experience in connection with thieves which encourages him not to dismiss all hope. Many years ago he had his watch "conveyed" by a pickpocket. After an interval of 20 years he received from Scotland Yard the works of his watch, the only part left. The police, making a raid upon the house of a notorious thief, found carefully packed away a collection of the works of watches. They were submitted to the various makers whose names they bore, and the tradesman from whom Mr. Gibbs purchased the watch traced the account in his books. The works, minus the case, were returned to their owner.—London News.

The Trouble With Biographies.

Our belief is that the biography is a sort of advertisement. The compiler receives very generous help from a multitude of quite insignificant people and feels constrained to publish the letters they wrote to the victim and the letters the victim wrote back to them. So the gentle reader is asked to take interest in men and women whose importance it is impossible not to magnify. If only biographers knew what to omit, things would be so much better.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Justifiable Envy.

Managing Editor—You say here that you have cultivated hothouse lilac bushes that have attained a height of over 50 feet!

Horticultural Editor—Yes. Why?

Managing Editor (musingly)—Nothing, only I wish I could lilac that.—Texas Siftings.

A Swallow's First Trip.

An untamed swallow, which had its nest in a farm near Roubaix, was caught and taken in a cage to Paris, where it was released. It returned to its nest in 90 minutes, having accomplished a distance of 256 kilometers or over two miles a minute.

Experiments made with oil and various other substances have shown that oil alone gives the greatest heat. It has been adopted for the boilers of the big pumping engines at Brilliant, near Pittsburg.

A musician during a severe illness made his wife play the scale up and down on a small organ. Often after he was asleep he would start slightly and then sing what had put him to sleep.

Liverpool is the largest shipping port in the world, then comes London and then New York. New York stands second to London, however, as a general commercial city.

STEEL THEN AND NOW

A FEW YEARS' PROGRESS IN THE MANUFACTURE OF IRON ORE.

How the Price of Refined Steel Has Been Lowered Within Twenty-five Years—Invention That Led to the Modern Processes of Manufacture.

Steel in the rough is now sold at Pittsburg at $21.75 per ton of 2,240 pounds—a fraction less than 1 cent a pound. In 1867 steel rails at the same mart were $166 per ton; in 1872, $112; in 1882, $48.50, and today $30. How has a result so surprising been brought about? Why is it that the United States last year manufactured 4,277,000 tons of steel against 3,679,000 tons produced by Great Britain, with promise that the interval between these two great rivals will widen rather than diminish as the years roll by?

First and chiefly, from the richness and vastness of the iron mines of this country and the good fortune that many of them, especially in Pennsylvania, Alabama and Tennessee, enjoy in being contiguous to coal beds, and where, as at the mines of the Vermilion range in northern Michigan, fuel is remote, water transportation charges to the furnace regions are nominal.

The cheapening of steel is in the main to be credited to the so called Bessemer process, first devised by William Kelly, who, in 1847, at the Eddyville iron works in Kentucky, refined molten iron by a blast of air in an acid lined vessel. The English inventor developed this principle of burning the superfluous carbon out of iron until only steel remained with so much ingenuity and boldness that his name is indissolubly linked with the process. While this process is employed in manufacturing most of the larger part of our American steel, the open hearth furnaces devised by Siemens and Martin are steadily gaining in favor. The first of them to be built in the United States was erected at Trenton in 1868 by Cooper, Hewitt & Co.

Phosphorus in steel makes the metal brittle, and as many ores of iron, particularly those of the southern states, contain a notable percentage of phosphorus it was an important discovery when in 1879 Sidney Gilchrist Thomas perfected his so called basic process by which such ores can be made into excellent steel. In England the bane becomes a blessing, the slag from a basic furnace, containing as it does much phosphoric acid, yielding a valuable fertilizer. Mr. Thomas' discovery was first applied in America to an open hearth furnace in 1888 at the Homestead steel works of Carnegie, Phipps & Co. There are now open hearth steel works in this country. In the adaptation of a particular process to special ore carrying sulphur, phosphorus or what not, a considerable economy is realized.

Of still more influence in the cheapening of steel is the introduction of machinery in mining both ore and coal, in getting the limestone to be mixed with the coal and ore and in saving manual labor at every stage of the manufacturing process. In the Carnegie works in Pittsburg is the most elaborate and costly mechanical plant in the world, one machine alone representing an outlay of $1,000,000. Remarkable also is the steady gain in the efficiency of coal and limestone, as furnaces have been increased in size and improved in design. The Engineering and Mining Journal recently gave some details taken from the accounts of a well managed, typical concern. In 30 years ending with 1892 the coal required to produce a ton of pig iron has been reduced 37 per cent, the ore 25 per cent and the limestone 50 per cent. The saving in the manufacture of steel of course parallels these figures.

After the British and German mining engineers had met their American brethren in New York in October, 1890, they visited the leading iron and steel works of this country. What chiefly struck them was the pace at which operations were forced to a finish. The English furnace, a capacity of 30,000 cubic feet, produces daily 70 tons, uses 2,308 pounds of coke per ton of product, with 150 hours as the time of a furnace operation. The American furnace with smaller capacity, 18,800 cubic feet, turns out 271 tons a day, uses 1,873 pounds of coke per ton of product and crowds an operation into 21 hours.

Beyond the causes, metallurgical and mechanical, which have cheapened steel, are the irresistible forces of business. Competition has become exceedingly keen, and manufacturers these days have to be content with slim profits, and often with no profits at all.

Because it is stronger and tougher than iron, steel long ago ousted iron from use as the material for rails. A steel rail lasts about 10 times as long as an iron one. This of course has cheapened rail transportation, and so helped to cheapen steel itself by lowering the freight tolls charged for hauling the ores and fuel needed to make it.

As a material for machinery, steel not only wears better than iron, but can be run at higher speed. What this means in money saved in all the departments of the metal's application would require figures of astronomical audacity to express. And the end is not yet. Nickel alloyed with steel doubles its tensile strength remarkably, as recent tests of armor plate made of nickel steel abundantly prove. Let experiment in the preparation of this alloy come to success, as it undoubtedly will, and we shall see nickel steel enabling the architect and the engineer to take almost as long a stride ahead as when they discarded iron for ordinary steel. The time is at hand when bridge spans can be longer, towers higher, boilers, cars and engines lighter, and when machinery driven quicker than ever will last longer than it does today.—New York Sun.

A Dream.

I was told of an instance which is perhaps not unworthy of mention. On the occasion of the fatal accident to a lift at Paris—I think at the Grand hotel—a few years ago, a lady who was just going up it started back, saying, "Oh, there is that dreadful man again!" and tried to induce her husband to come off it too, but he refused, and was among the killed.

The "dreadful man" to whom she referred she had seen in a dream, which the niece of the friend who told me the story had heard her relate a day or two before the accident. It was of a funeral drawn up at her door, so pompous as to produce a great impression on her, presided over by a big, dark man in a strange somber hat. This man she saw, or believed she saw, in the lift, and the coincidence terrified her from going up in it.—Notes and Queries.

Æsthetic Bankers.

When Tom Acton, as the head of the police department in New York, suppressed the draft riots in 1863 he was a rough and ready citizen. When he was sub-treasurer of the United States he was content to administer his office in very humble quarters, but now that he is president of a bank he has developed artistic tastes, and he has just created a symphony in white and cherry which is simply a marvel of banking house decoration. Ex-Postmaster General James developed a poetic and artistic sense when he became a banker, and gave his clients a perception of what could be done with marble of many colors and exquisite tiling. If this sort of thing goes on banking houses here will rival Aladdin's palace.—New York Cor. Philadelphia Press.

Tobacco as an Indian Offering.

Tobacco was regarded as an offering of peculiar acceptability to the unknown powers in whose hands the Indian considered his fate for good or ill to lie; hence it is observed to figure prominently in ceremonies as incense and as material for sacrifice.—John Hawkins in Popular Science Monthly.