EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN MULTIPLE.

Tiny Portraits Turned Out by Thousands to Satisfy a Fad.

Hidden under the staircase of a frame building on Pennsylvania avenue is an oddity in the shape of a photographer's shop. Nobody ever goes there to have his picture taken, and yet the business is a profitable one. For one thing, the proprietor has a long lease of the premises at a rental of only $2 a month. His establishment amounts to nothing more than a large closet, which is utilized as a darkroom for work. There is nothing to be seen of screens, skylights, shabby furniture, which looks as good as new when taken by the camera, or the instruments for holding the head steady, which are so suggestive of torture to children. The words, "Look pleasant, please," are never uttered in this secluded studio.

In fact, the photographer himself is very rarely to be found on the premises. People send in pictures of themselves to be reproduced by an extraordinary process of multiplication. They must be cabinet sized photographs. He has an instrument which looks very much like a stereoscope of the sort that one looks through at photographs, only about three times as big. In place of the part for the eyes there is a small camera, and a few inches in front of the latter is a kind of frame in which the cabinet portrait to be reproduced is put. The camera, though such a little one, has 38 lenses. One might compare it to the eye of a bee, which is multiple in like fashion.

It is a snap camera and makes 38 miniature copies of the cabinet portrait at one shot on a single negative. From the negative the pictures are printed off in sheets of 38 distinct photographs each. It does not take long to produce them in large quantities at this rate, and so the operator finds a profit in selling them at the price of $1 for 50. He sells 100 for $2, 500 for $7, or 1,000 for $14. It is a very cheap way to procure a lot of counterfeit presentments of one's self. A good many people order 500 or 1,000. At the time of the inauguration such photographs of Mr. Cleveland were worn as badges by some of the visiting political clubs, with a ribbon fastening each one to the buttonhole of the wearer.

The back of these little photographs, which are a novelty, are spread with dextrine. It serves as a sort of mucilage, so that the pictures can be licked like postage stamps and stuck upon anything. Commercial travelers affix them to the corners of their "advance cards" sometimes, which they mail a week or two ahead to firms in towns which they expect to visit shortly. Thus the recipients get a notion of the appearance of the agent before he comes along if they were not previously acquainted with him or are agreeably reminded of his physiognomy. In the same manner theatrical people stick them on their letters, and various other professional persons adopt similar practices. In fact, it is quite a fad.—San Francisco Examiner.

One of Ralph Waldo Emerson's Stories.

Mr. Emerson himself had a story—I forget whether I heard it in a lecture or in conversation—about a New England come outer who went into a hatshop and selected for himself a costly hat. The hat was put up and the dealer supposed he was to be paid, but the man whom he had thought to be a purchaser said simply: "Oh, I pay nothing for anything. I am the man who does not believe in money." The poor dealer had a note to meet at the bank that day and hardly knew how to do it. He looked with dumb delight upon his customer and said: "I wish to God, sir, that nobody else believed in money! Take the hat, with my thanks to you for coming for it."

Mr. Emerson would say this was all spontaneous—it was natural on the part of the customer and on the part of the trader. But when, the next day, another man who had heard the story came into the shop and selected for himself his hat and said that he did not believe in money, the dealer refused the imitator where he had accepted so readily the inventor. And Emerson drew the moral from the story which I want to draw now. A prophet who speaks the word that comes to him from the living God speaks, I may say, with the living God's power. But he who imitates the prophet has no spell. —Edward E. Hale's Address.

People.

I have traveled considerably, and ought to know, and really do know, a great deal. I am afraid to tell you how much, lest you should feel too keenly your own narrow limitations. I have been to Kickapoo Town and Harker's Corners; once I drove to Toulon, Stark county, and in all these countries I found scarcely a living human being except people. People! Why they're common as grass. Peoria county used to be full of them when I was a boy. I've seen hundreds of them; I suppose that is one reason why they never awe me any more. Great people—that is, people who look wise and talk bass, and lift their eyebrows, and say "Ah!" except at other times when they say "Ah!" with a circumflex that fairly runs up and down your back; people who are afraid to walk very near the edge of the earth lest they should tip it over and slide off.

I used to be afraid of these people, and take off my hat and say "Sir," and "Ma'am," to them. But soon I observed that they were the same kind of people I had always known. Just like the man who kept store in Mosseville, and the woman who run the church choir out on Orange Prairie, and the girl who taught school at Richwoods.—Robert J. Burdette in Ladies' Home Journal.

The Parent of Wheat.

The most remarkable fact concerning the queer plant, the goatseye, is that it has been proven by experiment to be the parent of cultivated wheat. This fact was accidentally discovered by a French agriculturist. He wished to determine what effect cultivation would have upon the goatseye and planted remote from any fields of grass that might mingle with it a few of the seeds. The first crop showed much difference from the original, being two or three times taller and more grains to the stalk. At the end of seven years experimenting the yield was over 300 grains for each one planted, and the transformation was complete—every plant was a true representative of cultivated wheat. Later he sowed them in open fields and in no instance have they returned to the form of the original goatseye grass.

The same experiments have since been tried by the English Agricultural society with the same results. The nearest form to true wheat now found wild is the creeping couch grass, a perennial closely agreeing in all essential particulars of structure with our less cultivated annual wheat.

FOR A FRIEND'S BIRTHDAY.

Would I could bring you some beautiful gift,
Something to gladden you, something to charm,
A blessing to brighten, to cheer, to uplift,
A shield to protect you from shadow of harm!

Had I the power I'd gather for you
All the world's treasures of good and of fair,
All things to comfort you—friends that are true,
Joys that are purest and pleasures most rare.

These at your feet on your birthday I'd lay
Fill its swift moments with quiet delight,
Make it divine from its earliest ray,
From the gleam of its morn to the dusk of its night.

Empty my hands, but my heart holds for you
All the good wishes of heaven and earth,
Fragrant as roses at dawn in the dew—
With these let me crown the glad day of your birth!

—Cena Thaxter in Ladies' Home Journal.

THAT CITY CHAP.

It seemed very ridiculous to Maria Abigail Tookins that her mother—"Ma," as she called her—would not let her Abigail go to the party at neighbor Watkins'. It seemed not only ridiculous, but unjust, for during the two weeks preceding the eventful party night, ma had not only approved of her going, but had even helped her make a new dress for the occasion, and now the night having arrived, for no apparent reason she had declared that Abby must stay at home.

This was Abby's side of the story, and it was she kept repeating to herself as she sat in her own room late that afternoon, looking mournfully at the new dress spread out on the bed before her, and occasionally dashing the back of her hand across her eyes to wipe away those tears which, do what she would, persisted in rising rebelliously.

But Mother Tookins' tale was very different. As she told her good friend, Mrs. Hopping, who had just stopped in for a moment's chat, she had a very good reason for keeping her daughter at home that night.

"Now, I'll tell you, Mrs. Hopping, because I know you won't ever let it reach any of the Watkinses" (the good lady knew this to be the quickest and most reliable way to get the story to neighbor Watkins' family), "I'll tell you why I'm keeping Abby to home. You see, Tom Watkins has ben keepin company with my girl for most a six month, and he's awful hard hit. If I let Abby go ternight ther's no tellin what'll happen. She's jest 's like as not to get struck with that city feller that's comin down to spend the summer over to the Watkins'. They do say, them that see him before, that he's mighty pleasant. Now, then, where'll poor Tom be? I tell you what tis, Mrs. Hoppin'" (and here Mrs. Tookins heaved a deep sigh and leaned a very solemn face over the pan of half peeled potatoes), "I tell you 'twould be downright wrong, wicked, for me to let that young girl go and jest p'raps ruin that poor Tom's life for him, now wouldn't it?"

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Tookins," the other woman replied, "if you let her do sech a thing you wouldn't desarve salvation nohow;" and the pious Mrs. Hopping rolled her horror stricken eyes toward the rafters. Soon after she took her leave.

As Mrs. Tookins, standing on her doorstep, watched her friend waddle slowly down the road, she thought to herself: "Now, ef she'll only be real quick an tell the Watkinses, I know it'll bring Tom 'round. When he thinks he may lose Abby I guess he'll look alive."

Mrs. Hopping, on the other hand, as she turned at the bend of the road to wave a last goodby to her neighbor said to herself: "I know she thinks that doll faced little Abby of hers has got ahead of my Sarah, but we'll see. I calkerlate Hannah Watkins won't be over perticular pleased if I let her think Susan Tookins' lookin for higher game than her Tom for Abby; don't care to have em together much while that city feller's 'round. I guess it'll gall her a bit." And Mrs. Hopping chuckled to herself as she tried to hurry along the road.

So the story was told half an hour later at the Watkinses. Mrs. Hopping "jest happened to be passin their way, and thought she'd jest stop in to let them know Abby Tookins couldn't come that night. Too bad, wasn't it? But then Mrs. Tookins was always kinder stuck up," etc., until the rest of the story, as conceived by Mrs. Hopping, had been told.

Meanwhile the poor girl on whose account these good ladies troubled themselves so much sat lonely in her room, thinking of the dance that she was to miss, which all the others were to enjoy and—of Tom.

"He would see them all but her, and Sarah Hopping, she knew she would be extra nice to Tom tonight, and would look so pretty, and—oh, if Tom would only say whether he cared most for her. Abby, sitting here alone, thinking of him. He had said everything else, and yet—he was so nice to the other girls, and tonight he would see them all but her." A thought seemed to strike her, slowly she went down stairs into the kitchen. "Ma, can I help you get the supper?"

"No, Abby, child, supper's all ready," the mother replied. "Now, you just sit down and pa'll be in in a minit, and we'll hev a real good evenin together—I wouldn't mind the old party."

Abby said nothing, and soon, as Mrs. Tookins had predicted, Pa came in. Then they set down to table, and after a long grace, during which Abby's eyes would wander toward the clock, supper began. They didn't talk much. Ma was thinking: "Now, I'm sure, ef Tom Watkins hears I'm keepin Abby away from that city feller on his account, he'll speak right up soon, or he ain't the honest chap I took him for. He ain't goin to lose her, I don't think, but oh, my! he is slow to be sure, in comin to the pint." As for Pa Tookins, he was utterly bewildered, and so held his peace. Ma had said Abby was goin to the party and then that she wasn't goin. Pa Tookins believed these facts and asked no questions. Abby, too, was silent. She was listening to the occasional rumble of wheels and the sound of merry voices as some of the village folks drove by on their way out to the Watkinses, besides Abby was thinking.

At 8 o'clock that evening, after Pa Tookins had read the prayers and Mother Tookins had said a loud "Amen," Abby bade them good night. "Yes," she knew it was early, but she was tired, so off she went to her little room over the best parlor, leaving her father and mother comfortably ensconced in the big kitchen armchairs. For awhile they talked and nodded, nodded and talked, till finally both fell into a doze.

Half an hour later a light step on the front stair that stair so seldom used in the old farmhouse and an ominous creaking of the front door, opened hardly from one year's end to the other, told that some one had gone out into the night.

It was Abby, dressed in all her finery, going to the party. She would not let all the other girls have Tom, when she—ah! she knew how pretty she looked as she stood before the little glass in her room. This she had not forgotten to do, in spite of her hurry—in spite of the dread of being discovered. So here she was, walking alone on this dark, cloudy night the mile between her own house and Neighbor Watkins'.

For awhile all went well as she hurried along the well known road. Then, as she left the open country and entered the wood, a gentle sighing of the trees overhead and the occasional sound of a dead limb falling told this country girl that a storm was coming up.

She hurried on, breathless, excited, thinking now of but one object; of that one purpose which for a week had filled her whole soul—of seeing Tom that night and having him see her; of having him look at her, know how beautiful she was, and then—of having him tell her that he loved her; that she was the only one he loved. And now the wind was howling through the trees and beating her back with terrific force. Fiercer and fiercer it blew, until it seemed as if the great trees were doing battle, swaying, bending their mighty trunks and pelting each other with their shattered branches. On the girl went through the storm, on, on, wild now, hardly heeding the fury about her, determined.

Crash! a falling limb struck her full upon the forehead. She sank with a cry, and then lay upon the road, quiet, insensible to the furious blasts of wind and fearful sounds that filled the forest.

Soon after, during a lull in the storm, a rumble of wheels sounded up the road; a wagon drove up; in it were two men. As they reached the dark form lying so still, they stopped. One of them, leaping to the ground, bent over the young girl and lifted her head.

"Here, driver," he said, "get out and help me lift this girl into the wagon; she's hurt. Thank heaven I didn't wait in the village all night! How much farther is it to this Watkins farm?" he added impatiently, as he tried to make the girl comfortable.

"Quarter of a mile, sir," the driver replied, and once more they started on.

Five minutes later the wagon drew up before the Watkins house. The merry company within was disturbed by a loud knocking on the door. Mrs. Watkins opened it, and seeing who her visitor was said hospitably:

"Oh, you've come, sir! Why, we thought you must ha' missed the night train. Come right in out of the"——

"There's trouble out here," he interrupted her.

"What!" a young man coming from the inner room exclaimed, and, without waiting for coat and hat, he went out with the stranger to the wagon.

And then he saw who it was that lay there. Taking her in his strong arms, he carried her gently into the house. As the warmth and light touched her, Abby opened her eyes. For a moment she looked lovingly into the young man's face, and then said half dreamily:

"Oh, Tom! is it you? I came to see you through the storm, and now—I'm happy." The little head fell upon his shoulder, and again the girl became unconscious.

The next day Mrs. Tookins, her face lighted with a happy smile, said to Mrs. Hopping, who came in to inquire after that dear child, Abby, "And to think that it should all hev b'en brought 'bout by that city chap."—H. De W. in Harvard Advocate.

Nearly All Gone, but Not Forgotten.

In a quaint little churchyard near Portland, Me., is a handsome headstone bearing the inscription, "Gone, but not forgotten." The story connected with this stone is a trifle odd.

Under it was laid away, not a body, but a shinbone covered with a red woolen stocking. The man of whom it is supposed the bone was a part went off fishing one day and never returned. Days passed by, and the wife and friends grew anxious. Neighbors in whispers suggested that John Anderson, grown tired of Annie's shrewish ways and high temper, might have committed suicide or left for parts unknown. But Annie felt assured that John was drowned.

Finally, one morning several years ago, there was cast up on the shore the shinbone covered with the stocking. This stocking Annie vowed that she had knitted with her own fingers. In spite of opposition the town hearse was brought out and the shinbone, stocking and all, was carefully placed in a box. With due ceremony it was buried, prayers were prayed over it, hymns were sung over it, and above it was placed the headstone bearing the inscription, "Gone, but not forgotten."—Cor. St. Louis Republic.

When to Try on New Shoes.

There is a time for everything in this world, and so it is that the best time to get fitted to shoes is in the latter part of the day. The feet are then at their maximum of size. Activity naturally enlarges them. Much standing tends also to enlarge the feet. New shoes should always be tried on over moderately thick stockings. Then you have a margin of room by putting on thinner stockings if the shoes feel ill at ease.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Gold and Silver Paint.

"Let me tell you how to buy gold or silver paint," says a lady. "Don't get it mixed or in the little bottles of powder and liquid that come prepared in boxes. Get the gold, silver or bronze powder by the ounce and buy the liquid medium separately, as many ounces at a time as you wish. You know the bottle of liquid never lasts as long as your powder because it dries away and evaporates so rapidly. In this case you get any amount you wish. Mix a small amount at a time, use it as quickly as you can after it is prepared and always keep your bottle corked."—Philadelphia Times.

Common Thyme for Whooping Cough.

Common thyme is advocated earnestly by Dr. Neovious as a remedy for whooping cough. During an epidemic of this malady he had ample opportunities of observing its effects, and came to the conclusion that if given early and constantly it invariably cuts short the disease in a fortnight, the symptoms vanishing in two or three days, liable to return, however, if the thyme is not regularly taken for at least two weeks. He gives from 1¼ to 6 ounces per day combined with a little marshmallow sirup, and says he has never known an undesirable effect produced except slight diarrhea. —Baby.

NOISE IN A BIG CITY.

PROGRESS FROM BARBARISM MAY BE MEASURED BY NOISE.

The Higher the Civilization the Greater the Desire For Less Noise—The Efforts of City Authorities of Today Are Directed Toward Reducing It.

There always comes a period in the history of a progressive community when a desire to keep down noise begins to show itself. In the primitive stages of culture—the savage, the barbarian and the semibarbarian—the passion for noise is always strong. All savages and barbarians love to make all the row they can. Their joy and sorrow both express themselves in yells, wails and shouts and the beating and blowing of loud resounding instruments, more especially the drum and the horn. The noise of primitive savage warfare almost equals that of the gunpowder engagements of modern arms, although it was, as we might say, almost wholly manual or vocal.

The din of a barbarian funeral, too, was and is something appalling. The practice of hiring mourners to make a loud lament on such occasions has come down almost to our own time among the Celtic Irish. All African travelers describe the noise of little merrymaking in an African village as something which no civilized man easily forgets. Those who have passed an evening at a Chinese theater have probably never in their wildest dreams thought it possible to produce plays with musical accompaniments of such awful shrillness and intensity.

In fact, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the progress of a race in civilization may be marked by a steady reduction in the volume of sound which it produces in connection with its deaths, births, marriages, feasts, merrymakings, its wars and peaces, trade, commerce and manufactures. The more culture of all kinds it acquires the less noise it produces. There is no surer sign, in fact, of an upward movement of the tribal soul than the appearance of a desire to get along with less uproar. When its leading men begin to ask themselves whether this or that could not safely be done with fewer yells or smaller drums, it shows that it is becoming self conscious and is feeling the throbs of a new life. After this comes a change in the character of the musical instruments, a general lowering of the tones of the voice, the substitution at funerals of the silent tear for the half maniacal "keen," and the exaction of silence in military drill.

In cities this mental and moral growth is of course displayed in the repression of street cries, of street music, of all noises made for mere amusement, such as beating of drums, and blowing of horns, and purposeless and persistent shouting and yelling. These are but rudimentary steps, and we have already taken them in New York. The next and most important one, the reduction of the noise made by the ordinary and legitimate street traffic, we are only beginning. Its importance has been recognized in the modern world pari passu with the increasing interest in and care for public hygiene.

There is no modern city health board, and indeed no modern city doctor, who is not well aware of the evil effects of incessant noise in the vast and increasing multitudes who in all the great cities now live, one might say, by their wits, but, more accurately, by their nerves. The amount of mental operations which require silence, or at all events an approach to silence, for their healthfulness in cities like New York, London or Paris, carried on by merchants, brokers, bankers, bookkeepers, preachers, professors, architects, designers, engravers, painters, students, judges, lawyers, editors, ministers, is something enormous and grows with all our material growth. The performance of this work in the midst of tremendous uproar of any kind of course greatly increases the expenditure of vital force which accompanies all mental exertion. Consequently the reduction of city noise is now one of the most important elements in all city reforms.

In New York we have as yet only made a beginning on it by the introduction of the asphalt pavement, but this is being rapidly extended and must produce a marked effect in sound reduction before long. What this pavement does to lessen noise in the streets in which it exists everybody who has passed along them or lived on them knows. It makes conversation in cabs or carriages and in rooms facing on the street comfortable and makes sleep in summer nights with open windows an easy possibility—facts which are really a complete answer to all the complaints of slipperiness.

Better far that an occasional horse should come down than that the nerves of thousands of hardworking men and women should be continuously set on edge by clatter which is all the more wearing for being intermittent. In London the hard grinding, soul penetrating noise of the New York stone pavement has been suppressed, or rather has been largely converted into a subdued, continuous roar or boom by means of wood, asphalt and macadam, and though horses fall much on them all humanity gains.—New York Post.

The Minister Agreed.

During the war an Ohio minister was on his way south as an emissary of the Christian commission, and he boarded an Ohio river boat at Portsmouth. At the first landing below, the mate "turned loose" at the deckhands. He cursed their eyes, their hearts, their lubbery feet, their laziness, their whole line of ancestry from Adam to that hour. Finally, exhausted with profanity, he turned to the shocked minister with the query:

"Don't this beat hell?"

"Yes, sir, I'm afraid it does." And the good man retired to his cabin.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Tribute to Horses.

In view of the fact that more than half the women who drive, and the men, too, for that matter, know really nothing of the art and have no sympathy or feeling for the horse other than as a pleasant means of locomotion, it is really to be wondered at that more accidents do not happen. That they do not, I am of the opinion, should be put down to a kind Providence, and that the noble animals in very many instances know more than their drivers.—Buffalo News.

Giving an Impetus.

"Don't you think her presence will give 'go' to our party?"

"Yes. Every one will leave as soon as she comes in."—Kate Field's Washington.

ETIQUETTE IN NOTE PAPER.

Cautions That the Delicate and Refined Woman Should Remember.

If there is any one thing in the world that may be said to denote the breeding of a person it is in the taste displayed in the use of note paper. Fashions change but slightly in that line, and artistic simplicity is the form to be sought after. There is nothing so offensive as eccentricity in styles of paper, for it is one of the little things that seem so trivial and count for so much in the eyes of the world. The height of bad form is in the use of anything startling or pronounced. Paper that rivals the sunset in gorgeousness of hue, odd shaped sheets and envelopes or gilt edged paper stamp the user at once as one who is not familiar with the precepts of fashion. And not fashion alone, by any means; it is refinement that is shown in the use of proper stationery, and refinement and fashion may not always mean the same! Never use a paper that is decorated with flowers in one corner, the leaves of which wander all over the sheet. Avoid anything in that way. A landscape resembling a Christmas card or fancy figures for headings are not in their proper places on note paper. There is nothing artistic in such forms, nothing refined, simply a display of bad taste and ill breeding that is shocking to the person well informed on such matters.

The etiquette of note paper is dictated by taste. Ladies should use only the smaller size of paper, requiring but one fold, and the envelope should be square. The single correspondence cards have gone out of style and are seldom seen nowadays. The paper is generally linen or cream laid, as best suits individual taste and should be unruled. White or cream paper is the best, although a gentle shade of blue is permitted. Other tints are not desirable, neither are they proper. Do not use paper that is ragged at the edges nor envelopes with curious flaps. The best linen paper may be purchased at the same price as is paid for the fancy varieties, and the best is the cheapest: it is a guarantee of refinement.

If a monogram is desired, have it engraved—never printed. In this country coats of arms and crests are out of place, but you may have a neat monogram or your initials for a heading with perfect propriety, only be sure that the work is in keeping with taste and not too prominent or glaring. The name of your country place is very good, the name of the village in which you live, or the street number if you chance to reside in a city. In the latter case, however, omit the name of the town, and in either case the state should not be given.

This is but a glance at the etiquette of note paper; it is very simple when you think of it, but so many people seem to be ignorant of the rules. The one great thing in note paper is to avoid vulgarity or show in any way, and then you know that you cannot be wrong. The simplest is the best. Oddities of tint or ornament which are the caprice of a day should be used with caution.—Harper's Bazar.

She Rang the Bell on Them.

Two burglars caught a tartar in Boston one night recently, through which they were themselves caught to their sorrow and pain. While ransacking a house in Cambridge, Mass., they entered the bedroom of Miss Margaret E. Russell, who owned the place. That lady, who kept a large bell on a chair by her bedside for just such visitors, jumped up, seized the bell and not only used it for ringing purposes, but banged the burglars over the head with it at the same time so effectually that the wounds thus made rendered their identification complete when captured shortly after on the street, whither they had hastily fled from the attack made on them.—Philadelphia Ledger.

She Goes 7,000 Miles to Be Married.

Miss Hibbert, daughter of Captain Hibbert, of Yarmouth, purchased at Dingy the first through ticket ever issued at that station to a person going to Hong-Kong. She goes via Vancouver, and she is to wed Captain Brown, of Hantsport, who is now in charge of the docks at Hong-Kong. The particulars of the case are very romantic. Miss Hibbert visited Hong-Kong early last summer with her father. There she met Captain Brown for the first time. She promised to return and marry him and she will keep her word. She will have to travel 7,000 miles to reach her prospective husband.—Nova Scotia Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Practices What She Preaches.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher is one of the few literary women who practice what they preach with their pens. She is up at break of day, at her desk hard at work, and her home is a model of what a home should be—filled with sunshine, flowers, birds, books and pictures. We have become so accustomed to old maid and old bachelor litterateurs who try to tell us how to bring babies up by a two foot rule that it is refreshing to find one of the great army of "home" writers whose life is in accord with her professed principles.—New York Herald.

Victoria to Open Parliament.

The queen will open parliament in person on Tuesday, the 9th of February. The queen informed Lord Salisbury of her intention to open parliament nearly a month ago, and an unusually late day for the ceremony was fixed expressly to suit her majesty's convenience. The arrangements on the occasion are to be precisely the same in every respect as they were in 1886. The queen will not stay at Buckingham palace for more than two nights.—London World.

Plaids for "Grown Up" People.

There was a time when plaids were relegated to the nursery, but the revival of the plaid for "grown up" uses has been more than marked for a season or two past, and the modiste who first hit upon the happy idea of biasing plaids, thus making it possible for them to suggest something more artistic than the first principles of geometry, deserves a medal from the decorative art societies. —Buffalo Express.

The Greyhound.

Various explanations have been given of the origin of the term greyhound, some authors claiming that the prefix grey is taken from Graius, meaning Greek; others that it signifies great, while still others say that it has reference to the color of the animal. In no other breed of hounds is the blue or gray color so prevalent, and consequently the last mentioned derivation seems the most plausible.—Detroit Free Press.

The accommodations of the Vatican may be imagined when the pope puts 2,200 beds in it at the disposal of the French pilgrims free of charge.

A FACETIOUS VIEW.

VEGETARIANISM CARRIED OUT TO ITS LOGICAL END.

The Arguments of the Advocate of Vegetable Diet Applied to Some of the Recognized Evils of Life, and Some Startling Deductions Are Derived.

The beneficent physical, moral, social, financial and æsthetic advantages of vegetable food are insisted upon by the members of the vegetarian congress at Chicago, and each advantage is lauded as salutary in the highest degree. Professor Mayor, a well known classical scholar of St. John's college, Cambridge, avers that vegetarians suffer but little from thirst. They are "set free from cravings which the world without hears as the voice of instinct, strong, imperious, inexorable." He drinks a glass of lemonade at 7:15 p. m. "from habit rather than to slake thirst," and he sometimes takes a swig of milk at railway station restaurants "to encourage the dairy at the expense of the brewery." Thus, so far as he is concerned, thirst is abolished. He needs no drink of any kind.

The English soldiers and civil servants in the tropic stretches of Asia and Africa have only to follow Professor Mayor's example. Thus the value of vegetarianism to military science becomes evident. In fact, not merely the operations of the commissary department, but the whole art of war would be wonderfully changed and simplified if Mr. Thomas Atkins would forswear meat. Professor Mayor has not attained his victory over thirst without sacrifices, at which the grosser race of meat eaters will grin. For instance, he takes the white of an egg, neat, without salt or pepper. Thus he avoids the incitements to thirst and keeps his palate in condition to receive with rapture that British vegetable, the Brussels sprout. Doubtless a vegetarian palate, long brought up on herbs and grasses and salads guiltless of condiment, becomes capable of receiving savory sensations from dishes of the simplest sort, and a turnip picked up in the furrow may be sweeter than a stalled ox tenderloin.

We hope that Professor Mayor will now go on to the abolition of hunger. He has put thirst away from him, and there seems no reason why he should be less successful with its running mate. Of course he will be allowed to nibble a radish now and then from habit, even after he has conquered imperious, inexorable instinct. The economic advantages arising from the abolition of thirst would be very great, and Professor Mayor has it in his power, if he can get the world's hunger throttled, to add enormously to the wealth of the world. Still greater would be the saving if the world would eat vegetables from habit only. It's cheaper to keep a cow than a man. We are afraid, however, that the majority of men would go on perpetual strike if the necessity of eating and drinking were removed, so that there would be a loss of wealth after all. But what's the use of being wealthy if you can become healthy and virtuous by eating vegetables only.

The profound moral which vegetarianism holds for prohibitionists is obvious. "The consumption of flesh," says a vegetarian resolution, "creates a thirst for intoxicating liquors and should be abandoned by all who desire to promote temperance reform." This goes to the root of the matter. Prohibiting grapes and corn and hops and apples wouldn't be enough. There will always be some intoxicant as long as men continue to be subject to the demands of thirst. Here's the real gold cure, the elixir of temperance, the pill of prohibition. Prohibition and garden "sass," one and inseparable, now and forever! Nor is intemperance the only evil which will not and cannot grow in the garden. Dr. Paul Foster of Berlin is confident that the adoption of vegetarian principles will "end the war between the poor and the rich, solve the social problem, complete the work of religion and in all ways ameliorate the unhappy condition of the human race."

Reflect upon these things, erring carnivores, and think that every time you order a beefsteak at the butcher's, you are ordering unhappiness, the deterioration of the human race and the debasement of society. Go to the grocer's and buy a peck of potatoes and some cucumbers and a plug of tobacco, and carry peace and potency of social regeneration home to your cook. Who can tell that the future of Europe may not be peaceful if Professor Foster can induce the German emperor to live upon string beans and asparagus tips for a few months? Will anybody pretend that Ezzelino might not have been a man as mild as milk if he had been restricted to a diet of spaghetti in his youth? Does anybody suppose that Jeffreys lived upon olives?

In addition to the moral, physical and economic advantages of vegetable diet there is the æsthetical advantage. Mrs. Bruce, the English woman whose paper on "The Æsthetics of Vegetarianism" was read at the congress, believes that "meat eating is opposed to idealism, while vegetarianism has much to offer that connects it with the highest and best in life. The highest aspect of vegetarianism is æstheticism. It is full of vital truth and beauty." We now see why Mr. Oscar Wilde ate huckleberries when he was in the United States. Using the term æstheticism in its larger sense, we see why Emerson ate beans and why, judged by results, so many of his disciples seem to have lived on cabbages. —New York Sun.

Not an Expert.

Miss Elderly—I am sorry to say no. I should think you would read my refusal in my face.

The Rejected—I am not very expert at reading between the lines.—Texas Siftings.

Perspiration of the feet is a sign of good circulation, but perception of it is a sign of vulgarity. Neatness is a sure cure.

HIS "TETCHY" POINT.

Mr. Ezry Griggs Finds Out Just Where Uncle Isaac "Is a Little Weak."

"'Most everybody's got some tetchy p'int. Now, ain't that so, mother?" inquired Mr. Griggs of his wife. "It does appear so," assented Mrs. Griggs. "An the wust on't is ye can't allus keep 'em in your mind," continued Mr. Griggs dolefully. "There's some folks that don't want t' hev ye speak o' their age, an there's others that puffers t' hev ye mention it. There's those that want t' be told they're lookin hearty, an others that's kind o' put out if so be ye mention that they seem t' be enj'yin good health.

"There's people that's got t' be let alone allus before they're fed up, an there's them that don't want ye to pass a word to 'em after their meals till things is digested an they've hed a nap.

"There's folks that can't bear loud talkin, an others that soft speakin puts in a fidget. Some don't want one thing spoke of, an some another, an the same with eatin. I rec'lect a man once that was all put out with anybody 't happened t' mention strawberries 'cause they p'isoned him, an so 'tis. Everybody's got some sech notion, an it's mor'n a mortal creetur's skal to keep the run of 'em all."

"What's the partic'lar matter now?" asked long suffering little Mrs. Griggs.

"Why, it's Uncle Isaac," said Mr. Griggs in an aggrieved tone.

"You ain't interrupted of him tellin a story, hev you, Ezry?" inquired his wife.

"Well, yes, I persume t' say I hev," replied Mr. Griggs. "He was relatin t' me a story of his farmin days out in Idyho, an he was pooty well excited upover tellin about some kind of an an'mal 't was prowlin around the place once, an he was sayin:

"'An late that night I went out, hearin a noise, an jest in front of the big maple tree I see'—an I says, 'Was't a sugar maple, Uncle Isaac?' fer I wanted t' pinter it ackerate in my mind.

"An, if you'll b'lieve me, he jest looked at me fit t' snap my head off an shut his mouth tight, an I don't cal'late I sh'll ever know what that an'mal was, nor nothin. An 'twas a simple 'nough question: now, wa'n't it, Luizy?" asked Mr. Griggs plaintively.

"I reckon that was what Uncle Isaac thought," remarked his better half with some vigor as she slapped an iron on the stove.

Mr. Griggs looked at her doubtfully for a moment and then shuffled out of the kitchen, muttering as he went, "It was a real simple question, but there's most folks hev got their tetchy p'ints, an 'tain't any use denyin it."—Youth's Companion.

The Great Napoleon In a Passion.

I never saw Bonaparte in such a wrath as when he learned his brother Lucien had married at Senlis the widow of Jouberthon, a Paris broker. He ordered me to send for the notary and tell him to bring his register. When the notary arrived, I took him to St. Cloud at 9 in the morning. Here is word for word the dialogue between the first consul and the notary: "Was it you, sir, who registered my brother's marriage?" "Yes, citizen first consul." "Were you aware, then, that he was my brother?" "No, citizen first consul." "Did you not know that my consent was necessary to the validity of the act?" "I do not think so. Your brother has long been of age. He has filled high posts. He has been a minister and embassador. He has no father. He is free to marry." "But he has a mother whose consent was necessary?" "No, he is of age and a widower." "But I am a sovereign, and as such my consent was necessary." "You are a sovereign only for 10 years, and your family is not bound to you." "Show me the marriage register!" "Here it is." The first consul read it and in shutting the book was very near tearing the page. "I shall annul it." "This will be difficult, for it is carefully drawn up." "Be off with you." The notary retired without having for a moment lost his composure.—Chaptal's "Memories of Napoleon."

A Homemade Postal Card.

The postal card is often very handy. An English member of parliament has made a suggestion to the effect that the postal laws should permit the transmission through the mails of any card whatever of the regulation size bearing an adhesive 1-cent stamp. We are disposed to back up this suggestion. Its adoption would save money to the postoffice department and would be very convenient at times to people who do not happen to have postal cards at hand when needed. It would often be especially convenient to people in the rural districts. We do not know that it would be against any law to mail an ordinary white card bearing a 1-cent stamp. We recently heard of a case in which a card of this kind, thus stamped, was mailed and delivered in this city. If the sender acted unlawfully, he has never heard of it.—New York Sun.

Engagements and Marriages.

The following figures have been compiled from the combined recollections of 82 maiden ladies and 45 military officers, all resident in the county town of one of the home counties. Out of the 1,540 engagements to marry which their joint reminiscences present, 46, or about 3 per cent, ended in lunacy, incurrence or decease of one of the parties; 385, or 25 per cent, were broken off at the instance of the girl, and 262, or about 17 per cent, by the man; 169, as near as possible 11 per cent, were interfered with by friends; 154, exactly 10 per cent, came to an end for reasons not made public; 185, or about 12 per cent, faded away without incident in the lapse of years; 108, say 7 per cent (not included in any previous category), led to actions for breach of promise. The remainder, a pettifogging 15 per cent, resulted in marriage.—London Letter.

A Young Woman's Reasoning.

"I am told, dear, that Jack Rattlepate spent most of his vacation in your back parlor. Aren't you giving him rather a dangerous amount of encouragement?"

"Why, no, dearest, he is merely a boy. To be sure, he is a year older than I, but I shall be out next winter, while Jack has two years more in college, and it will be six years after that before he can earn much of anything. So practically he is six years younger than I, and that makes him 12. It is absurd to talk of encouraging a boy so young as that."—Harper's Bazar.

A Reformatory.

Maud Muller—Didn't you say she was a prominent leader in the dress reform movement?

Maid Marian—Well—she keeps a cleaning and dyeing establishment.—Kate Field's Washington.