EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L LAMPERLL . . Proprietor

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

THE MAN WHO NEVER SWEARS.

Pro often wondered how he feels

When troubles come his way, When everything goes wrong, and clouds Observe his unny day. For instance, when a gust of wind

Takes off the tile he wears, onder what he thinks about-The man that never awears.

Or when to make a business trip And rains the station just in time To miss the morning train, flow does he feel as in the west

The express disappears?
I wonder if he thinks bad words-The man that never swears.

The world is full of trying scapes, No matter where we go, The truly good are tempted sore, As you perhaps may know, And when I find him vexed and mad,

My armpathy he shares, For I imagine how he feels— The man that never swears. -T. C. Harbaugh in Cincinnati Tribune

English Livings.

There are about 14,000 livings in England and Wales. Of these nearly 7,500 are in the gift of the crown, Prince of even distinguished colleges have been caught tripping in the matter of simony, it is among the remaining 4,500 livings heart to the world.

tics fail us here. No doubt the majority of these 4,500 livings never come into the market, and belong to patrons who recognize their responsibility. What fraction of them have been acquired as to patronage or incumbency by means more or less taint- for he can tell it better than I could: ed it is impossible to say. The "clergy list" for 1892, however, shows that there are 593 livings where the incumbent and | and that is the interesting part of the lit where both are of the same name. A considerable proportion of the parson patrons have, it can hardly be doubted, secome patrons in order to present them-On the other hand, some of the 593 and a large number of the 424 represent "family livings." As to these, it would be inaccurate to say that the living has been bought for the sake of the parson, but in many cases the parson has been ordained for the sake of the living .- Contemporary Review.

Some birds will forsake their nests if so much as a finger is placed within, but others, suspicious that their secret has been discovered, seek to hide them more efficaciously by admirably ingenious plans. Among the thick fern growth of a bank a wood warbler had woven a nest. The bird had evidently selected this bank because of the quantity of dead leaves scattered and heaped thereon, the tawny crispness of these corresponding nicely with the domed edifice, thereby rendering discovery almost impossible. But the fine quality of the ferns led to its detection. Tugging at the frail fronds, a kindly disposed lady scared the sitting warbler, which flew with plaintive call to an adjacent bough, and there exhibited signs of distress.

The lover of nature could not resist a glance appeared like a shapeless mass of dead leaves and grasses. Some few days after, walking through the same wood, she was again attempted to pay the little wood bird a visit. Puzzled and surprised, she could not find its whereabouts, but a few minutes' search revealed an alteration from the original mode. The cunning bird had blocked up the old entrance and covered that side of the nest with dead leaves, breaking a doorway through on the opposite side. - London Tit-Bits.

Hints About Driving.

When driving, you must watch the road. Turn out for stones, so that the horse shall not stumble nor the wheels jolt over them; avoid the mudholes and places where the going is bad; let the horse slacken speed when the road becomes heavy, and if you want to make up time do it where the ground slightly

It is a common mistake to think that a horse can haul a carriage easily on the level. On such a road he has to be pulling every moment; there is no rest. Whereas when the road new rises and now falls the weight is taken off him at times, and he has a chance to recover his wind and to rest his muscles. between a level road in a valley and an up and down road over the hills, the latter is by far the easier for a horse to When you come to a long level stretch, let your horse walk a bit in the

Almost everybody knows that for the first few miles after coming out of the stable a horse should be driven slowly, and especially if he has just been fed On a journey it is of the utmost impor tance to observe this rule. Be careful, however, not to check a young nag too quickly when he comes fresh out of the stable. Give him his head, talk to him soothingly, and presently he will come down to a moderate pace. If you pull him up at once, you vex him extremely, so much so that he is not unhkely to

kick .- Harper's Young People.

"The business of a retail butcher will make the biggest liar of a man of anything on earth. Do you know that?" saked Thomas Trucy, the Union market butcher.

The man could not say that he knew it, and so Mr. Tracy explained his statement, saying: "Well, you see a retail butcher cannot carry a very large stock, but he must please all his cuotomers. A man comes in and wants a steak 'fresh as possible, from beef not more than 24 hours killed."

"The butcher says all right and cuts the steak from a 48-hour beef. Then a fellow comes along and wants a \$6-hour steak. He gets one from the same beef, and so it goes, even down to the old Englishman who wants one a week or two weeks old that has become mellow. That is cut from a part of the quarter that has been bruised in handling, or if it has not it is no trick at all to bruise it a little."

"But do not these people catch on to the fact that they have been humbug-

"Not a bit of it. Why, nine people out of ten don't know a raw steak from a piece of roast."—St. Louis Republic.

WHEN I GO HOME

It comes to me often in stience. When the firelight spiriters loss When the black, uncertain shadows Seem wraiths of the long ago; Always with a throb of heartache, That shrills each pulatve vein, Comes the old, unquiet longing For the peace of home again.

I'm sick of the roar of the cities And of faces old and strange; I know where there's warmth of we And my yearning fancies range Back to the dear old homestead, With an aching sense of pain; But there'll be joy in the coming

When I go home again.

When I go home again! There's music That may never dis away.

And it seems the hand of angels. On a mystic harp, at play, Have touched with a yearning sadness On a beautiful, broken strain, To which is my fond heart wording-

When I go home again. Outside of my darkening window In the great world's crash and dia, And allowly the autumn's shadows Come drifting, drifting in. Sobbing, the night wind murmurs To the plash of the autumn rain;

ut I dream of the glorious greeting When I go home again. —Eugene Field. "GRACIOUS!"

Mr. Farlow was a compact busine man, bright, shrewd and kindly. He had Wales, lord chancellor, bishops, chap-was not commonplace life, either. One tors, archideacons, universities, rectors evening as we sat cozily together, he told and vicars (as such) and trustees. About me how he found his wife, for he knew 2,000 others are in the patronage (as to loved her as well almost as he did, and 1,400) of peers and (as to the rest) of oth-er titled persons. Although now and usual. If I am to repeat the story it must again a nobleman's livings are sold, and be in a strictly confidential manner, out of regard to my friend, though there is nothing that any man could be ashamed of in it, except the parading of one's sacres But there is a way that almost all the traffic exists. Statis- which the sacred heart can be told about that makes it remind us of our own sacred hearts and the days of our own courtships and little affairs, which, though we may pretend to have forgotten the are always vivid enough if anything hap

pens to call them up.
I will let Mr. Farlow tell his own story, "You know my marriage all came out of a South American trip that I once made the patron are the same person and 424 the romance. I was only twenty-one and in the employ of a shipping company in San Francisco. I had been with them about a year and a half, and I think they trusted me a good deal; in fact, they must have done so to have sent me on the expe dition they did. A captain and his crev had run away with a ship that belonged to the company, and they wanted me to catch He had started with his booty to ward Cape Horn, and if he once fairly left the South American waters he was pretty safe from us. I boarded the swiften schooner that sailed out of 'Frisco bay, and we stretched every inch of canvas for the south. The runaway had a good two days' the start of us and was nearly as good sailer as we, but we resolved to do our best and hope for luck. In any kind of an en terprise a man may always hope for luck though he can't really count on it. At any

rate it serves to keep the courage up. "lu five days we sighted the islands off embia and stopped to make inquiries The vessel we were after had been sighted two days and a half before, and was going straight for the Cape. The news was no encouraging, but we set off again, with two days and a half instead of two days to gain. But we still boped for luck, or some happy thought. It was not luck, but a thought that finally decided me to leave the ship at Valparaiso and strike across country to Buenos Ayres in the hope of heading off the robbers before the cleared that port. Sailing 'round the Cap-I knew to be hard work and often slow and with good luck I could probably catch the vessel, or at least have gained in the

plains beyond was a memorable one to me It took a fortnight of the hardest tramping and riding I ever did in my life, but I saw some things I have never seen since, and never will again. The guides that started with were crusty, malicious fel-lows, and made me wonder every night when I lay down to sleep on the open ground whether I should not wake up to and my throat cut. Fortunately that never happened; but the reason was that they had the better part of my money before we set out. Otherwise I think my life would have been held pretty cheap by a life in

surance company 'Half way up the mountains we found an old monastery and a little chapel. At first it seemed deserted, but when at last we heard a baby cry we know that there were human beings about. We peered in at a little old kitchen and saw there a little old woman who seemed to have been born about the time the kitchen was built, say a bundred years ago. We asked for food and lodging in every language we knew, but the only reply we got was a grunt and a gesture toward an inner door We tried the door, but some one was lean ing against it on the other side. By thi time I was quite out of patience, and lift ing the latch of the door gave it a terrible ough inward. Some glass thing fell and oke in a thousand pieces on the ston floor, and as the door awang open we saw a white old priest stagger backward in th little oratory of the chapel, and on the paving were the fragments of a long blathat had contained some black liquid. The old fellow looked very much frightened and deprecating, and hastened to explain that at his age he found a drop now and then necessary. We made hi feelings all right on that point by offering to drink some more with him, if he had any. It appeared that there were a number of bottles in the cellar. The old priest and even his wife, the old woman who

seemed unable to speak, proved very hospitable in the end, and we went on our way early the next morning. "At last the mountains were passed, and before us stretched a broad, level, grassy plain, and twenty miles away, though the distance seemed much less, lay a city half the size of Boston, but whose site was on no map in existence, and whose name prob ably not ten educated men in this country had ever heard. But that was forty years ago. Of course things have changed since

"Here my guides said they must leave me, and though I entreated their company to the city, they utterly refused. I there fore set out alone.

"You can imagine my desolation at be-

ing left, even by the desperate, black hued men who had been my companions so far. Even they had some sense of humanity in them, some sympathy for my loneliness, though it was a moody, silent sympathy. But now I was alone, a strange city that I did not know before me, the Andes behind me. If I was ever homesick in my life it was on that morning. If I ever wished I were at home with a wife and children about me, that was the time. As I tramped m I dreamed of all these things. I carefully recalled all the young ladies of my sequalntance, to see if any of them would to for a wife. Some were more or less at tractive, but there were many difficulties in the way of really marrying any one of them. After a time I turned from a consideration of the individual female to a sonsideration of the money question. That seemed less doubtful, for I had begun to know my own powers and to trust them. I then and there resolved that I would work longer for another master, but go into as for myself when I returned to San Francisco. I had a little capital laid by, and, of course, there were many achemies for using it profitably already formed in

my mind. I may be pardoned for saying that my resolve was carried out, though

perhaps not as I had hoped.
"It was evening when I reached the city with its narrow streets and low, thatched houses, rudely and weakly built, but having some show of neatness on the nside. All the buildings seemed alike, and there were no stores or big signs of hotels or restaurants. The dusky, half savage people stared coldly at me, and ne feel more alone than ever. I wan tered along, hoping to see a familiar sign f some sort, at least some show of a de sent night's lodging and a good square The tough looking guides on the other side of the mountains had robbed me of most of my money, but I had a little left. Yet it was growing dusk and I did not know what to do, for I could not speak the ordinary patois of the people to make any inquiries.
"At last, however, my happy eyes saw

the Spanish word for 'Restaurant' printed on a slip of white paper with a lead pencil and stuck in a glass window. Without peremony I entered. There was a large room of rough, plain boards, and in the middle of it one long table covered with a white cloth. At first I thought there was no one present. But as I grew used to the faint light I made out the form of a girl sitting at the farther and of the table, with her head buried in her arms. I gave a loud grunt to attract her attention, and she quickly raised her head. As well as I co see I thought she was good looking an young woman. I vaguely felt happy ndered what language she spoke. As olved in my mind the possible methods of finding this out and was about to begin with English and try all I knew, I picked up an earthen plate, and as I toyed with it n the table in my youthful embarrase ment, I accidentally let it fall to the floor where it broke in several pieces, much to my astonishment. At this the girl started quickly to her feet in a little fright, ex aiming very distinctly

"So she was English. In my delight at e discovery I forgot all about the plate, ut stepped quickly forward and took her and, not quite without embarrassmen and explained, as briefly as I could, who I was and what I wanted. You may be sure he was as delighted to see me as I to see er. For a whole year the only kindred see she had seen was her father's, and that, she remarked, was covered with a thargy beard. She confessed that when I me in she was shedding a few tears of mesickness herself, and wondering if no riend would come to her, or if her father uld not be persuaded to take her back to

uba, where her home had been. "I think I was never happier in my life han I was that night. We two seemed to ave come to each other at just the mo ent that each was most welco ound our thoughts so alike and our tastes congenial that we sat and talked a full our before my bungry stomach even had chance to assert itself. You may be sure was well served with a good supper, as hot and steaming and dainty as an English girl could make it. Then when we had pent another hour in eating it and chat ng over it, and I had helped clear the lishes away and wash them, and my friend had decided to let the sweeping go until the morning, because I must start early the old father, a bluff, taciturn man, came and joined the conversation with us and I quite forgot my weariness until it was very late.

"My new found friend, the old gentle an, was a person of some authority in the dace, and offered to provide me with an scort of twelve mounted men to Huenos pen plains where two hostile tribes were war. Each tribe had a cockade as a badge one of red, the other of white. having both of these sorts of cockades in our pockets and dexterously pulling ou the right one when a company of armed men approached us we hoped to pass all es safely, and the event proved happy ough we had some narrow escapes.

When I was ready to start in the morn ng I suddenly, half jokingly, asked the oung woman to whom I had become muc ed in a single evening to accompa omised her father to take good care of r. Somewhat to the astonishment of us all, that of the young woman not the least, she took the notion of begging her father to let her accept my offer, and he finally

nsented. We were just in the nick of time at Buenos Ayres to head off the runaway ship. The captain had taken out his papers already when we arrived, and v planning to sail the next morning. But and all his mates were quietly arrested while still on shore, and I myself took command of the vessel, shipped a new crew and with my newly discovered treasure from the heart of the desert, sailed for the West Indies, where I spent a happy month at the young lady's home in Cuba

"It is needless to say that she becan Mrs. Farlow, and you are quite well enough acquainted with her to excuse me om expatiating further upon her beauty and other attractive qualities." - A. S. Cody in Boston Transcript.

A Domestic Weapon.

'Let me see your best brooms," said a ttle woman excitedly as she plunged into a grocery store.

Green or dried?" asked the grocer, puting his pen over his ear and rolling up his

I said brooms," snapped the woman. "And I meant brooms," answered the grocer civilly, "but there's a difference. me are new made and green, while others are dry and seasoned. Some women folks won't touch a real dry broom. They allow the corn seeds come off in the sweeping.'

I ain't saying nothing about sweeping. said the woman. "I want a good, strong shank that is put together for all it is worth and a handle that won't snap the first time I use it."

The grocer trotted out his brooms, and the little woman hefted each one with a practiced hand. Finally she selected one that was unpainted and homely, but as

"How much is that one?" "Forty cents, ma'am. It's the bigges

and best in the lot, though it don't look as fancy as the rest." Forty cents! I've used up a hundred brooms since I married that last husband of mine, and I ain't never paid over a quarter, and I ain't goin to, what's more."
"Madam," said the grocer, standing the

oom up in a corner, "it ain't a broom that you want, in my opinion—it's a club."
Then he backed discreetly behind the counter, and the sale was off. - Detroit Free



Penelope (blushingly)-Ou, girls, I've such good news for you Chorus-What is it? Penelope - I'm engaged to the fellow you've all been trying to marry -- Truth. Life on a Canal

I am always ready to maintain that the frie canal has not received the recognition which it deserves. The murmuring streams and stormy seas have never lacked their Wordsworths and their Turners, but poet and painter alike have hitherto alighted Erie canal, and, as I was born and gared upon the banks I object to its being thus neglected. Even the commonplace has its issued to teach, and I believe that anybody who studies the canal with a truly ympathetic spirit may find its very dream ess something almost grandly tragical.
Follow the canal from end to end and the

respect is always the same—the dreary aks, the sluggish greenish tinged water the white boats and their listless crews. Existence here is indeed flat, stale and un rofitable, the scenes and incidents which give a charm to other modes of navigation are almost entirely wanting. Nevertheless the Eric canal has an interest of its own, not derived from commerce nor from the squabbles about it in the legislature. Stand beside it on a summer day and watch the dingy, slow moving boats pass, and you may find in the prospect something mournfully suggestive. The teams that go shambling by are made up of sad faced mles or of broken down horses who have en better days once, but who are now shattered wrecks, fit only for the towpath. And the drivers who follow them are wrecks perhaps as truly as the horses-sullen, hard featured men, who tram; along in stolid silence on a journey which never ends. The faces of the women, who live on the boats and practice their house keeping in the cramped little cabins, wear a dull and hopeless expression which years of this monotonous existence have stamped there. Truly it is not a very cheerful or profitable life. There is little in it to gratify any longings for culture and enlighten ment, drifting forever between these banks at the rate of two miles an hour, from one end of the canal to the other. - Boston Jour

Few Old Sailing Vessels.

From a table in the reports respecting easualties to ships, which shows the ages of vessels, it is surprising to find how very ancient many of the craft still doing serv ice really are. Thirty-nine sailing vessels are between 50 and 60 years old, eighteen are between 60 and 70 years, thirty are between 70 and 100 and six are actually above century old

While these numbers represent only a nall proportion of such ancient mariners still "sailing the wintry seas," it must not be thought they refer only to barges or craft engaged in river or inland naviga-

The June of Beaumaris, built 106 years ago, met with her mishap while on a coast ing voyage, and the Endeavor, Plymouth, a still older craft, in seeking to act up to her name, came to grief while on a voyage

from Dunkirk What is more surprising still, the same casualty list contains the names of two steamships, one above sixty years and the other above ninety years old.

On consideration, however, it is obvious that these vessels must have originally been built as sailing vessels, as the periods named carry us much farther back than the date at which the Sirius made Ler fa

ous voyage across the Atlantic. With regard to the ancient sailing ves is, too, they must have little or nothing of the original structure left. As long as there is one single plank left, however, the vessel retains her identity. -St Louis Me

The Schoolmaster in "David Copperfield. Owen Thomas, a schoolfellow of Charles Dickens, who contributed much informs tion to John Forster concerning the early portion of the great novelist's life, writes that Mr. Creakle, in "David Copperfield," was undoubtedly a portraiture, in some respects, of one of the masters of a school which they both attended in Hampstead Dickens and Mr. Thomas were present when this gentleman said, in his peculiar manner, to a boy whom he had just caned, 'Ah, you may rub, sir, but you will not be able to rub that out," words which, slighty altered, are used by Mr. Creakle on a

But Dickens did not seek to describe the rsonal appearance of the Hampstead master, the latter having been rather good "In short," says Mr. Th "you may take it that many of his charac ters, especially leading ones, were taken from living persons, only, to use the words of Mr. Dickens to me in reference to one of them, whose original I knew, 'a little col ored.' I may be allowed to add that Mr. Dickens told me he had felt it a pleasure to have been in after years of some service to our old schoolmaster, and also to one of the assistant mastera"-London Tele graph.

Specimens of Brag.

Coming through on the limited a trav eler overheard part of a conversation be tween a couple of typical advance agenta a class of men evidently intended to raise lying to a place a mong the fine arts. "How is 'Superba' doing!" asked one. "Colos sal!" answered the other. "Why, we have given up counting tickets altogether; we just weigh them, and any old measure we dump back to the local treasurer to be spent with the gang But how about

"Ah!" rejoined the first speaker. "We are on the economic plan this season, and only count our tickets to save the price of scales, cutting down expenses everywhere; don't pay any more transfer bills, even. "How's that?" was the query. "Well was the reply, "this is our ninth season on the road, and the scenery and baggage have got so used to being carried from lepot to theater and back that this year after a little persuasion, they have con sented to walk." "So long!" said "Ta ta!" said the other, and one of them left the train."-Philadelphia Inquirer.

To dream of a goose, implies sitting for your picture. To dream of heaps of gold, indicates misery and avarioe, a few pieces. honesty and industry. To dream of chil dren, portends a serious diminution in your income. To dream of a knave, olies meeting an old acquaintance. dream of seeing a king or queen, denotes a great disappointment. To dream of seeing the devil, implies a visit to your law To dream of reading romances, indi cates loss of time. To dream of catching weasel asteep, indicates great eleverness To dryam of catching fleas, is to overcome your enemies. To dream of flattery, inditates sickly appetite and want of taste. New York Advertiser.

Spoiled the Match. An electric light wire touched the vest of a New York jamitor while he was lean ing over to adjust it, and a strange experience resulted. The wire burned a hole in his vest, came in contact with his watch gave him a slight shock, burned several small holes in the case, causing the glob ules of gold to drop in the case and some on the floor, and so magnetized the works of the watch that they are worthless.-Yanker Hinds

A Nice Way to Train Little Ones Every wise woman understands that the best method of teaching her daugh ter that tidiness and cleanliness of habit so essential to good housekeeping is the giving to the little girl a little province of her own, as dainty and attractive as thought and care can make it, and make her responsible for its order or disorder. -New York Sun.

Both Indignant. Irate Purchaser (to house furnisher's seistant)-This stove won't burn! Assistant-Ave coorse not, sorr. usually won't. - Harper's Bazar.

FOR WORKING GIRLS.

THEIR CLUBS HELP YOUNG WOMEN TO IMPROVE THEIR LOT.

The Principles Upon Which All "Working Girls'" Societies Are Built-Organizations That Have Done a Great Deal to Make Women Independent.

Miss Grace H. Dodge, who first thought of the Working Girls' club, and who has so zealously and helpfully lent her co-opera tion from the beginning, has kindly cor sented to state the aims and endeavors of the members and does so in these words:

First-Consider just what a club is, name ly, an organization formed among busy women and girls to secure by co-operation means of self improvement, opportunities for social intercourse and the development of higher, nobler aims. Second-That it is governed by the members for the members Third-That it strives to be self supporting It is not a charitable society. It is a co operative rather than a philanthropic or ganization. Methods that are usually adopted to start charitable and philanthrop vements cannot be carried out when

Working Girls' club is planned.

A neighborhood or city club, of either nen or women, is started by a few who decide that the establishment of such a club would be desirable for social or literary reasons. Then others are consulted, con stitutions and bylaws adopted, a committee on rooms or location appointed, and their report acted upon by the ciub. Other comnittees follow on furnishing, house rules finances, etc., all the members of the com mittees being chosen from among those who are to utilize or have part in the house. rooms or meetings. Fee and dues are voted upon and other club affairs system

If the house or rooms are to be bought built or leased, capital must often be ob tained, and this is loaned on interest or raised among the members. Those with large incomes feel it a privilege to give more than the others, who perhaps give time, talent or effort worth more than the money. Outsiders are not admitted to these deliberations, but after the club is located, rooms furnished and all in run ning order a reception is held, when each club member is privileged to invite a given number of guests, and from these new members are obtained and fresh interest

HOW A CLUB IS STARTED. A similar plan is followed in starting a Working Girls' society or club, if it is in tended to be founded upon the principles of co-operation, self government and self sup Working girls cannot be forced into a club organized in their interests any more than any other people can be driven into a social club. They wish to know their proposed leaders, and here friendship must be at the root of the matter. To guard against the springing up of cliques it is well to have the early members represent different occupations. Women of leisure, teachers, saleswomen, clerks, sten ographers, dressmakers and mill and factory employees-if at the start there is mingling of these each will bring friends, and a sisterhood of women will be the result, all interested in mutual aims but coming from different surroundings The importance of impressing on members their individual responsibility to the club cannot be too strongly urged.

In Europe a working girls' club could not be started because the principles of or-ganization are not comprehended as yet. In this country organization is understood because wage earning women breathe the air of self government. The class of girls that come into the clubs are women are accustomed to join other forms of or-ganization, such as benefit societies, lodges, etc. There are in this city an enormous number of wage earning women, perhap 30,000 or 40,000, who belong to the women' branches of the Freemasons' organizations and other societies, and in these they have

already learned something about the bene-The clubs are giving to girls an oppor tunity, and are doing for one class what osis, the Woman's Press club, the Wednesday Afternoon club, etc., are doing for others. People say, "Why do you give it the name of the Working Girls' club? We want to dignify the name of "working

girl. SOME OBJECTIONS ANSWERED The public should know what intelligent and enlightened girls belong to our clubs. There is the "other side," however. Labor organizations say, "We are opposed to you because you are making working girls satisfied with their lot," but is there any

thing to regret in that? When people say we do not touch the class of girls that most need help I feel quarrelsome. Where are they? We have girls belonging to our clubs who earn but \$5 a week, girls who work for "sweaters," and who do the humblest kind of factory work, and yet we are told we do not reach the really poor girl. I received a miserable anonymous letter two or three days ago asking why we do not devote our money to better purposes than to New Year' parties at the Madison Square garden.

People talk of things they know nothing about. The club girls know the secret of the New Year's party expenditures, and if they are satisfied everybody else should be The principles of our movement are pene trating everywhere, and can any one say that the results are not good?

I am asked by what right I am a mem ber of the Working Girls' club, and why Mrs. Richard Irvin and others are admit ted. The club girls settled that question themselves one evening at a discuss was decided that Mrs. Richard Irvin and others were working women, but they might be said to be working with money. not for money. It is not a question of do lars and cents, or of the kind of work. One nember may be just as busy keeping house for her mother as another girl is in a shop. and it was thoroughly agreed that both have an equal right of membership. matter of fact I have no more voice in the Thirty-eighth Street club than the youngest cash girl .- New York Tribune

Chili is the woman's Utopia. It is the only country in the world in which women are ssessed of full political rights. Every voman over twenty one can vote on all one The street cars are all conducted by women too. The native women have not good opportunities for education, but they are said to be possessed of fair mental abil-ity and boast of one woman doctor. In nanner they are modest and dignified, in person small and delicate. - Exchange.

A Startling Metaphor. For a "startling metaphor" take Sidney Smith's, when he saw a little girl stoop down and stroke the shell of a turtle. "Why are you doing that, Belle!" he

"To please the turtle." "My child, you might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's to please the dean and chapter."-Exchange.

mked.

There are 413 species of trees found within the limits of the United States, sixteen of which, when perfectly seasoned, are heavy enough to sink in water. The heaviest of one is the black fromwood (Condella ferra) of Florida, which is 16 to 30 per cent. heavier than distilled water.—St. Louis

A Slight Difference. Collector-I left a bill here yesterday for some shirts your husband got. Did he look

tover? Lady of the house-No, he obriocked in. Clothier and Furnisher.

A Girl in the Kurpathians.

Before riding, and not knowing how long I might have to be in the saddle. had been as fresh as paint and as keen as any ligard; now, having arrived, I was tired at once, sat on the bed with my yellow leggined feet stuck out in front of me like a dorking, and felt slight, rather weak, half controlled smiles chase over my face as I glanced

about the room. The woman brought in an engaging looking soup tureen, from which, however, no steam rose, and a lordly dish of maize meal porridge.

"The hen's supper it used to be at home:" thought I, in faint amusement, and sat down to investigate the soup tureen. Beautiful clumps and clots of milk were in it-sour milk, but of a sourness exquisitely fresh, and clean to taste. The woman showed me the method of procedure. You filled your soup plate with the milk, which you ate with a spoon, and every now and then you took a speenful of the porridge from the big dish before you. Will any one tell me where was ever such a supper My hostess stood beside me, a queer woman's mixture of curiosity and shyness, telling me she had a lodger already. and expected another in a few days, be ginning every sentence with "Ich sag finen," or "Jetzt, ich bitte."

She fetched a teapot and a small tumoler and left me with them. I drew my little Epictetus from my knapsack; if would be as well to have a motto for my journey and the poor slave would give me something fitting.

You cannot open the Encheiridion at the wrong place, for there is none. This is what was printed just where I put in tay finger. "Do not seek to have all things happen as you would choose them, but rather choose them to happen as they do; and so shall the current of your life flow free." I took a couple of cigarettes with this reflection and then went sanely to my bed. - Menie Muriel

A German Clock.

Mr. Thomas D. Bullinger, of Govanstown, is the owner of an antique piece of mechanism. It is the result of years of labor of an old clockmaker of Nuremberg. Germany. It is a clock with a framework of walnut, and stands 11 feet high. At the top it is 314 feet across, but tapers until at the center it is about 2 feet wide. It rests on a pedestal, which is the same width as at the top of the clock. The dial is 12 inches in diameter, of white enamel and black figures. In the dial is set a handsome oil painting of David performing on a harp and a pretty woman, with bowed

head, listening attentively to the music. When the clock strikes the hour two beautiful German airs are heard in succession, and on a platform above the dial twelve small figures of men and women, about 5 inches high, dance in couples. Musicians are seated in the rear of the tigures performing on the cornet, drum and clarionet. A clown appears clapping his hands and moving his mouth. A figure appears on either side of the platform and makes a polite bow. The clock plays twenty-four different German tunes. The musical weight is of lead, and weighs 125 pounds. Over 130 various pipes are needed to play the tunes. The entire clock weighs nearly 600 pounds.

The machinery is extremely complicated. The clock is over 100 years old. -Baltimore American.

The Fulsetto Voice.

Mr. E. Davidson Palmer, Mus. Bac. Oxon., calls the attention of scientific sieve and you were trying to see up men to an apparently unknown fact in much you could pour through it. The connection with voice production. This is a belief extant that knowlegs ! fact has to do with the so called "falset- gained at all, must be acquired in your to" voice. The general opinion about Fallacious theory! Behold Galilei a this kind of voice is that it is something | threescore and ten pursuing his studie altogether unnatural, and that it ought with unflagging zeal, Cato beginning never to be used. According to modern | Greek when advanced in years, Ogili scientific theories, however, it is one of two or more registers, and is supposed to be intended by nature to be used only at the upper extremity of the vocal compass. But it is quite possible to produce this kind of voice at a much lower pitch

(at least an octave lower) than that at which singers are ever taught to use it. Produced in this way, it may be so weak and feeble as to be practically useless. Still it is possible so to produce it. as men and singers well know. What they do not know and what scientific men appear to be totally unaware of, is that it may be developed at this low pitch, and not only developed, but completely transformed. When thus transformed it loses entirely its unnatural and effleminate character, and becomes a strong, manly voice, which is easily mistaken for what is commonly called "chest voice," but which unlike that kind of voice, is capable of bearing throughout its whole compass any strain that may

An Old Time Schoolmaster An old time schoolmaster in Pennsylvania had been a carpenter in his youth, with a taste for books, and had finally

be put upon it. - English Mechanic.

settled down as teacher of the village school. He vever punished boy or girl. He succeeded in keeping his pupils interested in their work. There was perfect order in his school and apparently no discipline. He was known to be an abolitionist who had frequently concealed runsway negroes in the garret of

ordinarily laughed at as an eccentric schoolmaster. But his boys never challenged his authority. They learned a little Latin and Greek and a good deal about duty, honor

and justice. The old man's eyes used to blaze be neath his wig when he spoke of the need of courageous, honest men in public life.

Two of his boys never forgot his burning words. One was a general in the civil war and a political leader of commanding influence. The other was conspicuous for integrity at a period of low public morality.

Thackeray once said that it was better for a boy to have the middle place in the form and a good thrashing now and then than to be the cock of the school. His idea was that conceit ought to be knocked out of boys. But brutality is not good training. It hardens the heart and paralyzes sensibility.-Youth's Companion.

Eupholem. There is some little difficulty in defin-

ing what suphuism really is, owing to the indiscriminate use of the word as a kind of synonym for the artificial wit and general affectation of Elizabethan times. The distinctive characteristics of Lyly's euphuism are now considered to be transverse alliteration, elaborate antithesis and a redundancy of similes from simple phenomena or fabulous natural history. - Chambers' Journal.

INVITING OLD AGE.

SOME OF THE WAYS IN WHICH WOM-EN LOSE THEIR YOUTH.

Mothers Neglect Their Own Needs In Es. aggerated Devotion to the Children, Those Who Claim the Immunities of Age

When Only In the Midday of Life.

The oldest woman I ever knew was 28 At marriage the graces of girlhood passed forever from her life. Economy became the god enthroned on every altar of ber home. Ruffles and ribbons were the insignia of levity and extravagance. Dresses robbed of a yard or two grew ungracefully short and narrow. Books and papers were regarded as luxuriesnot necessities. An hour spent in reading left a feeling of guilt for wasted time Devotion to "Will and the children" came to mean self assumed slavery Luster left the eye, elasticity the frame Through a mistaken sense of duty she grew unkempt, narrow souled, repulsive It has been said that the true age is what we look and feel. I have known sweet fresh faced women of 70 who were younger than she.

In the great middle class of America the wife too often invites age by concen trating all ambition in money getting To save the wages of servants she do stroys the joy of life, the buoyancy of health. Pushing the growing daughter to the front, she sees less and less of society, dresses with increasing plainness and sinks to a household drudge self made and valued at her own see mate.

Thirty-five has no more right to the styles and tone of 70 than to those of 17 The appropriation of the one is scarcely less ridiculous than the assumption of the other. Far better than the expensive boarding school is the example of the mother in imparting to the daughter the faultless taste of dress, the gentle repose of manner, the gracious spirit so admirable in woman. A part of the money devoted to the education of the daughter would be well spent in procuring to the mother the time for self culture. As the fair, snowy page is not so useful or beautiful as the one written with pure, uplifting thought, so the immature maiden is less valuable to home and society than the ripe, cultured wom-

People of 40 and 50 should not shelve themselves and claim the immunities of age. They are in the midday of life: the time for the exercise of knowledge, power, grace and beauty, for the upifting of humanity. These gifts may be enhanced by dress and manner. The influence of the attractive, self respecting wife, mother, sister or friend is more potent for good than that of the one with neglected person and unlovely mind.

Discontent invites age. Indulging the unrest of the dissatisfied is destructive to looks and temper. In his "Story of a Country Town" Mr. E. W. Howe says. "Be contented if it kills you." The advice is not so bad as it looks. Content ment and stagnation are not necessarily synonymous. One may be free from worry while striving for higher planes or work. Woman should have the coarage of repose. It is infinitely better than the morbid conscientiousness that goals to endless toil. Effective work require

effective rest. Judicious mental work may help to lift one out of the ruts of prematured age. Read and think of what you rad Don't use your mind as if it was a commencing classical studies when past 50! Gladstone is as much the student

today as when the bloom of youth mantled his cheek. Be kind to the feelings and fancies of youth. If they prove perennial, so med the better. Don't forbid yourself glad recreative thought and action. Don't be ashamed to make yourself as pretty as you can. A sensible woman may feel a thrill of pleasure innocent as a mailen's when receiving a glance of respectful admiration from a manly man. Smile without affectation, be pleasant without being silly-in short, be young as long as you can .- Alva Rosse in Kate Field's

Washington. Size of the United States Soldier Statistics gathered by the United States

government show that the enlisted sodiers of the United States army vary in height from a minimum of 4 feet #inches to a maximum of 6 feet 4% inches. The giant of the army is serving in the lepartment of Arizona and the dwarf in the Department of the Misseuri. It weight the range is even greater than it is in height, the minimum being nine ty-seven pounds and the maximum PSI the average throughout the army being 15314, and the average height ! inches. The youngest soldier enlisted is sixteen years of age; the oldest sixtysix, the average being about thirty years

-St. Louis Republic. Cradles Hundreds of Years Age

In manuscripts of the ninth and tenth centuries we had pictures of crades his school. Sometimes denounced by formed of part of a tree trunk dugest village politicians as a fanatic, he was with holes bored through the sides for the passage of straps intended to tis tis baby down in his bed. These dug out ers dles are still common in modern Greece When we come to consult the manuscripts and bas-reliefs of the fifteenth century, we notice that the cradles are no longer mere baskets or beds en rockers, but little swinging beds suspended between two pillars, the prototype of the modern bercelonnette. - Harper's Barst

> Yes, It Is Strictly Grammatical The following is quoted from a leading article in the New York Tributes "By his death the community loss the foremost and the best of American actors, and one of the greatest trage

> dians that have ever lived. To settle a dispute, will you kindly state whether the above is strictly so cording to English grammar) - New York

A Tribute to American Newspaper Women. Mme. Hyscinthe Loyson has been this ing a representative of the Pall Mail Gasette her impressions of Americaexpressed much pleasure in having met many lady reporters, who did their work splendidly and added the charm of femininity to journalism. "I think," also observed, "it would have been impossible to have brought the republic of the United States to the successful position it holds today without this woman's influence. In America she has proved her salf to be the real help."