EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL, - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Why Englishwomen Scholars Succeed.

Englishwomen are showing a marked superiority over American women in the college career. They are taking prizes and attaining marked intellectual distinction, not because their scholastic advantages are greater nor because of superior intellectual gifts, but because of better physique, more normal nervous systems, and consequently greater power of endurance.

These contrasts emphasize the proposition which I maintain, namely, that the first, the greatest physical need for women is a training to rest; not rest in the sense of doing nothing, not repose in the sense of inanity or inactivity, but a restful activity of mind and body, which means a vigorous, wholesome nervous system that will enable a woman to abandon herself to her study, her work and her play with a freedom and ease which are too fast becoming, not a lost art, but lost nature. We have jumped at the conclusion that the style of training which is admirably suited to men must be equally adapted to women. However that may be in the future, there is a prior necessity with women. After their greatest physical need is supplied they may—will, probably—reach the place where their power will be increased through vigorous exercise.

It is evident that the gymnasiums and various exercises established in schools and colleges for women have done little or nothing toward supplying this greatest need. The girls are always defeating the end of the exercise, first, by entering into every motion of the exercise itself with too much nervous strain; second, by following in their manner of study, in their general attitude of mind and habit of body, ways that must effectually tell against the physical power which might be developed by the exercise.—Annie P. Call in Atlantic Monthly.

University Education for Englishwomen.

Women students ambitious of finishing at Oxford will be surprised to know that Somerville hall, the Oxford annex, is not a college at all, but simply halls or homes where girls desirous of Oxford privileges live in the protection of an academical house. The association for promoting the education of women at Oxford engages lecturers to give special instruction to the students and obtains admission for them to the university lectures. These lectures are not given at the hall according to the custom at Barnard college, New York, and Newnham and Girton, of Cambridge, England, but the girls go to the university accompanied by a member of the association and listen to the same lectures as their brothers.

So accustomed have the men become to these fair invaders that they scarcely look up when they enter the room. Six hours' work a day including the lectures is recommended by one of the principals as sufficient, as every hour after that counts for loss and not for gain, in her opinion. The girl that is not clever enough to get on with that is not apt to distinguish herself if she works nine hours a day.

"It is one of the great misfortunes of the age that hardly any one is able to see that no amount of rubbing will make tin into silver," writes an authority. She also advises girls not to come to the university too young, because a woman's brain is stronger than a girl's, and "the woman knows when and where to rest as well as when and where to expend herself."—London Letter.

A Remarkable "Woman's Bank" Recalled

The notorious "Woman's bank," one of the most curious cases of swindling ever known in Boston, is recalled by the death of Mrs. Sarah E. Howe, the projector and manager of the scheme. It will be remembered that the plan of Mrs. Howe's "bank" was to receive deposits from women only—not less than $200 nor over $1,000—on which interest at 7 per cent. monthly was to be paid. Indeed, interest for the first two months was returned in advance to the "customer" on making a deposit. It was represented to be a work of charity, the impossible rate of interest being accounted for by reference to a mysterious "Quaker fund," administered by Mrs. Howe for the benefit of needy women.

Strange as it may appear, it was not only the ignorant who were deceived by this transparent nonsense, but persons of education and experience the country over. Among the believers and defenders of Mrs. Howe was Miss Dodge, the Gail Hamilton of literature; and there were others of equal shrewdness who swallowed the tale of "charity." Mrs. Howe might have gone on to this day taking in the money of the credulous to pay out as interest to others equally credulous had not the newspapers pushed an investigation and made a good story about it.

Then the collapse came, and Mrs Howe was sent to prison. She died, it is said, in want.—Boston Commonwealth.

Rich Women's Idle Hours.

"How do wealthy women spend their idle hours?" was a question propounded to me by a young friend a few days ago.

"Do you think they really have an idle time?" I said in reply.

"Oh, yes," my questioner replied, "I am sure they have."

I remembered the query some days after, and having occasion to call upon some wealthy women of the exclusive set, I inquired as to their idle hour indulgences. One woman informed me that she made all her own underwear, which upon seeing I found showed evidence of an accomplished needle; another lady said she painted; another was interested in school matters and dabbled in literature, and before I got through I came to the conclusion that wealthy women were as industrious, considering the many social calls upon them, as the working women.—Philadelphia Press.

Spurious Shawls.

A good deal of indignation has been excited by a discovery recently made by the Calcutta customs of a trade in spurious Cashmere shawls. It appears that large quantities of shawls have been imported into India from Germany, with imitation Cashmere marks on them.

On arrival in Calcutta the shawls are treated by some peculiar process and then sent into the interior and sold there as real Cashmere productions. Their actual cost in Calcutta is about $5, and they fetch when sold about $25.

MY PHILOSOPHY

I ain't nor don't p'tend to be
Much posted on philosophy;
But there is times, when all alone,
I work out ideas of my own,
And of these same there is a few
I'd like to just refer to you,
Purvidin that you don't object
To listen 'bout and rickollect.

I allus argy that a man
Who does about the best he can
Is plenty good enough to suit
This lower mundane institute,
No matter of his daily walk
Is subject for his neighbor's talk,
And critic-minds of ev'ry whim
Jest all git up and go for him.

I knowed a feller onc't that had
The railer lankiest mighty bad,
And each and ev'ry friend he'd meet
Would stop and give him some receet
For curin of 'em. But he'd say
He kind o' thought they'd go away
Without no medicine, and boast
That he'd git well without one dosts.

He kep a railerin on, and they
Perdictin that he'd die some day
Before he knowed it! Tuck his bed.
The feller did, and lost his head,
And wandered in his mind a spell,
Then rallied and at last got well;
But ev'ry friend that said he'd die
Went back on him eternally.

It's nachurul enough, I guess,
When some gits more and some gits less,
For them uns on the sliminest side
To claim it ain't a fair divide.
And I've knowed some to lay and wait,
And git up soon and set up late,
To ketch some fellow they could hate
Fer goin at a faster gait.

The signs is bad when folks commence
A findin fault with Providence,
And talkin 'cause the world don't shake
At ev'ry prancin step they take.
No man is great till he can see
How less than little he would be
Ef stripped to self and stark and bare
He hung his sign out anywhere.

My doctoren is to lay aside
Contentions and be satisfied,
Just do your best, and praise or blame
That follers, that counts just the same.
I've allus noticed great success
Is mixed with troubles, more or less,
And it's the man who does the best
That gits more kicks than all the rest.

—James Whitcomb Riley in Omaha World-Herald.

THE MODERN MOLOCH

Five minutes to 7

Dow's great factory was as silent as a churchyard. The great, broad belts hung limp. The monster flywheels seemed to be so many obstructions barring the light. The long shafts that transmitted power to the hundreds of machines looked like cold rays of light. The machinery had a grim look. Much of it was as forbidding as the teeth that grin in the jaws of a skull. That was the impression it made on Dr. Jayne as he accompanied John Dow, Jr., through department after department.

"How many people do you employ?"

"Nearly 800 on our pay roll—men and boys."

"Keeps you pretty close. I suppose you never get a holiday."

Dow Jr. laughed. "On the contrary, my father goes away whenever he desires a change. I go off every fall, hunting and fishing, stay away two and three weeks—been away six and the shop never missed us."

Doctor Jayne's look of wonder invited the explanation, given with pardonable pride.

"System—method, doctor. If I do say it myself, Dr. Jayne, you won't find a factory in the country, giving employment to as many hands where everything runs as smoothly as at Dow's. We do everything methodically here—all the departments divided upon systematic lines, regulated like clockwork."

"Yes," said the doctor. "I have been told a thousand miles away from home that Dow is regarded as the model establishment of the country."

"The only way to run a factory," said Dow, Jr., in a matter of fact way that impressed the doctor, who was making a round of the workshops in quest of information he deemed essential to the completeness of a book he had in hand.

"How do you keep track of your people? So many coming and going. I suppose you don't know your own operatives."

Dow, Jr., took out his watch, glanced from it to a clock at the end of a room they were in and said:

"Just wait a minute and you'll see. Stand near this window, doctor."

The doctor observed a number of men and boys coming into the factory yard. All carried dinner pails or baskets in their hands. They trooped into the mill in droves, by twos and threes, singly laughing, talking, pushing and shoving each other, until they entered the department the doctor was in. There the flow of good natured chaff ceased as the operatives took their places at the machines they attended to. As they passed the timekeeper's office the doctor heard the timekeeper and his assistant repeating in monotonous tones:

"Thirty-six, seventeen, three hundred four, forty-five, eleven, seven hundred one, two, nine, twenty-one, five hundred," as the arrival of the operatives was recorded.

Suddenly a gong sounded—the doctor started, simultaneously the long, narrow belts and the big, broad belts became taut, the monster flywheels revolved, the long line of pulleys overhead whirled, the machines, big and little, champed as they seemed to whet their teeth on red hot and cold iron, munching it in their jaws like ravenous monsters and tossing the iron out again like so many husks or empty shells after they had absorbed the kernel. The sound that filled the room as iron met iron, welding, cutting, shaving and pounding, was deafening, the whirling pulleys and eccentric movements of the machinery added to the confusion.

Seven o'clock precisely, and to a second every man, woman and boy in Dow's factory was at work.

Doctor Jayne readily excused Dow Jr. who was called away by a handsome young fellow, a friend evidently, and looked wonderingly at the operations of a machine beside him. A very small boy attended the machine. The movements of the small boy's arms and hands were so regular that Doctor Jayne insensibly associated him with the machine. It was difficult to tell where the machine ended and the boy began. The small boy never made a false move. The bit of iron was lifted with one hand from one point, the same piece in another form was caught up dexterously thirty seconds later from the machine, although seemingly the same instant.

However, as the machine manipulated thirty pieces in a minute, it followed, as a matter of course, that the small boy was not slinging the same piece of iron at himself through the machine as rapidly as appearances indicated. The small boy's eyes were never off the machine, his hands seemed to be a part and parcel of it. It made the doctor tired to look at him. He looked at the boy-machine, or machine-boy fully ten minutes before he discovered that the boy's foot was a part of the mechanical operation. Hands, eyes, feet—all were going—all on the jump.

"Curious, isn't it?"

Doctor Jayne turned to find Dow, Jr. at his elbow.

"That boy makes 150,000 movements every day. First he picks up the blank from the tray, puts it in the groove, while he removes with his other hand the piece coming out here. If you notice every time he reaches out his right hand he lifts his left foot, presses this treadle and he has to toss the piece from the machine to the elevator."

"What's his name?"

"You'll have to ask him. All we know is that he runs number eleven."

"He doesn't look eleven," said the doctor. Dow, Jr., smiled.

"We have them at all ages." Then addressing the boy: "You'll have a holiday tomorrow. We'll shut down."

The small boy blinked both eyes and nodded, and Dow, Jr., led Dr Jayne through the other departments.

When the doctor returned to his office he tried to estimate the probable length of time that the very small boy who operated number eleven in Dow's factory could keep it up. There were fifty-two weeks in a year, sixty working hours in a week in round numbers. Nearly 50,000,000 motions in a year. Then the doctor drew a mean in estimating the pulse—what looked like a very neat calculation caused the doctor to ponder profoundly. If a man or woman had a little rest—recreation now and then—it wouldn't be so bad, but the outlook for the small boy was not encouraging.

Somehow the doctor could not dismiss the small boy from his mind the next day. He heard the whirling, whirling, whirling of the pulleys, the clamp, clamp, clamp of iron; smelled the oil that greased the million bearings in Dow's factory. The impression made by the very small boy and the ravenous machine was not a pleasant one.

He was sitting alone before a ruddy fire (he was a bachelor) when the calculations growing around the small boy were broken by a summons. The summons was unexpected, but Dr. Jayne was one of the professional men who believe they owe something to their fellows. He accompanied his visitor to a squalid part of the city, ascended a long, dark flight of stairs, and was ushered into a meanly furnished room, provided with a lounge and an old fashioned truckbed. The lounge was falling apart. The truckbed had a thin straw tick on it and a ragged quilt—no blanket. On the tick lay a boy with his face to the wall.

There were foul smells in the alley below the window. The house had a sour smell. The walls were damp. Wretched poverty was stamped on everything in the room, there was a sound of drunken revelry in the upper and lower rooms and in the alley.

"What is the matter with him?"

An old, old woman, with snow white hair, eyes dimmed with age and palsied hands, rose from the lounge with difficulty, and in a voice scarcely louder than a whisper said:

"It's—like—a fever, sir."

She stood beside the bed as the doctor spoke to the boy. "Turn your face this way and look at me."

The little limp form turned slowly over and Dr. Jayne looked down into the bright eyes, on the burning cheeks of the boy he had observed in Dow's factory. The doctor looked at him intently, felt his pulse, then, in low, measured tones:

"A crime! a shameful crime! Overtasked—murdered—slow murder—murdered by inches!" Then, turning to the old woman, "What made these marks on his wrists and arms?"

The boy turned his face away. The old woman looked distressed. Her hands were moving up and down her faded gown, they caught each other and fell helplessly away as she answered in that loud whisper that was more effective than any volume of sound uttered by human lips.

"His father—my son—beat him!"

"What! Beat a little fellow like that?" The doctor, in spite of his familiarity with degradation and brutality, was very angry.

"My son drinks—does nothing but drink. These holidays, sir—people treat him—he—gets drunk—somehow—and scolded—scolded so, and—I couldn't help it, sir—I couldn't."

Her wretched gown was up at her eyes, but the doctor was occupied with the boy. There was something here worse than fever. The boy's nervous system had received a severe shock. He questioned the boy closely, went to a drug store near by, returned, administered some of the medicine he brought, left instructions with the grandmother and returned to his office, reflecting upon the problem of life more seriously than he had ever done before, and he had the reputation of a very considerate, thoughtful man.

He visited the fever stricken boy early the next morning.

"He—didn't sleep more—than an—hour, sir, all night," the grandmother whispered, wringing her bony hands helplessly.

The doctor looked at his patient, who was tossing his hands and moving his head.

"He's—been—flighty all the time."

The doctor turned the torn quilt down, felt the boy's body, his head; timed his pulse—then suddenly turned to the window and looked out.

When the old woman spoke to him he met her look with a steady gaze. There was no sign of emotion, his voice was a trifle lower perhaps.

"Do—you—think"——

"It is very hard to determine. The chances are against him. Have you any other means than this boy supplied you?"

The old woman shook her head. The doctor made a mental note. Then he administered a powder, looked long and earnestly at his patient, turned and left the house with a preoccupied air.

He returned again at noon.

A bleary eyed wretch, with bloated face and shambling gait—a creature whom prolonged debauchery had robbed of all that is noble and spirited in man, lurched against him in the entry.

"Are you—you the—doctor's been tending my kid?"

Dr. Jayne shoved him aside with as little concern as he would push a dog from his path, but before he had stepped on the stairs the drunken wretch added:

"'Cos—'cos—you're not wanted any longer. The boy's dead—dead, d'ye hear?"

The doctor was going up stairs, suddenly he paused, descended and addressed a slatternly looking woman, who stood in a doorway.

"Is the boy dead?"

"Died half an hour ago."

Dr. Jayne walked away. As he was returning to his office a familiar voice accosted him. He turned to meet the familiar voice of Dow, Sr.

"Heard you looked through my factory the other day. My son spoke of it. Just home from Colorado. Wonderful country out there. You found everything in apple pie order in my factory. I'm satisfied at heart. Took me twelve years, sir, twelve years to perfect my system. I don't mind telling you—you are not in the business—that after all is said that can be said, the chief reason, the real secret of my success has been—you can't guess what, doctor. I'll wager you anything you can't."

"I need not try," said the doctor.

"Well—in two words—I've always kept my machinery in repair. I used to rely on two machinists when I had 500 hands. I doubled them—it paid—put another on—gained right along by it; now I have 800 hands, how many men do you think I have looking after the machinery alone—I mean, keeping it in proper repair?"

"I will not venture to guess, Mr. Dow."

"Ten—ten, sir, who do nothing but watch the machinery and repair it. I have a systematic factory, I flatter myself."

"The system is very fine, indeed," replied Dr. Jayne. "A very fine system," he added meditatively, as they separated.—David Lowry in Pittsburg Bulletin.

The Traveling Man.

Whatever he may have been in the past the traveling man of today occupies a most important position in relation to mercantile affairs. He is numbered by many thousands and represents the interests of many millions. He is found in all classes of business, representing all lines of wares, and his influence upon matters even outside of his own vocation is strongly felt. The traveling man of today, to be successful must, in the first place, be a gentleman in deed and in action. Then he must be possessed of business acumen and tact, be ambitious, active and tireless. He finds it to his interest to keep informed on current topics, and is a storehouse of news and information. He must be pleasing in address and neat in appearance.

All these he is, as he now exists, in the best type. In the drug business the traveler is a very important factor. There are about 1,250 directly connected with the wholesale drug trade of this country, this number not including proprietary, pharmaceutical or druggists' sundries houses. These 1,250 travelers are an expense to the wholesale druggists of about $3,000,000, and we may be sure that if they were not a necessity and of value, commercial salesmen would not exist.—Pharmaceutical Era.

Exploring the Ventriloquial Larynx.

Mr. R. H. Mohr, the ventriloquist, went through a strange experience the other day. In one of the laboratories of the Harvard medical school he submitted to an examination of his throat and chest by a number of physiological experts, to determine what special formations gave him his peculiar powers.

The experts are uncommunicative concerning the results of the examination, and Mr. Mohr, who is not a physiologist at all, did not learn much about himself.

"They put mirrors down my throat," he said. "They led me by narrow passages into a dark chamber, and what they did there I don't know. After it was all over they told me that my larynx was flatter than that of other men and shaped something like a woman's, and also that one of the stops in my throat was drawn downward instead of upward by the connecting muscles.

"I can't make much out of that explanation, but I can make a living out of my peculiar throat just the same."

Then he threw his voice under the table and laughed hoarsely.—Boston Herald.

Quick Witted.

An actor, now famous, made his first appearance on the stage in a provincial city where theater goers were accustomed to make their disapproval felt when an entertainer did not succeed in pleasing them. He was young and nervous and failed dismally in the part he was endeavoring to present, and soon found himself the target for an assortment of objectionable bric-a-brac. When the uproar was at its highest one of his disgusted auditors flung a cabbage head at him. As it fell on the stage the actor picked it up and stepped forward to the footlights. He raised his hand to command silence, and when his tormentors paused to hear what he had to say, exclaimed, pointing to the cabbage head:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I expected to please you with my acting, but I confess I did not expect that any one in the audience would lose his head over it."

He was allowed to proceed without further molestation.—P. McArthur in Harper's.

Beggars in Cold New York.

The number of beggars in the streets is appalling. It is impossible for any one to resist their appeals, for the sufferings which many of these unfortunates go through is apparent from their wretched condition. Half of them are only partly clad, and in some instances the physical sufferings must be intense. A day or two since a lady of my acquaintance told me of a woman and child who had taken up a position on the corner near her house, the woman turning a small organ in an effort to attract a few pennies. She was actually sitting in the snow and she remained there two hours, until one of the neighbors went out to her assistance. There was not a penny in the tin box on the organ and the woman was frozen almost into insensibility. The child was taken to a hospital, where it subsequently died. There was no romance about the matter. It was a simple illustration of the awful misery which has been the lot of the poor during the recent cold weather in New York.—Blakely Hall in Brooklyn Eagle.

Better Off as He Is.

Max O'Rell has been guilty of saying that he hopes the next time he is born it may be as an American woman. And a writer in The Woman's Tribune answers that if he were an American woman now and had to work for half pay or less because of his sex, and if he married and should find himself owning neither his person, his children, nor the proceeds of his daily toil, and if he should find himself unable to have any voice in shaping the laws which touched him in every relation of life, being taxed without representation and governed without his consent, to say nothing of the dress tyranny he would be subject to, he might wish he were Max O'Rell again.

GIRL CARPENTERS.

YOUNG WOMAN STUDENTS LEARN HOW TO DRIVE NAILS.

The Slojd Class, in Which Girls Are Taught How to Handle Saws, Knives and Jack Planes, in the Normal College in New York City—Good Training.

In the Normal college the latest addition to the curriculum—the Slojd class—is pronounced a great success by the girls who avail themselves of the opportunity to learn how to deftly handle saw, knife and plane and other tools. It is a carefully graded system of manual training—"educational carpentering" one might call it. By it pupils are taught how to use their hands skillfully and usefully and how to make measurements by the eye. Incidentally, too, it inculcates thoroughness, care, industry and perseverance, by means of which only can the highest success be achieved.

The Slojd idea was conceived in Sweden, and has proved wonderfully successful there. In fact, so enthusiastic are the Swedes as to the benefits to be derived from a course in Slojd that a wealthy gentleman named Abrahamson has devoted his own charming villa and estate at Naas, near Gothenburg, to be used as a Slojd academy.

Teachers from points as far separated as Holland, Iceland, Chili and the United States here meet during the summer months to learn for themselves the merits of the system. Among the first to go from this city in 1887, and at her own expense, was Dr. Emily Ida Conant, professor of pedagogy at the Normal college. After a course of six weeks, during which she worked for six hours every day at the bench and listened to lectures on the theory, she returned to America thoroughly imbued with the merits of the Slojd system as an educational factor in the development of children.

Another trip to Sweden confirmed the first impression, and after several conferences with a committee from the board of education it was decided to establish such a class in the Normal college for such of the graduates as could secure a scholarship.

Twelve young women have attained the proud distinction, and now the Misses Baum, Beattie, Bole, Burlinson, Gilbert, Kornman, Levine, Meehan, Moore, Rhoades, Silberburg and Wittkowski are fitting themselves to teach manual training when the long coveted trade schools shall be established as a part of the public school system.

IN THE WORKROOM.

I spent a delightful morning with these young women recently, and found them very proficient in dovetailing, doweling and all the other ordinary operations of carpentering.

Each girl wore a large gingham apron and began operations by arranging the tools on the framework in front of her neatly hanging the cross, rip and back saws to the left and the jack and smooth planes to the right, while the divider, file, ruler, knife and marking gauge were safely stored in the lower rack. The place of honor was given to the drawing board, upon which was safely secured the drawing of the model under consideration. These drawings are made in pen and ink from the object itself by accurate measurement and serve as working diagrams.

One-half the class was completing the handle of a knife sharpener of soft, white wood, the other had started upon a hydrometer, which is designed to measure the hydraulic pressure of liquids, both designs being entirely utilitarian in character, all articles of luxury being excluded from the course.

Passing from one bench to another I noticed with pleasure the rare grace and real dexterity displayed in the manipulation of the tools. I wouldn't be so rash as to say that the girls worked more effectively than the boys would have done, but I am very sure that they worked much more prettily.

There was no clumsiness displayed anywhere. No girl cut her finger, or scraped the skin off, or hit her thumb with a hammer instead of a nail and used naughty words to relieve her feelings, or did any of the awkward things that boys would have done under similar circumstances. And neatness and tidiness prevailed everywhere. It was evident that the girls took genuine delight in the work, and what people, big or little, like they generally do well.

After poring over books and storing the memory with as many dry facts as it will hold, this carpentering must form a delightful relaxation. For that reason, if for no other, I should think that it ought to be encouraged. But in addition to that it has a genuine educational value. It brings into play the very faculties that are too much neglected in the routine work of the educational treadmill.

GOOD TRAINING.

Dr. Conant, when being asked his views as to the direct value of a course in Slojd upon a child, said: "It undoubtedly implants a respect and love for work even of the coarser kind. It fosters order, cleanliness and care and encourages attention, industry and perseverance. One principle of Slojd insists that the pupil must do the work alone, the teacher simply leading and controlling, and hence this training must have a marked influence on character."

Presently the gong sounded and the hour was over. Each model was carefully put away, and the music of saw and plane was drowned in the hum of voices and rippling laughter.

During the few minutes of recreation that ensued the fair carpenters were full of animation, and many a jest and pun was tossed to and fro. The sharp edges of the tools had not blunted their wits nor their appetites, as was shown by the sandwiches they consumed.

Doffing aprons and sleeves they crossed the hallway and entered the bright little kitchen fully equipped for the concocting of toothsome edibles. Mrs. Hope, tutor of the culinary department, welcomed them and each girl donned a fetching white cap and apron and demurely listened to a treatise on the merits of cooking rice in the "double boiler," written by a member of the class. That concluded they followed out the instructions of Mrs. Hope and prepared for the broiling of chops and scrambling of eggs, and the making of chocolate.

Verily the world moves. Here were girls who, besides absorbing more or less valuable knowledge concerning all the educational "ologies" and "isms," were actually learning how to do useful work with their hands—and cook.

Won't some of them make regular jewels of wives some day?—New York Herald.

Edward Waldo Emerson, the lecturer, is a son of Ralph Waldo Emerson, the distinguished Concord philosopher. He is now between forty-five and fifty years of age and interested, apparently as a matter of heredity, in philosophical subjects.

A belief existed among the ancient Mexicans, the Natchez of the Mississippi valley, the Peruvians and the Appalachians of Florida that the sun was the radiant abode of chiefs and braves who had died in attempting some valorous deed.

A hive of bees is composed of the queen, the workers or neuters and the drones. The queen is the mother of all the individuals in the hive, and she lays as many as 4,000 eggs in twenty four hours during the more productive season.

Paraffin, which is largely used in the manufacture of candles, is a pure hydrocarbon, containing nothing else than carbon and hydrogen, being precisely the same ingredients as in ordinary coal gas, though in another form.

NEW YORK WOMEN AND THEIR DRESS.

Stories About Extravagance in Costumes Are Generally Fictitious.

There are many things in which New York is superior to any other city on the American continent, although the statement may be questioned and a bill of particulars asked for. But all agree that Gotham leads in fashions for men and women. The styles for women's apparel still come from gay Paris. Fully a year must elapse after a garment becomes the rage in Paris for the newest creations to make their appearance in New York, and quite as much time is required for London to follow Paris, although the great cities are only a few hours apart. It often happens, too, that New York women are quicker to follow the Parisian styles than their English sisters, so that it would seem as though the fashion plates cross the ocean twice to reach the tight little island.

Once New York women begin to popularize a hat or gown or parasol or any other article of dress until it becomes the rage, it takes quite six months for the new design to reach San Francisco. It takes double that time for the women of Boston, Philadelphia or Washington to fall into line after the New York women, while three months more are required for St. Louis and New Orleans women to make up their minds to be in the gay procession. The women of some of the smaller cities follow a year and a half after New York, or two years and a half after the Parisian beauties.

It is much the same with men's clothing. London is, as it has always been, the center of fashion for men's garments, and it takes fully a year for new designs to become popular in New York.

The question of how much money New York society women spend annually for dresses and whether they wear costly gowns more than once induced me to ask the best known man dressmaker in this city and London what he had to say on the subject. He told me some interesting facts.

"The richest people, as a rule," he said, "are more economical in dress than those in moderate circumstances. The Princess of Wales is so imbued with the spirit of economy that she actually has her gowns made over for her children.

"Generally four drawing rooms occur annually, and the princess always has a new dress for each occasion. She pays her own bills and does not wait for the heir apparent to be dunned. Often she wears the same dress half a dozen times, but not at notable royal functions. Her dresses, all told, cost over $20,000 a year, possibly $30,000. This does not include lace trimmed dresses.

"Queen Victoria is the most economical of the royal family, and from year to year has her gowns cut in the same style. Lady Dudley is a splendid second to the queen.

"In New York the most expensively dressed women are not the very richest. When Edith Kingdon was an actress she cared less for expenses than now. Then she would order a dress and never ask the price, but now as Mrs. Gould she always asks the price, and often remarks that because she is Mrs. Gould she does not wish to pay any more for a dress than the regular price. Ada Rehan is more liberal and seems to care less for expenses than many ladies whose husbands are rated as worth millions. Mrs. Astor is not extravagant at all in dress. Mrs. Coleman Drayton and many others I could mention are not prodigal in the matter of dresses. The average society woman of wealth never spends over $5,000 a year in dresses, for the very reason that they wear each dress many times.

"Ball dresses are the cheapest, and although usually the most frail, they are often worn four times. The tulle is changed for each ball, but the skirt remains the same. Reception dresses cost more than ball dresses, and are used many times by simply changing some part of the trimming. Even wedding dresses were occasionally used again for grand occasions. All the big prices reputed as paid for dresses are largely fictitious and never deceive knowing ones. The handsomest velvet dress that could be devised could not cost over $350, and a cloth dress is worth only $150 at the highest price. Old laces or something expensive in trimming might make a dress cost a great deal more, but on the whole $100 or $200 would go a long ways toward getting the finest kind of material for dresses. A woman who spends $15,000 a year on dresses alone is more liberal than many royal dames."

I closed the conversation by asking him what finally became of the fine dresses of the rich. He said that had always puzzled him. His guess was that they were either sold or given to poor relations.—Foster Coates in New York Mail and Express.

Wonderful Corn.

A. J. Mercer, living near Burden, Kan., has some corn which is the rarest ever grown. The patch was small, but the corn is a kind that has never been seen in this country before.

Last spring Mercer opened a mound on his farm, and in it found a lot of corn, along with prehistoric relics, showing that the corn had been put in there ages ago. It was in a sealed jar, and was about a peck in quantity. He gave away half of it to his neighbors and others who heard of it and wanted a few grains for a curiosity.

When planting time came he thought it would be a good idea to plant some of it, and prepared a patch of ground near his house and planted about two quarts of the seed. It came up and thrived well under the cultivation given it. The ears came well. The ears were about six inches long and the grains were close together, standing up with sharp points. The grains are small, being about one-fourth the size of an ordinary grain of corn.

Mercer thinks that this must undoubtedly be the original corn of this country from which the present has sprung through long and high cultivation. What is remarkable about it is that the mound from which it was taken has every evidence of being very old, for trees were growing on it that could not be less than 200 year old. The relics found with the corn are similar to those found in the mounds of Illinois and Ohio, and this mound must have been coexistent with those, which are believed to have been over 1,000 years old. Mercer has sent samples of his corn to friends in the east and to the government officials at Washington.—Fort Worth (Tex.) Gazette.

A Cynical Spouse.

A—May I hope to see your wife this afternoon?

B—Hardly. She is showing a new dress to a friend just now, and that will keep her busy for several hours.—Schalk.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

THE OLD, OLD STORY RETOLD WITH MODERN ACCESSORIES.

A Young Lieutenant Shot and Killed by the Brother of the Girl He Loved—The Girl Goes Insane—The Murderer Sentenced to Prison for Five Years.

In the criminal court of Naples the story of Romeo and Juliet in modern life was told recently. Lieutenant Leone, of the Tenth regiment of artillery, while stationed in Palermo fell desperately in love with Catherine Notarbartolo de Villarosa, a beautiful young woman. The Notarbartolo family is among the most powerful in Sicily where a good deal of the old feudal system flourishes in spite of the Italian unity. Donna Maria Ilentiragna Widow Notarbartolo and the mother of the young woman, had a brother executed in 1859 for political offenses and she was banished, but she returned to Sicily with Garibaldi. Although she is sixty-four years of age she administers the rich patrimony of her family. The beautiful Catherine was her youngest child.

The question before the court was whether the young officer committed suicide or was murdered by the brother of the young girl. His body was found at the door of the Notarbartolo mansion. He had been shot through the heart and a pistol was found at his feet. The evidence for the prosecution was that he had been called into the house by Catherine's old nurse, Calogera Vitarello, and that Catherine's brothers, who were his sworn enemies, had waited for him at the entrance and had shot him. Francesco Notarbartolo, who was accused of having organized the plot, had previously fought a duel with the lover.

It was a one sided fight, however in which all the fury was with Notarbartolo. Leone, who was an expert swordsman, foiled all his desperate attacks and allowed himself to be wounded rather than run the risk of killing the brother of his ladylove. Francesco was also the recognized chief of the Mafia society in Palermo. Eleven times he was on the point of being arrested, but on each occasion he was saved by the Mafia and at one time he was concealed in the house of a near relative of the chief of police.

The trial of the case extended through two years in Palermo, and then the venue was changed to Naples, where it lasted for eighty days. Love letters in abundance from Leone to Catherine and from Catherine to Leone were read, in which the tender passion was painted with all the high coloring peculiar to the Italian school. The brothers Notarbartolo did not deny anything of the love affair between their sister Catherine and the young officer; they simply confined themselves to a denial of the charge of murder. One of them, Pietro, declared in his examination that Leone was completely unknown to him when he received the following note:

SIR—I love your sister Catherine. Pronounce the last word. If it should be "No," I give you my word that I shall abide by it and insist no longer.

In describing the effect of the letter Pietro said: "I spoke of that letter to my mother who said, 'The young man is crazy.' The marriage is impossible. I informed Lieutenant Leone of this decision and advised him to postpone as far as possible the stupid notion of getting married. We parted on the best of terms. A few days afterward while we were at dinner, we heard a pistol shot outside the door. We came down and found Leone dead at the door. He had just sent a bullet through his breast."

"The medical reports seem to establish that Leone did not kill himself but was murdered," the president of the court remarked.

"On the contrary," Pietro responded. "He shot himself in the heart. Lovers always shoot themselves in the heart and bankers always shoot themselves in the head. Whether it is the heart or the brain, it is always the affected part that they aim at."

The old nurse, who carried the letters of the lovers, denied that she induced Leone to come to the house.

The deposition of Leone, Sr., the father of the young man, was particularly dramatic. He said: "When I learned that my son was in love with one of the Notarbartolo young ladies I knew that it was all over with him. All the lovers of the young ladies were killed by the brothers Notarbartolo. Francesco killed Boccardo and his brother-in-law Coppola."

"If I struck down Coppola," the accused Francesco interrupted, "it was because he began to court my sister Constance, and then deserted her to make love to my sister Maria. And now poor Constance is crazy from love."

"You are also accused of having killed Lieutenant Leone. Why did you run away after the tragedy?" the president asked.

"Because I knew that I would be suspected. I have already been in prison for beating policemen, and I know what it is to be shut up in four walls."

Other witnesses gave the details of the duel, in which Leone was kind enough to allow himself to be wounded by the brother of his expected bride. Letters were then produced to show that when the broken hearted lovers were parted by the orders of the proud old woman and of the terrible brothers who sustained her decision, Leone for a time accepted his fate, but on receiving a burning and tearful document from Catherine, begging him to continue his suit and asking him if he had ceased to love her, he weakened and determined to return to Palermo. His brother officers urged him not to go. "They will kill you," they said.

"Well, let them kill me," Leone said. "I can't give up my love."

Several of his comrades testified that he never had any idea of suicide. The evidence pointed to murder, or at least to manslaughter, for a quarrel between Leone and the brothers was also described. Francesco Notarbartolo was sentenced to five years imprisonment. The others were acquitted, and now Catherine is crazy.—New York Sun.

A Winter Charm.

A Wilmington man carries in his vest pocket a piece of skin that was taken from a man's neck and then tanned. He—the Wilmington man, not the other man—claims that the possession of that piece of tanned skin will keep him from slipping on the ice. The boys in the neighborhood are watching him now to see what virtue there is in the old charm. The owner of the piece of skin argues that if its possession does not prevent him from falling it will, at least, not cause him to fall.—Wilmington News.