EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

A Deluge of Dollars. C. G. Ricker, chief clerk of the St. Louis subtreasury, B. C. Farrar, the receiving teller, and E. M. Miller, the

in a group just inside the ponderous doors and beside several immense rows of silver dollars which were piled to the ceiling of the vaultain canvas bags, each containing \$1,000 and weighing about

Suddenly Mr. Ricker noticed a slight bulging movement of the center of the putside row of heavy sacks, and realizing in a second what was about to oc-

sur, he sprang to the opposite side of the vault, at the same time shoving his companions away from the falling mass of silver. Mr. Farrar fell in one corner out of harm's way, while Mr. Miller was fortunate enough to lodge in the passage room between the smaller vaults, which is at the farther end of the silver room. Mr. Ricker's action was none too early, for in the twinkling of an eye nearly 60,000 pounds of silver were piled four feet deep on the spot where they had

been standing. As it was, several of the bags struck him on the legs and bruised his feet. The truck used to wheel the heavy sacks about, which was standing in the middle of the vault, was smashed. Nearly \$1,000,000 were scattered promisconsly around the steel room, and it was by the merest chance that none of the men was killed. In consequence of the accident a large amount of the silver coin will be moved to the upper vaults .-Washington Post.

As Opal Ring and Some Royal Deaths. Foreign papers tell a story of an opal ring belonging to the late King Al-phoneo XII of Spain, which will be treasured by those who believe in the superstition regarding the evil effects of that stone. On his wedding day the king presented a beautiful ring to his Queen Mercedes, daughter of the Duke of Montpensier. The queen wore the ornament till her death, which occurred soon afterward. Before the burial his majesty took the ring from his wife's finger and placed it upon that of his sisyoung princess only lived a few days after receiving the ring

A third time the king took possession of the ring, and presented it to his sister-in-law, Princess Christina, the his hands were rude and rough and that youngest daughter of the Duke of Montpensier Three months later the princess died. The king, surprised at the history of the ring, decided to wear it himself. But he did not wear it long, as death soon claimed him also. The queen regent, after the burial of her husband, attached the ring to a golden chain and placed it upon the neck of the Virgin of Aimudena, the matron saint of Madrid. Superstitious Spaniards foolishly attribute the various deaths to the ring, as a matter of course.

A Seamless Steel Boat.

A seamless steel boat, which has been patent at Wakefield, England.

beam, weighs \$25 pounds and will carry derness of the mother. powerful hydraulic machinery.

The company has an extensive plant, containing a press weighing 165 tons, and giving a pressure equal to 800 pounds to the square inch.

It is intended to build the boats for service on large steamships and vessels going to countries where the climate is not and dry, as the nature of the construction of these boats renders them more seaworthy than similar craft of wood, as they will neither shrink nor warp. They are fitted in the interior with wood, and are therefore useful for pleasure boats. - Philadelphia Record.

A Persistent Dog Beggar.

One of the most persistent beggars in Portland, Me., is a collie dog which is very fond of doughnuts. The collie, in company with his mistress, visited a bakery one day last fall, and perceiving some doughnuts in a showcase he sat down and pleaded, by means of short, sharp barks, for a treat. The clerk generously fed the smart dog, but he wishes that he hadn't, for every day since the collie has appeared to beg for more doughnuts. If the shop door is closed he will wait outside until some one opens it, and then dodge in to get his regular free lunch .- Portland Letter.

Young Trout in Pennsylvania.

The Pennsylvania commissioners of fisheries are now prepared to receive applications for trout fry. One can, containing 2,000 young trout, will be sent. free of expense, to the nearest railroad station of each applicant. Applications for trout fry should be made to the following commissioners: Henry C. Ford. 1823 Vine street, Philadelphia; W. L. Powell, Harrisburg; H. C. Demuth, Lancaster: 8 B Stillwell, Scranton, Louis Streuber, Erie, G. H. Welshons, Pittsburg.-Philadelphia Ledger.

A Life in Various Prisons.

The recorder of Liverpool recently sentenced to prison for three months at hard labor for housebreaking a man with this history: In 1845 he was sen tenced to fourteen years' transportation In 1862, having returned, he got ten years for stealing half a crown. In 1872 be got seven years for stealing a "hair Then came sentences of five years in 1882 for stealing a watch and another five years in 1886 for stealing two shillings-in all forty-one years.-New York Sun.

An \$18 Colt That Cost \$1,500. A trivial law suit with a remarkable his ory has been closed by the pagment & \$535.75 costs to the sheriff of St. Charles county. The case was that of Blackwell versus Freye, and was entered on the docket of the St. Charles circuit court in 1867, the suit being brought for eighteen dollars, the value of a colt sold by the plaintiff to the defendant. With the attorneys fees, the expenses of the suit will amount to \$1,500. The colt in the meantime died. -St. Louis Letter.

Lord Lorne's Poetry.

The Marquis of Lorne is a happy man. He is computed by the industrious to have written more poetry than Lord Tennyson, and now he has been made governor and constable of Windsor custle at a salary of £1,300 a year

AN INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE.

Showing How Unpleasant People Can Make Themselves by Their Talk.

I stepped upon a Broadway car at the lower end of Broadway and rode in it along that fast changing highway as far

as Ninoteenth street. At the corner of Chambers street and Broadway a man of perhaps 40 and a woman not more than 25, be carrying a huge portmanteau, a collection of wraps, two umbrellas and a cane, she leading by the hand a watchman of the vault, were standing 2-year-old baby, joined the partially crowded patronage already seated. A cloud of dissatisfaction rested upon the brow of the man. The frown of an already born rumpus fast unfolding into fruitage made forbidding and ugly the comely countenance of the woman. Her nervous disposition made itself known to every one in the car and particularly to the little boy as she yanked the child by the arm into the seat beside her. After a moment's silence the woman said. "You might have known how it would be," to which he responded, "Well, I might have known, but I didn't, so shut

Another passenger entered the car at that moment and stumbled over the port-

"Hang that bag!" said the man. "If I were you, I would keep my cussing for home," said the woman, and so on and on and on.

The ensuing half hour was passed by these two in a strain which would have done credit to the most pronounced hag in the dirtiest quarters of a third rate fish market. The little boy, thank heaven, went fast asleep. Much of the con-versation between the two was inaudible save to the three or four people in immediate contact with them, but every once in awhile the shrill voice of the female bird soared into upper altitudes of defiance, making discordant the entire atmosphere and attracting the attention of nearly a score of people. They got out at the corner of Fourteenth street and Broadway and entered a cafe-he sullen, ejaculatory and profane; she keyed up to G in alt, defiant, shrewish, chock full of scold.

Well, what of it? It is not such a very uncommon thing for man and wife-for quarrel and to vent serpentlike hisses from the unruly members that wag with curious motion as they distill poison from bitter and jaundiced hearts. It is not so uncommon, I admit, but isn't it ter, the infanta Maria del Pilar. The always suggestive? I thought as I looked at the man, with a good, square, clean forehead, well marked brows, a clear skin and an air of self poise, that he was hardly doing himself justice. Save that brella looked as though it might have came from the ark, he was a man of the world in appearance.

And the woman had a pretty face. Her hair was parted in the middle, as women's hair should be, and revealed in its old fashioned brushing a tiny ear, not so small as to indicate utter selfishness. but, on the other hand, not so large as to rival a genuine Saddle Rock oyster in itvulgarity. Her eyes were brown, soft at that; her teeth were regular and patented by an English engineer, has clean; her dress was neat, her hands and been launched from the yard of the feet well clad, and an occasional pat company that was formed to work the upon the boy's shoulder as he lay nesthing against her, fast asleep, indicated The boat is fifteen feet long, 4 feet the feminine nature, the affectionate ten-

six persons. It was made from a single | Listening under the circumstances was piece af steel, compressed into form by not rudeness. It was compulsory. I sat next the boy. Some of his banana skin ornaments my coatsleeve until this mo the rest of the time, perhaps he wouldn't ments are always esteemed most. ment. As he lay semicoiled up I noticed feel as if he had such a grievance. the copper nails in the bottom of his shoe and the copper toe upon the same. The group was easily and perfectly within my vision. As word after word fell red hot I thought: How odd this all would have sounded in that shell-like ear five years ago. How strange it would have eemed to the lover had he heard it or had it been suggested to him that ever it could be possible for him to hear such language from such lips.—Howard in New York Recorder.

Reclaiming Old Rubber.

Crude rubber is worth from 40 to 75 cents per pound, and yet a pound of hose or packing costs very much less. This would be hardly practical if it were not for the advances that have been made in the art of reclaiming or recovering rubber, which can be done at the total cost several large factories in the country devoted solely to this purpose, and a great many manufacturers do recovering on a small scale at the seat of the production of new goods.

These old goods are placed in large tanks at the place of reclaiming. A solution of muriatic or sulphuric acid and water is poured upon the waste, and the whole set to boiling by a system of steam pipes passing through the tank. After 10 or 12 hours' boiling the cotton fiber. which is found in all rubber manufactures and which is the serious drawback in the reclaiming process, disintegrates and falls into a powder, and there is no difficulty then in the use of the waste, -New York Telegram.

Leigh Hunt's Breakfast Bogquets. Leigh Hunt, that early day aesthete. declared breakfast to be the meal of all others when the poetic influence of a table posy was most to be desired. He would bring in a few clover heads or sprigs of grass culled from beneath the protecting bars of a park railing or city square if he could find nothing more

beautiful, and with these to look at his fancy took him roaming out into boundless green fields and pastures new .-Chicago Tribune. How Trees Grow. The last annual circle of wood leaves an accumulation of living cells upon its surface, and toward midsummer these cells produce an abundance of new ones

a new annual layer. This process on common trees requires about six weeks. -Exchange. An Adjustable Propeller.

until the aggregate is sufficient to form

A recent English invention is a screw propeller in which the blades can be adjusted for maneuvering or can be feathered for running under sail. - New York

In a skating match which occurred recently at North Plain, Conn., between offed shirts have the front band made so roung men, the prize contested for was the hand of a young woman in marriage.

A German inventor is reported to have devised an ingenious camera for taking photographs of the internal organs of human beings and beasts.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SMART AND PRETTY DRESSES FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

How Not to Dress a Boy-Picturesque the Nursegiris. 0

to dress their children in garments that will eight buttonholes—good strong ones, too-please their own sense of what is fittest and to button onto the band of the underwaist. as the children, too, for the mother love There is no limit to the materials suita-

It is true that the old fashioned little gar-



TIMMY DOOLY AND THE MIDSHIPMITE. prince in his velvet and lace, his sash and selves no rights as to the choice of their own apparel? It seems not, for if they had there is probably no boy living who would wear a Fauntieroy. He hates it, the av-erage real, genuine boy. He would rather lovers even, for daily intercoursers-to go about in a pair of loose old trousers, with one string over a shoulder to hold them on and with the feet that nature gave him guiltless of shoes and hot stockings, in the summer at least, and his little soul longs to have his hair clipped so close to his head that he cannot get hold of it. He wants to be free and untrammeled, to run, to climb, to roll and tumble, to fit his muscles and body for the strain of after life.

But fashion and mothers say: "Oh, that would never do. He would grow coarse and rough, and he is to grow up a gentleman," etc. So the unfortunate boy is put into a suit of white duck or flannel of the down collar is treated in the same manner set, and he has a stiff collar, a white tie and is necessary. a white cap. He can't run, he can't jump,

titude of sailor suits. There are "bit babice" in their first pants, bless them!-cun-



GREAT EXPECTATIONS FOR THE NAVY. ning little long legged trousers that re-quire the chubby legs to be held far apart of about 3 cents per pound. There are so as to look manly and keep from tripping over their flapping width. These are white flannel, duck or galatea cloth, or they may be of blue flannel or cloth or serge. hat must have the name of the ship in gold letters, and these embryo sailors usually start out in life as quartermasters or at least "bo'suns." I have seen two or three captains among them and have been look ing for the commodore and admiral for surely there must be mothers somewhere

who would be content with nothing less, These dear little sailor boys have the regulation navy shirt, and a natty little peajacket for rough weather. There are me rank and file, of course, with cute little galatea striped suits with short pants, the jacket and collar and the silk tie knotted "ship shape and schooner fashion. These rather affect the straw hats, sailor shape, for they are not supposed to be going on deep water voyages, being only coasters, so to speak. You can always tell the sailor boy by his resolute, straight ahead look. I have often wondered whether it was this look on boys' faces that made methers feel that a sailor suit was the

cause they go together. Then there is what I call the flummery boy. He has a short braided jacket, fancy braided pants, a bloose shirt all frills and ruffles, with a big bright necktie knotted in a famous bow. Generally the flummery boy is so small that he does not realize how ridiculous he is, and he plays and romps with an utter disregard of his appearance or the destruction of his ruffles. A little-later this kind of a boy has to wear Fauntercy suits, or velvet norfolks and leather legg ngs, or painfully neat little cloth suits,

plaid neckties and derby hats. The most comfortable clothes ever de-signed for boys of this roly only, roughand tumble age are sailor blouses, with loose knickerbockers gathered in at the knee with elastic. These give full liberty to move without hindering the proper devel-opment of any muscle by the fear of tearng their garments or the strain of any part

that may be too snug.

This season I have noticed quite an effort to revive white stockings for children, but for active boys they it manifestly out of place, though some mothers put them on with the ruffled orts. Some of these ruflong that it hangs three or four inches be-

low the belt. Now we reach the army in kilts. Note that the little skirts are laid in box plaits this season instead of flat ones, as before. This gives the skirts a freer hang and more liberty of movement to the boy. These littie suits are made of searsupker, pique, galstea cloth or outing flannel when the childrenare to wear them near the seashore. The sallor blouse is worn with some, and with others one will see the ruffled shirt waist

now so popular.

The ruffles to those little walsts are generally embroidered in red or blue, but on some real Iriah point face is seen. The lit-Suits Not Always Comfortable—Our Ineipient Naval Heroes—The Infantry and
figure or Etco. Some are bridged in sharptle jackets follow closely after the fashio ly contrasting soutache, but the kilt is al-ways plain. Beneath the kilt there should [Copyright, 1886, by American Press Associa- be a pair of that pants to match, which button on to the same underwaist that It is not an easy matter for fond mothers | holds the kilt. This latter should have to button onto the band of the underwalst,

is liable to turn toward picturesque cos- ble for kilt suits. They may be of cotton, tumes, quaint little Greenaway gowns and wool, velvet, linen or duck, and I saw one or two in silk, but these did not look at all ments are enticing and make the lily and gingham or wool. The kilt looks best when rose faces look lovelier than ever and that cut bias if made of plaid. All other kinds boyish. Plaids are all pretty, whether should be made on the straight.

The infantry have long cloaks that cover them from neck to ankle when they can walk, and as much below the ankle as the fond mother desires while they are yet too young to toddle. The little one just starting out on the race of life has a coat made of pale gray cashmere or flannel in any color desired, with a pretty design embroidered all around the bottom, and the cape in other colors, generally pink or blue. The sleeves are bishop to allow the little arms free movement, and the waist is snug for marksmanship, and the colonel stepped comfort, but not tight. There should be up to the gun to commend the gunner, nothing tight about a child's dress. Even the little shoes nowadays are made with why the memory of a similar shot which toes twice as broad as they used to be to give the child a more solid foothold and preserve the tender foot from undue pressure, which so often results in deformity The embroidery for these garments is

now done by machine, so that the cost is reduced fully three-fourths. In the summer this style can be made in the fleece lined pique or cotton armure, and it is quite

Another pretty coat for the infantry is made with a square yoke, braided more or less elaborately straight across. The turn



portmanteau was considerably older most pronounced and stiff midshipman's and the bands to the bishop sleeves. The than the ordinary hill and that his um-style. It is trimmed with Uncle Sam's or lower part of the coat is shirred on all Aunt Victoria's gold buttons, and there around. It can be of silk, velvet, woolen been utilized by Mrs. Noah when she are fine lines of finer gold braiding on all goods or cotton, according to the season and the places where such trimmings can be what it is required for, and lined or not, as

Dresses for the little ones are, as they he can't do anything that a boy ought to ought to be, as neat and dainty as loving do, in such an outfit, and all he is good for is to please his fond mother by his trim and erything from plain called to the most elabseamanlike appearance.

In vain his old time chum Timmy Dooly lawns and cambrics. The dainty white invites him to a game of tennis. Timmy tucked guimpes are worn by children from in Fort "Damnation" for that day, for has what remains of a tennis suit on his active young body, and he is perfectly happy ors, and a guimpe should be white, while struction of the officers' tents was to be and comfortable—quite as pictures que, too, in his way. In vain other young friends tell of the lovely fishing pool where they trimmed at the ends in the same way to the catch "perfect whoppers" of trout, or set over the frock, the ends hanging in the forth the fact that there is a tree down you. back. But there is no set rule for making

mother would only keep these white suits sewing and fluish being more sought after for Sunday and let him wear sensible things than anything else, and hand sewn gar-

The headgear naturally varies with age, Our navy has great expectations of brave the very small baby requiring a silk lined young sailors, if we may judge of the mul- muslin cap that will not be crushed or spoiled by lying upon it. Next come little lace borders. After them comes the Puritan hood, which is more becoming to some children than any other style. The shirred batiste hats for summer are exceedingly pretty. They are in white, buff, pink and They can have ribbon strings and a ribbon bow, but it is considered more chie to have them all of batiste. They will bear an astonishing amount of knocking about before they are soiled, and by removing the reeds they will wash like calico.



THE INFANTRY.

For some tots nothing seems to suit but a big flexible straw or felt hat with masses of soft plumes. There is as much difference in children's faces as there is in those of their parents, and hats must be chosen for them accordingly.

Nursegirls wear caps as near as possible a reproduction of the Normandy peasant, or the Alsatian bow with ends as enormously long as possible, sometimes of white ribbon and sometimes of rainbow hues. The aprons are more than ever elaborate, someright one for their boys, or whether the times even being trimmed with real lace, suit itself developed it. Whatever the but the dress should be dark and severely plain. MATE LEBOY.

A Brave Conductor.

The conductor of a passenger train near Saline City, Ind., a few days ago by his presence of mind averted a horrible accident. The train was standing at the station, when by some mistake a freight train was backed upon the main track. The engineer on the passenger train, to avert a collision, reversed his train and with the fireman jumped. The collision was slight, but the passenger engine soon was running at a frightful speed. The conductor, noting the desertion of the engineer and fireman, at the risk of his life clambered over the tender and closed the wide opened throttle stopping the train just in time to prevent a collision with an incoming train.-Philadelphia Ledger.

Eight Remarkable Marriager

Eight of the most remarkable marriages on record took place within a few weeks in the parish of St. Marie, Que Rhaeume have each eight children, four spoon.—Ckicago Woman's News. sons and four daughters. Rhaeume's four sons have married Morin's four daughters, and Morin's four sons have

CLEVER SHOOTING.

RESULT OF TWO SHOTS LEARNED AFTER TWENTY-NINE YEARS.

An Incident In the Practice Work of a Southern Field Day-How Colonel Bichardson Came to Know That He Had Done Some Damage to His Enemies.

at Morgan City, there were many striking incidents that sprang out of the ceremonies of dedicating Fort Star and of practicing with the solid shot. The whole day the war and its memories were kept before the people, but it was shirt had any play, but more of a recalling of battles was not with bitterness, but with an impartial sadness. Among the happenings of the day none was more singular and noteworthy than one which occurred to Colonel Richardson, the commander of the battalion.

It was during the time when the batteries were firing shell at the two targets, which looked like tiny handkerchiefs on the water, they were so far away. A good shot was fired, and the spectators were applauding the excellent when without cause or without knowing had been fired 29 years ago almost to the very day flashed into his mind when he had stepped up to a gunner and complimented him in much the same style. It was when he was at Fort Malone at

the siege of Petersburg, which was known as Fort "Damnation," when the shot 29 years before had been fired, and warm enough and can be washed. These the Fourth of July was almost the anniversary of the very day. Instead of white targets for a mark it had been the tops of two Sibley tents which peeped over the ramparts of Fort "Hell," just opposite Fort "Damnation." They were the tents of the Federal officers. He knew that from a deserter who had informed him, also that the officers of the whole command held a daily consultation there, and that he could tell the time from the fact that they hitched their horses around the tents.

Colonel Richardson was then a captain in the Washington artillery, and he conceived the idea of scoring a point on the Federals by firing on the tents just at the time of the daily consultation. He selected the best gunner in his command and told him what he wanted him to do, and that was to load and prepare the guns for a special shot which he was going to direct them to make the ensuing day. The young captain was sure that he had gunners be could depend upon, and to make his triumph complete be asked General Malone to be present when the shots were to be fired.

It was noon the next day when the It was noon the next day when the been a terrible death.—Our Dumb Ani collected around the two tents. The gunners were told to train their guns upon them and to be certain to make their shots tell. Those two shots were made the center of the interest of those

After a deal of preliminary arrangements the two shots were fired, and the tops of the two Sibley tents disappeared then that the captain stepped to the gunner and expressed his approbation in much the same way that he used to the one that had made the good shot at Morgan City. But there had always been a tinge of dissatisfaction about that shot lace and muslin close bonnets, with frilled at the Federal tents, and that was that he had never ascertained whether any one had been hurt in the tents, and for the 29 intervening years that one thought had pervaded the whole incident.

With these thoughts in his mind Colonel Richardson turned away from the gunner at Morgan City, and at that moment one of Morgan City's prominent citizens, Mr. Gray, stepped to the colonel's side and said:

"Isn't this Colonel Richardson?"

"Yes." "Well, I have been wanting to meet you for many years, ever since I heard you had been in Fort 'Damnation' at the same time that I was in Fort 'Hell.'" "Yes?" said the colonel. "and when vere you in Fort 'Helly'

ago today," answered Mr. Gray. The colonel instantly thought of those two shots and wondered if his curiosity was to be satisfied. "Do you remember A day while you were opposite me in Fort 'Hell' when the tents of the officers were taken down by two shots which were almost simultaneous?"

"In July, 1864. In fact, just 29 years

The stranger did not reply for a full minute. A shadow seemed to fall over him, his eyes grew dark, and he stepped back and surveyed the colonel from head to foot. Then he broke out feelingly "D-u you! I shall never forget those shots. They swept away the flower of my corps. My first lieutenant was killed, and the leg of my second lieutenant was shot off, and five others were killed. And did you fire that shot?"

The deep feeling of the man was evident, but a moment later he said, "Well, colonel, you are now teaching your young soldiers to serve the flag for which my officers laid down their lives."-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Too Far Off.

He had wandered about into dozens of stores hopelessly trying to match a piece of goods for his wife. At last he quit and leaned up against a post with the sample in his hand. "What's the matter?" asked a passing

friend. "Sick?" "Yes. I guess I'll have to go to heaven," he replied, sticking the sample out simlessly toward the inquirer. "What do you mean?"

"Well, they say matches are made in heaven, and I guess they're right. I'll swear they're not made anywhere around here."—Detroit Free Press.

A Woman Who Is Recognized.

Illinois has the honor of to ing as a resident the only woman ever admitted to the Mississippi Valley Medical association in the person of Dr. Electa U. Simmons. She was the only woman appointed in the United States as a delegate to the American medical congress at . Louis, and the ladies of that city, in commenceation of was the only woman appointed in the weeks in the parish of St. Marie, Que ladies of that city, in commencention of bec. Two neighbors named Morin and that honor, presented her with souvenir

> Doughnuts and cookies, as well as crackers, can be freshened by beating them

he Had No Paith in American Doctors. "My old Irish servant woman made me augh heartily the other day," said a New York housewife. "She is as faithful a worker as I ever saw, and has been in our family for years. She's as stubborn, too, as she is faithful. Only two or three times in our life has she fallen ill, and each time she refuses to have a doctor. She had no faith in American doctors, she said. She had consulted a gypsy 'wise woman' in her had consulted a gypsy 'wise woman' in her can be not be a supply to the control of the day. From Jan. 1 to the a second in the old country for toothaches are dropped into this cold sorth. Then the same habe girls than boy hables. When the Washington artillery was gypsy lore and gypsy remedies. However, she got so seriously ill with grip that I in-sisted on her having my own doctor see

"Finally I half persuaded, half coerced her into letting me bring the doctor up to not a reawakening in which the bloody her room, where she lay suffering, but un-shirt had any play, but more of a complaining. He felt her pulse, looked at thoughtful retrospection, in which the her tongue, asked her to tell him where her pains were, how she felt when they be gan, if she had taken anything for them, did her head ache, were her feet cold, did her chest pain, had she felt giddy, was her throat sore, etc.; in fact, he took great pains to find out her exact symptoms, and liked him for it and felt sure that Brid get would appreciate the fact that he took as much interest in her case as in any of his rich patients. Finally he prescribed

for her and went away.
"'Well, Bridget,' I said, 'what do you think of him now? Isn't be nice and clever? 'Clever!' snorted Bridget in disdain. 'And where's the cleverness of a doctor who has to be told all about your disease before he knows what it is? Did you hear him making me tell him every pain in my body before he could guess what was the is that? When I went to the gypsy doctor she just looked at me once and says she 'Ye have toothache, me girl." That's the kind of a doctor for me. I want none of your ignorant American doctor, and I'll take none of his medicine."

"And she kept her word."-New York Tribune.

A gentleman in Connecticut took not long ago a collie from the Lothian kennels at Stepney. The dog, after the fashion of soon made himself one of the family, and assumed special responsibilities in connection with the youngest child a girl three years of age. It happened one day in November that the father was returning from a drive, and as he neared hi house he noticed the dog in a pasture which was separated by a stone wall from the road. From behind this wall the collie would spring up, bark and then jump down again, constantly repeating it.

Leaving his horse and going to the spot, he found his little girl seated on a stone, with the collie wagging his tail and keeping allowed for episodes. - Baby guard beside her.

In the light snow their path could be plainly seen, and as he traced it back he saw where the little one had walked sev eral times around an open well in the pas-ture. Very close-to the brink were the prints of the baby shoes, but still closer on the edge of the well were the tracks of the collie, which had evidently kept between her and the well. I need not tell you the feelings of the father as he saw the fidelity dumb creature, walking between

Conditional.

Judge B. F. Dennison was once arguing a case before Judge Roger S. Greene and in terial-drawing books, pencils, brushes and the course of his remarks kept constantly referring to "Browne on Statute of Frauds," drawing books, fashioned by their mathers always making two syllables of the word hands, made of pretty drawing paper and Browne and pronouncing it as if it were Judge Greene fidgeted around in his

chair, stood the mispronunciation as long as he could and then blurted out: "Judge, why do you say 'Brown-ee?

You wouldn't call me 'Greensee,' would Judge Dennison slowly replied in a rath

er dry tone of voice:
"That depends on how your honor de



Young Wife-How nice it would be if life were a perpetual honeymoon-nothing rate lawyer's back office, stand behinds but billing and cooing! Young Husband-H'm! I think I could

get along with just the cooing.-Life.

The Question of Corsets Within recent years, since the question of hygienic dress has been taken up by women of good taste and an attempt has been made to secure a utilitarian dress that should be graceful and beautiful, the question of corsets has been much discussed. Many women have totally abandoned the corset, contending that there is no need of any such support, while others believe it to be a necessity of graceful dress, and state in furtherance of their opinion that even the ancient Greeks were a cincture under the dress to support their figures. The matter, like a great many others, east ly narrows itself down to individual condi-

The tall, willowy figure of graceful trim build may easily afford to dispense with a corset, while the stout, less compactly built woman becomes a caricature rithout one, or without some equivalent support. A great deal depends upon the corset. The most radical dress reformers usually substitute a whalebone waist for the manufactured corset, or they order the dress waist to be so thoroughly whaleboned that it gives all the support of the corset. So there is simply a substitution of one whaleboned waist for another. - New York

The Engagement Is Still Open. She wanted a dressmaker and paid isit to where one lived, but found her not at home. She learned from the dress maker's sister what was the price she

Tribune.

charged per day.
"Does she board herself?" was the next question. This was answered in the nega-tive, and then, to the surprise and half concealed amusement of the young woman. came another:

"She couldn't bring a lunch in her pocket, could she!" Well, I don't think she could-or would," was the sister's rejoinder to the woman's query. It is not to be wondered

entertainments, is to be converged into an Deane asylum. An Illinois man traveled over 1,000

miles recently to recover an old family married the daughters of Rhaeume. - they should be ecoled in a dry place before two years ago. He recovered the animal thoroughly in a moderate oven, after which horse that had been stolen from him findly in Georgia.

BABY STATISTICS.

om Gery Useful Information About the

Wee Mites. A baby is born at every bent of the as els are dropped into this cold world. Then are more baby girls than too balics. To proportion of female births to male ben as 100 to 90. So that letween 2000s her I told her as impressively as I could and 2,000,000 more girls are torn in the what a splendid doctor he was, how world each year than boys. There is a world each year tunn soys, there is a says a surplus of women, and the entry sumber of girl habies keeps up the supply

The rate of infant mortality is encrosed.

In round numbers 5,000,000 habits being live long enough to talk, 5,000,000 men live long enough to talk, a,000 to more never have a chance to walk or rea an 5,000,000 more never get old enough to go to school. If you are good at figure are out your paper and pencil and try things Here is a simple problem in arithmetic A baby is born today (1807). Now suppose is ancestors had married at the are of twenty one from the time of our Lord-offpur generations—how many grandfathers has that baby had? The answer, in receiving numbers, will be three figures followed by fifteen ciphers. Professor Proctor on the figured that if from a single pair each braband and wife had married at the age of twenty-one for 5,000 years, the population of the earth, if there had been no death would now be 2,120,915 followed by in ciphers.

Again, if we go back to the time of Christ, or fifty-six generations, how many births, do you think, must have take place in order to bring you, who read then lines, into the world? If you try to get the ines, into the world? If you try to get in exact figures they will bother you. But a change the problem. Say that all in babies born in one year are one for a length. Now if laid head to feet they would stretch out from New York to Hong. Kong and some to spare. If the storior babies could walk past the office of The Baby at the rate of twenty per minus, or 1,200 per hour, during the entire year is the time the last child passed 312 numbers of this paper would be published and might be read by six-year-old boys and girls, who were just born when the pro-

pession started. Suppose that each baby been this year weighed eight pounds; look at the com-bined weight! It would take half a dose erndles of the size, capacity and strength of our new steel war cruisers to hold the intants. When twins arrived in Arience Ward's family somebody called it as spi

Children and Sunday. There is a home, at which I amafra

quent visitor, that has among its innates everal children, and those little ones had the coming of Sunday with delight look ing forward to it from the very dawning of Monday morning until the close of the long week. They have toys with which to amuse themselves during the week but the very choicest, loveliest and most priest of them all are saved until Sunday upon which day they are brought out and going

These children especially love to draw, each and all of them, and upon Sunday they are provided with any amount of mapaints. They have some very daintily mais tied with bright baby ribbon. The pencils. too, are better (of finer lead and enamels surface) than the "every day" ones. As a matter of course, soiled fingers are not permitted to touch the dainty books, and therefore upon Sunday the little hards are extraordinarily clean.

The children too young to appreciate this kind of amusement are well supplied with toys, the finest and most attractive among those in their possession being kept for their Sunday postime. Am. number of beautiful stone blocks, another (although there are enough dolls to bring out a fresh one for every day in the week

is a lovely doll, exceeding all other dalls in beauty of face, form and dress. During the week these little ones play in a children's room or nursery, or in the family sitting room only, but on Sunday the pretty "best room" is thrown epents them, and, in their fresh, clean attim their best beloved playthings in their pasession, they seem inspired to be gestle and polite. - Detroit Free Press.

Solution of the Servant Girl Question A marked cause of the defaication in the housekeeper profession is the false and all ly sentiment among "the young ladies" the period" that housekeeping is not respectable. The average "young lady" with is thrown on her own resources will copy papers midst the tobacco smoke of a third shop counter and peddle pins, or even ser her life out in a miserable garret, rather than accept an honorable and comfortable position at much better pay in the best comes of the city. The strange prejudice which prevails against such a legitimate and necessary calling as housekeeping presents a serious problem. It is a prej that is responsible for useless and fickle womanbood, weak and sickly motherhood feeble childhood and wretched homes. Yet the health, happiness and progress of the world depend more upon right housekery

ing than upon any other occupation.
It is one of the bright signs of the times that cooking and housekeeping are become ing subjects of popular education. Cock-ing lectures and housekeeping training schools will do more in a day for the ad vance of civilization than our colleges of literature and arts can do in a year. new educational movement in the direction of housekeeping may yet end in making that highest and most important of callings a popular fad. The hirel girl problem will then be solved. Once make cooking and housekeeping fashicushie and the young ladies of the period will straight way discard high heels, paint, bangs, corsets and smelling bottles for brooms, aprens and rolling pins, and the market will over flow with professional cocks, Amazon broomsters and household experts-Minneapolis Tribune.

A Dream of Beautiful Women

I close my eyes and go far back in years to the time when a tiny baby I bay in a woman's lap. I look up into dark frown eyes and upon a face full of female beauty. I cannot speak. My infant tobute can compare the companion of the companion form no words, but I coo out in gentle murmurs, "My beautiful mother." A few years roll by. I lie on a rug at a woman's feet on a warm summer's day. A dove gently coos on a tree close by a cricket chirps on the summer's heath, and the oil clock in the corner goes tick tuck-ticktuck-tick-tuck. The woman gently hums a sweet song as she falls my cheek. I close my eyes and dream. I dream of my bear engagement where the woman of the bouse was too "close" to furnish her with middles and the same transfer to furnish her with bouse was too "close" to furnish her with midday refreshments.—Attleboro (Mass.)

Sun.

a half century old. I am pressor to a some midday refreshments.—Attleboro (Mass.)

and eighteen. An occan will som divide and eighteen and child. Her eyes are yet soft mother and child. and brown; a flush of luve is upon her face and the blesses her son. I never saw her again. But in my heart lives her image

the image of a beantiful woman. The scene shifts. I am standing at Gol's aftar. I look to my side and see a beautiful girl. As I placed upon her finger's circlet of gold our types meet, a finsh of love mantles her check, for she knows I am whispering. "My beautiful wife." Mother and wife at now above in white tobed queix, and thank (lod both ware robed purity, and thank God both wars and both are beautibes.—Chicago Times.