EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL. - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

NERVE ON THE DRIVER'S SEAT.

An Old Stager Whose Coolness Saved the Lives of His Passengers.

The heroism and bravery of Robert Emery is an example to every schoolboy in Nebraska today. Gage county has the honor of being his home and Beatrice his abiding place.

In 1864 Robert Emery was a stage driver along the St. Joe and Denver route. In August of that year occurred the great Indian raid, when so many settlers lost their lives. There were nine passengers in his coach—seven men and two ladies. Although exceedingly dangerous he offered to drive to Liberty farm, where his brother Charles lived. The morning of Aug. 9, 1864, was beautiful. The sky was clear, and a cool, refreshing breeze came up from the northwest. The coach left the station of Big Sandy with its freight of human lives, drawn by four large and mettled steeds in which the driver had unbounded confidence and over them perfect control. The journey was without accident or unusual incident until about 11 o'clock, up to which time no signs of Indians had been seen.

But just as the lead horses had passed over the hill and were on a spur that led into the bottomland or valley—this was narrow and bordered on either side by deep ravines, worn by the water—and before the coach had commenced the descent, the driver discovered a band of Indians about thirty rods in advance. He wheeled the horses in an instant—two rods farther on he could not have accomplished the turn—and, laying the whip to their backs, commenced an impetuous retreat. The passengers were terrified, and were at once on their feet. Emery said, "If you value your lives, for God's sake keep your seats, or we are lost."

The Indians, about fifty in number, gave chase with their terrifying yells, and for about three miles, which were accomplished in about twelve minutes, pursued and pursuers made the most desperate efforts at speed. The savage yells of those bloodthirsty villains and the wails of despair of the men and women in the coach are past the power of pen to describe. But to the glory of the driver be it said that he was the only steady nerved and unexcited person in this memorable chase. The coach bristled with arrows, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." They grazed young Emery on every side and cut the tarets off the head of the wheel horse, but the young man heeded nothing but his driving.

There were two points at which all would have been lost but for the driver's wonderful presence of mind. There were two abrupt turns in the road where the coach would have been thrown over had he not brought the team to a halt and turned with care. This he did to the dismay of some of the passengers, who saw escape only in speed, but their subsequent praise of his conduct was as great as his courage was cool and calculating. George Constable, who was conducting an ox train over the route, saw the coach about a mile ahead and at once corralled his twenty-five wagons. The brave driver drove his nine passengers into this shelter and safety. Words could not express the gratitude felt for their hero and deliverer. In the delirium of delight they embraced and kissed him, and thanked God that he had held the lines and that they were in a position where they could not interfere. The noble steeds were not forgotten. The passengers petted them and cast their arms about their necks with feelings of grateful emotion.

This memorable drive would never be forgotten, though not recorded here, for the story would be handed down to posterity by the successive generations of the saved. The hero of that day's chase won not his best laurels in that hour, for wherever he was known his gentle manner and kind deeds won for him a welcome in every heart. Devoid of boastful pretense, he wore meekly his well deserved honors and silently carried a hero's heart. His health was frail, and in about a year he was prostrated with fever, and while upon his deathbed, yet still conscious, Mrs. Randolph, one of the number he saved from a horrible death, placed upon his finger a beautiful gold ring, in which was engraved the following: "E. Umphrey, G. C. Randolph and Hattie P. Randolph to Robert Emery, in acknowledgment of what we owe to his cool conduct and good driving Tuesday, Aug. 9, 1864." Soon after this he passed away from these scenes of warfare to the silent and peaceful realm of the dead. The doctor who attended him in his last hours eulogized him as a silent hero and one of the noblest of mankind.—Omaha Bee.

A Bootblack's Odd Sign.

The United States once claimed the "Learned Blacksmith," but it has remained for Liverpool, England, to come forward in these latter days with a "Learned Shoeblack," who displays the following as a sign as well as proof of his erudition:

Pedal teguments artistically illuminated in ebon hues and lubricated in a workmanlike manner for the infinitesimal remuneration of two pence. Antiquated teguments (pedal or superpedal) expurgated judiciously and resuscitated with exceeding expedition for a nominal compensation. Of the innumerable foretastes of heaven and of paradise, which every patron is permitted to partake, I would simply and briefly remark that from the eventuation of the operation to its ultimate successful completion, the patron reclines superincumbent on cushions which a sybarite might envy. In this superlatively luxurious attitude my customers will find that the horizontal and the perpendicular are gracefully blended.—St. Louis Republic.

King Leopold's Marriage.

Leopold, king of the Belgians, married his Austrian wife by proxy, but he knew what he was about, having met her a month previous during a visit to Vienna. At the time of the marriage he was but a mere stripling, and his wife was chosen for him by his royal parents, who, however, gave him the privilege of seeing her in advance.

On his return from Vienna Leopold was sick for about a week, and according to general report not love sick, at least with his appointed wife. Their married life, however, has not been unhappy, so far as the world knows, except through the extraordinary misfortunes which made Carlotta and Stephanie widows of the house of Austria.—Drake's Magazine.

Advice to Dyspeptics.

Dyspepsia is sometimes cured by thoroughly chewing one's food and eating slowly. Half a teacup of boiling water taken about five minutes before each meal is very helpful. If a person eats much meat and very little bread and vegetables a teaspoonful of vinegar or lemon juice at the close of the meal will relieve much distress that frequently follows eating. For those who eat less meat and more abundantly of other foods, a tablespoonful of limewater half an hour after meals is very grateful.—New York Journal.

Debate Under Difficulties.

The attention of congress is called to the report that a tribe in central Africa has a law that all speakers shall stand on one leg while delivering their addresses and speak only as long as they can remain thus standing.

A SLEEPING CAR SPOOK.

The Mystery of the Lower Berth and a Strange Suicide.

A commercial traveler tells the following incident of railroad travel in Colorado:

I got on a train at Denver for an all night ride, having neglected to secure a lower berth, though I very much dislike to occupy an upper one. The porter said that all the lower berths were engaged. The one below mine had been secured by telegraph for a gentleman who was clerk at one of the hotels in Colorado Springs and who would get on there. I had not laid more than an hour listening to the clatter of the wheels over the rails when I began to realize that a strange feeling of uneasiness was growing upon me about the berth below.

I knew I had dozed and was not sure whether we had passed Colorado Springs or not. Suddenly I started, broad awake, with the conviction that somebody was in the lower berth. Somehow I had not the courage to look over the side, but rang for the porter and asked him when he came whether we had passed Colorado Springs, and if so if the gentleman who had secured the lower berth had got on there and taken possession of it.

"No, sah," said the porter cheerfully, "we's past Colorado Springs, an he nevah got on. I kin meck it up foh yo' now, if y' lak."

He put back the curtains as though to carry out his offer, and I knew, with a sudden shock, as though I saw it, what it was in that lower berth, and why I feared it. "No," I said hastily and incoherently, "don't disturb—don't make it up—I don't want it now."

Gaining a little physical control by the light, the porter's presence and evident calmness and unconcern, I leaned down over the edge and looked. Yes, there it lay, just as I knew it would, a dark, huddled shape, in the middle of the berth, with something bright beside it, which I took at first in my agitation and horror to be a knife, but saw afterward was the shining barrel of a pistol.

I would have yelled out, but my throat closed. I thrust out my hand and caught the porter's shoulder, and the moment I grasped it, with my eyes still riveted upon the berth where the motionless figure la there was nothing there, absolutely no ing, but the bare mattress, with its and white striped ticking and the d window curtain beyond.

I glanced at the porter. He smiled—not offensively, but discreetly—and assured me that if I would like a glass of something he would get it for me from the buffet. I drew back and lay down, declining his offer.

Sleep never came to my eyelids again that night. Until the porter called me at Trinidad I lay there and suffered all the

I LEANED DOWN OVER THE EDGE AND LOOKED.

nervous anguish and unreasoning terror of a child that has been sent alone to bed after hearing a ghost story, and that lower berth with its silent, pitiful occupant was as plain before me in the darkness as any reality ever was.

Well, I got off at Trinidad, wondering that my hair was not white. I was entirely too shaky to shave myself that morning, according to my custom, and as I sat in the barber shop awaiting my turn I read in the morning paper this account:

COLORADO SPRINGS, Aug. 25.—Young D—M—, clerk at the —— hotel, suicided at about 11 o'clock p. m. He came out here about a year ago, being separated from his wife, to whom he was passionately attached. The separation was supposably occasioned by his having lost or wasted her entire fortune. And he made every effort while here to recoup himself, in which he had been very successful.

Last night, after he had bought his ticket home and even engaged his Pullman berth, hoping, with means to make good her losses, to effect an entire reconciliation, the news reached town of the utter collapse of the Silver Star Mining company, which had been heretofore considered a very prosperous concern, and in which everything M—— had on earth was invested. A letter also was found in his pocket after the suicide from a friend, telling him as gently as possible that his wife was about to institute proceedings for divorce, with the evident desire of securing the freedom to marry another man, and urging M—— to realize upon any investments and come at once. The friend assured M—— that if he were there himself to prove to her his unchanged affection for her and his wish and ability to take care of her she might be at once turned from her intention.

I put the paper down, and for a moment it seemed clear to me that what traveled with me the night before was the passionate, eager, despairing spirit which even the desperate hand that freed it from its clay tenement could not drive at once from the earth that held all for which it cared, nor from the pursuit in some fashion of that journey which was to bring him to the reward of long months of labor, struggle and hope deferred.

Moonshining In Jail.

An illicit still in full operation was recently captured in the cell of Charles Wellborn in the penitentiary at Birmingham, Ala. The still was hidden under a table and was improvised from a bucket in which were a piece of curled gaspipe as a worm, three tin boxes as fermenters and a spittoon as a furnace. Molasses, apples and the like, furnished the prisoners as food, were used as material for making the rum. The still had a daily capacity of one gallon. The jail has been full of moonshiners, and from these Wellborn learned to make the whisky. Wellborn's record reads like a romance. Two years ago he had an office here. Big consignments of goods were shipped to him, for which he never paid. After his arrest for fraudulent use of the mails he forged a bond and escaped, going to New York, where he stole a yacht and sailed for Florida. There he robbed a railroad ticket office and was sent to the penitentiary. He turned up next in Texas, where he swindled people out of several thousand acres of land. He was arrested in New Orleans several months ago and brought back to the jail at Birmingham.

The Art of Graceful Walking.

It would seem sometimes that the art of graceful walking might be numbered among the lost sciences, so few women master the accomplishment or even acquire any approach to perfection in this exercise, which is the foundation of all others. Every one succeeds in propelling themselves along by means of their feet, but that is not true walking. An English authority says, "The body should be held erect, the shoulders down, chest extended and the leg moved from the hip, the whole figure above being immovable."—Philadelphia Times.

DANGER IN WRITING.

EXPERTS SAY THAT SLANTING SCRIPT CAUSES DISEASE.

A Movement In Favor of Vertical Script Backed by the Highest Medical Authorities—Results of Extensive Experiments With School Children.

The method of writing taught in modern schools and practiced by 99 people out of every 100 has been declared dangerous and unhealthful by experts. By the time the next generation matures it will probably have been wiped out. The script then will be vertical instead of slanting, and writers will sit square and upright before their work instead of sideways and stooped, as at present.

The idea of this prospective reform originated in Germany and overspreads England while reaching this country. The following resolution was adopted not long ago by the international congress of school hygiene in London by a vote of 229 against 1:

Whereas, The hygienic advantages of vertical writing have been clearly shown and established both by medical investigation and practical experience, and

Whereas, Its introduction obviates those pernicious positions of the body which entail rachitic diseases and myopia,

Resolved, That we recommend the introduction of vertical writing in the schools of the people.

The effect of so serious an action in a country esteeming proper physical conditions as England esteems them is readily to be imagined.

The corresponding movement in the United States is led by Dr. Burnham of Clark university. His investigations have brought the conviction that the ordinary position in writing is among the foremost conditions of school life and methods of training which must be changed in the interest of health. The vertical script, therefore, is strongly recommended. From 80 to 90 per cent of lateral curvature of the spine is found to be caused in school life, the curvature in a large per cent of these cases being toward the right side, as a result of a defective position in writing, and the eyes at the same time are seriously injured by this slanted writing.

The practical advance of the newly approved system in this country is illustrated in the Worcester normal school and the Workingmen's school at Fifty-fourth street in this city, directed by Professor Adler, where the vertical writing is used in the lower grades and now carried on to the fourth and fifth grades.

The observations of foreign physicians showing that the prevalence of myopia and spinal curvature is regularly increased in the advance through the school grades are supplemented in this country by work on novel lines. An energetic course followed by Dr. Shaw of the University of the City of New York has given additional proof that the cause of the difficulty is to be attributed to the desks which are generally in use, and more especially to the bad position in writing, the opinion being held with apparent unanimity by investigators in this country as well as abroad that all but two positions to be taken in the school practice of writing are improper. One judged to be correct is the oblique central position and the other the straight central position, between which in reference to final choice the controversy in Germany is said to be fierce.

The advocates of reform observe that the child writes vertically when he first goes to school, and that the teacher has to work for the slant. The vertical writing and the central position at the desk are alike naturally indicated. At this stage the controversy has led to the conclusion that the height of the desk and that of the seat must be equally adapted to the growth of the pupil. In some of the progressive schools, as Felix Adler's and at South Orange, N. J., adjustable seats are being used.

The point in Dr. Shaw's recent experiments, made with the aid of several assistants on more than 1,500 pupils in the New York and suburban schools, has been to see whether, with the paper directly in front of the pupil and with the eyes closed, there could be any tendency toward vertical writing. The pupils were first requested to take the customary position in writing, and to write in the ordinary manner the sentence, "John is flying his paper kite." This form of exercise was selected on account of the number of long letters which it contains, and as being one also that is easy for the child to remember. After having thus written the sentence, the pupil was directed to take the straight central position, dip his pen in the ink and with his eyes closed to write the same again.

The closing of the eyes was to eliminate from the child's mind the consciousness of the slant. The angle of slant in all the long letters in the test papers was carefully measured, the angle of slant in the usual writing in each case being also found with the same precision. The measurements and the calculations ran up to 3,000 items, and among other issues of the work was the invention by a lady of a machine for making the measurements.—New York Press.

Club Rule In New York.

I was somewhat shocked last week while sitting in the Knickerbocker club, where I was busily engaged in alternately gazing on those tiresome wall paper bouquets and garlands and in keeping up a desultory conversation with the only two men of my acquaintance left in town, to see a man whom we all knew nod to us as he passed the club window, although accompanied by his wife. This is certainly very bad form. A man should show more deference to his wife than to any other woman. Of course he knew better than to bow. One is supposed never to recognize a woman acquaintance from a club window. Otherwise we approved of him.—Vogue.

Overfastidious Taste.

Men overfastidious in their choice of tea have been victims of their too vivid imaginations. One man objected to a brand of tea purchased by his wife, pronouncing it "weeds," and accordingly selected a choice kind. His next cup of tea was pronounced perfect. The coffee was good, and "That's a cup of tea for you" was said with emphasis as he drank the second cup made from the "weeds" his wife had bought.—Good Housekeeping.

Times Have Changed.

Thieves who entered the house of the pastor of St. James Methodist Episcopal church in Harlem stole $800 worth of silver. The surprise is not that they stole it, but that the minister had it. Times have changed since the apostolic itinerant said, "Silver and gold have I none."—Brooklyn Eagle.

ADVICE FOR THE FIANCE.

Sensible Suggestions for Young People Who Have Become Engaged.

After you have placed the engagement ring upon the hand of your fiancee it is a question whether you should continue to shower valuable gifts upon the young lady. Flowers as costly as you can afford them can be sent as often as your purse will permit, but parents should have a say as to the acceptance or refusal of jewelry by the young lady; and in this matter it is best to obey the father and mother, for you will soon have the young lady all to yourself, and it is barely possible that you will yourself object as strenuously to the importunities for jewels which will undoubtedly come from your young wife.

You should always be with your fiancee in public places to which you are invited; at the opera or theatres, at balls, at receptions where gentlemen attend. If you are alone at the ball or at the opera the fashionable world will believe that you have quarreled, and the fashionable world knows, as a rule, what it is talking about. Right here it must be said that the quarrel is unnecessary and vulgar, and usually ends in a broken engagement, or if deferred until after marriage, in the divorce court. I use the word vulgar advisedly, for no gentleman will allow a petty and uncalled for jealousy to bring him to the point of a quarrel. No lady will give the gentleman actual cause for such action.

It is a lady's privilege to fix the wedding day. On this point the edict of fashion is absolute, but there is no instance on record in fashionable society where the young lady who was really in love failed to take a suggestion in the matter from her prospective husband. In other words, the gentleman can suggest, but the lady fixes the day.

If the parents of your prospective wife are inclined to be religious, make it a point to go to church with the family every Sunday evening.

The custom of coming early to the home of your fiancee and of staying late is to be deplored.

I do not mean to say that you can possibly become a bore to her, but I do insist that for the convenience and comfort of other people in the house you should cut your visits almost as short as when you first began to incline favorably toward the young lady. Ten o'clock is a very pretty hour at which to leave, and you will find that a strict observance of this will make future welcomes much more hearty.

Don't be enthusiastic over your fiancee to your friends. Don't make her the subject of your constant talk. Everybody knows that it is interesting to you, but you are likely to be the only one who is apt not to know how unbearably tiresome you are.

There is one delicate question that I have been asked to touch upon, and that is, Should a man of fashion kiss his fiancee, and if so, on what occasions? There were times when it was not in fashion to kiss the young lady until after the ceremony, but happily that time is only dimly recollected by the society men of today. The one regulation that I believe it incumbent on me to lay down is that when you kiss the young lady it should be in her presence alone, because, while it is very pleasant pastime to the young couple, it is bound to be ridiculed and laughed at, even by the sister or brother, and smiled at as foolish by the mother, so don't show your intense affection in the presence of any one except the young lady herself.

In the ultra fashionable set of all cities it is considered proper that the young lady should always be chaperoned wherever she goes with her prospective husband, and no matter what the conditions may be.

The question of the propriety of a young lady's acceptance of invitations to her fiance's home is by no means settled. There are many worthy dowagers who would, under no circumstances, favor the acceptance by their daughters of an invitation to visit the sisters of her fiance.—Boston Herald.

How Tropical Fruits Are Protected.

It may have struck you that most tropical fruits have thick or hard or nauseous rinds, which need to be torn off before the monkeys or birds for whose use they are intended can get at them and eat them. Our northern strawberries, raspberries, currants and whortleberries, developed with a single eye to the pretty robins and finches of temperate climes, can be popped into the mouth whole and eaten as they stand; they are meant for small birds to devour, and to disperse the tiny undigested, nutlike seeds in return for the bribe of the soft pulp that surrounds them. But it is quite otherwise with oranges, shaddocks, bananas, plantains, mangoes and pineapples; those great tropical fruits can only be eaten properly with a knife and fork, after stripping off the hard and often acrid rind that guards and preserves them.

They lay themselves out for dispersion by monkeys, toucans and other relatively large and powerful fruit eaters; and the rind is put there as a barrier against small thieves who would rob the sweet pulp, but be absolutely incapable of carrying away and dispersing the large and richly stored seeds it covers.—Cornhill Magazine.

Thackeray as a Showman.

In Thackeray's case the justification of artificial names, if it be right to speak of justification, lies in this, that with all the solid reality of the life portrayed we are never allowed to lose sight of the author and his art in portraiture. He is ever at hand to underline the snobbery or laugh off the pathos. There is a strong strain of the satirist in him, and satire is akin to allegory; there is even a strain of the caricaturist ready to emerge in the midst of his noblest art.

He is especially fond of putting on the airs and graces of the showman. His preface to "Vanity Fair" is headed "Before the Curtain," and this great novel of real life concludes with "Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out." And we accept Thackeray's showman's humor.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Points About a Good Horse.

There are some points which are valuable in horses of every description. The head should be proportionately large and well set on, the lower jawbones should be sufficiently far apart to enable the head to form an angle with the neck, which gives it free motion and a graceful carriage, and prevents it bearing too heavily on the hand. The eye should be large, a little prominent, and the eyelids fine and thin. The ear should be small and erect and quick in motion. The lop ear indicates dullness and stubbornness; when too far back there is a disposition to mischief.—Rider and Driver.

Great Bells of the World.

The great bell at Moscow weighs 500,000 pounds. Next in weight are the bells of Pretskoy, 320,000 pounds; of Peking, 195,000 pounds; of St. Ivan, in Moscow, 115,000 pounds; of Nankin, 50,000 pounds; of Lisbon, 45,000 pounds, while the great bell at St. Peter's, in Rome, weighs 40,000 pounds.—New York Herald.

Correct.

"Which is right, Mr. Railroad, 'a quarter of six' or 'a quarter to six?'"

"I'm sure I do not know, Miss Lovely. I always say 'five forty-five.'"—Truth.

His Curiosity Aroused.

Mr. Newlywed—What is this, my dear?

Mrs. Newlywed—Sponge cake, darling.

"What was it you started out to make?"—Brooklyn Life.

The kind of religion that tells in the long run is the kind that never howls and growls because there is no pudding on wash day.

IN A SIGNAL STATION.

COMMENTS OF SOME TIRED AND DISGUSTED PASSENGERS.

Stranded for a Half Hour in a Tiny Box of a Railroad Waiting Room—Strange Feelings That the Most Virtuous Will Own Up to Having Felt.

A little red oblong box, with an opening at one end for a door, at the base of a mountain; a diminutive room, with three-fourths of the space inclosed by an iron railing; the one of the telegraph operator only a bench that wriggles as if with the palsy every time one is brave enough to sit upon it; a stove that resembles a whitewashed pumpkin surmounted by a dingy beaver; a row of bayonets, or at least, to an inexperienced observer, something of the kind; a gayly painted water pail on an improvised washstand; at its side a goblet minus its foundation and resting upside down; dozens of wires stretching across the wooden ceiling; a continuous thunder, seemingly immediately beneath and shaking the boards of the floor; apparatuses attached to different parts of the siding and breaking out with startling frequency into such a series of noises that one wondered involuntarily and uneasily whether anything was likely to go off and blow up.

People with even the slightest acquaintance with the Erie railroad will recognize the description and locate it at Newburg junction, about forty-six miles from Jersey City, where accommodations are provided for the convenience of travelers. Half an hour in that isolated hut is sufficient for the observation of interesting exhibitions of the peculiarity of human nature.

Ten or fourteen passengers left the south bound train at the junction one evening recently to wait for the Newburg train, among them two women who gazed after the retreating locomotive as at a fast receding possibility of rescue. The chilly southeast wind drove all to seek shelter within the diminutive building, where the majority stood packed literally.

The stove, in an effort to give all a warm reception, grew red in the face. The bench creaked under the pressure of an overload, the rumbling beneath seemed louder than usual, the box shakier, the apparatuses near the ceiling buzzed forth a distracting din, the winds without whistled a dismal medley, while behind the iron railing the telegraph operator hauled down the bayonets with a bang, then clicked a machine with one hand and attended to something else at the opposite end of the table with the other, now and then grasping and waving a red, white and blue or green lantern at a train rushing by—all with an undisturbed serenity that suggested a degree of order even in the midst of chaos.

THE GRADUATE SPEAKS.

A stir in the crowd directed attention to an elderly woman laden with bundles.

"Are you going far?" she gasped, overcome by the contact with elbows, and depositing her satchel on the feet of a passenger, who regarded the question as satirical, and merely looked an unmentionable reply.

"When does my train come?" she asked.

"Six fifteen," was the answer of a passenger who managed by a dexterous movement to vacate a rickety chair in her behalf.

"I'm dreadfully nervous about trains. I never know which one to get on. I—there's one now," seizing her grip and preparing to flee doorward. She was reassured and advised to speak louder if she desired to be heard.

Another break in the dense mass was made by the younger woman, with every movement a signal of distress.

"What time does the Newburg train get here?" she asked in a shrill voice.

"Six fifteen," the obliging passenger answered as before.

"What a horrid place," she exclaimed. "I was in hopes I could get something to eat here. Haven't had nothing but a cup of coffee that I got at Port Jervis, not fit to drink. My head is nearly bursting. I've done nothing but come from Buffalo all day, and have got to get to Albany tonight. Ma wanted me to come back to graduate. I'm so afraid of tramps always when I travel, and ma told me not to speak to any one but a policeman. I've seen five conductors since I left home, and all told me different; one said I had only five minutes to wait here and another said an hour. I guess none of 'em knowed much about it. I'm so tired of the cars. I graduate in June, but I had the grip"——

DISGUSTED COMMENTS.

"What's all this noise about?" the elderly woman interrupted, somewhat to the younger one's embarrassment. "I'm deaf, but I hear an awful roar."

"This is a signal station," was the reply.

"A what?" placing a hand behind her ear. The information was repeated in a shriek.

"Is some one telegraphing all the time? What's going on under the floor? What's that boy pulling over them spikes for?" indicating the bayonets, or something. "What time did you say the train got here?"

"Six fifteen," the obliging passenger replied somewhat heatedly.

During the intervals between the mystified woman's queries and her sudden sallies for the door, these remarks by the male occupants of the room were overheard: "I say, Jim, I feel deuced shaky in this concern. What's this infernal racket?—Is that a katydid up there?—I bet a five it'll go off before long—Gentlemen, I'm hungry, awful hungry. Would you mind standing on your own feet, Charlie?—We made a mistake in leaving that train at all—should have gone on to Jersey City and taken the train we're waiting for—This is a sweet place to touch after spinning through the air five days—ha! ha!—Nice place to die in, though; this jar would set my heart going again—I say, operator, will you wire a word to Newburg for me? Want to tell the folks nothing's the matter. I'm only waiting at the junction—I'd like to be operator in this hole just for one day. Wouldn't I click off a thing or two. My dots would be cannon balls and my dashes all begin with big d's." And so forth, until the Newburg train rumbled in and brought relief to the waiters in the little red house.—New York Sun.

Changed Her Mind.

A poor Hebrew woman, with a sick child, and herself nearly ill, received through her physician some much needed clothing and comforts.

"Who sent these?" she asked.

"Some women who learned of your suffering," was the answer.

"Some Hebrew women," she asserted, not questioned.

"No," said the doctor; "they are Christian women."

"Ah," she replied quickly, "I did not know they could be so kind." Then, after a pause, during which she was evidently trying to readjust some mental condition, she added, "I have always thought them bad; I must pray to be forgiven."—Her Point of View in New York Times.

The oldest house in the United States is said to be a stone dwelling standing in the town of Guilford, Conn. It was built in 1640 and is still occupied. It was a refuge for settlers during the dark days of King Philip's war.

A shy man frightens other people as much as they frighten him. He acts like a damper upon the whole room, and the most jovial spirits become in his presence depressed and nervous.

Probably three-fourths of the Chinese in this country come from Fokien. The people seem to have become accustomed to adventures in foreign ports by the exploits of their sailors.

A Lady's Visit to the Italian Queen.

As usual, I paid my obligatory yearly visit to Queen Margherita. Lady readers must not fancy that this visit is surrounded with all the troubles and bother which are usual for a presentation to Queen Victoria. In the first place, I had to write and request an audience from the Marchese di Villamarine, who has been the queen's chief lady in waiting and friend during the last twenty years. After a few days I received a reply stating that her majesty would be pleased to receive me the following Tuesday at 1:30 p. m.; so accordingly on the appointed day and hour I was ready, dressed in my best bib and tucker (taking advantage of court mourning to wear a pretty black silk dress trimmed with jet embroidery, and bonnet to match), and arrived at the Quirinal about 1:20 p. m. The master of the ceremonies announced my name, when I made a profound reverence at the open door, another in the middle of the room, and another when I kissed her majesty's hand.

To me she said, "Ah, you have put on spectacles." "Si, Maesta. I am so short-sighted that I have been obliged to do so." "And I also," replied the queen, "to the displeasure of my husband, who has a great dislike to spectacles, so I cannot wear them when he is present; and I used to be extremely long-sighted, like my mother; but the longest sight of us all is my son, who recognizes people an immense distance off, a thing which makes me very uneasy, thinking perhaps his sight will fail him as mine has done," and thus chatting on one subject or another my visit passed off, lasting about half an hour, the queen talking volubly all the time. When she has had enough of you she rises, gives you her hand to kiss and you retire in the same order in which you entered her presence.—Modern Society.

Advice to English Maidens.

The fact is, my dear girls, you want more liberty, less fashionable restraint, more kitchen, less parlor, more leg exercise, less sofa, more pudding, less piano, more frankness, less mock modesty, more breakfast and less bustle.

Loose yourselves a little, enjoy more liberty, breathe the pure atmosphere of freedom and become something as lovely and beautiful as the God of nature designed. The buxom, bright eyed, rosy cheeked, full bouncing lass, who can darn a stocking, mend trousers, make her own frocks, command a regiment of pots and kettles, feed the pigs, chop wood, milk cows, wrestle with the boys and be a lady withal in company, is just the sort of girl for any working man to marry.

But the spinning, mopping, lolling, screwed up, wasp waisted, putty faced, consumptive mortgaged, music murdering, novel devouring daughter of fashion and idleness one so often sees walking about is no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens. And as for the senseless idiots who masquerade in high collars, sucking the knobs of their canes and simpering and ogling in their endeavors to captivate the "dear girls," the idea of them contemplating matrimony is ludicrous and yet serious, for one cannot help but look forward with alarm to the generation which would be called into existence by the union of one of the former with one of the latter specimens.

If the truth were or could be known, it would doubtless be found that it is people of this stamp who are responsible to a great degree for the often reiterated assertion that "Marriage is a Failure."—Cor. London Figaro.

A Mother's Kindness.

At the convention of school superintendents in Brooklyn Miss Harrison, of Chicago, told a touching story of the way in which women help each other—how one who comes to a "mothers' class" brings her neighbor next time and shows such an eagerness for others to share in the benefits she receives. She spoke of one woman whose two children were in what is called the citizens' class, in which a tuition fee of ten cents a week for each pupil is charged. One week this woman brought a third child, the little daughter of a neighbor, she explained, for whose ten cents she would be responsible. After a week or two of prompt payments she came one morning saying she had only fifteen cents of the thirty needed, but would make it up, she hoped, before the week was out.

"Annie's mother has died," she said simply, "and I've taken her to bring up along with my own."

"Fancy," said Miss Harrison, "a woman to whom a deficit of fifteen cents meant a week's pinching not hesitating before the care and maintenance of another child 'along with her own.' I felt as if I could bend down and kiss the hem of that woman's garment."—Her Point of View in New York Times.

The Order Pleased the Cook.

The following story is told on a missionary of the China inland mission, a bachelor keeping house for himself in the southern part of China: One morning, in ordering his dinner, he wished to tell his cook to buy him a chicken. Instead of saying "yr" for chicken he aspirated the word, saying, "Buy me a 'che.'" His cook thought that was an eminently proper command and went about his marketing in high good humor. At noon the missionary found no chicken cooked—in fact, no dinner at all, for his cook had not returned. About dark the man came back, saying: "This was not a good day for buying wives, and I have been all day looking for one, but at last I found one for you. She is rather old and not pretty, but you can have her cheap. I have promised $40 for her."—New York Independent.

Liquids During Meals.

If we bear in mind the whole mechanism of digestion, it will readily be seen that in cases of weakness or want of tone on the part of the muscles of the stomach, when every part of the food cannot be properly presented to the action of the digestive juices, the introduction into the stomach of a moderate amount of water may be of no slight benefit. The mass of food will become more pliable and so more easily operated upon by the weakened muscles.—Youth's Companion.

A Lariat of Human Hair.

A Mexican cowboy wears at his saddle bow a lariat composed entirely of human hair, of a beautiful glossy black, fine as silk and strong as hempen rope. The whole is the work of his mother and his wife, both of whom contributed to its length for a period of several years, carefully braiding in their own locks from day to day. The lariat measures something over 17 feet in length and is about an inch and a half thick by as much again wide.

"QUEEN OF THE ANARCHISTS."

Miss Emma Goldman's Theories on the Subject of Bread Getting.

Emma Goldman's claim to the title "queen of the anarchists" is not of recent date. Five years ago she was known as the sweetheart of Herr Most, whom she discarded in favor of the anarchist Bergmann, who shot H. C. Frick last summer. Miss Goldman was generally credited with hav-

EMMA GOLDMAN.

ing instigated Bergmann's crime, but she escaped the consequences of complicity in that affair and lived in retirement until the recent labor disturbances in New York city gave her an opportunity to flame forth as an apostle of anarchy. She traveled about from one meeting of the unemployed to another, carrying confusion and disturbance wherever she went, inciting the mob to violence, arson and bloodshed and breathing defiance of the police, the press and the established system of government.

An idea of Miss Goldman's sentiments may be obtained from the following quotation from one of her speeches at a Union square mass meeting, as reported by a New York newspaper:

"Unite and go from street to street. Go among the capitalists and rich people and ask for bread, and if they do not give it to you peaceably then take it by force. Do as the north did against the south! You will find your John Brown and your Wendell Phillips as the north did.

"If you do not get bread and freedom peaceably, take it by force. As long as you are slaves with nothing to eat; as long as you are dragged down, you cannot be human beings respected by any nation. Unite with others. Go out in the street and fight for your bread, and take it if they will not give it to you."

Continuing in German, Miss Goldman said: "Do not be afraid of the clubs of the police. The advice the anarchists have given you is good. What they told you a few years ago would happen is now taking place. Do not be afraid of such creatures as the Pinkertons, the police and the reporters. They are all blood suckers.

"You have as much right to arm yourself as the police. You have as much right to use arms as the police, and we know where to get the weapons, and you know! And what will the fat policemen do then?

"Long live anarchy!

"Hurrah for revolution!"

Miss Goldman is a Russian Hebrew and is about 27 years old. She is short and stout, with regular features, short blond hair and dark eyes. Her personality is not particularly striking, but she is a vigorous and venomous speaker and attracts attention, if not respect, wherever she is heard. She has been in this country eight years.

Sensible Points About Tips.

The greatest abuse of the tipping system in New York is in the fees to janitors and other servants connected with apartment houses. It has become a custom almost too strong to ignore in some apartment houses to pay the janitor, bell boy, elevator boy, etc., certain amounts every month or fortnight—this without any regard to whether the servant has rendered any particular service or not. The result of this indiscriminate tipping is quite natural—you get no particular service.

Not a few tenants of apartment houses have had an experience with janitors which makes blackmail preferable to the risk of the repetition of these experiences. As in the case of waiters, there are a good many annoyances to which tenants may be subjected which cannot be cured with a club and which do not even form a substantial basis of complaint. And they are not less aggravating because you can't get away from them or resent them. But to simply pay a man indiscriminately just because he is there is a plan which releases him from any obligation whatsoever.

I make it a rule and can recommend it after some experience to pay with reasonable liberality for any special service—that is, any service above and outside of that which the man is employed to render to every tenant in common. And I never tip such men on general principles—that is, indiscriminately. If an understanding to that effect is established at once upon going into a new flat, you will avoid all the ills to which others are subjected and have at call those who are not only ready and willing, but eager to serve you. Begin at once to compensate liberally every person about the place who renders you special services and pay nobody else a cent. Follow this rule, and you will invariably get excellent service and plenty of attention. This rule will work equally well with the waiter if you are a regular customer.—New York Herald.

Why Not a Provident Dress Society?

To girls with slender allowances any sudden emergency in dress occurring just when they have supplied themselves with a stock of garments for the coming season is often extremely embarrassing, and I wonder that no one starts a provident dress society, to which members would subscribe a small sum annually, and which would make grants out of its funds on such occasions as having to go into mourning; to go unexpectedly into a climate requiring quite different sort of clothing; to act as bridesmaid, and in some cases of marriage, when the relations are unable to provide any outfit; also in the event of a member being suddenly called to enter upon any new position requiring an immediate outlay on dress. Such a society, well and honorably conducted, would be a help to numbers of people, and would encourage thrift in girls and often prevent them beginning the dangerous habit of running into debt.—Lady's Pictorial.

A Texas Woman's Angelic Mission.

A woman of peculiar ways is in the city sewing buttons on men's wearing apparel, doing the work on the streets.