EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL. - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

VERY FAST TRAVELING.

The News of the Hanging of Deeming in Australia Outran the Sun.

An interesting instance of the magic of the telegraph, an illustration of the way it can annihilate space, outrun the sun and perform mystifying jugglery with old Time's hour glass and with the calendar, and an object lesson in everyday science are afforded in connection with the execution of the sentence of Murderer Deeming in Australia. Deeming was hanged at 10:01 a. m., and the news and details of the execution were read by the readers of morning papers at the early breakfast table, and even before daybreak that day. If the execution had been on any other day the news would have been printed in the evening papers the day previous to that of the execution, for the news of Deeming's death was received in New York before 9 o'clock on Sunday evening, apparently thirteen hours before he was hanged. The news was in San Francisco soon after 5 o'clock Sunday evening, having been sent by way of Montreal. The telegraph beat the sun by almost a whole day.

The message had to travel the course traversed by the sun, too, and did not make the gain by cutting across lots or doubling back and stealing a lap. With a cable under the Pacific the message might have doubled on the sun's track and gained a day in a minute or so. Telegrams from Australia must take the western or sunward course, and make the full circular tour. The message left Melbourne, on the far side of Australia, very soon after 10 o'clock Monday morning, traveled about 15,000 miles, was retransmitted thirteen times through as many different stations and different lengths of cable, and reached New York at 8:50 p. m. Sunday. The difference in time between New York and Melbourne is fourteen hours and forty minutes, so that when Deeming was on the gallows it was 7:20 Sunday evening in New York, and the message traveled the 15,000 miles in the remarkably quick time of less than an hour and a half.

This was the route, the message passing from one cable and one set of instruments to another at each station. From Melbourne across the Australian continent by land line to Port Darwin, thence to Banjoewangie, in Java, to Singapore, to Madras, across India to Bombay, under the Indian ocean to Aden, in Arabia, under the Red sea to Suez, along the Suez canal to Alexandria, under the Mediterranean to Malta, Malta to Marseilles, across France and under the channel to London, thence to Ireland, under the Atlantic to Cape Canso, Nova Scotia, and then down the coast, via Coney Island and the Brooklyn bridge, to Broad street, New York. The time occupied by a cable message in reaching any distant point is taken up by the number of transmissions, the actual electrical transmission through any one cable being instantaneous. Taking that into consideration, the news traveled remarkably fast.

It might seem from the foregoing that by traveling around and around the earth one might have the same day and date for an indefinite period, provided he kept pace with the sun. But the day must end somewhere, and end very abruptly, and the point where the old day dies and the new one is born is out in the Pacific ocean, about midway between San Francisco and Yokohama, and running due north and south. That line of demarcation in the calendar runs through Behring sea, cuts across and among the Fiji islands, and just scrapes the end of New Zealand, but for convenience sake, and not to have it Sunday midday on one side of the street and Monday noon on the other in some islands of the Pacific, the line has been crooked so that it does not cut any island. As the earth turns before the sun, midday of Sunday would advance around the world until it struck that line, when it must perforce change or every day would be Sunday. The change is really made at midnight. It may require a little thought to straighten out the subject, but it will come straight eventually.—New York Sun.

Admission of Kentucky Into the Union.

Kentucky literally fought her way to statehood through seventeen such years as mark the calendar of no other American commonwealth. She had never known the fostering care of the general government, which, even as late as 1792, had accomplished nothing in the way of opening the Mississippi to her trade, nor had done anything to free her from that serious obstacle to her progress the retention of the northwestern posts by England. The presence of British troops encouraged the Indians to violence, and the state was admitted to the Union during the murdering and marauding that followed St. Clair's defeat.

But the self made commonwealth remained true to the government which so many of her sons had fought and suffered to establish. The very motto of the state seal is a reminder of the patriotic sentiments which animated Kentucky a hundred years ago. It was suggested by a couplet from a popular air that was sung by the sons of liberty during the Revolution:

Come, join hand in hand, Americans all;
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall.

—George W. Ranck in Harper's.

Aches and Pains.

There are some men who are exceedingly superstitious about the comings and goings of their aches and pains. If they are frequent sufferers from rheumatism, headache or toothache, they scrupulously avoid mentioning their particular ailment when it is not bothering them. They are afraid that to speak of a pain in its absence will bring it back. Major Hayes, the general newspaper writer, so well known to all habitues of the city hall, suffers from rheumatism occasionally. And when he does suffer he does not suffer wholly in silence. One day he was crossing city hall park with a smiling face and agile step. No thought of ache or pain lingered in his mind. He met a friend who anxiously inquired, "Major, how is your rheumatism?" A frown clouded the major's brow. He lifted a warning finger, and muttering, "Hush! it will hear you," walked quickly away.—New York Times.

It Means Trouble for One.

Did you ever hear a barber call out "Snakes!" instead of the old fashioned "Next!" If so you probably imagined that it was an exhibition of good natured hilarity on the part of the barber, and nothing more. Well, you were mistaken then. "Snakes!" means something to every barber who hears it. It is a signal by which the barber who uses it lets his fellow workmen know that the man who is about to take the chair does not bestow "tips" or gratuities.—Chicago Mail.

A Narrow Margin.

John Stuart Mill was once dining with two brilliant French talkers who were given to monologue. One had possession of the field, and the other was watching him so intently to strike in that Mill exclaimed aloud, "If he stops to breathe he's gone."—Exchange.

The Oldest Hotel in the World.

The oldest hotel in Switzerland, and probably the oldest in the world, is the hotel of the Three Kings at Basle. Among its guests in 1026 were the Emperor Conrad II, his son, Henry III, and Rudolph, the last king of Burgundy.—Boston Globe.

THE DEAD SPARROW.

Mortals, and immortals, too,
I have shocking news for you,
Tidings that will harrow
Every sympathetic breast:
Gone to its eternal rest
Is the bird my girl caressed—
Dead is Lesbia's sparrow!

It knew Lesbia quite as well
As did Lesbia herself
Knew her good old mother;
Grateful to the doting maid,
From whose reach it seldom strayed,
It was wont to gymnasle
Lesbia, and none other.

Victim to Plutonian wrath,
Now it hops along the path
Downward, dark and narrow;
Maledictions on thy head,
Orcus! See how tearful red
Are the beauteous eyes that shed
Oceans for that sparrow!

—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

IN LOVE AND WAR.

The story of a country village is the story of its store.

That wonderful place where the mail and the molasses flow from a common source, so to speak—where your inner and outer man, your mental and physical self, must get all their stimulus—is the epitome of all the diffusely written history of the lives that cluster around it.

What the store man cannot tell you of every passer by and every customer you are not likely to learn yourself, except by unusual fortune; and all he does tell you has the delightful piquancy of having passed through the medium of a rarely shrewd mind, gaining more than one beauty spot in the transit.

That was what I was thinking as I sat in 'Bijah's store, with the mingled odors of calico print and dried apples, coffee and the straw that crockery is packed in fighting for supremacy in my notice.

'Bijah's broad back was turned to me and he was sorting the day's mail with comments that made me as wise as himself regarding its contents.

"Mis' Mi-randy Beal," said 'Bijah, "that'll be abaout her pension, I guess. Ruther official lookin, thet is. Mr. Asy Fowler; his son John—gone down to Pochemouth—he writes ter him nigh onter every week—en a nice, clean hand he writes, does John. Here's a letter fer the schulema'am. Now thar's han'writtin fer ye! Putty ez she is, an jest as simple like."

The latch clicked and the door opened. 'Bijah looked over his shoulder and grinned. I was shut out from sight of more than the visitor's legs by a slack line of dangling towels, aprons and socks; but they were steady, reliable looking legs, straight and strong, clothed in heavy boots and blue overalls.

'Bijah neither turned nor laid down his letters. He stood there grinning, and whether the person in the doorway was grinning also, or plotting my assassination in pantomime, I was none the wiser.

The heavy boots shuffled and turned about, stepped outside and the door shut. 'Bijah chuckled to himself and looked back to his letters again.

"Them papers is for young Thompson. He's th' editor of our paper. He's alive—alive an kickin. He's been out west fur a spell, an he thinks we're all dead an buried. An he has made a great change in The Bugler, I tell you. Folks say he'll be made ter smart fur the way he musses raound inter people's affairs; but it's lively, it's lively."

The papers went into a separate box, and 'Bijah resumed the letters.

"Mehaly Hopkins; she's got a heap of money. 'Mazin haow fond yer folks is of ye when yer got a pile and ain't no heirs of yer buddy. She's good fer em though; she's a cute 'un."

"I suppose it is unusual for any one to make much more than their living away up here, isn't it, 'Bijah?"

"Humph! yes, fer any one. Not fer some on 'em though. Some on 'em is smarter 'n greased lightnin."

He put his head on one side and squinted at the letter he was holding.

"Him, now, Jeremiah Wilson, he's a keen un. Nobody ever got the best o' th' ole man but Jim. You saw Jim—came in here jest naow; ain't no 'tater bugs on Jim, when he gits up he's up fer all day."

'Bijah grinned and wagged his head.

"Jere-miah—Wil-son!" he remarked, and slapped the letter into its pigeonhole.

The latch clicked again, the door opened and the same pair of legs appeared in the very same spot where I had seen them before.

'Bijah grinned.

Presumably the unseen grinned also, for there was too much of 'Bijah's grin not to be offensive, if it were otherwise.

"Whut chu want?"

"Nothin."

"We don't keep that; or, if we do, were jest aout of it."

The big boots turned about slowly.

"Sure ye do' want no lamps, are ye?"

"Gals go with 'em?"

"Not in this shop."

"Thet settles it, as fur as I'm concerned," and he went away and closed the door again.

'Bijah looked after him and chuckled.

"What's the joke, 'Bijah?"

"Dono' ez I'd orter say an'thin, aoutside, but you know how it is, Mr. Carson, you never seem no stranger."

"Hand over your story, you old gossip," I answered. "Why, it would burn your tongue off if you tried to keep it in."

'Bijah laughed heartily at this polite sally.

"Well, I take fer my tex', as Elder Slocum says, that beautiful axum, 'All is fair in love an war.'"

He came around the end of the counter and sat on an unopened sugar barrel, with his legs crossed and his rough hands clasped around his knee.

"Th' ole man, Jeremiah Wilson, that I mentioned back a spell, he's a Tartar. He do' know nothin but his own way; an Mis' Wilson, she never know'd nothin but ter gin it to him. He's got a trick er turnin redfaced an lookin like he was agoin ter bust, an Mis' Wilson, she wuz so neat, she couldn't bear ter hev her house mussed, so she jest gin in to him.

"Ther was one gal—Mame her name wuz—an they both thought a sight of her. She wa'n't no more like neither uv them then nothin at all, and they both tried projecks with her.

"Her father wanted her to be a boy, an he allus felt as ef she done him when she wa'n't. He wanted ter make a lawyer out uv her; he's dead in love with lawin, ole man Wilson is; but yer might better try ter make a hossrake out of whalebones an gristle ez to make a lawyer outer Mame. What th' ole man said wuz Gospel, though; she felt sorter like she better not make him no more hard feelin, after not bein that boy he wanted.

"Her mother meant her ter be a good housekeeper an put up preserves an make pickles, an Mame would stan at the winder an sing an fergit all abaout her mess till 'twas clean spilt.

"After Mis Wilson died, though, Mame done better round the haouse. Mebbe ef th' ole man wuz ter die she'd take ter lawin. Ye can't tell; she kin do most an'thin.

"Jest abaout then, Jim Lane began ter sleeve raound with Mame Wilson. Smart ez a steel trap, he is; he runs the sawmill up the Creek; but th' ole man hates him like pizen, an he talked ter Mame till she 'lowed she wouldn't take up with Jim, 'less he wuz willin."

"Jim Lane is the darnedest good natured feller you ever see. He's alluz got a good word an a pleasant smile fer folks, an he'll go further out o' his track fer a friend 'n most anybuddy I know.

"He took it offul hard abaout Mame, an he reg'ly got mopy an down in the mouth abaout it. An then he got his second wind, an he tried every witch way to play it on th' ole man. But Mame she got putty stuffy, too, an she declared she'd never 'pose her father an thar 'twas."

Bijah got off the barrel to sell a couple of candy balls to a rosy faced little lass who was so short as to be visible under the slack line, and resumed, as she closed the door of the shop—

"The hull village knew all abaout it and they talked it up, early an late. The gals they wasn't slow ter say what they'd do ef they wuz in her place, and The Bugler took a hand, so ter speak, an nearly drove the ole man wild. But Miss Peterson, the minister's sister, she 'lowed that Mame wuz right ter mind her father.

"'Look a-here,' says Jim, 'ain't I got no rights at all?' an Miss Peterson she laughed an said she s'posed so, but he certainly did n't orter ask Mame ter take the responsibility of breakin her word."

Bijah chuckled and changed his legs and clasped the other knee.

"'Twasn't very long after that ole Wilson went home one night. Twuz gettin early dusk an he tole Mame she'd better get the lamp afore she set down ter tea. Mame wuz agoin through the entryway with a whoppin great shade lamp in her hand, when somebody knocked ter the front door, and she jest stopped an opened it without thinkin.

"Jim Lane was a-standin there. 'Don't say nothin, Mame,' says he, an he takes her bodily, lamp an all, and tucks her inter a carridge that he hed at the gate. He didn't fool raound with no railroad train, but jest turned them horses' heads fer Canada, an when they got ter the line Mame wuz a settin there ez still ez a mouse, without ary hat er coat, an that big shade lamp a burnin jest as peart as ef it wuz on the ole man Wilson's table ter home."

Bijah spat at the stove and laughed to himself.

"Fearful thing—the ingratitoode of children, ain't it? But you'd orter seen The Bugler nex' mornin. Every dad blamed column in it hed a big headline, 'Jim Lane has got his gal. Jim Lane has got his gal.' Gosh! that jest proved ole Wilson wouldn't never hev busted when he didn't bust that mornin.

"He went whoopin off ter his lawyer ter see what he cud do to Jim, but Mame she wuz of age an she writ him that she went of her own free will; so all he could make any fuss abaout wuz the lamp, an they've been a lawin an foolin an a arbitratin ever sence."—Margaret Ingersoll in Boston Transcript.

Danger in Meat Diet.

The evils of a meat diet are being appreciated by many high livers in cities, and these are being counteracted partly by the wealthy in adding more fruits and vegetables to their tables during the winter. The cheapness of meat and a peculiar craving which the system seems to have for meat have gradually made it common for city people to live almost entirely off meat in the winter months. Meat is eaten three times a day in quantities, and the excessive use of such a diet is that rheumatic and gout temperaments are acquired. These temperaments are on 'the increase, and they are largely due to the excessive use of meat.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Some Postoffice Figures.

The number of postoffices in the United States thirty years ago was a fraction over 30,000. Now there are 18,799 postoffices in the states and territories west of the Mississippi, and of that number 9,296 are west of the Missouri. Nebraska, thirty years ago, had 45 postoffices, while today she has 1,127. The total revenue of the postoffices west of the Mississippi for the year 1891 was $11,780,192, of which $7,268,068 represents the postal receipts of the region west of the Missouri. In 1860 the total postoffice receipts for the United States were only a fraction over $11,000,000.—Edward Rosewater's Omaha Address.

What Platforms Are For.

A weather beaten American citizen stood on the platform of a railroad coach while the train was speeding along at the rate of fifty miles per hour.

"Can't stand on the platform," shouted the conductor.

"What are platforms for, anyhow?" asked the man.

"Platforms are not made to stand on; they are made to get in on," replied the conductor.

This is the story with which Representative Allen, of Missouri, illustrates the frailty of political platforms.—Washington Cor. Omaha World-Herald.

A Pretty Big Fourteen-year-old.

The youngest soldier in the British army, Private Defries, aged fourteen years and six months, is a fine child for his age. He is close upon 5 feet 5 inches in height, with a chest measurement of 33 inches, and weighs 126 pounds. It is no wonder, therefore, that the military authorities should have enlisted him without a demur when he told them that he was over eighteen. His father now seeks to have him discharged on account of his tender years; but the war office, not unreasonably, holds that the onus lies upon him to prove that his son is the lusus naturæ he would make him out. In other words, the condition of his discharge is the production of a certificate of age—and very right.—London Globe.

In the Vatican library there is a treatise on dragons, a manuscript in a single roll 300 feet long and a foot wide, the material of which is said to be the "tanned gut of a great dragon."

A woman wearing stays as loosely as is possible for such articles to be worn exerts a pressure of 40 pounds on the organs which they compress. Such figures in cold print are startling.

AN EXCITING RACE.

A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN'S FLIGHT FROM A PURSUING WILDCAT.

Skating for Dear Life—A Thrilling Story of an Almost Miraculous Escape—A Persistent Animal Follows an Unarmed Man for Miles.

Mr. Caryl Clyde, the young son of a wealthy London merchant, has returned from a trip of adventure through the northern part of Ontario.

"In the northwestern part of Muskoka," said he, "I found a body of water that extended through the forest for many miles. The ice on it was very smooth and entirely free from snow. One evening I left the camp for a skate up this frozen stream. The moon was bright and full, the sky was clear, and it was bitter cold, but a few strokes over the smooth and hard surfaced ice soon set my blood to tingling, and then I was as warm as though snugly covered up and asleep in my bed at the hotel. As I skated deeper into the forest I would stop and listen, and the stillness was so profound that I could almost hear the blood coursing through my veins, and the beatings of my heart sounded to me like the marching of infantry. In my hand I carried a small stick, which I used as a sort of balance as my body swayed with each stroke I took. In thirty minutes I had gone over five miles, and I stopped to rest. Some birds fluttered over my head, and I heard the cry of a distant screech owl. Then came another cry, and one that almost made me cease breathing.

"It was a harsh, unearthly scream, and so close was it that it rang in my ears like the beating of a gong. With a sudden impulse I dashed forward. There was a rushing, scrambling sound behind and then a wicked snarl. I gave a frightened glance over my shoulder and saw an animal about the size of a Newfoundland dog, and it had eyes that gleamed like glowing coals. From descriptions I had heard and read I recognized it as a wildcat, but I did not stop to make any critical examination. My only thought was of escape, for more than the little stick I carried in my hand I had no weapon of defense. The stream itself wound in a sinuous fashion through the forest, but before it had been frozen it had evidently overflowed its banks, for the ice extended on all sides as far as I could see through the woods. The bed of the stream was clear of trees and brush, and down this sort of lane through the woods I dashed at my best speed. The wildcat gave an angry snarl of disappointed rage as it saw me glide away. Without as much as a pocketknife about me I knew that I would not be able to wage any sort of successful combat with the hungry brute behind me.

"Exert, as I did, my best speed, the cat gained on me easily. Then I tried dodging tactics, and with great success. As I glided away down the stream the animal stood glaring at me with amazement. But this was for an instant only. Realizing that its prey was fast getting beyond its reach it came after me like a shot from a gun. At every bound it took its sharp claws cut the ice, and I could tell by this how much greater was its speed than my own. When I thought that in about one more bound the animal would be upon me I gave a sharp turn to the left, and the cat went on, pawing, snarling, biting and scratching over the smooth ice. I started back at a slower rate of speed, so as to be able to regain control of my breathing. The cat was soon again in close pursuit, but with apparently renewed effort and snarling and spitting much the same as an angry housecat would do at a dog.

"Again I dodged with ease, and his catship slid up stream, while I went down as fast as I could. I could hardly help laughing at the discomfiture of the baffled wildcat as it would slide past me when I dodged, wholly unable to help itself, but the dodging business was pretty hot work, and I soon began to find myself getting winded. How long this odd chase was kept up I do not know, but it seemed to me a decade. I fancy I must have gone about two miles down the stream, but to gain this I must have skated about ten. By this time I was ready to drop from exhaustion, and had I done so I would have been an easy victim for the hungry animal, whose unsuccessful attempts to overtake me seemed only to stimulate it to greater effort.

"'Click! whiz!' one of my skates ran over a small twig, and I went sprawling. The cat was close behind me and went on over my prostrate form.

"I was on my feet again in an instant, but I had lost some valuable time. I began to feel weak. The veins stood out on my forehead and felt as though they would burst. I made another dodge successfully and started down stream again. The moon was directly in front of me and about half way in the heavens, and from it seemed to stream a silvery path that came down from the sky to the ice some distance in front of me and then to my feet. The perspiration oozed into my eyes, and this silvery ribbon of light was all I saw. I heard a confused sound behind me, and knew that the pursuing animal was gaining fast upon me, but I didn't care. 'What would it feel like when it was tearing my flesh?' flashed a thought through my heated brain.

"Then I heard a low murmur like running water. The silvery ribbon from the moon danced in wavelets before my eyes, and I gave a tremendous jump. I reached the other side in safety, but the cat was less fortunate. There was a splash and a plunge, and the water was dashed over the ice. I fell and my trousers were soaked. The cat went on down the stream, but under the ice. I soon comprehended the situation. An uprooted stump was in the center of the stream, and such speed was added to the current by its striking this obstacle that it did not become frozen. There was an open space of about five feet. I jumped without knowing why, and landed safely on the other side, but the animal went under. I thought it was a narrow escape. I got back to camp as soon as I could."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

President Dole's American Wife.

The wife of President Dole of Hawaii is a Maine woman. Mrs. Dole's maiden name was Anna Prentiss Cate. She is the daughter of the late Charles Adams Cate and Jane Russell (Adams) Cate and the granddaughter of Thomas Adams, all of Castine. Miss Cate's early girlhood was spent at her home, where she became a teacher in the Eastern State Normal school. Mr. Edward P. Adams, now of Massachusetts, an uncle of Mrs. Dole, went to Honolulu, where he spent many years. He left the islands in 1863. In 1870, while living at Honolulu, Mr. Adams received a visit from his niece, Miss Anna P. Cate. It was at her uncle's that Miss Cate met Sanford Ballard Dole, now the provisional president of Hawaii. When Miss Cate returned to her home, she was accompanied by Mr. Dole, and in 1873 they were married at Castine. Mr. and Mrs. Dole returned to Honolulu, where they have since resided.

Deadly Germs.

Some of the most deadly diseases from which humanity is a constant sufferer are caused by the entrance into the system and the subsequent growth there of certain micro-organisms or germs. These diseases have been aptly called "filth diseases," because the germs which cause them flourish most luxuriantly in all sorts of organic dirt or filth.

Such germs may occur in water drawn from a contaminated water supply or in ice taken from contaminated ponds or rivers. When filth has become dust, such germs become part of the dust floating in the air.—Youth's Companion.

CARLISLE'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.

Mr. Van Senden Is One of Many Successful Newspaper Men In Washington.

H. W. VAN SENDEN.

The newspaper man is very much in evidence at the national capital, where he divides his time between coaching statesmen and keeping the public posted on the progress of affairs. Everybody recognizes him as a person of omniscient wisdom and vast influence, and he himself modestly admits that the government would go to the bowwows if it were not for his careful guidance and watchful supervision. You see him everywhere, at public and private functions, in the halls of legislation and the private sanctuaries of the executive departments. He is always on deck, can always tell you the true inwardness of what is going on, and always knows a heap more than he will tell.

By no one is the newspaper man held in higher respect and esteem than by the statesman, and his tact and worldly wisdom are greatly in demand in the executive departments. As a private secretary he is a shining success and in this capacity is influential in molding the policy of each administration.

One of the most popular and successful of the newspaper men connected with the present regime in Washington is Mr. H. W. Van Senden, who stands between Secretary Carlisle and the army of place hunters who seek his office in the treasury department. A trying position is this of buffer between the secretary and the office seekers, but Van Senden behaves with such tact and discretion that four-fifths of the callers go away disappointed, but not disgruntled.

Although a native of Illinois, Mr. Van Senden has for the past four years published the Paducah Sentinel and is a good enough Kentuckian to stand very close to the distinguished Kentucky statesman. He started his journalistic career at Pratt, Kan., in 1886, where, in company with J. N. Bilday, his present partner, he started the Pratt County Register, a Democratic newspaper. They sold out and moved to Paducah in 1888. Before embarking in the newspaper business Van Senden taught school in Wichita and in his native state of Illinois. He is 32 years old, tall and broad shouldered, with a clean cut face and kindly blue eyes.

Warnings for Writers.

The Society of Authors in England has issued the following warnings, which are timely:

Never sign any agreement of which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part until you have proved the figures.

Never enter into any correspondence with publishers (especially with those who advertise for manuscripts) who are not recommended by experienced friends.

Never, on any account whatever, bind yourself down for future work to any one.

Never accept any proposal of royalty until you have ascertained exactly what the agreement gives to the author and what to the publisher.

Never accept without advice any pecuniary risk or responsibility whatever.

Never, when a manuscript has been refused by respectable houses, pay others, whatever promises they may put forward, for the production of the work.

Never, without advice, sign a receipt which gives away copyright.

Never forget that publishing is a business like any other business, totally unconnected with philanthropy, charity or pure love of literature. You have to do with business men.

Mr. Matsuo's Big Kite.

Jumatsu Matsuo, a native of Nagasaki, Japan, now residing on Rochelle avenue, Wissahickon, has built an enormous kite, shaped like an owl, which he intends flying from the hillside on Manayunk avenue. The kite is made of split bamboo frames, covered with rice paper, and requires a tail forty yards long to steady the aerial monster. He has two miles of string an eighth of an inch thick to hold the kite. After the kite has reached the height required he will send up on the string several mechanical objects to within a yard of the kite, which will again return to the ground. If the owl proves a success he intends on the Fourth of July to have one made like a ship, without tail or string, using gas balloons attached to each mast, and when at a certain height the ship will leave the balloons and float gracefully in space.—Philadelphia Record.

"Tesla's Glow" in England.

Tesla's experiments with high frequency currents before the Royal institution have laid such hold on the imagination of the English, who, as Tesla says in a recent letter to a friend in New York, "are the most enthusiastic people in the world in scientific matters," that crowds flock daily to the Crystal Palace to see the high pressure demonstrations given at the electrical exhibition. Many people find it hard to believe, without actually seeing it, that a tube carried in the hand, without any wire connection whatever, will fill a room with beautiful light and high pressure discharges with their dazzling and exquisite effects of color and light, and the illumination of wireless vacuum tubes promises to be indispensable at any afternoon party.—Exchange.

Evangelists in Jail.

The Rich brothers, who are known throughout Maine as the crazy evangelists of Piscataquis county, have been landed in Bangor jail. On May 29 they broke up a religious meeting at Sangerville because the exposition of the Gospel on that occasion was not according to their ideas, and a day or two later at a funeral, when the officiating clergyman remarked that the deceased was a good woman and was then in heaven, one of the brothers jumped up and declared that she had gone in an entirely different direction. That was the last straw, and the evangelists will suffer sixty days of martyrdom in a place where more attention is paid to the making of brooms than to theology.—New York Sun.

Floods Help Fishermen.

The recent high water at Marion, O., and vicinity has afforded the fish in the bigger streams a good opportunity to ascend the smaller, and they are found in abundance, and with little effort can be caught with hook or hand. Catfish of all sizes are found almost as numerous as the English sparrow and are caught with ease; also carp weighing five and six pounds are found in the Whetstone river in that county. Along the smaller streams and in ditches basketfuls of various kinds are reported to have been caught.

SEWING AND CARVING

TEACHING BOYS TO PATCH AND GIRLS TO WORK IN WOOD.

A Glance at the Methods Employed in Manual Training Classes—The Boys Prod Their Fingers with Needles and the Girls Draw Blood with Chisels.

Johnny sewing patchwork and Susan whittling kindling!

That is the vision of the future which the critic of manual training beholds with his prophetic eye. For confirmation he points you to the New York College for the Training of Teachers, where young Americans in trousers are pricking their fingers and learning bias from straight, and where the daughters of this new revolution are wading through gory seas to the goal of perfection in wood cutting and carving.

The boys begin their sewing lessons at an early age, one three years old being a member of the youngest class. Occasionally a spirit of rebellion crops out at the suggestion of sewing, as in the case of one little chap who professed a decided objection to an acquaintance with a needle and thimble on the score that he "didn't want to be a tailor." He is not alone in his opposition to the movement; therefore it may be as well to give the point of view of the teacher.

It is all explained under the magic phase, "manual training." It seems that there is not any particular desire to have the boys learn to sew. They do not care to manufacture tailors at the college any more than they want to make a seamstress of every girl who attends. But the children in the first classes are too young to take up such forms of manual training as wood cutting. They would simply slice themselves up like green cucumbers. Still, the little hands must be trained, and sewing is the only available method for young scholars who have completed the kindergarten course.

When there is any show of rebellion on the part of the boys who are to begin, there is one unfailing argument which is advanced. The teacher relates the skill of sailors and trained soldiers in the use of the needle, and, presto! Johnny seizes upon patchwork with an interest which will not be denied.

The other day a number of girls and boys, from six to nine years of age, were having their sewing lesson in one of the sunny rooms at the college. The girls, it must be admitted, were a little more graceful than the boys in their use of the needle, but their brothers were not to be outdone in practical results. They certainly did "screw" a good deal, from their tongues, which they rolled visibly within their cheeks, to their toes, which were painfully held on tiptoe, during the entire five minutes required by a novice to thread a needle.

"Ouch!" suddenly exclaimed a little fellow in the front seat, who, with his leg doubled under him, his fingers clutching a piece of muslin, his forehead knotted and his mouth puckered in harmony with his thread, was a picture of absorbed industry.

His "ouch" meant that he had pricked his fingers—which he promptly put in his mouth—and as the children were growing a little tired the teacher told them to put their work away and gave them a little talk on the materials and instruments used in sewing. Her talk that day was on cotton, some pods of which she had brought as an illustration, and the questions ranged over geography, climate, labor, machinery and a great number of related subjects.

It was a noticeable thing that when the order came to put away the work it was the boys who said:

"Oh, please let us sew some more!"

As they grow older and take up the other forms of manual training the boys want the sewing left out of their curriculum, so that there are few older than twelve who belong to the thread-and-needle classes. But their work is, on the average, quite as good as the girls while they continue it.

Over in the annex the drops of blood which the boys shed in their sewing are atoned for by the cut fingers which generally follow a girl's first introduction to real edged tools. The superintendent, however, said the other day that in cases where the girls enter at the same age that the boys do he can see no perceptible difference in their work. In the first course, which consists of whittling and cutting thin wood into figures, joining and polishing them, the girls do as well as the boys. In the advanced work of wood carving they are often much interested and do quite as well as the boys, provided they have had the same training. Otherwise they are not so strong and it takes some time to develop their muscles.

At the tables in the workroom stood a number of girls and boys wearing aprons of striped ticking, and cutting, sawing, drawing figures on wood, sandpapering and filing with energy and zeal enough to have convinced an observer of their interest in their work. The whirr of the machinery in the room below jarred the floor slightly, but the trained hand of a girl near the door was perfectly steady as she outlined a pattern of morning glories on a piece of hard maple. Then she picked out a gleaming chisel from the rack of tools in front of her and commenced to dig the wood out in little chips.

"My! but this is hard!" she said, as she paused to rest a moment.

Her neighbor glanced up sympathetically from her piece of work, her chisel slipped and——

"Ouch!" she exclaimed, as she stuck her finger in her mouth.

It was the echo of the little "seamster's" involuntary remark, and it really did seem as if boys who sew and say "ouch" and girls who whittle and say the same thing are pretty much of a piece.

At any rate, the teachers declare that boys and girls trained together do work which has always been considered individual to each separate class so equally well that you cannot tell a boy's stitches from a girl's or a feminine bit of whittling from that of a boy with generations of whittlers behind him.—New York World.

Long Nursing.

It is exceptional in these days for a woman to properly nourish a child exclusively from the breast for twelve months. It is therefore exceedingly improbable that a breast will be adequate for sixteen months, unless food is given in addition. Of course there may be a rare exception, but in our experience we have never seen a child, as we considered, properly nourished on the breast for so long. The chances of the child would, in our judgment, be better on good artificial food than on breast milk so old. Even if you change, good milk can be had almost everywhere with care, and with care it can be rendered safe for food. Trouble and anxiety do not count when the safety of a baby is in question. Further, if you really cannot get good milk there are good substitutes in the form of prepared foods, which may be used for longer or shorter periods, as necessary.

Good Dentistry by a Cow.

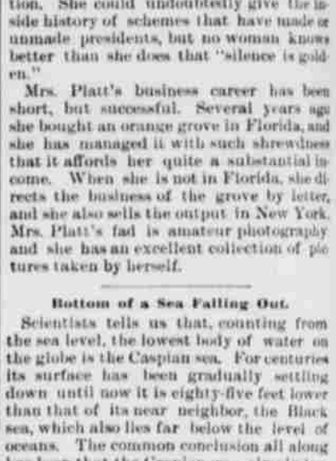
An Oak Hill (Litchfield) man had an aching tooth out in a novel manner the other day. He was removing a poke from a cow, when the animal threw up her head, striking the bow pin which he held in his hand against one of the lower front teeth, knocking it out. It happened to be the one that had been aching.—Winthrop (Conn.) Banner.

The mischievous rodents known as jack rabbits have caused great damage to the orchards in the state of Washington, and measures for the extermination of the pests are under consideration.

A GREAT POLITICIAN'S WIFE.

Mrs. Thomas C. Platt Shines as a Successful Business Woman.

Every one knows who Thomas C. Platt, the famous New York politician and ex-United States senator, is, but few people have ever heard anything about his wife. As a usual thing the helpmeets of great men come in for a fair share of newspaper attention, but Mrs. Platt seems to have remained in the background. She is well worthy of notice, however, and is a woman of rare ability and strength of character. She is tall and of commanding appearance, and her strong face is crowned with gray hair. She was Miss Ellen L. Barstow before she became Mrs. Platt and is the mother of three children—Edward, treasurer of the United States Express company in Washington; Frank, a rising young lawyer in New York, and Harry, superintendent of the money order department of the United States Express company, of which his father is president.



MRS. T. C. PLATT.

The Platts have lived at the Fifth Avenue hotel in New York for 12 years and have an elegant suit of rooms on the fourth floor. Mr. Platt is thus enabled to be within four floors of the great metropolitan meeting place for politicians and freely transact business with his numerous lieutenants without having an unpleasant amount of political business intrude into his home circle. It is said that he never enjoys himself more than when surrounded by the members of his family. Mrs. Platt is a musician of ability and shines particularly as an entertaining conversationist.

As Mrs. Platt has been very near the edge of the political maelstrom for nearly a quarter of a century, she is naturally very well posted on the subject, and if women are unable to keep a secret she is an exception. She could undoubtedly give the inside history of schemes that have made or unmade presidents, but no woman knows better than she does that "silence is golden."

Mrs. Platt's business career has been short, but successful. Several years ago she bought an orange grove in Florida, and she has managed it with such shrewdness that it affords her quite a substantial income. When she is not in Florida, she directs the business of the grove by letter, and she also sells the output in New York. Mrs. Platt's fad is amateur photography and she has an excellent collection of pictures taken by herself.

Bottom of a Sea Falling Out.

Scientists tells us that, counting from the sea level, the lowest body of water on the globe is the Caspian sea. For centuries its surface has been gradually settling down until now it is eighty-five feet lower than that of its near neighbor, the Black sea, which also lies far below the level of oceans. The common conclusion all along has been that the Caspian was simply losing its waters by evaporation, but recent investigation shows that this is not the case. Soundings made and compared with records of soundings made over 100 years ago reveal the astounding fact that there is even a greater depth of water now than then. This leaves but one hypothesis that would seem at all tenable: That the bottom of the sea is actually sinking. There is much speculation in scientific circles as to what will be the final outcome.—St. Louis Republic.

Rice Paper Not Made from Rice.

Rice paper is not made from rice nor from rice stalks, nor has it any connection whatever with rice. It is of Chinese manufacture, and is made from the pith of a certain tree resembling the elder. The pith is extracted from the tree in large cylindrical masses, and with sharp knives the Chinese pare off the cylinder till, instead of a cylindrical form, they have a large flat sheet. This is pressed and other sheets added until the required thickness is secured. The paper is then rudely sized and is ready to use. It was called rice paper under the supposition that when it was first introduced into Europe it was made from rice stalks, and the name has never been changed.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Wonders of the Human Heart.

The workings of the human heart have been computed by a celebrated physiologist, and he has demonstrated that it is equal to the lifting of 120 tons in twenty-four hours! Presuming that the blood is thrown out of the heart at each pulsation in the proportion of sixty-nine strokes per minute, and at the assumed force of nine feet, the mileage of the blood through the body might be taken at 297 yards per minute, seven miles per hour, 168 miles per day, 61,320 miles per year, or 5,150,880 miles in a lifetime of eighty-four years. In the same period of time the heart must beat 2,869,776,000 times.—Philadelphia Press.

The Introduction of Forks.

Forks are articles of such common household necessity to us that we hardly realize that there was a time, and not so long ago either, when forks were entirely unknown. A knife was used at the table to cut up food, but the food so cut was afterward conveyed by the fingers to the mouth. Rich and poor alike were accustomed to this method and so thought it perfectly correct.

It was about the year 1600, and in the reign of James I, when forks were first introduced into England. This "piece of refinement," we are told, was derived from the Italians.—New York World.

A Chinese Wardrobe.

A costly wardrobe is owned by one of the Chinese ministers, whose magnificent and varied toilettes have driven the society belles wild with envy. The Celestial dignitary never appears at public entertainments twice in the same costume, and his silk and satin garments are valued at £30,000.—London Letter.

As far as can be calculated, the average length of life, which is computed in the Seventeenth century to have been only thirteen years, was in the Eighteenth increased to twenty and in the Nineteenth to thirty-six. Men used to be considered old when they passed fifty.

The yearly consumption of cocoa in England has increased from 440,000 pounds in 1831 to 20,578,722 pounds in 1890, and from a quarter of an ounce per inhabitant in 1831 to more than half a pound per inhabitant in 1890.

Above the length of nineteen or twenty feet, snakes in the Phillipine Islands increase greatly in bulk for every foot in length, so that a snake nineteen feet long looks small beside one twenty-two feet long.