EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL, - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

HELEN GARDENER IS SMART.

That Is the Popular Writer's Real Name, and She Lives Up to It.

In a recent lecture before the Woman's Press club of New York Helen Gardener, the brilliant essayist and novelist, discussed "Woman as an Annex" and said concerning the woman question, of which we hear occasionally nowadays, that "in point of fact, there is no such question, unless woman is considered as not a part of the human race. If she is a human being, then when the question of right is once settled for man it is settled for her also. Right is not masculine only, and justice knows no sex." Nevertheless Mrs. Gardener thinks the lines of modern thought and civilization proceed entirely upon the assumption that man is the race, and that woman is merely the annex to him, and candid observation of the results, she declares, would be exceedingly amusing if it were not often tragic and always humiliating. Women are counted in the population. They are made use of to swell totals, round out numbers and serve as ballast. But man is always the race. Woman is only an annex.

HELEN H. GARDENER.

How vigorously Mrs. Gardener condemns this state of things may best be seen in her writings, which, however, are not mere pleas for suffrage and the emancipation of her sex, but broad, well considered treatises in favor of human rights without sex limitations. She first became known to the public in 1884 by a remarkable series of essays, of which the first, "Men, Women and Gods," has not yet ceased to be read. Since that date her pen has been kept busy furnishing contributions to such periodicals as the Popular Science Monthly and North American Review, and she has written several novels with didactic motives that have obtained wide circulation.

Mrs. Gardener is a Virginian by birth and was born in 1853. She has the soft voice and pretty ways of the refined southern woman, and her tongue is just tipped with the peculiar accent of her people. She spends about five months of the year in New York, where she does most of her writing, and devotes the other seven to travel and rest at her Virginia home, where she says she does her thinking and absorbs strength by dreaming the days away.

It is pretty well understood by this time that Mrs. Gardener's name, Helen H. Gardener, is merely a literary pseudonym, though even in private life no one ever thinks of calling her anything else. Neither is it true, as has been said, that it was her maiden name. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Gardener is the wife of Colonel Smart, a gentleman known in New York legal circles, and her maiden name was Chenowith. Gardener was the maiden name of Colonel Smart's mother, and his wife adopted it for literary purposes.

Why He Did Not Smoke.

"Was there ever fifteen minutes during the day when you were not smoking?" I asked of a devoted lover of the weed.

"Yes," he answered, "there was one occasion when I didn't smoke for six hours. That was the longest six hours I have ever known."

"How was that?" I asked. "You must have been stranded somewhere without any cigars, otherwise you never would have stopped. I know you too well."

"By no means," he answered. "My pocket was full of cigars, and I had my pipe and tobacco pouch to boot. It was when I was traveling in Germany," he said reminiscently, as he struck a match. "I once got on an excursion train going into Berlin and as was my custom went into a smoking car. The train was so crowded that several women came into the car to get seats. Two of them, one young and good looking, the other middle aged and buxom, sat opposite me. I was about to light a fresh cigar when it occurred to me that my smoking might possibly be offensive. I could not speak a word of German, but I felt it wise to get the permission of the old woman opposite. I took my cigar out of my mouth, raised my hat to the woman and began a series of pantomimic gestures that I thought could not fail to make her understand my meaning and would elicit an assenting nod in reply.

"She stared at me ferociously. Still holding that cigar and looking from one woman to the other I kept on motioning deprecatingly, half apologetically, but still persistently. The woman looked mad enough to eat me. Then she suddenly snatched the cigar out of my fingers and threw it out of the window with a look that implied she wanted none of my impertinence. Whether she thought I was trying to flirt with her protege or that I meant to insult her by offering her a cigar I never learned. But I immediately subsided, and until we got to Berlin I had to content myself with the memory of my last smoke," and an expression of amusement commingled with gentle regret stole over the face of the adorer of Lady Nicotine as he puffed away in silence.—New York Herald.

Through Niagara Rapids With a Skiff.

"The trip of the Maid of the Mist through the whirlpool at Niagara has gone down in history as the most wonderful feat ever accomplished there," said C. R. Caulkins of Lockport, N. Y., to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat reporter. "But I witnessed a sight at the same place that was even more thrilling. A friend of mine from Tonawanda went to Niagara one day and started in a skiff to cross the river about where the railroad bridge spans it. Having been raised within a short distance of the great cataract, he was entirely familiar with it and anticipated no danger, but in some way he lost control of the boat, which overturned, and my friend clung to its bottom. In this way he was taken into the whirlpool. Around and around the skiff turned with a rapidity which made it almost impossible to distinguish the form of the man, when suddenly it turned upon end and was thrown out of the whirlpool, shooting down the rapids at great speed, finally striking the bank about two miles below. When we reached the place, my friend was unconscious, lying with the lower portion of his body in the river, but his head and arms upon the bank. Greatly to our surprise, life was not extinct, and after several days' careful nursing he was well enough to return home."

A Three Years' Contract.

In sheer dogged patience nothing can surpass the Chinese race. A pious man, whose exploits were recently noticed in the Chinese papers, has become a candidate for the highest distinction of holiness by undertaking to sit on his mother's grave for three years. He has already sat there for some months in a rude hut provided by the charity of his friends. He is an object of devout curiosity to all the visitors to the cemetery, and it is confidently expected that when he has sat out his term the matter will be reported to the throne, and he will receive a suitable provision for life.—London News.

OUR IDEAL.

Have we not all, 'mid life's petty strife,
Some pure ideal of a noble life
That once seemed possible? And we must hear
The flutter of its wings, and feel it near,
And just within our reach? It was. And yet
We lost it in this daily jar and fret.
But still our place is kept and it will wait
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late.
No star is ever lost we once have seen;
We always may be what we might have been.

—Adelaide A. Proctor.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

Among the many thrilling adventures of the early Rocky mountain traders there is none more interesting than that of Colter's race for life with over 600 armed and bloodthirsty Blackfeet Indians, one of the most cruel of the western tribes. Colter had accompanied Lewis and Clark in their expedition to the upper waters of the Missouri, but forming a partnership with a man named Potts the two obtained permission from Lewis to stop for the purpose of trapping and hunting. Lewis at the same time recommended them to exercise the greatest prudence and cunning in regard to the Indians, whom he had learned to his cost to be as treacherous and as savage as panthers.

The plan pursued by the partners was to set their traps late in the evening, visit them at early dawn and, after removing them and the game, lie hidden all day. This course succeeded splendidly for some time, and the men grew a little careless in removing all trace of their presence. One morning while rowing up the river in their canoe they heard a heavy trampling as of many feet. Colter declared it to be Indians, and was for abandoning the canoe and taking to the woods, but Potts, who was the older man, laughed at him and pronounced the feet those of buffaloes. The question was soon settled by them sending themselves by a few strokes of the oars right into the midst of several hundred Indians that lined the shore.

Colter, seeing in a moment that escape was impossible, obeyed them when they called him to come ashore and rowed close to the bank. He and Potts were just stepping up, when an Indian snatched Potts' rifle. Colter, a powerful man, wrested the weapon away from the savage at once and returned it to Potts, who seemed to lose himself completely. He threw himself back into the canoe and pushed it out into the stream. Colter, who hoped to release them from their position by strategy, called to him to come back, but the panic stricken man kept out in the current, and presently cried to Colter, "Oh, I am wounded!" Colter turned just in time to see the Indian that had shot Potts lowering his bow from his aim, and while he looked he saw the Indian drop dead and heard the report of Potts' rifle.

A second after Potts' lifeless body fell back in the canoe, pierced by a hundred arrows. Colter was now in for it. The Indians stripped him of his clothes and held a consultation as to what was to be done with him. Colter, who knew their language slightly, gathered that some of his amiable captors proposed to whip him to death, some to skin him alive, while others wanted to burn him at the stake, but the chief, a burly old chap, with some originality decided the question by declaring that if he was not too swift a runner that he should have a chance for his life. If he could get away he might, but if he was recaptured they would burn him alive.

The chief approached the prisoner and asked if he was a good runner. Colter replied that he was a very poor one, while in reality he knew himself to be one of the swiftest foot racers on the border. His answer was hailed with delight by the Indians, who were promising themselves great diversion with the white man. The 600 Indians were stationed at one point and Colter given a start of 200 hundred yards, that the sport might not be too quickly ended. With a whoop from the Indians the race began.

Like an arrow from the bow the prisoner shot forward, and the duped Blackfeet saw that it would put them to all they knew to overtake their human prey, or even to approach him near enough to shoot him. They had one great advantage over the white man, however, and they counted largely on this to give them the victory. Their feet were protected by moccasins, while those of the trapper were naked and exposed to the sandburrs and cacti, with which the plain was thickly set. These pierced Colter's feet terribly, but he could not pause for such trifles. He had run three of the six miles that lay between him and the Jefferson fork of the Missouri, for which he had made before he dared to look back. When he did he saw that he had, with one exception, left all his pursuers far behind. One warrior alone still held out, and with his spear held aloft came on with the speed of a greyhound.

He was within a hundred yards of the white man when Colter, resolved to save himself if it lay in human power, put forth a tremendous effort and tore on with all his speed. The blood burst from his nose and a slight hemorrhage also filled his mouth, but he pushed on, frantic at the idea of being retaken after his superhuman efforts. He had nearly reached the river when he looked back once more, and to his dismay he saw that his pursuer was not thirty feet behind him and was just in the act of hurling his spear. With incredible celerity he whirled about, and before the savage could check his rapid course ran right into the Indian's arms.

Colter's unexpected action and his bloody appearance so startled the Blackfoot that he stumbled, and the lance, thrown ten feet, stuck in the ground and broke off. While the redskin tried to recover his equilibrium, Colter picked up the piece of spear that retained the head and drove it through the body of the Indian, pinning him to the ground a dead man. But fearing that the rest of the band would presently appear, the trapper stopped only long enough to secure the dead man's weapons and then ran on, reaching the river more dead himself than alive.

After a rest of a minute or two he plunged into the stream and swam a short distance to a drift of trash and limbs of trees and brush. This drift had lodged against the shore of a small sand bank and Colter dived beneath it, coming up with his head among the thickest leaved branches. In a few minutes the Indians reached the dead body of the warrior, whom Colter now knew to have been a chief by the wailing of the band over his corpse. When this expression of grief was over, Colter heard their yells for vengeance, and, knowing that if captured that a death by the most horrible torture awaited him, resolved to drown himself rather than fall into their hands. They ran to the banks of the stream and, suspecting his hiding place, swam out to it, and twenty times the trapper sank beneath the drift by grasping a sunken tree that was imbedded in the sand. But, though the Blackfeet spent over an hour searching for him and poking the drift with their spears, they finally concluded that he had gone farther down the river and departed to beat the banks.

Heard by the wretched trapper, they spent nearly the whole day searching for him, but returned toward evening to the spot where the dead chief lay, and Colter could tell by their retreating voices as they wailed that they were carrying home the body. As soon as he thought they must be out of sight, Colter crawled out, so chilled by the water that he could scarcely use his limbs, and so exhausted by the loss of blood and his terrible race that he thought himself dying. But courage revived after a time, and he started for Lisa's fort on the Yellowstone.

His situation was so desperate that he dared not let his mind dwell on it, for fear that he would lose his resolution and die of despair. The fort, the nearest place where he could hope to fall in with a white man, lay a full week's journey from him, and he was not only stark naked, but without a weapon with which he could kill game and so support life. His feet were in a fearful condition, cut by the sharp rocks and the thorns of the cacti over which he had run his race. Exposed to the heat of the sun by day and the dews of night, and tortured often by hunger and thirst, the trapper still pushed on, determined to live through it all.

He subsisted for days on the wild plant known as sheep sorel, and the few weeds and grasses peculiar to the wild stretch of country over which his way lay. One day he found the hole of a rabbit, in which was a litter of young. Having no way of cooking, and too famished to wait to do it if he had had, Colter seized the little creatures and hastily killing them with a sharp stone that served him for a knife, devoured their still palpitating bodies, tearing off their skins with his naked hands. On another occasion Colter attacked a wildcat with only his stone weapon and killed it, sucking the blood and eating it to the very entrails.

On the ninth day after he had escaped from the Blackfeet a party of two traders and a trapper named McLellan set out from Lisa's fort for the south, and when about six miles on their journey came across an object lying on the plain with several buzzards hovering over it. Taking it for the carcass of a calf or deer the travelers were about to pass it at a distance of twenty or thirty yards, when McLellan happened to see it make a gesture, as if to fight off a buzzard that had alighted near it. The movement excited the hunter's curiosity and he rode nearer the object.

"Good God!" he cried. "Boys, it is a man!" It was Colter, who, unable to take another step, had lain down to die. He was blistered from head to foot by the sun's fierce heat, and had had nothing to eat for over two days and no water for twenty-four hours. With all possible care he was taken back to the fort and there regained his health and strength. With his sufferings in mind Colter became an Indian scout, and is said to have killed with his own hand a hundred Blackfeet. He wore a belt to which dangled the scalps of that number of that tribe.—Philadelphia Times.

Bottles in the Sea.

The prince of Monaco had upward of 1,670 large bottles, incased in a thin copper covering, thrown into the sea at different points of the ocean between Europe and America, and of these 226 have been returned to him by the governments of the various countries to the shores of which they had drifted, and their progress has been noted with sufficient accuracy to lead to the conviction that the movement of the upper part of the water is circular, the center being to the west of the Azores. The tide of the Atlantic thus descends the coast of Africa, and, running in a westerly direction, flows on toward Bermuda, and then turns eastward.

The speed at which the bottles traveled is estimated at an average of four miles in twenty-four hours, though at some points they attained a rate of six miles. It was in the western half of the circle thus described that the rapidity was greatest. One bottle had drifted about for upward of five years.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Dressing on Fifty Dollars a Year.

Providence has a club of working girls which, like New York's Sorosis, has undertaken to settle by grave discussion all problems relating to the material welfare of the better half of creation. Its latest discussion related to the possibility of a woman dressing on $50 a year. Only one of the fair debaters ventured to declare that the feat could be accomplished. She knew, she said, because she had tried and succeeded. She expended her $50 as follows: Four hats, $10; gloves, $4.50; shoes, $5; winter coat, $10; making over dress, $5; new blue Henrietta, $11; underwear, laces, etc., $4.50; total, $50.

It would be rude to draw inferences from the fact that $10 was spent on hats and only $4.50 on "underwear, laces, etc." Men cannot understand women anyway, and besides the economies were probably practiced on "etc." The young woman explains that she dressed herself on $50 a year because she had to. Were her name made public the necessity would exist no longer than the time requisite for a multitude of industrious young bachelors to make suitable proposals.—New York World.

The Club of the Future.

The New Century club of Philadelphia may be called the most advanced and progressive of women's clubs, since it admits men to associate membership, permits them to attend meetings and classes, and gives them every privilege except that of voting. There is also a regular monthly evening entertainment, called a club tea, to which husbands, sons and brothers are freely admitted. The club of the future is not to be the woman's club or the man's, but the association of men and women on equal terms for mutual help and companionship.—New York Sun.

The executors of the late Mr. Bruce, of Kinross, have handed to his son a piece of the robe in which the body of King Robert the Bruce was found wrapped when the stone coffin was opened in 1818.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

MATE LEROY WRITES OF SPRING AND SUMMER FABRICS.

Those Materials Which Show a Decided Diagonal Weave Make the Most Stylish Street Gowns—A Great Revival of the Lace Dress In Prospect.

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I think there will be no more "new" fabrics shown now until the strictly summer goods are on exhibition, but there are numberless ways of making up those now on sale. The only new thing I saw during the whole past week was a line of debeige in colors. Heretofore there was only gray, and this formed by black and white threads, woven in the same manner as the gray silk warp henrietta. But debeige is all wool. Now it is seen in all this season's new colors, and it makes a prettier material for gowns than one could imagine from the old grays. The peculiarity of debeige is that the thickest woolen thread

SPRING WRAPS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

runs crosswise, and it has thereby a sort of shaded effect that blends into one misty whole. This goods looks better trimmed with velvet ribbons than anything else. Debeige is peculiarly adapted to the young, and it makes excellent everyday frocks. It is very strong. Barege, on the other hand, is as frail as it is pretty. Barege has been shown for two or three weeks, but has not yet been seen in public made up, as it is essentially a summer fabric.

The new serges, with wide wales, called often cheviot serge, will be very popular for useful street gowns, and when tailor finished they are really very handsome and stylish. The basket cloths show some new weaves which make them almost like honeycomb. These heavy looking though really light stuffs need very little trimming and are economical, though the price—$3 a yard—would at first glance appear extravagant. Five yards of this cloth make an ample costume that will last several seasons.

The broken plaid cheviot for young girls is an ideal fabric. The colors are always modest, and the plaid makes the gown appear dressy, while it is simplicity itself. A dress of this sort was made for a young girl still in her teens. The gown was cut bias, and the waist was quite plain, with a quilling of black velvet ribbon set in zigzag fashion around the shoulders. There was a surtout made of the same material, quite plain everywhere and severely finished with two rows of tailor stitching. There was a very wide revere collar, crossing diagonally, and jockeys to the sleeves, all with two rows of stitching.

A coat for another young lady had the skirt made very full and gathered on the waist under a ribbon belt that ended in the back with one loop and fish tail end. The sleeves were of corded silk. I should have said that the coat was of chandron cloth. There were double jockeys deep enough in the back to come almost to the waist line. The whole was trimmed with flat rows of black velvet ribbon. The front fastened with four large buttons. This coat I have seen duplicated in several different stuffs, even serge, and it looked well in them all and is very girlish and decidedly pretty.

These materials which show a decided diagonal weave make probably the most stylish street gowns. The silks with such a weave—and there are a few that have it—are very handsome and such as the best dressers like. I saw a gown of diagonal wool and one of silk both made alike, only that the wool had stitching and the silk a fine line of jet galloon around the bottom. There was not much to choose between them for elegance or beauty. The cheviot had a plain, fine gored skirt, with three rows of stitching. The waist was a simulated Eton jacket, with wide revers, partly faced with silk. The vest front was a crushed mass of black faille. There was a stitched belt of the dress material. The sleeves were crushed elbots. The silk waist was made in exactly the same style, but the revers were faced with moire, and the vest was of spangled black crape. The belt was covered with jet and there was a line

STYLISH STREET COSTUME.

of narrow jet galloon set about eight inches from the bottom all around the skirt. To go with the woolen gown was a black silk bag, and with the silk one made entirely with jet with a fringe of jet at the bottom.

Black always was and always will be the most refined and really elegant gown a woman can wear. Some of the new pin dot brocade black silks make beautiful gowns, but if a woman buys a black silk for a best dress she had better buy faille, armure, or peau de soie, or satin surah. These weaves never go entirely out of fashion. Satin has its epidemics and moire its sudden rages, but these named above are always seen. The colored silks never give the same solid satisfaction found in a good black silk, and silks are so cheap now that almost any one can buy. There is a fancy changeable taffeta now that is called panama, and this is pretty and will without doubt be popular as a summer silk with young folks.

The lighter silks, and, above all, the habutai and wash silks are being made up into the blouse waists and shirt waists so soon to take the places of the basques now worn. There is no color or pattern that is not used for these garments. One of the prettiest had a plain French waist, gathered to a belt, and around the neck were three accordion plaited ruffles, all falling from the neck. There was a shirred collar at the neck. The sleeves were plain bishop. There are various kinds of muslins plaid silk, others of stripes, others of pin head checks, and taffetas in all colors as well as changeable. Some of them have jabot self plaiting, and some have lace. The pongee and plain china silks are perhaps the prettiest and most tasteful of all. The checks and the wash silks are the best value for the money.

The present outlook shows that there will be a great revival of the lace dress pure and simple, both black and white. There was an imported dress shown me recently that was very beautiful. There was an underdress of black taffeta glace, and on this were set fine flounces of black bourdon lace with the top of net and the bourdon edge worked on it. The waist was covered with lace net, and had bretelles made of the flouncing. There are several kinds of silk net laces, some quite plain and others bordered with bourdon when black, and point de venise and oriental when white. There is a new color in laces called butter color, which is yellower and more on the golden shade than cream, and yet it cannot be exactly called yellow. It harmonizes well with all the spring colors.

The wide silk net is made as a gown over another gown of silk, and those with the edge made of some distinct kind of handsome lace are really beautiful. The net is generally Russian, fishnet pattern or mesh, and always of silk. This reminds me that worsted lace promises to have a run next fall for all kinds of trimming, if the importers are right. They are the natural outcome of the open lacework buntings. I was told that it would come from 2 to 20 inches wide and would be lavishly used on early fall mantles and other garments.

Black spanish lace is also in for a run and will doubtless have it, for this lace is so rich and gives such effects as no other lace can. There will be little of it hand run, as the lighter effect is preferred. White and cream spanish lace are also booked for a vogue. The butter color has not reached that inimitable lace as yet, but may. There is an imitation of spanish blond, which is in light tints, like pink, blue and maize, but it is too frail for ordinary use. Few nice dresses, however, are made without some kind of lace as a decorative finish. The flat insertion bands are as popular as before, and these are now to match the bourdon pattern on the fishnet tops.

One of the handsomest of the new gowns made in that way shown yet was one where the front was of cream white bour-

FOR FULL DRESS OCCASIONS.

don lace, with a fishnet heading. The bourdon was 12 inches deep on the bottom. Around the waist there was a frill 12 inches deep, and another was turned in and shirred around the neck. The waist of the dress was of the fishnet, over pale blue taffeta and the front breadth of the skirt. The train was of two toned satin duchess, with a golden brown predominating. In front the satin reached upward in a narrowing fold to the shoulders, where it was fastened under a bow and small rosette. The sleeves were of the satin and puffed. There was a draped belt, and around the bottom was a heading of blue velvet. The train was brought up under the lace ruffle in the back. The whole makes a striking and superb costume for dinner, grand reception or a ball gown for a young married lady. For evening jewels the present fancy is to have a regular dog collar necklace of pearls or other jewels, but pearls preferable. These are from 1 to 2 inches wide. Some ladies take ribbons of the desired width and stiffen them with crinoline and fasten all their small pins and pendants on them, with little or no attention to symmetry. Of course diamonds, whether in single strings or set necklaces, are always worn when a lady is fortunate enough to possess them, but the other way is considered very chic.

The overskirt is now a settled fact, and fully one third of the newest costumes have an overskirt. Some of them are left open on one side, but more are draped up on both sides, and they are generally of a color or material in sharp contrast with the dress. Indeed, with some of those costumes, it is difficult to say which is the dress and which the combination. I think that so far the peplum style of overskirt is best liked. At least we see more cut in that manner than any other.

Some of the pretty caps for young ladies for visiting are made of tan, beige or string colored cloth, with several rows of insertion or ribbon or ruffles. Some are of black satin with oyster white revers or other garniture. Elegant coats for young ladies, with fluted skirts which stand out stiffly, are made of spangled faille or birds-eye or pin dotted moire—black, of course. These have bell sleeves with a deep upturned cuff, and often a ruff of white lace falling over the hand to match that at the throat. That at the throat may be a jabot, or, in fact, any kind of an arrangement that one might fancy—even the incroyable bow. By the way, these bows are now often made of white mull or silk muslin or crepe de chine in light colors.

Lace jabots and square falls are to be in vogue again. Around the neck there is a band of ribbon or draped silk, and from these falls a deep cascade of point de gene lace, the coarser and more open the mesh the better. In silks, satins and ribbons there is little pure white seen. It is all cream or oyster, and over these shades all kinds of lace shows up well.

MATE LEROY.

New Lawn Game.

The new lawn game, alertos, has made its appearance here. Six persons are required to play the full game, which is quite complicated and demands considerable skill and activity. The players are divided into three parties or sides of two each. While the reds are having their innings the whites and the blues jointly oppose them, and so on in due rotation. The object of the play on the part of the "ins" is to toss a set of small balls into one of three large net pockets, long between two uprights, one partner tossing the balls. The other, stationed behind the pockets, wards off with a "catch pocket" the "stop balls" thrown by two of the opponents for the purpose of preventing the small balls from passing through the pockets and thus scoring. At the same time the two other opponents, armed with "catch pockets," and standing at the right and left of the large pockets, aim to capture the small balls which may deviate from a middle course. The small balls or "toss balls" are thrown from a distance of twenty-five feet, and the "stop balls" are thrown from the right and left of the position occupied by the tosser.—Woodmont (Conn.) Letter.

HER FELLOW PASSENGERS STARED.

But the Huge Bug Crawling on Her Shoulder Was a Pet One, Securely Tied.

A fair haired girl of eighteen, with large blue eyes and a singularly attractive face, furnished a heap of entertainment for the passengers who were riding down town in a crowded car on the Sixth avenue elevated train Thursday morning. The girl boarded the train at the Twenty-eighth street station at 9 o'clock. She wore a gown of some plaid stuff in neat pattern. The waist was cut low at the neck and held up at the shoulders by small silk straps. It was filled in about the throat with puffs of snowy tulle that fitted tight around the neck. A neat leather satchel slung over her left shoulder with a strap completed her signally attire. She had scarcely stepped into the car when a gentleman caught sight of her pretty face, and rose instantly and with a low bow surrendered his seat on one of the cross benches.

Five minutes later everybody in the car was watching the girl with absorbed interest. It wasn't on account of her winsome face either. A large Brazilian bug, with a brilliant shell, that crawled slowly along the surface of the tulle puffing at her throat, had caught their eyes. Passengers near by quickly detected that the bug was fastened to the waist of her gown by a tiny gold chain. The bug climbed several times over the top of the puffing upon the girl's white neck. The tickling caused by its feet apprised her of the fact, and each time she tenderly lifted the insect up and replaced it upon the tulle. She saw the passengers staring at her in astonishment, but paid no attention to their scrutiny.

When the train reached Eighth street an elderly woman got on and sat down in a seat directly opposite the handsome girl. She caught sight of the Brazilian bug a minute or two later. It startled her so that she started up from her seat. Then she stared around at the other passengers for a minute with a dazed look. Finally, unable longer to control her agitation, she got up, crossed the car and put her lips to the ear of the self possessed girl.

"Excuse, me, miss," she exclaimed in an agitated whisper, "but you have a queer fly crawling on your dress."

Many of the passengers roared outright at the announcement, and the old lady blushed and sank back into her seat in confusion. The handsome girl smiled sweetly and looked at the old lady with quiet nonchalance.

"Don't get nervous, madam," she said. "I know the bug is there. It can't get away;" and she caught it up and let the tiny gold chain and manacles dangle an instant to show that the insect was a prisoner.

A well dressed man who had been gazing at the girl for a long time turned to a reporter who sat beside him and said:

"That's a common enough fad in India, where young women have a fancy for fastening pet Brazilian bugs to their dresses, but it is the first time I ever saw the odd fashion copied in this city, at least in public. It's a mere whim, and it might become a craze. You can't tell about such things, you know."

The pretty girl got off at the Battery place station, and tripping lightly down stairs to the street strolled through Battery park. Pedestrians stopped and turned about and stared after her, but no one spoke to her and she spoke to no one. Her bearing was ladylike, but she often smiled slightly at the surprise of those who passed her.—New York Sun.

The Young Ideas.

The following are some answers from the examination papers of a class of schoolgirls between the ages of twelve and sixteen years:

Lawn is a soft stuff made from the wool of the lawn, an animal in South America. It is also part of the flesh of the cow or sheep, the rib part. Shoddy is a drink made from a mixture of ale and sugar. It is the leather before it goes through the process of making into boots and shoes, and for this reason is called shoddy. It is the flesh near the foot of any animal. It is a kind of whisky. Wincey is the wool off an animal which lives in America; the lamen is its name. Calico is a good heat conductor, because it catches fire very easily. If a print dress is dried outside it must be careful not to be left in the sun.

Calendered means turned from one kind of species into another. It is things which are the shape of a calender, like our bodies. It means preserved with sugar. It means taking the dirt out of water. It means increased or getting heavier. It is a medicine or drug. It is boiling anything by means of steam. It means chewing the food well to make it fit to enter the body. It means the sum of a whole for a certain period of time.—London Journal of Education.

The Sport of Fortune.

Inventors are proverbially the sport of fortune. A poor fellow of this class named Jobson was once a boarder in a house on Washington place, New York. He had invented a lot of clever things which were of no use to anybody, and he was very hard up. The landlady was a kindly soul and she did not press him for a long time, but at last his debt was so large and his hope of paying it so small that he vanished from the house. Two months later, in the middle of winter, the man reappeared and begged shelter for the night. In his old room he committed suicide. At that very moment an advertisement appeared in a paper calling on Jobson by name to go west and claim his share of a relative's great fortune.—Exchange.

A New Trick.

Old Fogy Proprietor—Why did you treat that shabbily dressed woman so coolly?

Sharp Clerk—You noticed I sold to her, didn't you?

"Yes."

"And the article didn't really suit her?"

"I noticed that."

"She bought it because she thought I thought she couldn't afford it."—New York Weekly.

The Girl in White.

There has been such a rage for white this year that a girl at Newport, who is nothing if not sensational, has carried matters to a rather giddy extreme. She has worn white duck frocks, white canvas shoes, a white sailor hat and a much bedaubed white crepe parasol. Not content with these, she has driven a white pony, harnessed in white patent leather, to a white dogcart, upholstered in white, where, to cap the climax, she has had a fluffy white poodle sitting beside her, with a great big bow of white satin ribbon tied about its neck.

BUY A GOOD BRUSH.

Points About the Selection of an Implement of the Painting Trade.

When a painter buys a poor brush, he is very much like the man who takes in counterfeit money for the genuine article—either a poor judge or too careless of his own interest, or too confiding in his fellowman to look at it closely. Now, my boy, here are two propositions which I wish to impress upon your mind. First, that it is of the utmost importance to you that you buy and use the best brushes in the market, second, that nine-tenths of the brushes kept in the retail stores are not worth taking as a free gift, because no matter how well skilled you may be a poor, ill shaped brush will retard your progress and in a measure spoil your work.

I have no doubt but brushes are often ruined by careless and improper usage, but judging from long experience and observation I am led to believe that more of them are spoiled in the making than by improper handling. There are two very important points to bear in mind when selecting a brush: First, is it well made? and second, is it good material?

Here is a fine looking brush with long, heavy bristles. Buy it for you? No, not lad; in this case beauty is only skin deep, and the name of the maker or recommendation of the salesman is not safe to go by. Trust only to your own judgment or to the judgment of some one qualified to buy for you. Open this brush and look at the filling. What is it? Echo answers "What?" It certainly is not good, honest wearing bristles. If you soak this filling in water it will no more stand alone than a wet rag.

The question whether it is hair, wool filler, Florida grass or what not cuts no figure, because it water soaks and works more like a mop than like a good bristle brush. It has a good fringe of good bristles on the outside, but they fail to do their own part of the work and at the same time furnish the spring for the worthless filling, and the result is it splits and wears to a saw tooth edge. I am speaking now of the whitewash and calcimine brushes. There is not enough good stock in such a brush ten inches wide to make a good 3-inch wall brush, and yet they are sold at prices which ought to buy a fairly good brush.

If there is any one poor brush which I despise more than another, it is a shedder, which, like a sick cat, keeps on shedding the year round. It is surprising to see how many hairs such a brush can shed and seem to grow no smaller. If you find a brush has many loose bristles in it just make up your mind that there are more to follow and don't buy it. Don't delude yourself with the idea that you can soak it up and make it hold. Such a brush will go back on you sooner or later. One of the most desirable things about a brush is a good point.

To hold a good point a brush must have good filling. Take, for instance, a flat chiseled brush; its chief value is a good edge or point; but as they are usually made with all the good bristles on the outside and the poor ones in the center, the poor stuff forms the point except a little on the corners. The soft stuff in the center will wear down faster than the good stock on the outside, and the brush will soon become a stub, unfit for cutting in colors or for anything else.

A brush of any kind should have a good cutting edge, and to do good, durable service should have good stock in the center, because whether ground down or chiseled by wear the center makes the point. When the point is gone the brush is a stub, and that will soon happen when a brush is filled, like this, with short, uneven, inferior bristles. Every painter should be a good judge of a brush, and exercise his judgment and take no man's word for it.

It is well to remember, my boy, that it costs you more in time to wear out a poor brush than it does to burn it up and buy a good one. If brushmakers must use short, uneven stuff in their brushes I prefer to have it on the outside, and the good bristles in a body across the center, to give me an even and good wearing point. We are using too many poorly filled and badly made brushes, which are dear to us at any price. Let us kick.—Painting and Decorating.

Japan Judas Tree.

Every one knows the Judas tree. A species grows in the south of Europe and popular tradition has called it the Judas tree, from a tradition that it was the tree on which Judas hung himself after having betrayed the Saviour. It is said the flowers were white before, but, as if the tree itself was shocked at the enormity of the offence of Judas, its flowers forever afterward became red as blood. The European species is called Cercis siliquastrum. In America there is also a species of Judas tree, which is Cercis canadensis. It makes a considerable sized tree, although usually seen more as a bush or shrub. It very much resembles the Judas tree of Europe, but the flowers are paler, and there are of course some other botanical differences.

From Japan we have now another species, or rather it has been in cultivation for the past twenty years, more or less, but is yet not as well known as it deserves to be. It is much dwarfer than the forms of Europe and America, and has much larger, thicker and more shining foliage. The two species above seem to be a mass of flowers in early spring, and on this account one has been called in America "red bud tree," but the beauty of these can in no way compare with that of this Japan species.—Meehan's Monthly.

Two Badly Puzzled Ladies.

Vernet, the French painter, was once traveling from Versailles to Paris in the same compartment with two ladies whom he had never seen before, but who were evidently acquainted with him. They examined him very minutely and commented upon him quite freely. The painter was annoyed and determined to put an end to the persecution. As the train passed through the tunnel of St. Cloud the three travelers were wrapped in complete darkness.

Vernet raised the back of his hand to his mouth and kissed it twice violently. On emerging from the obscurity he found that the ladies had withdrawn their attention from him, and were glaring contemptuously at each other. Presently they arrived at Paris, and Vernet on leaving them said, "Ladies, I shall be puzzled all my life by the inquiry, which of these two ladies was it that kissed me?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Inventions in Belgium.

Belgium has furnished many unique inventions, and in that country it seems necessary only to possess an idea in order to get it patented, no matter whether it be practical or useless. The year 1875 was particularly prolific in the latter kind.

During that year a Belgian patented an automatic elevator for elevating the host during the Roman Catholic service. The elevator is under the complete control of a priest or acolyte.—New York News.

He Wasn't Near It.

Policeman's Boy (breathlessly)—Mother, there's been a big row down town and several officers are hurt.

Policeman's Wife (excitedly)—Where was it?

P. B.—On father's beat.

P. W. (with a sigh of relief)—Oh, I'm so glad! Of course your father wasn't there when it happened?

P. B.—No'm.—Exchange.

A Personal Reflection.

"I see villain in your face," said a judge to a prisoner.

"May it please your honor," said the latter, "that is a personal reflection."