EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

CURIOUS CHINESE CUSTOMS.

A Bride's Salutation to Her Husband Elect and His Response.

A Chinese paper describes some amusing marriage customs. In a small mountain village between Kaga and Etchu the bride comes to the bridegroom's gate and bawls out to him, "Hello, brother! I've come."

To which the other replies, "Glad you've come."

The bride then appeals to him, "You'll never forsake me?"

And the bridegroom answers her, "We'll earn our living together."

With these assurances the bride comes into the house, followed by a long procession of well wishers, old and young.

Cheap, muddy sake is distributed to them, and they commence dancing and are not content until the floor gives way, when they clap their hands, crying, "How auspicious!" and take their leave.

At Kunita, in Echizen, the betrothal takes place when the parties are 8 or 9. The boy's parents and a deputation, numbering from five to fifteen, proceed to the girl's family, who, anticipating their coming, spread mats before the houses and await them. After the usual salutation the deputation present as a betrothal present pieces of hand woven cloth for cushions and at the same time praises the girl's family, who return the compliment with interest. Here the ceremony ends, and the deputation take their departure.

When the boy is 15 or thereabouts, he goes to stay with his betrothed's family and works like a menial at the house for a year, after which he is sent home in fine apparel. Soon after the girl comes to her lover's house, accompanied with rustic music and songs. The noise and bustle are as great as on the festival day of the tutelary god.

When the girl comes to the house, cushions made of the cloth given by her parents are piled one upon another for her to sit upon. On these cushions the thrice repeated exchange of the triple wine cups, the most important ceremony at a wedding, takes place.

Stringing Pictures.

The one thing that is unforgivable in picture hanging is to string them along the walls in a line. Their loneliness is pitiable. Next to that crime is the one of arranging exactly symmetrical groups, suggestive of nothing so much as a lesson in geometry. Group pictures, group them gracefully, but don't, when one has succeeded in making a graceful bunch on one side of the fireplace, reproduce it exactly on the other side.

According to one who speaks with the emphasis of authority, delicately framed water colors are the only proper things for the drawing room, magnificent oils for the library and hall, and etchings and engravings for the dining room. Meantime those who do as they please will continue to hang their etchings, water colors and oils exactly where they will gain most pleasure from them, taking care only not to place side by side ridiculously inharmonious things.

The smaller the picture, or the more full of detail, the nearer the level of the eye it should hang. Sometimes two parallel wires are brought straight up to separate hooks on the picture molding, but generally the old fashioned angle of wire is made. Gold and silver wires are generally used, but it is said that small steel and iron chains are to be used this winter for hanging dark framed engravings and etchings. Some of the daintier pictures, instead of being hung from the moldings, have wires stretched tightly across the back and are caught invisibly on small screws.—New York Journal.

A Servant's Instructions.

The following rules of conduct for servants are said to be found in a Liverpool household:

Servants who have the good fortune to reside in my house must co-operate with the following rules:

They must be up punctually at 6.

Have all meals punctually to time.

Must be clean and tidy in their persons, and at their work must not be spoken to.

Must not speak at the doors to any of the tradespeople.

Must not sing.

Must not wear heavy boots.

Must close doors quietly.

Must stand meekly while being reproved.

Must not answer back.

Must be obliging and cheerful.

Must be willing to stay in any Sunday or day out when required, and when asked to do anything to do it quickly and well and show no impatience or ill temper, as Mr. —— hates that.

Must put up with fault finding and complaining whenever Mr. —— wishes to fault find or complain.

Mr. —— likes to be called at 7. Takes tea at 20 past 7, towel at 20 to 8 and breakfast at 8 prompt, and will not wait a minute, and no nonsense.

By order, Mr. ——.

—London Million.

Fact and Fiction.

Burglars recently broke into a jewelry store in New York and stole among other things a gold snuffbox that once belonged to Queen Isabella of Spain. The newspapers seriously announced that the snuffbox was given to Queen Isabella by King Ferdinand in 1462. The longer we live the more we unlearn. We imagined that tobacco had something to do with snuff, and, as schoolboys were taught, that tobacco was not known in Europe till many years after Ferdinand presented this snuffbox to his queen.—Jewelers' Circular.

A Pleasant Position.

Gazzam—What made you lend Bilker a dollar? You'll never get it back.

Hardupps—No, but it puts me in a position I've been trying for years to occupy.

"What's that?"

"I'm somebody's creditor now!"—Boston Traveller.

The New York Observer suggests that clergymen really ought not to write so illegibly as to provoke the compositors to commit the sin of profanity.

The **rabsaris**, mentioned in the second book of Kings, was an Assyrian military title, equivalent to brigadier general.

MONKEYING WITH NATURE.

Results Are Liable to Be Disastrous, Although Sometimes It Pays.

An agent from the city was trying to sell the grocer a new self winding clock. There was a small storage battery connected with it, and it was intended that the battery should be kept in operation by means of a small windmill placed on the roof of the house. The agent had about persuaded the grocer to buy, when the man with the ginger beard, who had been watching the transaction with the deep interest that comes so natural to a man with plenty of spare time on his hands, chipped in.

"Sometimes it pays to monkey with nature and let her have the job of doin all your work while you air loafin around the county courthouse 10 miles away, and sometimes it don't," said he. "I knowed a feller out in Kansas 'at had one of them windmill contraptions that was the ruin of him."

"There never was one of these clocks sold in Kansas at all," said the agent, with some wrath.

"This here wasn't a clock," said the man with the ginger beard, "and I defy any man in the crowd to prove I said anything about clocks. I jist said a windmill contraption. This here was a pump. You see, this here fellow was a sort of market gardener, and as it is dry in Kansas, as far as the weather is concerned, he 'lowed to rig up a pump arrangement that would water his garden. So he fixed up a wind pump, but that wasn't enough. He next went to work and makes a kind of swivel arrangement that would keep the hose movin back and forth and up and around till the whole patch was sprinkled. Did all the work itself, you see. That left him free to go down to the grocery and talk all he wanted to—or all he dast to at least. Well, he goes away one mornin happy as a clam and comes back at night to find his garden all ruin. Now, what d'you suppose had did it?"

"Hogs got in?" ventured the clock agent.

"Hawgs? You make me sick! Hawgs nothin! One of them playful breezes that Kansas sometimes gits up had come along and had worked that there windmill pump so dern fast that the water was made bilin hot by the friction, and his whole patch of truck had been scalded to death."

"That was pretty tough," said the agent.

"Oh, I don't know," answered the man with the ginger beard. "As soon as he got broke he went into politics, and now he is gett'n a good livin at the expense of the state. Ef it hadn't 'a' been for that accident he might be still havin to work for a livin."—Indianapolis Journal.

Plaster Casts.

My advice to those who contemplate having a plaster cast taken of their heads and faces is don't. Two friends of mine, amateur sculptors, persuaded me to let them take a cast of my face, so as to reproduce and immortalize my features. I had no idea what the process was, and though I objected to it on general grounds did not imagine that any torture was connected with it.

Judge of my horror, then, when I found that my nostrils had to be stuffed with cotton wool and that a nasty, sticky substance was pressed tightly all over my face so as to secure an impression of my features. Nothing so utterly uncomfortable could be imagined, and the desire to scratch portions of the face specially irritating was almost irresistible. But the greatest agony was to come. The young men had forgotten in their hurry some precautions which it is usual to take in order to make it easy to break the cast in the center and take it off in two pieces.

Hence it failed to respond to their efforts to make it split, and I had to wait until they could break it off in sections. The hent in the interval was oppressive in the extreme, and as they pulled off large pieces of flesh and enough hair to make a small wig my sufferings can easily be imagined. If I ever obtain fame, which I do not anticipate, my features will have to be immortalized in some way other than by means of a bust."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Tailor's Friend.

A New York tailor struck up an acquaintance with a local politician, and they became constant companions. The politician may be called Jones, and his nickname is Bud, which stands for Benjamin. As Bud the tailor met him, and as Bud he has always known him. One evening the tailor and his friend were in an up town cafe, chatting and drinking, while another man kept a sharp eye on them. Finally the two friends parted, and then the third man hastily approached the tailor. "Well," he said, "did you get anything out of him?" The tailor did not see the point. "Did you not say anything to him about making a payment?" said the other. "What are you talking about?" answered the tailor. "That's my friend, Bud Jones." "That may be, but he's Benjamin Jones, who owes you $240. I've been trying to find him for three weeks to collect it." "The dickens!" said the tailor, "I didn't know that. Guess you'd better not try to collect that bill just yet."—New York Tribune.

Malice and Superstition.

In the middle ages malice and superstition found expression in the formation of wax images of hated persons, into the bodies of which long pins were stuck. It was confidently believed that in that way deadly injury would be done to the person represented. This belief and practice continued down to the seventeenth century. The superstition indeed still holds its place in the highlands of Scotland, "where," says a well informed writer, "within the last few years a clay model of an enemy was found in a stream, having been placed there in the belief that as the clay washed away so would the health of the hated one decline."—New York Journal.

Fascination in Gems.

Speaking of diamonds, a retail jeweler told me that these precious stones seem to charm some women. He said there are as many as 20 women who come daily to his show window and stand there for 10 or 20 minutes feasting their eyes upon the gems he displays. They seem to go into a state of oblivion, caring nothing for what happens about them. When they have looked long enough, they rouse themselves and hurry off as though they had awakened from a dream. Others wear a craving look, which would certainly cause the gems to come to them, if the mind has that wonderful influence over matter that some people claim for it.—Chicago Tribune.

A FUNERAL IN CHINA.

IT IS SAID TO BE THE MOST GORGEOUS SIGHT IN ASIA.

A Well Conducted and Hugely Splendid Affair—The First Ambition of Every Chinaman Is to Have a Fine Coffin—China a Land of Ceremonials.

The most important event in a Chinaman's life is his funeral. A Chinese crowd is the culmination of human noise, and the Chinese are never so noisy as at a funeral. They have hearty appetites at all times, but they never eat so much as they do at a funeral feast. When I first lived in China, I used to find it almost impossible to distinguish between a funeral procession and a marriage procession. In the center of one the coffined corpse is borne on the shoulders of men. In the center of the other similar men bear upon their shoulders the bride, who is in an inclosed sedan chair, and she is followed by her bridesmaids. But to the casual observer the two ends of the two processions are quite alike in every other respect. Tomtoms, red clothed coolies carrying roasted pigs and other dainties, smaller coolies carrying cheap paper ornaments of a Mongolian theatrical type—these are the invariable elements of both processions.

The Chinese are today the most unique, the most ancient and the most misunderstood people on the earth. I say the most ancient because they are the least changed from what they were long centuries ago. The least changed! They are not changed at all. The China of today is the China Marco Polo knew. A few of us have been in China. I am not speaking of the missionaries. I regard them as a people apart. What have we gained in China? A strange experience—to me a pleasant one—a pound of perfumed tea, and a bale of flowered crape, for all of which we have paid right handsomely. We have been treated in the main politely, but sooner or later most of us are bowed out of China, if not by the emperor, why, then by the climate.

The Chinese have at least three religions—Confucianism, Buddhism and Taoism. But the funeral rites of the three sects are identical. There are several reasons for this. The three religions are much alike and are all largely founded upon Indian Buddhism. Moreover, religion is a very second class affair in China. The priests of two sects often live together in the chummiest way. Filial devotion is the real religion of China. All China is one huge family, and the emperor is the great father. By the way, Great Father is what the North American Indians call God. And the Chinese consider their emperor a god. There is one more reason why all Chinese funerals are greatly alike. China is a land of ceremonials, and the smallest details of those ceremonials are prescribed by the "Leke," or book of rites.

To disobey the least rule of this great national manual is a crime and a severely punished one. In two respects only does one Chinese funeral differ from another. The first is in the amount of money spent, and the second is in the period after death at which burial takes place.

The first ambition of every Chinaman is to have a splendid coffin. A poor Chinaman will half starve himself and his family for years that he may daily hoard a little cash toward the sum needed for the purchase of the coveted casket. When the coffin is really bought, it is brought home with great ceremony. It is given the place of honor in the house and is regarded as the most valuable piece of furniture in the establishment. Among the poorer classes it is customary to buy a very thick coffin. No self respecting Chinese family—and the Chinese are the most self respecting of all the nations—will bury a parent until they can do it with more or less Mongolian magnificence. Hence in China death by no means implies immediate burial. When a Chinaman dies, his neighbors come in and help the women of the family to make the shroud. The body is put in its coffin. Then the funeral ceremonies begin, if there is money enough. If there is not, the coffin is put back in its place of honor until the family finances look up.

The day of the death, or the day after, the relatives not living in the house and the friends come to pay the last duties of respect to the deceased. When the visitors arrive, they are shown into a room in which are all the women and children of the establishment. These latter set up a dismal howl, in which the visitors join, or to which they listen sympathetically. When the tympanum of even a Chinese ear begins to ache, the guests are ushered into another apartment, where the men of the house give them tea and refreshment. The refreshment varies according to the means of the family. In the house of the rich it is a dinner. After the visitors have drunk and eaten, they are bowed out by one of the kinsmen of the dead.

A well conducted Chinese funeral is the most gorgeous sight in Asia. It may seem to us a little tinselly, but that is a mere matter of taste. And I, who make bold to like the Chinese, cannot claim that they have a superabundance of taste. At the front of the funeral procession walk the noisy musicless musicians. Then come men—they may be friends, they may be coolies—bearing the insignia of the dignity of the dead, if he had any. Next walk more men carrying figures of animals, idols, umbrellas and blue and white streamers. After them come men carrying puns of perfume. Just before the coffin walk bonzes—Chinese priests. Over the coffin a canopy is usually carried. The casket is borne by about a score of men. Immediately behind the coffin walk the children of the deceased. The eldest son comes first. He is dressed in canvas and leans heavily upon a stout stick. He is supposed to be too exhausted by grief and fasting to walk without the aid of this staff. The other children and relatives follow this chief mourner. They are clothed in white linen garments. White is the mourning color of the Danes, of the Burmese and of the Chinese. The women are carried in chairs in the Chinese funeral procession. They sob and wail at intervals and in unison.

When the burying place is reached, the bonzes begin chanting a mass for the dead, and the coffin is put into the tomb. When the coffin is laid in its final position, a large oblong white marble table is placed before the tomb. On the middle of it is set a censer and two vases and two candlesticks, all of as exquisite workmanship as possible. Then they have a paper cremation! Paper figures of men, horses, garments and a score of other things are burned. They are supposed to undergo a material resurrection and to be useful to the dead in the Chinese heaven. The tomb is sealed up or closed, and an entertainment concludes the ceremony at the grave. The forms of Chinese tombs vary somewhat according to the province in which they are built, and very much according to the means of the relative who undertakes the expense.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Change of Opinion.

Singing Master—Why, you have no voice at all!

Singer—Well, but I always pay for my lessons double the amount usually paid by others.

Singing Master—Say that again. Your voice sounded much better, I thought.—Scenia.

It Was All Right.

Wife—This suit of yours looks a little shabby, my dear.

Husband—Yes; I haven't paid the tailor for it yet.

Wife—Don't let that worry you. I ordered another suit from him myself this morning.—Clothier and Furnisher.

NOT DANGEROUS.

A Man From Bad Ax Who Was Easily Quelled.

When a Woodward avenue patrolman arrived at the foot of the avenue at 9 o'clock one night last week, he found in waiting a tall, cadaverous looking chap, with his hat drawn down over his eyes and a sort of tiptoe expectancy in his general demeanor. He at once stealthily approached the officer and hoarsely whispered:

"Do you want to live an hour longer on the face of this earth?"

"Yes, sir—two or three of them," replied the officer as he backed away to size his man up.

"Then for heaven's sake look out for him."

"Who do you mean?"

"He's here and hin here all day. Wonder is that he ain't broke loose and killed two or three men before this."

"Then there's some one around who's going to break loose?" quietly asked the officer.

"Hush! Not so loud. He may jump on you any minute."

"Who is the 'he' you refer to?"

"Bad man—bad man from Bad Ax. Bin here all day lookin fur a row. Jest chawin his teeth and foamin at the mouth. He won't be able to hold himself much longer, I'm afraid."

"And if he breaks loose?"

"Then look out fur gore. I've seen him loose two or three times, and I know what he kin do. He ain't got no more mercy in his heart than a tiger."

"Perfectly reckless as to consequences is he?"

"Perfectly. He'd tackle a man as big as a house, and the man he tackles is a goner in three minits. Jest slams and bangs and chaws, and the man is dead. I've bin waitin here to gin you a pinter. If you hain't got wings, you'd better borrer a pair and fly."

"This bad man from Bad Ax—is he about your size?" asked the officer without betraying any particular emotion.

"Jest about my size and heft."

"And has the same dangerous appearance?"

"Jest about the same, or a little more dangerouser."

"Well," said the officer as he spat on his hands and reached out for a neck and hip hold, "I've been wanting to meet that man from Bad Ax for the last two months, and now that I've met him I shall proceed to"——

And he lifted the man on high, and whirled him around his head, and cracked his heels against the wharf railing, and finally let him drop with a "kerchug" on the planks and asked:

"Well, has the bad man from Bad Ax got enough?"

"Plenty, sir—plenty," replied the man as he got up.

"Got all through chawin and chankin?"

"All through, sir."

"Then I guess you'd better make tracks."

"Exactly. Here they are."

And he flew up the avenue and whipped around into Woodbridge street with what seemed a cloud of dust whirling around his coattails and rising up to mingle with long black hair.—Detroit Free Press.

SHE HAS A TALISMAN.

A 13-year-old Girl Who Is Possessed of a "Second Sight" Stone.

The good people of Marine City, Mich., are greatly exercised over the wonderful exploits of Flora Oulette, a 13-year-old girl who possesses a talismanic stone with which she performs feats that seem little short of miraculous. A few days ago she located the body of a drowned man at Chatham, Ont., much to the amazement

FLORA OULETTE.

of the citizens. They call her a clairvoyant, but she insists that second sight is the proper name to apply to her gift.

Flora found the talismanic stone she uses when she was 7 years old, playing on the dock. At once she realized "second sight," and on looking through the stone saw one of her friends, who was at that time in another part of the country. She told her playmate exactly what this friend was doing. Since then she has successfully located many drowned bodies. She is very positive about all her statements and can never be swerved, because, as she says, the stone cannot lie.

It was lately reported that Father Shenkleburg of the church Flora belongs to had excommunicated her on account of heretical practices. This is not true, although a former priest warned her that she must give up her work, as being opposed to the doctrine of the church.

A Bait.

Witherby—We've been without a servant for a week now, but my wife is real good. She gets up first every morning and starts the fire.

Plankington—How do you contrive to get her up?

Witherby—Easy enough. I leave a lot of change in my trousers pocket.—Cloak Review.

She Drew the Line.

"So you have thrown your new admirer overboard?"

"You bet. Just as soon as I learned he was a dairyman."

"What had that to do with it?"

"Considerable. None of your milk and water chaps for me."—Buffalo Courier.

Insult to Injury.

"It wasn't her eatin the apple afore me that made me mad," remarked Emily, the 10-year old tenant of the Ash ally tenement, as a sob broke from her throat. "It was her offerin me the core w'en the entire avnoo was lookin on."—Chicago Record.

A Good One.

Susie (at her music lesson)—I'd like to catch an old air I heard in the music room last night.

Professor—What air was that?

Susie (demurely)—Oh, it was a millionaire!—Tit-Bits.

The Latest Thing.

IF THIS— WHY NOT THIS?

—Life.

Too Much to Ask.

"There is one sign that should be placed over every letter box in the city."

"What is that?"

"Post no bills."—Yale Record.

The Perversity of Girls.

Jamesby—Do you think she'll have you?

Nettles—Why, I'm sure of it. Her family are all bitterly opposed to me.

PAUL MORPHY'S CHESSMEN.

Wrought of Gold and Silver, Exquisitely Chased, and Cost $2,500.

A set of chessmen is usually an inexpensive thing, but it may cost as much as a grand piano. Of course you can get a small set of ordinary boxwood chessmen for a few dollars, a finer set of boxwood and ebony for $12 or $15, and a set of Staunton chessmen of the best African ivory, large size, for $75. And these are all plain sets.

If you indulge in fancy carving and have your set made to order from a special design and finely mounted, it may cost anywhere from $100 to $300. For a really expensive set, however, you will probably choose precious metals, and then there is absolutely no limit to the cost.

Probably one of the finest sets ever made was the set presented to Paul Morphy in 1859 by friends in this city and Brooklyn, which is now owned by a New York merchant. The pieces are of solid gold and silver, carved and chased in exquisite designs. They are mounted on bases of red cornelian, the gold pieces representing civilization, the silver ones barbarism. The gold king is a statuette 4 inches high, weighing three ounces. He is in royal robes, bears an imperial globe upon his head, a sword and shield in his hand, while a crown and scepter lie at his feet.

The bishops are in full panoply, while the knights are represented as prancing horses, with eyes of rubies. The castle follows the Chinese design, being an elephant bearing a howdah, on which is perched an eagle with outspread wings. Both elephant and bird have eyes of brilliant rubies. The piece weighs five ounces, or as much as 80 gold dollars. The pawns are statuettes 2¼ inches high, representing Roman soldiery.

The silver pieces are equally ornate in design. The king is represented as a leader like Alaric, wearing a bull's hide and winged helmet, while his shield bears the inscription, "Liberty." The other pieces are similar in design to the gold, except that the pawns are rude warriors armed with clubs.

The board has a body of rosewood, inlaid with silver. The squares are of mother of pearl and ebony. In each corner is a laurel wreath of gold encircling the letters P. M. An inscription on one side reads as follows:

To Paul Morphy.
A Recognition of His Genius and a Testimony of Regard
From His Friends and Admirers In
New York and Brooklyn.
New York, 1859.

On the other side of the board is a list of the 14 champions, all from different countries, whom Morphy had defeated. In every detail the set is finished as finely as possible, the figures being chased under a microscope. It was made by a New York firm of silversmiths and cost $2,500. It was presented to Morphy, fresh from his European triumphs, in the chapel of the University of the City of New York, Hon. John Van Buren, son of the president, making the presentation speech. After Morphy's death it was sold with his effects in New Orleans and so came back to this city.—New York Mail and Express.

The Higher Education.

She was a young woman of many lovable qualities and, withal, something of a society favorite. She had a beautiful face, a splendid figure, a majestic carriage and a captivating way with men. Moreover, she was said to be exceedingly wise, in proof whereof she was wont to exhibit a parchment document, written in Latin and tied in a mass of many colored ribbons, which, as the only one who could do so, she was in the habit of translating into English sentences setting forth that she had wrestled successfully with certain philosophical, economic, mathematical, medicinal, legal and other questions. Wherefore this young woman was much sought after by men, for, they argued, "Truly, she must be a woman of unbounded wisdom and common sense."

Now, it came to pass that a celebrated actor came to town, and this young woman, no more eager than a thousand other young women, togged herself out in a dress of many yards in extent, which began at the waist, after the manner of the modern fashion, and with her very hairy poodle, tied up in a huge woolen rug, went to the theater. She wore a handkerchief over her head in the carriage which took her to the play, and with a rare exhibition of her great common sense, which all admired, she threw a silk shawl over her shoulders, so that if she must shiver she could at least do it in a becoming way.

She rode back from the theater in the same manner. That night she prayed that Fido might not have taken cold, and four days later they buried her—a victim of pneumonia.—Donahoe's Magazine.

Samaritan Gulls.

"One bitterly cold day," said an old traveler, "we—a shipload of us—were lying at the wharf at Astoria. The river was frozen, and we were waiting for the ice to break. We were perishing with ennui. That is how we got to watching the crows. These poor things were dying of starvation, and they could not resist the temptation to hover about the ship. They could not get the food out of the water, but stood on the blocks of ice and looked enviously down into the waves at the drifting bits of refuse. The poor black wretches could not stand still on the ice, for their feet would have frozen fast, so they shifted from one leg to another in a manner which gave them the appearance of dancing. All about, with screams and flapping of wings, flew a flock of gulls, snatching the food from the water and fighting in fierce good fellowship. Soon we noticed a sort of understanding between the black birds and the white ones, for while the sable birds pranced and danced the sea gulls surrounding them picked up bits of food and deposited them within reach of their starving neighbors."—New York Ledger.

The Horseshoe as a Mascot.

The superstition that associates the horseshoe with good luck is very old. It is said to prevail not only among English speaking people, but in all races of Europe and Asia. Antiquarians are undecided whether its origin has to do with the material from which the horseshoe is made or with its shape. Some writers on this subject have surmised that the lucky qualities attributed to the horseshoe were derived from its fancied resemblance to the halo pictured about the heads of saints, but this connection is highly improbable, as it is known that the superstition certainly antedates Christianity.—St. Louis Republic.

The Test of His Sincerity.

She—Do you really and truly love me, Harry?

He—Love you? Why, I even have a fondness for that nuisance of a brother of yours.

She—Oh, Harry! You have made me so happy!—Boston Transcript.

Determined.

"So you are mad at your husband. Are you going home to your mother?"

"No. I shan't do anything to please him again as long as I live."—Detroit Tribune.

A Clean Sweep.

Tom—I hear that you swept everything before you at the Browns last night.

Jack—Yes; old man Brown wiped up the floor with me.—Yale Record.

A Feasible Idea.

Nodd—I wish I could cure my wife of dyspepsia.

Todd—Why don't you get a servant girl to do your cooking?—Truth.

FEW WOMEN IN PRISON

DOES THAT PROVE THAT THEY ARE BETTER THAN MEN?

A Newspaper Woman Has Been Investigating the Subject—A Penitentiary Warden Tells Her That the Courts Are Lenient, but She Refutes Him Easily.

I have been studying prison statistics, and I find the average proportion is 20 women to 1,000 men. In the case of the Columbus (O.) penitentiary there are only 28 women to nearly 2,000 men. At the Western penitentiary in this state there are 19 women to over 1,000 men. Talking with the courteous warden of this latter institution a few days since, I asked him for his theory and got it with readiness. It was with a mind made up that he answered, "It is largely owing to the leniency of the court that more women are not convicted."

"But," said I, "people must be arraigned before they can be convicted, and there are proportionately so few women brought to trial. Either they do not violate the law, or they are more clever in covering up their tracks, and this with a cleverness that amounts to talent, and even if this last be true does there not still remain something to be said for them from a worldly point of view? The Spartans taught their youth the sin was not in stealing, but in being found out, you know." And the warden agreed that the Spartans were not all dead yet, or at least that their teachings had lived after them, but would concede nothing to women on the ground of morality.

Women are something of a bother to most men, but to wardens in particular, I have concluded, and having known them both wisely and well I suppose when one such custodian insists that women of a low grade are worse than men of the same grade we should accept his judgment without question. But what I want to find out is why there are not as many women as men of this same grade? Warden Wright goes further and is especially positive that women in general are not better than men, and that once had they are more incorrigible, and it is his experience that there are not so many reformations among women convicts as among the men, by which we may infer that women love wrongdoing.

Out of the fullness of his knowledge Mr. Wright argues that by the time women land in the penitentiary they are so steeped in sin as to be quite past redemption here, and I got the impression he had not much hope of them hereafter.

But let us see about the iniquity of women. In the first place, there are more women than men in the world. Therefore if women are more immoral than men ought they not to commit at least an equal number of crimes?

But they have not equal opportunity. They are not in the world as men are, therefore are not so beset by temptations, is the reply. But we may deny this, since there are now over 500 occupations for women and all crowded until there is scarcely any room, even at the top, whereas in 1850 there were but 40 employments in which women earned a living.

They are now by the hundreds working shoulder to shoulder with men in all the professions and a majority of the trades. And are they not subjected to the same temptations? It is now quite the exception to find a man on the cashier's stool in stores and restaurants, etc., and could there be a better card to woman's honesty? And yet it has been said women are only given this place and like places of responsibility because they can be hired for less money. So more the temptation to steal then. If women are so prone to go to such lengths to gratify their love for dress, as has been asserted, would they not, unless morally better, be more likely to steal than men who are paid a living salary and have less provocation?

But who ever heard of a woman running away with funds intrusted to her? There is no such curiosity on exhibition in the human menagerie at the Western penitentiary at least, though, to tell the truth, there is a greater one—that of a horse thief! The mention of this freak feminine suggests one more "manly pursuit" as free to women as to men. Why do not more women steal horses? They admire them, and surely a stolen horse is worth as much owned or sold to a woman who would steal as to a man?

And are not women as clever with the pen? Then why not Jane the penman as well as Jim? Yet how seldom we hear of women forging!

Prison reports the country over for 1891-2 show an alarming increase in the population of such institutions, but such statistics do not show a proportionate increase in crime among women. One of the propelling forces leading to criminality upon which the authorities are quite agreed is "the desire to live beyond legitimate means," and ever since women began wearing "store clothes" they have been accused of this very thing. Why, then, do they not steal to gratify this desire as their brothers do?

Through the courtesy of the warden I was permitted to visit the woman's department of the Western penitentiary. So far as I know I then stood for the first time face to face with a criminal of my own sex. I assure all who have not had the experience that it is a painful one, even though one cannot fully realize the situation just at the time. That character can be read in the countenance had up to that time been a pet theory of mine. It has been exploded.

There they sat in the light sewing room, working away as demurely and industriously and apparently as contentedly as if at a boarding school. Smiling and good humored, too, as if never a thought of evildoing had crossed the mind. There were pink and white blonds, the soulful blue eyes one reads about, and clear skinned brunettes, with the equally fetching dark eyes of that quality commonly called mournful, but whether blonds or brunettes I think the most expert observer, without having known they were criminals, could not have guessed it, nor could he have picked out from the lot those having had murder in their hearts or on their hands.—Meg in Philadelphia Times.

Her Programme.

"I have my programme pretty well arranged now," said the earnest young woman. "Sunday I devote to religious exercises of course; Monday to Delsarte and calisthenics; Tuesday the walking club takes its outing; Wednesday we study Moliere; Thursday we discuss the probability of woman attaining the ballot, and Friday is devoted to uplifting the poor."

"But what do you do Saturday, dear?"

"Oh, that's the day for training my husband."—Indianapolis Journal.

No May Day Terrors.

Weary William (in hayloft)—Sort o' comfortable, ain't it?

Pilfering Peter—Reg'lar luxury, that's wot it is! No doors to lock, no shutters to bolt, no windows to fasten, no kitchen fire to look after, no potted plants to move about, no child to bother with, and no nervous wife to send us a gallivantin around on th' cold floors half a dozen times a night lookin fer burglars.—London Weekly.

It Ought to Do.

Pigley—Shall you send your son to college?

Hogson—No. I had one set up here for him.

Pigsley—What does it consist of?

Hogson—A gymnasium in the hennery, a sawdust ring in the open lot, a shell in the duck pond, the smokehouse for a secret society and 400 bunches of cigarettes.—Puck.

A VERSATILE LAWYER.

Joseph H. Choate Is the Pride of the New York Bar.

A rare and most distinguished honor was conferred upon Joseph H. Choate, the eminent New York lawyer, when he was elected president of the constitutional convention of the Empire State, an honor that cannot be conferred more frequently than once in 20 years and that is looked upon as in some respects superior even to the governorship of the state. That Mr. Choate properly appreciates it may be inferred from the fact that it is the only public office that he has ever accepted, though he might long ago have been nominated for any of several high positions or might have served as minister to one of the foreign courts if he had not preferred to remain in New York and practice law.

The acceptance of this honor, too, involved a great pecuniary sacrifice on Mr. Choate's part, as it necessarily infringes greatly on the time ordinarily devoted to

JOSEPH H. CHOATE.

a practice so important and lucrative that very few men would be found public spirited enough to forego it for the benefit of the state. Mr. Choate is not a money lover, however, and the serious impairment of his income was not allowed to stand in the way of the performance of his duties as a citizen.

Mr. Choate is regarded as the most versatile lawyer at the New York bar. He seldom engages in a criminal case, but is equally at home in any civil court, a military court martial, a maritime legal contest, an international controversy and is in fact an exceptionally able "all around lawyer." He attends to the court work of the big law firm of which he is a member and of which ex-Senator Evarts is the head and does little office work. He is one of the very few lawyers of the present day who adhere to the old fashioned etiquette of the profession which made it a point of honor to accept a retainer in any case that offered. His most recent notable case was the suit for damages brought against Russell Sage by the young clerk whose body the millionaire miser used as a shield when Crank Norcross threw a dynamite bomb at him. Mr. Choate of course won his case. He generally does win his cases.

Mr. Choate was born in Salem, Mass., on Jan. 24, 1832, and is therefore now in his sixty-second year. But his erect and firm carriage, his healthy complexion, his ever redundant vitality seem to belie his age. Despite appearances, however, he has been an active factor in the more advanced life of New York city and state, both legal, political and social, since 1856, when he first went to the metropolis.

PROFESSIONAL WOMEN ABROAD.

They Succeed In France Notwithstanding the Shafts of the Satirists.

The "advanced daughters" of Paris and the "revolting daughters" of London come in for a generous share of humorous satire from the journalists and artists of their respective cities, but it is not hard to discover between the lines and beneath the pictures that the woman question is as seriously to the fore across the water as it is in the United States. In France especially women are gradually taking rank in professions and businesses into which it was once supposed that they could never enter. The old conservative classes profess to regret this and predict that it will end in the destruction of the family. Perhaps, but why has it not done so already?

As a matter of fact, the 17,000,000 of women in France have long done, in their own sphere and in many spheres to which only man is admitted in other countries, as much work as the men, and there are those who think that it is due to this state of affairs that France is today the richest country in Europe. Women are bookkeepers and shopkeepers throughout France. They receive money and disburse it in postoffices and country banks. In the cafe, the barber shop, the grocery, even at the wine counter, their presence lends refinement and charm.

France has for years admitted women students to her medical schools. Why, then, should not the lady doctor be prominent

THE FRENCH IDEA OF A DOCTRESS.

in Paris? What would there be incongruous in the appearance of a woman lawyer in the great hall of the Palais de Justice, where advocates go to consult with their clients? A woman member of the chamber of deputies has long been considered a humorous idea in Paris, but since the women create so much of the wealth why should they not have the privilege of voting as to its disposition?

Strange it is, but the French mind can conceive of the "advanced daughters" only as clad in trousers or short skirts or fantastic zouave costumes. A popular Parisian artist pictures the pretty and interesting doctress of the near future as engaged in an affair of the heart which concerns the patient much more than it does her. It is not hard to imagine her giving the poor fellow her verdict and his medicine and then gracefully adjusting her soft hat on her tresses and calling her carriage to proceed on her daily round of visits.

Proved It.

"My wife will bear witness," said the prisoner at the bar, "that at the very time I am accused of burglarizing Mr. Smith's premises I was engaged in walking the floor with my infant child in my arms, endeavoring to soothe it by singing 'Rock-a-by, Baby.'" "The prisoner is discharged," remarked his honor. "He can prove a lullaby."—Ram's Horn.

What She Forgot.

Visitor—So you have a little baby brother?

Little Girl—Yes'm. I prayed for a little baby sister, but I s'pose the angels had run out of girl babies. I forgot to tell them there wasn't any hurry.—Good News.