EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

"THE GAME WORE ON."

The Evening Work Ended to the Entire Satisfaction of the Banker.

The game wore on.

The banker, who sat at the head of the table, was kept busy selling stacks of chips. The betting was heavy, and there were but two men who seemed to be winning anything.

The blue chips all came their way. It was simply a case of bullheaded luck. If a man held four kings, one of this pair would bob up with four aces or a straight flush or something of the kind and spoil all calculations. It was exasperating, but it couldn't be helped.

Meantime the two lucky players conversed cheerfully about their luck and what they intended to do with the money. "I shall," said one, "go down to a fur store and buy my wife that cape she has been wanting so long. I know it is rather late in the season, but this is an experience of a lifetime, and I don't think that it will spoil by the keeping."

"I shall," said the other, "take part of mine and get a new spring suit. With the rest of it I intend to take a trip to New York. I haven't been down there in a year, and I'm just about due for some fun."

The game continued to wear on, and the other players cursed their luck beneath their various breaths.

It came to be midnight, and 1 o'clock and 2 o'clock, and the game was still in progress. The two men were still winning. Nothing could stop them. At 3 o'clock everybody was tired, and it was decided to quit. The table in front of the two lucky men was covered with chips.

The banker pushed back his chair and said, "I am ready to settle, gentlemen."

It didn't take long to settle with the men who had not been lucky. Then it came to be the turn of the lucky ones. "How much have you got, Jim?" asked the banker.

"Three hundred and forty," replied Jim.

"And you, Bill?"

"An even 400."

The banker took a slip of paper and did some figuring. Then he dove down into one of his pockets and produced some thin white slips of paper. "Here's yours, Jim," he said, pushing two slips across the table, "and here's yours, Bill."

"What are these?" asked the two lucky men in concert.

"I. O. U.'s," the banker answered sententiously.

The two lucky men gasped. They looked at the papers and saw that the signatures were genuine. Then they tore them up and stalked out together.

"By George," said the banker, "I thought they would never get enough won to pay off those I. O. U.'s."

"What do you mean?" asked the stranger in the game.

"I mean," said the banker as he smoothed out a big wad of bills, "that it's dinged tiresome work dealing big hands to two jays like them just because they stuck you once with their paper."

And the stranger in the game saw a great light.—Buffalo Express.

Seeing Plants Grow.

In the laboratory the growth of a plant may be rendered visible by attaching a fine platinum wire to the stem or growing part. The other end of the wire, to which is fastened a pointed piece of charcoal, is pressed gently against a drum. The drum is covered with white paper and kept revolving by clockwork.

Of course if the growth is stationary a straight line is marked on the paper, but even the slightest increase is shown by the inclined tracing on the paper.

By a simple modification of this arrangement, the growth of a plant can be rendered audible. The drum must be covered by narrow strips of platinum foil, say one-eighth of an inch wide and one-eighth between each strip.

If the strips of platinum be made to complete the circuit of a galvanic battery to which an electric bell is coupled up, then the bell will continue ringing while the plant grows an eighth of an inch, followed by silence while the pointer is passing over the space between two strips, for the next growth of an eighth of an inch, and so on.

The growth of some very rapidly growing plants and the opening of some flowers, such as the compass plant, can be heard direct by means of the microphone. By the above means it has been proved that plants grow most rapidly between 4 and 6 a. m.—New York Journal.

Kept Her Word.

Two young ladies were walking in the woods one day, when they were accosted by an old and much shriveled gypsy, who politely offered to show them their husband's faces in a brook which ran near by for a slight renumeration. So, paying the sum, they followed the hag to the brook, as they were very curious to see how she could do so wonderful a thing and also anxious to see their future husbands. But instead of beholding the faces of the men they so fondly hoped for they saw their own. "We can see nothing but our own faces," said one. "Very true, mem," replied the sagacious fortune teller, "but these will be your husband's faces when you are married."—Exchange.

A Modern Proposal.

Young de Style—Aw—congwatulate me, my deah fellah. I'm the happiest man outside of Lunnon.

Friend—Eh? Is it about the lovely Miss de Fashion?

Young de Style—That's it. I awsked her to share my twenty thousand a yeah, and she said she would.—New York Weekly.

The First European Almanac.

The first almanac printed in Europe, or in the world for that matter, was the "Kalendarium Novum," compiled by one Relimontanus and published at Buda, Hungary, in the year 1475. But one perfect copy is known to be in existence, and that is one in the British museum.—St. Louis Republic.

A Medical Question.

Answers to the question, "At what period of the development of a tumor is its extirpation justifiable?" for a long time have been divided between early and late surgical intervention and non-intervention.—Popular Science Monthly.

FOLDED HANDS.

Poor, tired hands that toiled so hard for me,
At rest before me now I see them lying.
They toiled so hard, and yet so still say one
That she was dying.

Poor, rough, red hands that drudged so a-toiling day,
Still busy when the midnight oil was burning,
Oft toiling on until she saw the gray
Of day returning.

If I could sit and hold those tired hands,
And feel the warm lifeblood within them beating,
And gaze with her across the twilight lands,
Some whispered words repeating,

I think tonight that I would love her so,
And I could tell my love to her so truly,
That e'en though tired, she would not wish to go
And leave me thus unduly.

Poor, tired heart that had so weary grown,
That death came all unheeded o'er it creeping,
How still it is to sit here all alone,
While she is sleeping!

Dear, patient heart that deemed the heavy care
Of drudging household toil its highest duty;
That laid aside its precious yearnings there
Along with beauty.

Dear heart and hands, so pulseless, still and cold,
(How peacefully and dreamlessly she's sleeping!)
The spotless shroud of rest about them fold,
And leave me weeping.

—A. B. Paine in Worthington's Magazine.

THE GOOD CANON.

The canon of Marineda resided in the same house with his sedate and elderly housekeeper, and he had a cat and a thrush—one of those which are called maloises in Galicia, that whistle and trill in the most remarkable manner and can imitate all the other songsters.

The canon's residence was not only plain, but even poverty stricken, and showed no signs of the scrupulous neatness usually the chief characteristic of those who wear a priestly garb, for you must know that the canon's housekeeper, Dona Ramona Villardos Cabaleiros, had formerly been a lady of rank, and therefore she was resolved to do as little housework as possible. She was fond of dwelling on the past and of giving herself completely up to doleful recollections, ignoring the fact that there were such things as sweeping and cooking to be attended to.

Such scenes as the following were therefore of frequent occurrence at the priest's dwelling: He would come in after saying mass, and while he hung his cloak and hat on a nail his stomach would clamor loudly for nourishment, reminding him that it was time to take his cup of chocolate. Fortified by prospect of this comforting beverage, he would sit down to wait until that nutritious beverage should be brought to him. But, alas! a quarter of an hour would elapse, and then another, without any signs of his breakfast. Finally he would timidly and gently call to the housekeeper:

"Dona Ramona! Dona Ramona!"

At the end of ten minutes a doleful voice would reply:

"What do you want?"

"Ah, where is my cup of chocolate?"

"Alas!" ejaculated the suffering duena, "I cannot attend to anything today. Do you know what day it is?"

"Yes, Thursday, Feb. 6, St. Dorothy and St. Revocata."

"Just so—the anniversary of the day on which I felt so happy and was suddenly shocked by receiving the news that my brother-in-law, the major, had died of yellow fever in Cuba. Alas, may the Lord grant me patience to bear up under my affliction!"

The worthy, good natured canon never dared to ask the dame whether the fact that her brother-in-law had died of yellow fever was any reason why her master should be starved to death. He would meekly open the cupboard in the kitchen, take out a piece of chocolate from its greasy wrapper and nibble at it awhile, washing it down with a glass of water. Then he would endeavor to comfort Dona Ramona, who was usually sniffling on the sofa, with her face tied up in a handkerchief.

"Dona Ramona, you should be resigned to your lot. You ought not to rebel against God. Come now; if you keep on crying we shall no longer be friends." And so on, sometimes for hours at a time.

Occasionally the canon, with those very hands which shortly before had raised the consecrated host, would be compelled to perform the humble office of washing potatoes or preparing vegetables for his broth.

However, these things did not worry him as much as his lack of oratorical gifts and his failure to console the troubled housekeeper's spirit, for if the worthy canon ever had any longing it was to be eloquent. He would have given his right hand in order to be able to compose a striking sermon. Every time that a silver tongued Jesuit would ascend into the pulpit and deliver a fiery address railing against the irreligious theories of Draper and of Strauss, who were totally unknown in Marineda, or some young priest cut after the pattern of Castelar would discourse about "Judaical hard heartedness" and the "epoch of the reconquest" or "the light of civilization spread from Golgotha," the worthy canon was not consumed with envy, for he was incapable of such a weakness, but he would become painfully conscious of his own deficiencies and would lament his own incapacity for preaching.

If we were to gather together his disjointed reflections they might read as follows: "O my Lord, it is evident that I am good for nothing. I am not worth my salt. I am as dumb as a fish. It was folly on my part to desire, as I have done, that I might be sent to preach the Gospel to the heathen in the wilds of Africa, where a rich harvest of souls might be gleaned. A nice apostle I should make, with my faltering tongue, my commonplace remarks, my croaking voice and my ordinary appearance! O Lord, why hast thou withheld the power of speech from me?"

At the confessional the canon encountered the same difficulty. He never was able to make use of those bitter sweet admonitions which soothe the conscientious scruples of the devotees, nor fulminate those scathing apostrophes which touch the hardened sinner's heart.

Therefore Angelita Ramos, the president of the "Daughters of Mary," the Marchioness of Venailes, the founder of the Roperito, the wife of Marshal Celis—in fact, the creme de la creme of the devout church goers of Marineda—all agreed that the canon was a prosy preacher, while Father Incienso was very popular, and they liked the way in which he delivered rhetorical phrases, interwoven with mystical observations from behind the grating of the confessional.

On the other hand, the common people sang the praises of the canon and landed him to the sky. Sailors, artisans and cigar makers, when they saw him smile blandly with a kindly smile on his benevolent face, would say to one another in a low tone, "He is a saint."

Many anecdotes were told of the good man at the cigar factory, where all the news is known and commented upon. They would tell how he had sold his silver buckles to pay the rent of some poor people who were about to be ejected from their dwelling, and if a beggar asked for alms and he had no money to give him he would strip off for the sufferer his own muffler, his hankerchief or even his rosary. He suffered all sorts of privations in order to alleviate the wants of other people.

One night the canon retired at the time the chickens go to roost, for he had a severe cold. It was a dreary evening, and the rain was falling in torrents, while the wind shook the houses and whistled through the streets.

For that very reason the canon enjoyed lying in his warm bed, snugly tucked up and experiencing that delightful drowsiness which precedes sleep. His aching bones, tortured by rheumatism, were feeling a grateful warmth, and he could breathe quite freely. It was a moment of sybaritical enjoyment, such as prolongs the feeble existence of old men.

The canon had just murmured the last evening prayer, when the doorbell was violently rung and a hot discussion was heard going on in the antechamber. It grew more and more excited until Dona Ramona, holding a candlestick on high, burst into the room to inform the canon that a shabbily dressed woman, who looked like a beggar, insisted on seeing him at once. Like a soldier at the sound of the reveille, the canon sprang from his bed, and scarcely waiting to clothe himself went out into the antechamber to meet the stranger. The water was streaming from her garments, for the rain had wet her to the skin.

"Oh, most holy man!" she exclaimed, endeavoring to kiss the old priest's hand. "My brother is at his last gasp and will not confess. He is dying like a dog, senor, and pardon me for speaking so. Come, good sir, try to move his hardened heart, so that his sinful soul may not thus be launched into another world unpardoned."

"Who is your brother, my good woman?"

"The notary Roca."

The canon gazed in astonishment at the woman's shabby garments, and as she read his thoughts she stammered:

"I am a cigar maker, and as my eyesight is poor I can earn only a scanty livelihood. My brother is rolling in wealth, but he never gives me a single cent. He has a wicked housekeeper who makes way with all he has, and here am I, with my four little ones, obliged to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow. But do not think that I have come on account of his money or because I wish him to leave it to me. I was born poor and shall die poor, and I should not care if it were not for my children. But I do not want my brother to lose his soul. I do not want him to be condemned forever."

"See here, my poor woman," said the canon, already touched by her vehemence, "I am not capable of convincing any one nor moving his heart. Go to Father Incienso."

"Ah, father, that priest may be very good, but there is no other man as saintly as you are in Marineda. We, the cigar makers, would put you ahead of the pope himself. If you do not wish to come say so, but don't tell me to look for any one else, for if you do not perform this miracle not even Christ himself could do so."

Oh, human weakness! As she spoke the canon felt an inward satisfaction and said:

"Dona Ramona, give me my umbrella."

"Your umbrella!" snapped the housekeeper. "Don't you know that it is in tatters, like the banner of the Literarios, and that I was obliged to send it to be recovered?"

The canon hesitated for a moment and then said timidly:

"Well, bring me my cloak and my old hat and my muffler."

He left the house with the woman, and the rain beat down on their defenseless heads, while the heavy gusts of wind almost took their breath away as it drove them along. The rain penetrated his garments and chilled the poor canon to the very marrow.

"Oh," he thought, "if I only had a sip of wine or brandy! If I could only warm myself by the blaze of a good fire!"

After a long tramp they reached the house and the cigar maker boldly knocked on the door, and as it was not opened at once she knocked still louder. A formidable looking woman, with mustaches, bulging eyes and fleshy, heavy form, made her appearance at the door and overwhelmed them with invectives. She endeavored to close the door again, but the cigar maker had thrust herself into the opening like a wedge, and foaming with rage cried:

"Get out of the way! Get out of the way! I have brought this holy man so that my brother shall not die like a dog! Get out of the way, you horrid thing!"

She pointed to the canon behind her, shivering with cold.

It was singular, but the fleshy woman knew him at once, and as she recognized him her bearing changed; her eyes no longer flashed fire, and she meekly said:

"Come in, good father, come in. Pardon me, for I did not see you. You relieved the distress of my poor mother, don't you recollect? In heaven is still recorded the money you gave her to enable her to buy a vegetable stall in the market place to earn her living. Oh, no, I shall never shut my door in your face. Come in, sir, and make yourself at home, but please remember that I have been doing the work in this house for the past three years, and it is only just that when Senor Roca dies he should leave me something. Come in."

The canon drew himself up. The spark of life within him was rekindled under the glow of that enthusiastic reception, of that unexpected gratitude—the result of a good action which he had long ago forgotten. A mysterious light illumined his spirit, and a sudden thought, terrible as well as comforting, thrilled him to the very center of his heart. This thought changed his deadly coldness into ardor—a species of apostolic fervor. He entered the sick man's room with a firm step.

The notary was in one of those painful crises which are the forerunners of death. His chest rose and fell as he gasped for breath, and his painful respiration could be heard from the passageway. In spite of his suffering he hailed the entrance of the canon, and wildly waving his arms and uttering a hoarse cry he showed his displeasure.

Notwithstanding this, after the housekeeper had shaken up the pillows she discreetly withdrew, leaving him alone with the canon—the healer of souls.

The canon stopped on the threshold, as though hesitating or waiting for the inspiration of the moment to move him. His limbs were cramped with cold, but there was an ardent glow within him now which filled his soul with holy fire. He no longer thought of warming his stomach by a sip of wine, nor of drawing near to the grateful blaze of the fireplace, nor of going back to his comfortable bed.

He went up to the sick man and knelt beside him.

The notary fixed upon his visitor his dim eyes, already glazed with the film of death.

"What—what are you doing there?" he painfully ejaculated.

"I am praying," replied the priest, "that you may confess and may repent of your sins and save your soul."

"And you—by heaven! What business is it of yours, I would like to know? Here, Pepa."

"Don't call Pepa, for she knows that I shall not harm you; I am interested in saving your soul," replied the canon, drawing himself up and raising his voice, while he seemed to increase in stature and spirit as he found within himself a strength of will and flow of ideas which were fully equal to any of Father Incienso's.

"I am interested because you may die today, but I am sure—do you understand me?—that I myself shall not live eight days longer. I had a severe cold and was ill in bed, but I have come to hear you confess. I am drenched to the skin, and I know I have caught my death, but I do not want to present myself before the Almighty with empty hands, and I have made up my mind to save your soul in order not to lose my own.

"I have not been of much use to God during my lifetime—do you understand?—of none at all. And now he calls me to himself, and do you want me to say to him, 'I am so incompetent I could not even touch the notary Roca's heart?' But now I possess a power of speech, such as I never had before, and do you want to prevent me from deriving any benefit from it? No, sir; you must listen to me. I shall not go away from here without absolving you from your sins, even if I am torn to pieces. Kill me, if you wish to, but listen to me and heed what I say."

* * * * * *

The last episode in the history of the canon occurred at the portals of heaven. The notary's soul and his own reached it at the same moment, for the notary was converted by the apostle's tardy eloquence. The notary, both shamefaced and overjoyed—for, to tell the truth, he had never dreamed he should be able to go to heaven—the notary stepped back politely to make way for the canon's soul. But the canon said smilingly to the repentant sinner as he drew back, "No; you must enter first."—Translated from the Spanish of Emilio Pardo de Bazan for Romance by Mary Springer.

Mississippi River Roustabouts.

The roustabouts' faults are excessively human, and the consequence of a sturdy belief that they need sharper treatment than the rest of us leads to their being urged to do more work than a white man. There were nights on the Providence when the landings ran close together and the poor wretches got little or no sleep. They "tote" all the freight aboard and back to land again on their heads or shoulders, and it is crushing work. Whenever the old barbaric instinct to loaf or to move by threes at one man's work would prompt them, one of the mates was sure to spy the weakness and roar at the culprits.

The mates showed no actual unkindness or severity while I was on that boat. But they all—on all the boats—have fearsome voices, such as we credit to pirate chiefs on "low, rakish, black boats," in yellow clad novels. Any one of them would break up an opera troop. They rasp at the darkies in their business voices with a "run up the plank, nigger; now, then, nigger, get wood," and then they turn and speak to the passengers in their Sunday shore leave voices as gently as any men can talk.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

Jack Tar's Scheme.

Many years ago an Englishman employed an honest tar who had quit the sea as a gardener. Jack had no sooner entered his service than he found himself much annoyed by a dog who nightly invaded the garden. One morning the sailor reached the garden before the dog had left and made him captive. As soon as he had seized the animal, Jack deliberately took a spade, cut off the dog's tail and set him at liberty. Shortly after the owner entered the garden and inquired if the dog still annoyed the gardener. "He'll never trouble us again," replied Jack, "I caught him this morning, unshipped his rudder and set him off before the wind, and hang me if he will be able to steer his way back."—Exchange.

Politeness of Swedes.

"The unfailing politeness of the Swedes is a constant source of wonder and astonishment to visitors," said George C. Truman of New York. "They have a large assortment of bows and courtesies according to the age and sex of those who are thus recognized, but the lifting of the hat is so universal that it seems to be going all the time. Even the butcher's boy in meeting the baker's assistant, instead of passing him with a careless 'hello!' or giving him a friendly buffet, as an American lad might do, doffs his hat to him with elaborate courtesy."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

In the heart of London is a public newsroom without a librarian or any one to look after the papers. They are chained and padlocked so they cannot be carried off. Little damage is done, and the room is usually quiet and orderly.

Missouri grows 219,000,000 bushels of corn, 36,000,000 of oats, 20,000,000 of wheat and 13,000,000 pounds of tobacco. The lead product has exceeded 100,000,000 pounds in a single year, and the zinc has equaled 12,500 tons a year.

Miss Mary McGreevy of Indianapolis does not seem to share the supposed feminine desire for an elaborate wedding. She was married the other day to John Perry, and the ceremony occupied exactly 2¼ seconds by the watch.

A RUNAWAY MARRIAGE

Followed by Grinding Poverty In the Slums of London.

SEPARATION AND HAPPY REUNION.

Cheiro, the Palmist, Relates a Strange Experience That Illustrates the Fickleness of Fate—The Hand From Australia—A Mystery Solved.

[Copyright, 1895, by American Press Association.]

"You were married at 18, at 20 your husband deserted you and your child, but though so long separated he still lives and will come back again into your life when you pass the age of 32."

The thin hands clutched mine nervously, the blue eyes filled, and in a few moments the following story was poured into my ears:

"I was married on my eighteenth birthday. I married against the wishes of my people. My husband and I came to London, and together we tried to fight life as best we could. He was a young engineer, and I met him at my father's house in Yorkshire, where he had been brought over from Liverpool to superintend an electric light plant that was being installed. When I found that my father would not consent to the marriage, I ran away from home with my lover, and on the following day we were quietly married in a registry office in London.

"THE THIN HANDS CLUTCHED MINE NERVOUSLY."

"Alas! I seemed to bring ill luck to him, for from that moment his career seemed to fail. We soon came to be almost penniless, and to add to our misfortunes my little girl was born. For a long time Charley bore it bravely, but when we came at last to live in one room in a miserable street off Holborn he broke down completely and seemed without the desire or the energy to seek for work.

"It was then my turn to try. I had been well educated and had a particularly good musical training, so after some little difficulty I succeeded in obtaining an engagement to teach singing to three girls at their own homes. In this way I was able to support my husband and child for some time; but, alas! a new fear soon stole into my heart. My enforced absence from home had the effect of making the man I loved turn for company to the nearest public house, and night after night I had to go and coax him from his dissolute associates. With my woman's instinct I felt certain that these men were dishonest and belonged to the lowest class of life, but Charley would not listen to my warnings and poohpoohed them as the morbid imaginings of a woman's mind. So things went on until one evening, when I had returned earlier than usual, he came in, kissed me, told me that he had got work to do that would soon bring us in money, but not to wait up for him, as he would not be home that night. His last words were: 'Goodby, little one; cheer up. We are getting back into the sunshine once more.'

"He seemed so happy and bright, so like the gay, fearless fellow who wooed and won me, that as the door closed after him I threw myself on my knees and thanked God in the fullness of my heart that he had given me back my husband once more.

"The next morning I rose earlier than usual. I went out and bought some roses from a man in the street and placed them on the breakfast table as an omen of brightness. Then, having prepared a cheery meal, I sat down and waited for him to come. I cannot help crying, monsieur. Time has not dried the tears. Suffice it to say he never came back. Oh, my God, how I waited from hour to hour, from day to day, from month to month; waited till hope died out in my heart, till fever raged and burned within my brain, and at the end of a long time I awoke in a hospital and commenced life again.

"When I recovered, I moved to another part of London, and after a hard struggle succeeded in making my way and educating my little girl, but the memory of my lost husband has never left my heart. I am 32 years of age today, and yet at this very point of my life you say that my husband will come back once more. Ah, monsieur, you have only said this to give me hope. How can such be—how can such be?"

"I SAT DOWN AND WAITED FOR HIM TO COME."

I was silent. It would have been worse than cruel after such a story to attempt to build up hope. I had not the heart even to say to her that the ways of fate are not our ways; that as we are subject to mysterious laws of being at our birth, so are we the servants of those laws to the end. I would, had I dared, have pointed out to her that in our finite wisdom we ask for what we think is good, not knowing in our blindness that behind all is the hand of the Infinite, shaping all, molding all for the best. Ah! what children we are—children comforting children by our cries of sympathy, our words of regret. We would fain make the world and the lives within the world conform to our little horizon of thought. We would be a God to ourselves, that the sun might always shine, forgetting that the night is as necessary as the day. We have no trust in this valley of the grave. We must touch with our hands, and see with our eyes, and hear with our ears, and even then we cannot, will not believe. No wonder that from age to age, from year to year, we hear the words of the Nazarene with every prayer we pray, "O ye of little faith!"

I was silent. She rose and said, "Well, do you still give me hope?"

"Yes," I could not help saying. "The night is past. The dawn will soon come. Hope on."

She went out into the street, but I saw her turn and look back at my window with an expression of faith and thankfulness in her eyes that touched me to the heart.

It is at such a moment that one feels how utterly helpless we are in the hands of fate. I had called back hope into this woman's heart, but having heard her terrible story I almost regretted that I had done so. I almost doubted the study I had always found correct.

One morning a few days later I was surprised to find a large wooden box among my letters. It had evidently come some distance. The postmarks were rubbed and impossible to make out, but inside, on the top of some wadding, I found the following letter:

GOLD CREEK, BALLARAT, VICTORIA, Australia.

DEAR SIR—I got your address through an English paper which recently came into my hands. It contained a long account of your wonderful power in interpreting the lines of a person's palm. Now, sir, I want you to give the inclosed cast your special attention. I will give you a slight sketch of my life to help you to come to your conclusions, as there is only one thing in my future that I desire to know; therefore, sir, I will write without reserve of any kind.

When I was 22 years of age, I married a young and beautiful girl, who gave up her home to share my fate, and together we left the north of England and went to London. I was an engineer by profession, but shortly after my marriage I fell on hard times and could not make enough money to keep body and soul together. About this time our little girl was born, and though for awhile the thought of my little one gave me a fresh stimulus to seek for work, yet, sir, I am ashamed to say that I lost heart so much that I at last gave up and allowed myself to drift into the company of thieves and forgers. One night, under the promise of work, I found myself decoyed into the hands of a desperate gang of burglars. Their plan was to rob one of the largest banks in the city and fly the country by means of an Australian vessel that was to leave port that night. I was kept in ignorance of their real purpose till the last moment, and then in a struggle for freedom I was stunned by a blow and carried senseless to the ship.

When four weeks at sea, and almost within sight of land, we encountered a hurricane, the ship was lost, and I have never seen my associates since. You can understand that I was never allowed to send a letter to my wife once on board, and when I arrived here I could not cable, as I was penniless. I wrote again and again, but got no reply. At last, when I had made money at the goldfields, I returned to England, put advertisements in the papers and searched London, but could find no trace of either my wife or my little girl. I have not yet lost hope, and I send this cast of my hand for you to tell me if you can if we shall meet again. I could wait on patiently for years if I thought that at some time I would see her face once more. I remain, dear sir, very sincerely yours, CHARLES THOMPSON.

THE INCLOSED CAST.

Charles Thompson! Thompson was also her name. There could be no possibility of a mistake. The lost was found.

Six weeks later I had the pleasure of dining with Mr. and Mrs. Thompson at the Hotel Victoria and shortly afterward saw them en route to Australia. As the big ship headed out to sea there were three happy ones on board who waved me their last goodby. The night had indeed passed. The dawn had come.

CHEIRO THE PALMIST.

Fair Woman's Ruling Passion.

A young lady of Owensboro, Ky., while recently visiting in another state, narrowly missed a horrible death. She was walking upon a long and high railroad trestle with a male friend, and they were overtaken about the middle of it by a lightning express train. They had sufficient presence of mind to step out upon the end of the ties, and crouching down clung to a water barrel fastened on the side of the trestle. The flying train caused such a vibration of the trestle that the young woman was so frightened she all but lost her grip upon the barrel, which would have meant a horrible death upon the rocks below. Afterward she said she did not think in this moment of great peril of her father, mother or sweetheart or the little sins of her past life, but only of the fact that the greasy barrel and crossties were ruining her new spring gown. This reminds the Owensboro Messenger of the experience of a girl at Russellville, who, when run down in a carriage with a gentleman at a crossing by a train, suddenly found herself suspended in midair on the pilot of the engine supported by one arm of the gentleman about her waist, while he clung on to the pilot with the other. She said she only remembered that she had gone out to drive with her shabby shoes on and wondered if anybody was seeing them.

Two Lucky Accidents.

Several colored men were playing craps on Grove street the other night, one of whom was backing the game. A quarrel arose between the backer and one of the players, when the player drew his pistol and fired. A button on the vest of the backer of the game saved him a serious wound and perhaps his life. It received the bullet from the pistol of the enraged man and turned it aside. His narrow escape made the backer mad, and he, too, drew his revolver. He cocked it and pulled on the trigger. As it fell the chamber of the revolver, filled with cartridges, dropped to the floor. Thus two current accidents in succession permitted two narrow escapes. No further attempt was made to shoot.—Hartford Courant.

Where Cholera Raged Fiercely.

Nearly three-fourths of all the cases of cholera in southern Russia, or in the region between the Caspian sea and the Black, have proved fatal. In St. Petersburg, where better sanitary conditions exist, over half the cases have proved fatal. In Hamburg the ratio of deaths in cholera cases has been nearly one-half, while in northern Germany, in Belgium and in France it has been about one-third. About 80 per cent. of the cases in Persia are thought to have proved fatal. A quarter of a million Persians are supposed to have perished by the Asiatic cholera this year.—Paris Letter.

A Daughter's Devotion.

The daughter of a Kansas safe robber got 500 signatures to a petition for her father's pardon and then raised money by washing and scrubbing to pay railroad fare from her home in Norton county to Topeka. There she saw the governor and secured his pardon. It is said that the father will live honestly hereafter.

MRS. LAMB'S QUEER WAYS.

She Was the Only Woman Historian in America, Perhaps in the World.

Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, editress of The Magazine of American History, was a singular and remarkable woman. She was something of a writer, something of a business woman, something of a philanthropist, something of an organizer and a great deal of a historian.

Mrs. Lamb was the one woman who has written history successfully. She took as much delight in hunting through musty letters, manuscripts and records and in digging into ancient ruins as the late Mr. Bancroft. Not only did she take interest in historical matters—an easy enough and common enough thing to do—but she won the respect and admiration of eminent and erudite historical scholars on both sides of the Atlantic, and came to be recognized as an authority on American historical matters.

Mrs. Lamb's strong, kindly, womanly face was familiar in all of the book stores, libraries and those out of the way book marts in the city, the existence of which is unknown to most busy New Yorkers, where literary people, book lovers and antiquarians congregate to follow their studies and fancies. Although sixty-three years of age, for years, regularly—vacations were quite unknown to her—at 8 o'clock in the morning she arrived at her office in the building occupied by the Scribners. Indeed she brought on her death by persistence in attendance to her duties when her health would not permit it. In the details of her work she was as systematic as a bank clerk, and she would brook nothing else on the part of her assistants.

Editress and business manager of the magazine, an active participant in the affairs of numerous societies devoted to historical research and the advancement of women, an author of historical works, a constant writer on historical themes, she accomplished all with the aid of but one stenographer, and she had been heard to say that this stenographer was a luxury. There's an example of activity and devotion to duty to be admired by man and woman alike!

Mrs. Lamb began writing at an early age. As a girl she was shy, modest, unassuming and never accessible to strangers. When she was fifteen years of age she went to visit the birthplace of her mother, who died when she was a child. She wrote a long account of the impressions she received and sent it unsigned to a paper at Northampton, Mass., near by where she was living. The editor learned who the author was and published it over her signature. Before she was twenty she had a number of stories for children accepted by magazines and periodicals, and during her lifetime she wrote eight books for children.

She was often abrupt and original in her decisions. She would advance a peculiar opinion upon a subject, and upon being asked for her reason would answer simply that she had none, but she knew what she stated to be true.

Mrs. Lamb had her hobby. It was societies. She was a member of more organizations than any other woman who ever lived. When there was no society for her to join she organized one. The walls of her apartment were covered with framed certificates of membership in societies in all parts of the world. She was the originator of the Home for the Friendless and the Half Orphan society, the Colonial Dames and numerous others. When she attended a meeting of historians last year at Montreal she was granted the freedom of the city—something never given before to a woman.

Although most enthusiastic in all matters of woman's work, Mrs. Lamb herself most enjoyed to work with men. She made The Magazine of American History pay—a miraculous accomplishment in the eyes of publishers.

"The History of the City of New York" won for Mrs. Lamb her spurs as a historian. Many consider it the most complete and accurate record ever compiled. Afterward she published half a dozen historical works which were received and are looked upon as coming from high authority. What she has done in her magazine toward preserving American historical references cannot fail to be of value to the future historian in his work.—New York Press.

Red Men of Guiana.

There are still "red men" in Guiana, according to Mr. Smith Delacour's report—descendants of the inhabitants at the time of its discovery. They are apparently of three or more separate origins.

The oldest inhabitants are believed to be the Warraus, who lead a semiamphibious life, without agriculture and rather as fishers than as hunters. Whence these people came from is not known. Of more certain origin are the second set, the Arawacks, who were driven southward from the West Indian islands. After them came a whole series of Carib tribes, who were also forced southward from the West Indies. Just before the advent of the Europeans the last of the Carib tribes made its appearance, and its people were known as the "True Caribs."

In life and surroundings there is no great difference between any of the existing tribes. They live in small family groups, the mutual relations of the members being admirably regulated by a very decided though unwritten code. They pass perfectly simple lives, the happiness of which seems to be enhanced by the inevitable collisions with other tribes. A sufficiency of food is procured by hunting and fishing and a primitive kind of agriculture. Their houses, adds Mr. Smith Delacour, are of the simplest, but exactly what is required, and the furniture is usually a hammock. Clothing is "a question for the future."—London News.

Skins of Fruit.

The skins of fruit should never be eaten, not because they are not palatable or digestible or are unhealthy in themselves, but on account of the danger arising from microbes which have penetrated into the covering of the fruit. Everybody has noticed that at times a slight scratch will create a considerable sore on the human body. It is generally ascribed to an unhealthy condition of the blood, but a close microscopical examination will show that it is due to the presence of microbes thus introduced into the system. So with an apple, a peach, a pear or a grape. The fruit may be perfectly sound and healthy, but on the skin or covering may be microbes, which, introduced into the human system, will breed disease. These germs are not uncommon; neither are they always present. It is possible to eat this covering without injury, but the danger is such that it is best not to incur the risk.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.