

# EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

## Curious Experiments in High Air.

Nearly 100 years ago, in 1794, M. Bolt and Gay-Lussac, the pioneer balloonists, conducted the most remarkable series of high air experiments ever known. Although ballooning was in its infancy at the time, the facts proved by their trepid navigators of the air have been of inestimable value to all later investigators. They took domestic animals and birds of various kinds along with them for the purpose of taking notes on the effect which the extreme cold and rarified air would have on such creatures. They were also well provided with various scientific instruments and other suitable apparatus. The first experimental ascension carried them and their cargo to a height of 18,000 feet.

At 8,000 feet the animals and birds seemed to all be in normal condition; at 10,000 all were breathing very rapidly. When the barometer showed that a height of 11,000 feet had been attained a pigeon was liberated, or rather thrown from the basket, for it fell like a lump of lead, being utterly unable to flap a wing on account of the rarified state of the air at that altitude. Gay-Lussac had a normal pulse beat of 62 per minute; at 11,000 feet this had increased to 80. When on terra firma Bolt's beat at 70 per minute and 111 when the 11,000-foot level was reached.—St. Louis Republic.

## What We Eat.

"Many thieves go down Red Lane" is a homely saying, but within its proverbial garb there lurks an idea which is worthy of brief consideration. The red lane is the throat, and it was purged by the Creator as the pathway by which those things that are good for food might supply the strength and repair the waste of the human machine. But, alas! how many thieves that rob the power, unnerve the strength and increase the waste of vitality come in—some boldly, with our knowledge, and others slyly and unawares. Intemperance in food or drink, or even in drugs whose quality if rightly used, is remedial, can convert each and all of them into thieves, robbing the user either savagely and without quarter in brigand style, or bit by bit like a sneak thief.

The truth that there cannot be a healthy, vigorous manhood or womanhood unless the body be well nourished has caused many to forget that there is a mind and soul to be fed as well, and has enlarged the feeding of the physical powers to a place beyond its rightful deserts. Such people need to be reminded that it is not all of life to eat.—Harpers Bazar.

## A Belle of a Bygone Day.

The great wall of China has outlived its usefulness. The powerful Tartar and Mongol hordes, whose sudden raids and invasions it was built to resist, are no more to be feared. The great Genghis and Kublai could not lead their people to gory conquest now as they did centuries ago. The Chinese civilization has endured, while the once conquering Mongols, the people who in their brightest days established an empire from the Black sea to the China coast, and a court at Peking of such luxury and splendor as Marco Polo described, are now doomed to pass away, leaving nothing behind them but the traditions and records and ruins of a brilliant past.

The wall stands as a sharp line of division between the tribes of the north and the Chinese. The latter, though repeatedly subdued and forced to bear a foreign yoke, have shown an irrepressible vitality to rise like a phoenix, and to reassert their supremacy and the superiority of their civilization.—Romya Hitchcock in Century.

## The Prayer She Wrote.

"The humorous annals of Episcopacy ought to be written up," said a Methodist woman. "They wouldn't hurt the church and would divert millions. Some Episcopals, you know, imagine they can find a prayer for every event in life had down in their ridiculous ritual. When I was in Florida the lady girl of an Episcopal neighbor of mine was dreadfully scalded. I was sent for and found the household in great excitement, everybody running about, hunting for cotton, oil and other needed medicaments for the injured child. As I did not see the poor mother in the crowd working over the infant I searched for her and finally found her. She was in her parlor leaning over a table and wildly whirling the leaves of a large prayer book. As I approached she looked up with an agonized countenance and exclaimed excitedly: 'Oh! What shall I do? I cannot find the prayer for the scalded baby?'"—Chicago Times.

## A Watchmaker's Street.

Smartleigh—Now if all business in New York city were concentrated on certain streets—for instance, dyers on Day street, boot steers on Jay street, florists on the Bowery, detectives on Center street, and so on—where would the jewelers and watchmakers go? Dulleigh—I suppose on Minute street. Smartleigh—Ah, but there is no Minute street. Dulleigh—Oh, yes, there is. Smartleigh—Oh, out on you! Dulleigh—How about Sixty-second—Jewelers' Circular.

## A Schoolmaster's Advice.

At the dinner given to F. Hopkinson Smith one of the speakers referred to the fact that their honored guest was known to some of his friends as Frank H. Smith. When Mr. McElroy was called upon to allude to this fact, and said it reminded him of a piece of advice which one of his schoolmasters had given to the class. "Boys," said this pedagogue, "never put your name in the middle unless your name happens to be E. Pluribus Unum."—New York World.

## Answered at Last.

"What are the wild waves saying?" murmured the woman as she stood on the silver lining of the nightgown. "Nothing, Maria," replied the man hoarsely. "They are like some people we know; they make a great deal of noise, but don't say anything."—Exchange.

## Imitations of Hypnotism.

New Board—What's the row up stairs? Landlady—It's that professor of hypnotism trying to get his wife's nervous system to go out this evening.—New York Weekly.

## TODAY.

My soul upon my lips hath set a seal. And though I needs must greet thee day by day, What lies between us I must not reveal—My life is spent in learning to obey. But, oh dear one, when thou and I shall meet In that fair world that knows no parting feast, Unfold, shall these leading lines repeat. For evermore, "I loved thee always here."—M. L. Smith in Harper's Weekly.

## PRISCILLA'S ERROR.

It was first day afternoon, and Friend Priscilla Gibbons sat in the rocker in her cozy front room. The fire in the grate was of the brightest and cheeriest; the cat on the fur rug in front of the chimney-piece perched in solemn and self-satisfied content; there were growing plants and vines in the broad window, and the sunshine filtered in through their fresh leaves, making flecks of light and shade on the gray carpet. It was cold out of doors, but from that room winter was shut out. It looked like a Quaker room. Everything shined to gray and white. Friend Priscilla's yearly meeting bonnet was not more distinctly friendly than was the pretty room where she sat with her knitting or with her book in all her spare moments, and where, on first day evenings, she had her tea in honor of the special character of the day.

But no thought of tea was entertained in Friend Priscilla's brain just then, as she swung back and forth in her wicker rocker. The restful peace with which the day began had been scattered to the four winds of heaven, and it was with a soul entirely out of harmony with the serenity of her surroundings that the little lady sat there that afternoon. "However could it have happened?" she mused to herself over and over again. "Jane is so careful and I always look over the things and put them away myself." Like the Widow Green, "she searched the Scriptures to find a text that would somehow ease her mind perplexed," but nothing seemed to exactly fit her case as she sighed to herself, "They dressed so differently in those days."

Friend Priscilla was the dearest old Quaker lady who ever attended meeting and sat in the "gallery." She had sat "facing the meeting" for more years than most of those in attendance at that particular place of worship cared to count up. Time had touched her lightly, and, although her hair was a little nearer white and her small hands a little more withered, her eyes were as bright and her cheeks as soft and peachy as they had been thirty years before. Friend Priscilla was distinctly a pretty old lady. One of the younger and more irreverent members of the meeting had greatly scandalized the older Friends by heedlessly remarking, "We younger ones have no chance in the matter of good looks; Priscilla Gibbons is the belle of every yearly meeting."

It might be shrewdly suspected, too, that Friend Priscilla was privately aware of her claims to consideration in the line of appearance. Never was fashionable dame more particular about her most ceremonious toilet than was this little Quakeress about her everyday apparel. Gay it could not be, out of regard for both her conscience and her taste, but exquisitely fine and soft and even in coloring it always was. As she sat facing the meetings on first day mornings, and as she talked with her class in the afternoon first day school, she was as fair and dainty to look upon as a piece of Dresden china.

And Friend Priscilla seldom knew a care. To all appearances her life flowed on in untroubled serenity. So it was a matter for some surprise to the other members of the meeting that the little lady had taken to preaching to the first day morning when she calmly untied her bonnet strings, laid the bit of plain millinery on the cushion beside her, arose and stood with her gray gloved hands serenely clasped on the railing in front of her while she preached clearly and earnestly on the desirability of preserving the Quaker traditions and customs, was a memorable one in the community.

The burden of her little sermons was always the preservation of the sacred character of the meetings, and her homilies carried more weight with the younger generation, and especially with the children, than did those of all the other speakers put together. It was chiefly through her influence that it grew customary for the first day school to attend the morning meeting in a body, and any tendency to restlessness or levity on the part of the youngsters was afterward impressed upon them by Friend Priscilla as a matter for deep and lasting sorrow. The boy who on one occasion made a rabbit with his handkerchief will remember to his dying day the look of grief and surprise which shone upon him from Friend Priscilla's face.

"And to think," grieved the old lady, "that now I am myself responsible for their levity. How can I ever go into the meeting house again? And I'm sure I can never preach after this!"

That same morning a "concern" of the biggest kind had been laid upon Miss Priscilla's gentle and reverent spirit. In the midweek meeting, at which the members of the day school, carried on as an adjunct of the Friends' organization, were present, she had seen unseasonably smiles exchanged between some of the children. The longer she thought about it the more the circumstance weighed upon her, and on first day morning Friend Priscilla rose to deliver the message that had come to her.

Strange to say, she was slightly nervous for the first time in her preaching experience. She surreptitiously felt in her pocket for the customary handkerchief, and finding it in its place against a time of need went on with her sermon. Fate was against her. Just as she was fairly under way there were hoarse steps on the pavement outside, the door opened with a crash, and speak, speak, speak, came a strange man up the aisle to a front seat almost under the speaker's nose. Such an entry would have made a sensation in any Quaker meeting, but imagine the feelings of the assembled Friends at finding that the bold intruder had settled himself comfortably on the women's side of the house!

The sermon was forgotten; every woman on one side, and every man on the other, and every youngster in every part of the house craned his or her individual neck to get a good view of the newcomer, who so rashly defied tradition, Friend Priscilla herself took the thread of her discourse and stood there helpless in the general amazement. The stranger, startled by the silence and by the fixedness of the numerous gazes

fastened upon him, roused himself to the situation, surveyed the two divisions of the house and proceeded to act. Squawk, squawk, down the aisle he went again; squawk, squawk, along the stones outside; and squawk, squawk, up the other side to a front seat in the Quaker synagogue. The elders hesitated again; the children tittered, and Friend Priscilla endeavored to gather up the broken threads of her interrupted discourse. But the inspiration had fled. After one or two ineffectual struggles to enunciate a proper sentence, the little lady sank into her seat, placed her gray bonnet precipitately on her head regardless of the white face ruffle, pulled her carefully ironed and folded handkerchief from her pocket, held it before her face and gave herself up to agitation.

Friend Priscilla's pocket handkerchiefs, like the rest of her belongings, were fine and beautifully kept, and the ones devoted to use for state occasions were religiously laid away in a box by themselves. As she sat there reflecting on the untowardness of the immediate occurrence Friend Priscilla's one consolation was the recollection that the handkerchief now decorously drooping before her face in a lone, half fold had been taken that morning from the sacred box in which her best were preserved.

Rudely breaking in upon her meditations came an audible snicker from one corner of the room, followed by a giggle from another quarter. She was astonished to find the meeting breaking up and a friend at her elbow saying desmurely, though with a laugh in her eyes: "Priscilla, hasn't thee made a mistake in thy kerchief? That hardly looks like the ones thee usually carries." One hasty glance at the article mentioned, another at the smiling look directed toward her by the entire audience, an awakening to the conviction that it had been necessary to close the meeting on that day. Her head bowed in confusion, and Friend Priscilla hurried out and home by the back way.

First day school had no charms for her that day. Her dinner was a weariness to the flesh. The cat concluded a blizzard had swept the heart of its mistress, and retired to seek consolation in the light of the fire and the warmth of the rug. Afternoon ran on toward twilight, and twilight deepened into evening, and still Friend Priscilla Gibbons sat there gloomily, wondering how it had ever happened, and bemoaning that she of all people should have brought discredit upon the sacredness of a Friends' meeting, for it had taken no second glance to show that what she had supposed to be a neatly ironed, fine white handkerchief shading her agitated little face had been in reality a long white stocking, dangling its toe and heel audaciously toward the audience.—Philadelphia Times.

## A Bright Christmas.

Christmas! What a flood of memories the word revives! To tell of the happiest Christmas I ever experienced is almost an impossibility—there were so many happy ones when my father was alive to teach me how to enjoy them. The first Christmas that I remember seems now like a scene from a long forgotten comedy. I was a very little boy then, but the day is impressed upon my memory by a mishap never to be forgotten. Who has not some time been given a drum by his dearest friend and closest confidant—his father? The drum that I received then was almost as large as I, and the very first use to which I put it was that of a step ladder.

My ambition at that moment was to reach the lofty altitude of an armchair. The drumhead, however, refused to sustain me and I fell through with a bang. How long I might have remained there it is impossible to say, for I never could have extricated myself alone. The hearty laugh in which my father indulged when he rescued me from my predicament is still a bright spot in my recollection.—George B. McClellan in New York Herald.

## Some of Burns' Phrases.

Here are a few specimens of Burns' happy phrases: "The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley"; "The fear o' hell's the hangman's whip, to haul the wretch in order"; "But pleasures are like poppies spread; you seize the flower, its bloom is shed"; "O, wad some power the giftie gie us, to see ourselves as others see us"; "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn"; "Nursing her wrath to keep it warm"; "The mirth and fun grow fast and furious"; "What's done we partly may compute, but know not what's rested"; "Princes and lords are but the breath of kings"; "The rank is not the growth of stamp, a man's a man for a' that."—London Tit-Bits.

## Finds at Sea.

In respect to derelict or abandoned property at sea the ancient rule gave one-half to the salvor, but now the usual course is to allow the award to be governed by the same principles as in other salvage cases, taking into consideration the risk and labor expended in the service. Often a ship fortunate enough to save an imperiled or hapless vessel will make more money for her owners than she would on two or three voyages.—New York Evening Sun.

## How the Number Nine Affects Love.

The first unmarried man passing beneath the lintel post of a door over which has been hung a pod containing nine pins will marry the maid who placed it there, and a piece of worsted with nine knots tied in it is considered a lucky charm for a sprained ankle.—New York News.

## A Novelty in Garters.

The new garter is much like the old serpent bracelet, only it holds tighter, and the tail part is quite flat. It starts about the ankle and corkscrews up till it finishes just below the knee, or above, as you like. The head of the serpent is jeweled, and it serves for the ornament that the usual clasp is. Does your stocking stay up? Why shouldn't it? And anything more fetching than that serpent disappearing in spiral up one's stocking cannot be imagined.—London Society.

## Ready for the Fashion.

Atchison streets will be so crowded next summer the people will have trouble getting along. All the Atchison women have ordered hoopskirts for the coming season so big that it will take five minutes to walk around them.—Atchison Globe.

## Queen Victoria is a Patroness of Fine Art in More Senses than One.

At her Majesty's command a portrait of the late Duke of Clarence, an ivory and measuring three-eighths of an inch in diameter, has just been painted by Henry Charles Heath. It is said to be a fair likeness.

## FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

### A "Tom Thumb Wedding."

At an entertainment given in Cory, Pa., recently a "Tom Thumb wedding" was one of the features of the program. The dignified bearing of the little folks who played the parts commanded the admiration of all who witnessed the pretty ceremony, and Master Lyle Whitney, who is not yet seven years old, assumed the character of Tom Thumb, and a manly, handsome bride-



groom he was. His pretty bride was Miss Marie Austin, five years old. She wore a bride gown of rich material, with the conventional veil of tulle, orange blossoms and a basket of flowers, and was a royal bride. The tiny actors were costumed to fit the characters, and they evidently succeeded in giving a wonderfully good representation of the ceremony observed on the occasion of the marriage of the world renowned midgets.—Buffalo Express.

### Little Lulu Was Honest.

The loss of a thousand dollar bill is a serious matter, but it's a matter for congratulation when it falls into honest hands and is returned to its owner, as Orlando E. Bradford, a dentist, of 510 Third avenue, will attest.

He went to Station F Friday afternoon to register a letter. He carried with him his bankbook, in which was a thousand dollar bill. Just after the dentist left Lulu Wolf, ten years old, who lives above the station with her mother, entered. Her bright eyes discovered on the floor a brown covered book, from the ends of which protruded a piece of green paper. The child picked up the book, and comprehending what the green paper was started on a run up to her mother.

The mother, who believes that honesty is the best policy, straightway donned her hat and cloak and started for the general postoffice, where she hunted up Superintendent of City Delivery E. M. Morgan.

Superintendent Morgan notified Dentist Bradford that his money was safe. When the dentist received the message he threw himself back in his chair in great relief.

He hurried down to the general post-office and got his recovered bill. It went into a pocket, and out of another pocket came two ten dollar bills, which he gave to little Lulu.—New York Herald.

### What the Little Girl Thought.

A Fifth avenue stage, crowded full of people, a little girl squeezed down in one corner among bundles and looking over the top of a bandbox containing a dress for a fashionable lady upon; a poor, little, half panned up, shivered little girl.

In walks a fashionable young woman, superbly dressed, and bounces herself down on a seat. This little child keeps her eyes on this young woman—never takes them off. The young woman gets a little restless about it. Finally, as she pulls the strap to stop the stage and get out, she says:

"The next time a lady gets into the stage I'll thank you not to stare her out of countenance."

The little girl says, "Ah, miss, I was only thinking how beautiful you were."—New York World.

### Tommy's Toilet.

Tommy (inquiringly)—Mamma, is this hair oil in this bottle? Mamma—Mercy, no! That's liquid gum. Tommy (nonchalantly)—I suppose that is why I can't get my hat off.—London Tit-Bits.

### Looking for Fulfillment.

A little girl who had mastered her catechism confessed herself disappointed, "because," she said, "though I obey the fifth commandment and honor my papa and mamma, yet my days are not a bit longer in the land, for I am put to bed at 7 o'clock."—Exchange.

### Home First.

We had a serawny cat, Afraid of mouse or rat, So mother said one day: "Boys, take that cat away." We lost her in the style Away from home a mile.



We dropped the sack and ran As fast as youngsters can How glad we were to tell We had done our task so well We opened wide the door—Our cat slept on the floor!

### She Was Very Happy.

A little girl nine years old, having attended a service, being asked by her mother on returning home how she enjoyed herself, answered, "I am full of happiness. I couldn't be any happier unless I could grow."—New York Advertiser.

### Hard on the Canary.

A little West Somerville girl was punished one day for something she had done which she was told not to do. While her eyes were wet with tears she demanded of her mother, with a pout, "Well, who told you?" "Oh, a little bird told me." As the mother left the room she heard the child turn toward the innocent canary which hung in a cage near the window and with infantile spite say, "Mean old little tale, little tale!"

The "little bird" story worked well that time surely.—Somerville Journal.

## OLD SCOTCH SUPERSTITIONS.

### The Many Absurdities That Cling Round the Ceremony of Baptisms.

Thus on the birth of a child—to be given at the beginning—it was imperative that both the mother and babe should be "sained"—that is, a fricassee was carried three round the bed, a Bible, with a lamcock or some bread and cheese, was placed under the pillow and a kind of blessing muttered—to propitiate the "good people." Sometimes a fricassee was set on the bed to keep them off. If the newborn showed any symptom of fractiousness, it was supposed to be a changeling, and to test the truth of this supposition the child was placed suddenly before a peat fire, when, if really a changeling, it made its escape by the "leam," or chimney, throwing back words of scorn as it disappeared. There was much eagerness to get the babe baptized lest it should be stolen by the fairies. If it died solitary, it wandered in woods and out of solitary places, lamenting its melancholy fate, and was often to be seen. Such children were called "tamas."

Allan Ramsay, in his "Gentle Shepherd," describing Manse, the witch, says of her:

At midnight hours o'er the kirkyard she raves And looks unchristened swains out of their graves.

It was considered a sure sign of ill fortune to mention the name of an "unchristened wean," and even at baptism the name was usually written on a slip of paper, which was handed to the officiating minister, that he might be the first to pronounce it. Great care was taken that the baptismal water should not enter the infant's eyes, not because such a mishap might result in wallings loud and long, but because the sufferer's future life, wherever he went and whatever he did, would constantly be vexed by the presence of wraiths and specters. If the babe kept quiet during the ceremony, the good people mourned over it as destined to a short life and perhaps not a merry one; hence, to exhort a cry, the woman who received it from the father would handle it roughly or even pinch it.

If a male child and a female child were baptized together, it was held to be most important that the former should have precedence. And why? In the "Statistical Account of Scotland," the minister of an Orcauldian parish explains: "Within the last seven years he had been twice interrupted in administering baptism to a female child before a male child, who was baptized immediately after. When the service was over, he was gravely told he had done very wrong, for, if the female child was first baptized, she would, on coming to the years of discretion, most certainly have a strong board, and the boy would have none."—All the Year Round.

A Motto at a Funeral.

There are women who, if offered the choice between a matinee and a funeral, will pull a tremendous vote in favor of the funeral. The dramatic opportunity is only a negative pleasure—the trappings of woe are a positive sensation.

There is a story told that a good, though eccentric dame long since gathered to her accounting, in whom this passion was abnormally developed, arrived in town from her country place one day on a sloping expedition. This lady heard of the death of a mere acquaintance and learned that if she hurried to the house she would be just in time for the funeral services. Shopping, as compared with mourning, had no charms, and the lady hastened to the house of sorrow. Now the constant traveling companion of this good woman was a brown linen atrocity in the nature of a handkerchief or roll. Upon this bag, embroidered in large letters by the misguided person from whom it was a gift, was a motto. Arrived at the house, our friend insisted upon having a seat as near the casket as was possible, and that achieved she placed the brown linen structure across her lap, then settled herself with a sigh of satisfaction. The letters upon the bag, held within a few feet of the deceased lady and visible to all the mourners, spelled the words, "Bon voyage."—New York Recorder.

Rosa Marie.

The rose of Jericho, a plant with which many superstitions are connected, is called Rosa Marie, or Mary's flower. It is a small, bushy, herbaceous plant about six inches high, of the natural order cruciferous, which grows in the sandy deserts of Arabia and Palestine and bears small white flowers on many branches. When its leaves fall, the branches contract toward the center and coil themselves inward and interlace like a ball of yewkework, which is blown about from place to place. When it happens to fall into water, it uncoils, and its pods open and let out the seed. If a specimen is taken before it is quite withered, it will retain the property of contracting in drought and expanding in moisture for years. Its generic name—nastatica—signifies this seeming resurrection to new life.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Dimple Making Machine.

The woman who must have dimples or die has only to invest in the dimple producing machine, which an English paper says has been invented and patented by a woman with an eye for beauty and with a speculative turn of mind. She, of all others, ought to be rewarded with one or more of these fetching marks of beauty, providing she can endure the torture of her own device, which is a kind of mask arranged with screws and wooden points that press upon the cheeks or chin where the dimples ought to be. This is worn at night, but just how long it must be applied to produce the desired impression is not said.—New York Sun.

### New York's Fifth Avenue.

An English resident in New York announces his intention to write a pamphlet on Fifth avenue. After a study of great cities in all parts of the world he says that Fifth avenue is the only street on earth that is representative of all a great city's varied interests. Some streets in foreign cities have handsome private dwellings, beautiful clubhouses and showy retail shops, but none has all these, together with churches, great hotels, large retail houses and splendid parks. No other that can show half of these things is one-third as long as Fifth avenue. The Englishman's only sorrow is that his favorite thoroughfare has no theater, but he looks for that to come in time.—New York Sun.

Rejected.

He—You say you love me, but cannot be my wife. It is because I am poor? These are better things in the world than money. She—Quite true, but it takes money to buy them.—Exchange.

## SHE IS A CRACK SHOT.

### MISS MOLLIE MORGAN KILLS MANY GEESE EVERY SEASON.

She is a California Girl, and she Killed Nearly Ten Thousand Geese on the Wing in One Year—The Bounty on the Slaughtered Animals Was Considerable.

Miss Mollie Morgan is probably as pretty a girl as ever blossomed on the Colusa plains, and is decidedly more distinguished as a rifle shot than any other of her sex in California.

She can tell stories of her work in shooting geese that would make the most credulous doubtful unless he heard the adventures from her own lips.

"Do you want to meet the greatest girl shooter in the world?" asked Michael Francis in Honolulu.

The desire of meeting such a noted personage was readily admitted, and in a few moments she was found in the hotel at the corner of Fifth and Mission streets.

She was in the parlor standing before a window and gazing out upon the dismal prospect as the rain fell in torrents. While approaching her it was noticed that she had her arms up as if she were in the attitude of firing at something with a gun.

When addressed Miss Mollie turned suddenly around, and on being introduced she blushed deeply and laughed, saying:

"You have caught me in the act." "And what act is that?" "Oh, of shooting geese. This is the time of the year that we shoot geese up in Colusa, and I should be there to help." "Do you shoot geese?" "Certainly, I have been a shotgun and rifle shot since I was twelve years of age."

"And you are now—ah, beg pardon." And her interviewer was thinking of blushing when she appealed to the rush of blood to his cheeks by replying:

"Seventeen." "That's all right. It's no transgression with me to inquire my age. You are a reporter and want to know something about herding geese in Colusa. Your friend says," she rattled away in the most composed manner. "Well," she resumed thoughtfully, "it is lots of fun for me at least, but I've never met a real live reporter before. I suppose, though, they are no worse than millions of other geese that I have met. But then I had a gun."

Her father came in at this juncture, and hearing the last remark laughed. Several other people also laughed.

Fearing that she might get a gun Miss Mollie was quickly asked:

"Did you say millions?" "Exactly," was the answer. "Don't be alarmed at that. I'm inside the limit, because I have it down to a mathematical certainty. I have seen over 5,000 acres covered with them, and estimating 1,000 birds to the acre, there would be 5,000,000, and I am putting it low, because I do not want to be accused of exaggeration."

"You won't," was the only response that her questioner could summon up by her large black eyes sparkled with merriment at the amazement she had produced.

"That's right," chimed in the proud father. "Now, Mollie, tell him what you did last year."

"Yes, sir; but it may not be believed. You see, I now shoot a rifle altogether—a Winchester. Formerly I used a shotgun, but soon learned by experience that I could not get in range. The object of course was simply to keep the geese off the growing grain."

"My father hired four men to do this, paying them thirty-five dollars a month for their services. They used old army muskets loaded with shot. It was seldom that any of the men ever killed a goose. All they wanted to do was to frighten them. When the bounty was offered by the county for the head of each goose I adopted the Winchester. Father paid me twenty dollars a month, and I sold my heads to the county at the rate of two cents per head."

"Last year was my largest record. The season began in November and, as usual, lasted by months or thereabouts. During that time I herded every day, and I killed 9,855 geese. I wanted to make even \$300 in bounty money, but could not quite reach that sum. This year I expected to do better, but now I have lost three days because I had to come down here and help father to do some business."

With this last remark Miss Mollie, or Mary Elizabeth Morgan, as she writes it on the back of her photographs, uttered a sigh. "But I will be up there tomorrow."

"That is a large sized story, Miss Mollie," was suggested. "It would be awful to ask you how many you ever killed at one shot."

"I really could not tell," was the reply. "I have crept up through a swale or waterway onto acres of geese and emptied my entire sixteen shots into the flock before they got out of range."

"And you picked up?" "Just sixty-seven. You know sometimes one shot went through half a dozen of them. That is the largest work I ever did without reloading. When there is a small flock I do some fancy shooting by taking their heads off. I can do that forty-nine times out of fifty at the range of 100 yards."

"If you don't believe it come up there and we'll show you. Get off at Maxwell and it's only seven miles. We'll treat you well."—San Francisco Call.

Perhaps He Broke It on Purpose.

"I was at the theater the other night," said a pretty woman, "and I wore a big hat too. In the midst of the performance the chair of the man who sat behind me broke down, and he and his companion changed their seats. Of course those in the immediate neighborhood understood the reason for their moving, but I know, by the way everybody else smiled, that the audience in general believed that they had left in order to get out of the shade of my hat."

Aged Horses.

With moderate care and good usage a horse's life may be prolonged so 20, 25 or 30 years. An English gentleman had three horses which died in his possession at the ages of 25, 27 and 29 years respectively. The oldest was in a carriage the very day he died, strong and vigorous, but was carried off by a spasmodic colic, to which he was subject. A horse in use at a riding school in Woolwich lived to be 40 years old, and a large horse of the Mersey and Irwell Navigation company is declared to have been in his sixty-second year when he died.—London Answers.

## WICKES' RISE IN LIFE.

### From an English Farm to the Second Vice Presidency of the Pullman Company.

From an English farm to the second vice presidency of the Pullman Palace Car company is the life step thus far taken by Thomas H. Wickes, whose name has been prominently before the public of late as the spokesman for George M. Pullman during the labor troubles in Chicago.