EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING. How an Indian Brave Completely Non-

plused a Yale Professor, Professor Marsh's investigations of extinct animals were conducted year after year in sections of the far west which had not been explored by white men. He had many adventures while he was discovering his 200 species of fossil vertebrates, but perhaps the most interesting was an encounter with an Indian warrior in the Bad Lands.

The professor, while searching one day for his gigantic six horned mammals, cretaceous birds and precious pterodactyls, was separated from the other members of the expedition. He was so busily intent upon his scientific occupaapproach of a solitary horseman. It was an Indian buck on the warpath in full paint and feather.

The professor is a man of high courage, but he involuntarily found himself yearning for the quiet and security of his college chestroom at Yale when he was suddenly confronted by this star tling apparition. His companions were not within call. He was completely at the mercy of the savage.

The Indian coolly dismounted from his pony, and stood motionless before him, resplendent in paint and with plumes waving. Erect, sinewy and dignified, he was a splendid specimen of a fighting buck. It was the most uncomfortable moment which the professor had ever known.

"How?" said the professor timorous ly when the silence had become intol

"Is this Professor Marsh?" asked the Indian in clear cut English. "Yes," answered the professor, com-

pletely taken aback by the unexpected dentification. "Of Yale college?" continued the In-

dian briskly. "The same," confessed the professor. "How is Professor Hadley?" asked

the Indian without a moment's delay. The naturalist was almost speechless. To be suddenly interrupted in his scientific labors by a buck in warpaint and feathers was sufficiently startling. To have the warrior, in place of scalping him, call him by name and then ask sympathetically for a college associate seemed nothing less than a mirnele. The professor was fairly petrified

with astonishment. But it was a miracle that was easily explained. The Indian had been sent the angel showed to Hagar, and whose east during beyhood to be educated and had been befriended and instructed by Professor Hadley's father. When his education was completed, he had parted pleasantly from the Hadley household and had returned to his tribe in the reservation.

Instead of profiting by his lessons and experiences of civilization, he had gradually been overpowered by tribal pride, aboriginal instincts and the irresistible He had disappointed the expectations of the missionaries by reverting to savage for human consumption. conditions.

Nevertheless he paid civilization the compliment of respecting academic associations. He did not scalp Professor had exhumed. And when he remounted his nony he sent "his kindest regards to the Hadleys, "-Youth's Companion.

How You Dine In Paris. Appetizer-Vermouth, with a big dose of sulphuric acid in it.

Soup-Tapioca, made of potato starch. highly peppered. Hors d'œuvre-Butter compounded

with veal fat and colored with lead. Rocat-The worst meat procurable with truffles molded out of earth.

Vegetables-A salad acidulated with oil of vitriol and green peas verdant with copper. Dessert-Chocolate cream, sweetened

with glucose and colored with the oxide of mercury and ocher. Coffee-Roasted horse liver, with ma-

hogany sawdust and caramel. Liquor-Kirsch, flavored with prus-

Perhaps you fancy that this bill of mont's volume entitled "Falsification will find the actual facts. - San Francisco Argonaut.

The Ice Water Habit,

The ice water drinker is just as much of a "fiend" as the morphine eater. In many cases the habit of the former is just as strong as that of the latter and just as hard to break. It has been frequently demonstrated that the drinking of ice water is an acquired habit and not one that comes naturally. Give an infant ice water, and you will notice by its action that the drink is very distasteful. It usually has the same effect upon an Indian or upon any person not accustomed to it. Besides it is very nuhealthy, and any person who can avoid drinking ice water should do so -- Chicago Herald.

Must Share the Same Grave.

"A young lady wishes to marry. She is very beautiful, has a rosy countenance framed in dark halr, eyebrows in the form of the crescent moon and a small but gracions mouth. She is also very rich-rich enough to spend the day by the side of her beloved admiring flowers and to pass the night in singing to the stars of heaven. m her choice shall fall must be young, handsome and educated. He roust also be willing to share the same Thus advertises a girl in a Japancie newspaper.

A Possible Condition.

Mand-Frank Plutus has proposed to Carrie, but she says he has more money than brains.

Edith-Carie doesn't seem to considor that if he had more brains than money it is not likely he would ever proposed to her.-Boston Tran-

Eli Was the Original Kicker.

In the first book of Samuel, second chapter and twenty ninth verse, "a man of God" says to Ett, "Wherefore kick ye at my sacrifice and at mine offering?

A Fidladelphia Proverb.

Many a man who is too homest to steal will borrow and forget all about it. renoralizes Catatidate Singerly in his Philautolohia Record

HIS AWFUL THREAT.

That Hint About Another Story Brought

crowd at the same time.

"Gentlemen," said a smooth looking man to the crowd in the cigar store, saw a funny thing today.' "What was it?" asked three of the

The smooth looking man leaned against a showcase and began: "I was going down the street this afternoon, and as I was passing the postoffice I heard quite a racket inside. I went in. There was one of the big Irish women who scrub out dancing around to the middle of the lobby with a pair of boxing gloves on her hands She was hitting out in all directions and had already floored a couple of men. An alarm was sent in, and pretty soon a policeman came running down and arrested her. Just as he was about to haul her out to the patrol box that stands on the corner near by a dignified looking man stepped out of the crowd and said, 'Let that woman go.' 'Why should I let her tion that he did not hear the stealthy United States government says that she can do what she has been doing.' 'I don't catch on,' replied the policeman. Then read that!' shouted the dignified looking man, pointing to the sign on the wall. The policeman turned and read a sign, 'Letter Box.'"

The smooth looking man stopped here and looked around expectantly. No one langhed. After a depressing silence for a couple

what's the joke?" "Why," said the smooth looking 'Letter box-let her box, see? Let—her—box, meaning the woman who had on the boxing gloves."

There was a succession of dismal greans, and every one save the clerk walked out into the night. After all had gone the smooth looking man turned to the clerk and said hurriedly: "Say, boss, I didn't mean nothing by that. only wanted to get a chance to talk with you in private."

"What do you want?" asked the clerk. The smooth looking man approached

'Well, you don't get it." The smooth looking man's face took on a hard expression. "Then I will tell you another story," he said firmly.

'Not on your life, you won't!" shouted the clerk, producing the desired coin. And that is the way one man got his drinks. - Buffalo Express.

"Sacred" Water Analyzed.

A scientific analysis has lately been made in England of the Zem-Zem water from the sacred well at Mecca, which, according to the Arabs, is the well that water saved the life of Ishmael. After reading the results of this analysis one cannot wonder that pilgrims who drink the water are frequently attacked by cholera.

The specimen examined, which was hermetically sealed in tin bottles 40 years ago by Sir Richard Burton during his visit to Mecca in the disguise of a dervish, contained 69 grains of chlorine to the gallon. Water which contains so fascinations of wild life and warpaint. little as 9 grains of chlorine to the gallon is ordinairly regarded as scarcely fit

Moreover, in the case of the Zem-Zem well, it is believed that the chlorine originates from the custom of pouring the water over the pilgrims and allow-Marsh, but sat down on the rocks and ing it to run back into the well. The had a pleasant chat with him. He even sacred water was found to possess an made an attempt to interest himself in extraordinary degree of "hardness," some of the bones which the naturalist three times as great as that of average water. It also held 20 times as much ammonia compounds as drinking water should contain.

No bacteria were discovered, but this is accounted for by the fact that the water had remained for so long a time sealed up in entire darkness. Forty years of such confinement had completely sterilized it, but the chemical impurities remained.-Youth's Compan-

Blood as a Medicine.

"Let me have three ounces of that bottled blood quick!" bids fair yet to become a not uncommon order in the corner drug store. According to a well known Philadelphia physician, startling said. progress has been made in blood healing, or hematherapy. "Blood is not only life," he declares, "but lives itself independently. It is a highly organized living tissue simply in the transition state. It can be made to live apart from fare is exaggerated. All you have to do the body indefinitely in perfect condiis to look at Chevaller and Beaudir- tion and can then be returned into any tissue by any opening at any time, when ent owner. It occupies a lonely site with of Alimenatry Substances," and you it will instantly resume its full creative activity. It can even be swallowed when the patient, suffering from draining of blood or hemorrhages, can take no other drink. Death from blood starvation will one day be exceedingly rare indeed, and these corked up vital corpus cles will be used not only for imminently dangerous but for intractable lingering cases. "-Philadelphia Record.

A Woman's Patent. Letters patent have been taken out by a woman in Madison, N. J., for an improvement in envelopes. The invention consists in printing a small device of any shape on the under side of the flap of the gummed envelope in a sensitive fluid, startling news that his father had hung stable when dry, but which will run or himself in the cellar, so be hurried home spread on the application of steam or with a newly made bride to take moisture, thereby showing at once that the letter has been tampered with. The government has recently invited inventors to submit their ideas for some ventors to submit their ideas for some tion. Going into the nursery one night to means of detecting the unlawful opening look after her child, she found the nurse of sealed letters. - Washington Star.

Echoes of an Altercation "But Antonio cannot possibly have

safd any such thing!" "I assure you he expressed himself.

precisely in those terms. "And I repeat that it is out of the question (getting excited). Were you present when he said it?"

"Very well, then; I was present when he didn't."-Motto da Ridere.

"No. but"-

Return of an Eminent Betanist.

Professor C. S. Sargent, the eminent botanist and promoter of arboriculture. has returned from a trip to Japan. It is pleasant to know that he regards his exploration as a remarkably successful one. He traveled nearly all over the empire, made a very large herbarium and brought home a number of species of trees and shrubs, of which a considerable portion has never yet been brought into cultivation. Every lover of trees, Thus plants and general gardening will extend cordial welcome to the professor on his safe return. - Mechan's Monthly.

Cheiro the Palmist Tells How He Went Ghost Hunting.

MYSTERY OF A HAUNTED HOUSE.

The Ghost Was There Sure Enough and Thoroughly Frightened the Psychical Researchers -- Uncanny Manifestations by Day and Night.

Copyright, 1894, by American Press Association.] THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH,)

BUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W. C. My DEAR FRIEND-Meet me tonight, Black-

beath station, Il o'clock sharp. Bring your re-solver—may want it. Don't disappoint. In haste, Max Markham. This strange epistle arrived by special messenger one evening just as I was prego? asked the policeman. 'Because the paring to join some friends at a theater party at the Garrick. In one way it was disappointing, in another pleasant. Markham was always on the trail of the interesting, and as the drama of life is more fascinating than the stage of art the promlees of an exciting evening were fairly

The few werds in his letter meant to me another of the many ghost hunts that we had been so often engaged in together. The command. Bring your revolver, not in the least startling or surprising. It was in keeping with the man's character, of minutes one of the party said, "Well, That was ail. He always hunted ghosts with a revolver. It was as necessary to him as holy water would be to a priest. However, obeying instructions, I slipped my British bulldog and some cartridges into my pocket and started for the train.

My friend Markham was one of the most active members of the Society For Psychic al Research. He devoted his entire time to examining the tricks of pretended mediums, ghosts or noises of any kind in any part of the country, and yet at heart he was a spiritualist. He firmly believed in the communion between the living and the spirits of the dead. He was a self elected censor, and in his censorship, although he excited the enmity of the spiritualists, he was in reality their friend by him and said hoarsely, "I only want a his expose of fraud and the relentless way marter." "There is no subject that lays itself so open to deception," he used to say. "Hecause we have proved fraud in many cases, that does not prove it in all. It is my duty to destroy the weeds, lest they, getting too strong, destroy the flowers of truth."

Max considered me a sensitive-a clairvoyant-although only once did I show him any evidence in that direction, and



"AH, IN GOOD TIME!" HE SAID.

Manchester to examine into the case of a knowing he was returning I telegraphed: 'Don't take express tonight. And as it happened the express that night was wrecked and nearly all its passengers injured. At all events, there sees bond of sympathy between us, and thus it came to pass that two very opposite na tures became fast friends.

As the train rushed into the station I saw my friend, with a small black bug in his hand, pacing the platform from end to end. "Ah, in good time," he said as I jumped out. "We have a good two mile tramp before us, so don't ask any ques tions now. I'll explain on the way must reach our point of survey before 12

strikes. "This sounds quite ghostly, Max," I "What's the case!

"Well," he answered, "it's the funnlest thing I've met lately. What it will turn out is another thing, but up to new the evidence lies in favor of the good old fashioned ghost that walks at 12. The story is to the effect that the house we are about to visit has as fine a record of blood as any ancient castle. It is quite modern, built in 1847 by the grandfather of its pres in a stone's throw of the ruins of an old abbey, and it is from this very abbey that all the trouble comes. It is reported to be haunted by the ghost of an old monk, and its career of crime is laid on the shaved head of this early and long departed Christian. The part I cannot reconcile is why an old monk who died a few hundred years ago should turn up now to trouble well behaved people at the end of the nine

teenth century.
"Since it was built murder has followed murder, suicide followed suicide, but yet there was no talk about any ghost theory until within the last 12 months, and since then the old monk seems to have made himself master of the situation. The present owner a year ago while trav eling in America one morning received the sion. His wife, a young and fearless American from some out of the way place in Texas, a woman who never heard of ghosts, was the first to see the appariasleep and the form of an old monk lean ing over the cradle. She screamed, faint ed, and when people came to her assistance the monk had disappeared, and the mark of a cross was found on the child's fore-

head. From that moment the monk vis-ited them regularly. Even in the daylight he might be seen walking down the corridors and the stairways, and a strange noise commenced every night at 12 o'clock that seemed to shake the house to its foundations. The servants of course threw up their places and left, and the only one that remained, an old butler, a few days after mard-ray found hung in exactly the same place as the owner's father. Under these circumstances I can hardly wonder at the people clearing out. Since then, though se has remained empty, the noises are heard by every one who approaches the house at midnight, and the form of the door, made the entire place as highly as old monk was seen no later than yesterday by a man who lives here and whose word I have every reason to believe. I have arranged with him that we call at his house our way, all three of us to spend the

To tell the truth, I did not quite fancy believed the story, and so, stepping out briskly, we soon reached the pretty little house belonging to Max's friend. This

first to revive ; run for our money. mised. This is too "I'm half every a jet serious a business for us to meddle with. I saw that thing again today in broad A 10 minutes' walk brought us in sight

of the old abbey. Cold and gaunt the ruins looked in the moonlight, like a skele ton of the past. At its back a wood of pines awayed in the night wind like an army of ghosts waiting for a leader, and a sight that met our eyes almost paralyzed our senses.

Swinging in the nose of death hung house, with empty windows and broken the figure of the monk. His face, ghastly panes, the very picture of all that was haunted and uncanny. Making our way under the shadow of the trees, we reached the back of the house and with a little difficulty forced a window open and were soon inside. By the light of the moon shining through the blindless windows we made our way to what appeared to be the dining room, and then, closing the shutters and lighting a solitary candle, we sat down on a couple of empty boxes to await results. We had not long to wait. Exactly as a neighboring clock struck 12 we heard a sound that made our very hearts stand still. We sprang from our seats and stood looking at one another in consternation and dismay. It seemed as if on the very stroke of 12 the house had ful thing won't past. received some blow that shook it to its Every door seemed to open and creak and bang one after another as the wind mouned and swept on its way from room to room. Instinctively we turned our eyes to the door of the chamber we occupied. It was open. There was something standing there. The moon flashed out from behind a cloud. It was the monk.

under way.

I could hear my heart beat like a drum. I was almost sinking with fright when suddenly, with a hollow, grating laugh, the figure disappeared. In a second we had picked up our things, opened the window, jumped to the lawn and were running as fast as legs would carry us in the direction of Appleton's house. Markham was the first to recover his composure. What darned fools we are," he said, "but upon my word I never got such a fright in my life." That sentiment was heartly indorsed by Appleton and myself, and we both so strongly opposed the idea of fur-ther investigation that Markham gave in, and the doctor put us up in his place for the night.

With the daylight, however, our courage returned, and after a good breakfast we took a walk around the old house before returning to the city and vowed that the three of us would make another attempt that night to penetrate the mystery. Daylight is a wonderful thing for dis-pelling ghosts and ghostly fears, and we could hardly believe that we were the same men who the night before ran as fast as legs could carry from that very room that the following morning we so con-tentedly examined. It was exactly as we and left it. There were the two boxes on which we sat, there the grease of the candle, and there the open window

through which we had fled. The doctor was inclined to regard the matter in a very grave light. Up to that moment he had not given much thought to the domain of ghostland. He therefore asidered the apparition a direct rebuke for such negligence. Markham simply be lieved that his eyes had deceived him, but how we three saw the same thing and heard that awful laugh he could not ex plain. We visited all the rooms, saw the nursery where the monk had been seen bending over the child, and lastly turned our attention to the basement. The cel lars were large and freely admitted light except one which faced toward the abbey When we entered the latter and got accus tomed to the darkness, a grewsome sight met our eyes, which startled us nearly as much as did the apparition of the previous night. Hanging from a beam in the celling was the rope and noose by which the turote butler had hung bluss if There it had remained, white with mold, swinging softly in the draft, a grim trophy



SWINGING IN THE NOOSE OF DEATH. of a grewsome past. Without a word w turned away from the horrible relle, and having agreed to come down that night one more attempt to interview the ghost Markham and myself returned

Night came. Again I met my friend at Blackheath station. He had a man with him- a detective from Scotland Yard, named Mitchell, who had often accompanied us on such expeditions. So, without delay, starting off at a brisk pace, we crossed the lonely common and reached the doctor's house. Appleton was at first a Hitle approved at the presence of a detect-ive. He declared that Markham's skeptisism would provoke the apparition to do us mischief, and it was only after consider able discussion that we prevailed upon him to accompany us.

The presence of a representative of the law had, however, the effect of stimulat ing our courage to a great extent; so, chat-ting and laughing as if it were a fox hunt and not that of a ghost, we broke in upon the silence of the abbey. Sitting on a dis-mantled tombstone, we looked toward the house, delating upon our plan of attack. Mitchell was for dividing the party, two e go to the cellar, where the rope hung, and two to keep watch in the dining room. Alas! the courage of the invaders was not qual to such a trial, and it was eventual decided that we should all keep together, but establish our guard in the large entrance hall instead of in the din-

Once more we burglatiously entered by a back window and were soon crouched that we would not even have a light, but ton Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat. that was not necessary, as the mosplight, shining through a large window over the day. Twelve o'clock came. We could hear the neighboring church clock chime the hour, but nothing happened. The stilln of death reigned in the old place. Markham was intensely disappointed, the doc night in the old mansion, and then-nous tor seemed relieved, while Mitchell evidently considered us a party of fools and wealth. The will is now being probated. himself the greatest fool for coming and the necessary records have been "Why, Mr. Markham," he said, "we forwarded from Washington county

After some discussion we agreed to again reconnoiter the cellar, and without lighting our candles we groped our way from passage to passage, but found, to our surprise, the cellar daylight, and I never in all my life saw such a devilish looking face." "Oh, bosh, man!" and Max. "It's too late now to turn back. We have barely 15 minutes to reach the house. A brisk walk will pull up your courage. Come on " Making that could be in the center was that ghaste remark about fools venturing where ly trophy of death. Markham was the ell, who was preparing to burst the door open. Just as he was about to spring, however, it suddenly swung back, and the

darkness of the vault. Spellbound, we seemed rooted to the spot, but we sudden. The table entered ly became conscious of a new terror, and one rapidly approaching. There were steps coming behind us. The sound of slip-shed sandals came nearer and nearer. We said. "He plays tricks on me someturned. My heart failed me; my knees shook as if with ague. Coming steadily figure of the monk. In a few seconds he would touch us; but, swift as lightning, we almost threw ourselves into an empty room on our right, and shaking with fear the door to keep it closed while that aw-



"PLUNG OURSELVES AGAINST THE DOOR." The shuffling sandais came nearer and carer. They passed our door. We could hear them enter the cellar where the rope hung, and then once more the stillness of death occupied the place. For a few mo ments we did not dare to speak. Mitchell softly opened the door, and peeping out informed us that there was nothing in sight, and that even the swinging body of the monk had disappeared. With out a word he led the way. We followed, one by one, and in a few minutes we were outside the house and on our way to Appleton's. There was very little said about the matter. We had all mentally determined at least to let our ghost alone for the future; consequently no further resolu-tions were passed the next morning, and harely mentioning the subject we re-turned to town to the different walks of life to which we belonged.

One day, three months later, picking up the morning paper, I read:

STARTLING DISCOVERY AT BLACK-HEATH.

A SUPPOSED HAUNTED HOUSE THE RESORT OF COINERS. the basement a tremendous iron weight apon the foundation stone of the house The body of the monk that we had seen hanging by the neck in the cellar was nothing more than a well made dummy, with its clothes steeped in phosphorus.

And such was the end of the Black

beath mystery. Cheibo the Palmist. Garibaldl's Island.

contract to the contrary, the govern- petroleum.-New York Sun. ment's title is perfect. The case is at tracting great interest throughout Italy -Chicago Tribune.

To Tell the Speed of Railroad Trains. Arthur G. Leonard, private secretary to H. Walter Webb, third vice president the holder to measure the rate of speed a railroad train, a steamboat or any other conveyance. It is thus described: in the bands of a person on a swiftly moving train the watch may by pressing a tiny lever be started at a given point, say a mile post, and when the next mile post is reached a quick pressure on the lever will stop the hands of the watch on a figure which accurately indicates the rate of speed per hour at which the train is moving.-Buffalo Courier.

Insane From Excess of Wedded Joy. Dr. N. A. Keys of Kansas City and Miss Kate Cameron of Princeton, Ky., aged respectively 62 and 54 years, were married here last week. They had never seen each other until they met here one week before marriage and were drawn together by their belief of sanctification. In her excess of joy over the event the bride of three days has become a lunatic, pronounced so by physicians. She had to be sent away from home. Misa together on the floor in a dark corner of the old fashioned hall. We were so brave well off in this world's goods,—Prince-

A Small Town Enriched.

The heirs of Charles P. Knight, a millionaire, who died in Brooklyn in September, live in Whitneyville, Washing ton county, for the most part, and the little community is greatly agitated over this unexpected great acquisition to its "we forwarded from Washington county

DID THE HORSE PLAY THIS TRICK! Two Spanish Gentlemen Happened to

Forget to Pay Their Cheek, There is a small all night restaurant n Twenty-eighth street basement chere gentlemen of more or less boeminn instincts sometimes go for a niet bottle and a taste of seasonable

angels fear to tread, the doctor put on his coat, and in a few moments we were again tremor pass through his body, and, white Neither the in dress suits who sat at the table next as a sheet, he turned away. Neither the doctor not myself cared to take his place; to mine had already dispatched their scose, drawing back, we made way for Mitch-end bottle of Chateau Yquem, besides a liberal array of toothsome edibles. They were now chatting over their cigarettes. The greater part of the conversation was in Spanish. Finally they gathered up their overcoats to go, and as they stepped toward the desk, apparently to setand horrible, seemed to grin at us in the the bill, one of them said to the gony, a white and awful contrast to the waiter, "Call in our cab driver and

The jehn entered promptly.

The beaming "night hawk" had raised oward us in the moonlight was another his glass, of a liberal three fingers of whisky, and was just remarking, "Ere's looking at ye, gentlemen," when he glanced out the open door and we four strong men flung ourselves against realized that the "hoss that plays tricks sometimes" was leisurely ambling off toward Broadway. Dropping the glass days later, after eight of the particular days later. unemptied, he bolted for the door, closely followed by the two gentlemen who was made at Unmak island, wore dress suits and talked Spanish. hands suffered terribly through the night The latter were laughing merrily, as from cold and hunger, though the whole affair were a good Harry Taylor, another of the male

They didn't come back right away, and when the cashier, somewhat uneas-ily, went outside and looked down the grave a few mussels were found street, night hawk, "hoss," Spanish all hands were hunting for the shellfish gentlemen and all had disappeared.

Then the cashier came back behind his desk. He looked ruefully at the figures on the unpaid check, banged the eash register victously as he rang up another customer's 15 cents for a cocktail and remarked, "I'd like to know wheth- and it made a poor fire. er that 'hoss' was taught to play those tricks or whether my Spanish friends provided plenty of fresh water, but the simply took advantage of what was really an accident,"

The worldly wise bartender stopped rinsing a glass, dipped a towel disdain-fully over his shoulder and said with a pessimistic grin: "There's more ways than one to beat the house. I never saw that trick done before, but I've heard tell of it."-New York Herald.

A Famous Beadle of Paris,

Discours, the beadle of the Church of St. Roch, in Paris, died on Saturday. He was almost famous for his tall stature, imposing air and portly figure, and was at once the tallest of the Paris beadles and the senior of them all. Prevost, the beadle of the Madeleine, stood next in stature, and after him came the beadle of Notre Dame, an ex-drum major, who was engaged two years ago by Archbish-

Discours was a passionate lover of billiards and went every evening to play at the Cafe Regence, where he used to measure his skill with M. Grevy before the latter was president of the republic. ka for relief. He constantly saw there a man taller than himself, Mr. Theodore Tilton, the American poet, who went to La Regence to play chess and was more than a match for Grevy. The post of beadle Ah, this is interesting, I thought, and in a Paris church is a much envied one I was not disappointed. It turned out to among the class of men who compete for be an account of a raid by the police on it. At Notre Dame, the Madeleine and down to the beach from the hut would I was not disappointed. It turned out to among the class of men who compete for the house we visited. Our ghosts were St. Clotilde the salary is £60, and there start scores of sores bleeding in the man's nothing more than a desperate gang of are perquisites at grand weldings and swollen feet. coiners. The terrible noise had been produced every night by their letting fall in is £40. The gorgeons uniforms and silis £40. The gorgeous uniforms and silver headed wand are provided by the vestry .- London News.

Boiler Scales.

The use of oil in preventing boiler scale now so prevalent is met with the objection that in using other than standard oil of 150 to 300 degrees fire test there is danger of the formation of what The romantic Island of Caprera, for is called oil scale. This, according to which, according to common report, chemical authority, is owing to the fact Garibaldi paid less than \$5,000, was sold that when the higher fire test oils are to the Italian government, which want. Introduced they rise and float upon the ed it for fortification purposes, for \$60,- top of the water, and the latter, impreg-000. Among the heirs was the general's nated with sediment and mud, boils daughter Teresita, in whose behalf her and bubbles up through the oil scum on husband, General Canzio, signed the top, and on the water becoming vapordeed of sale. Teresita now claims that ized it liberates the particles of mud she did not authorize General Canzio and scale contained, which fall back to deed away her rights, and that as upon this layer of oil upon the top of her own signature was not affixed to the the water. After awhile the layer of oil deed the sale is void. She has brought becomes so impregnated with mineral suit against the government, and the substances that it sinks to the bottom case will be tried in the supreme court of the boiler, forming an incrustation, of Sardinia. The government will claim, or oil scale, which is as injurious to the that, as under Italian law the fortune of boiler as is the lime or magnesium the wife goes to the husband in the ab- scale. But the same objection, it is resence of any provision in the marriage marked, has also been made to crude

St. Teresa In the United States. Teresa Urrea, the living patron saint of the Yaqui Indians, who was banished from her mountain home in Mexico sev eral months ago by order of government authorities, the charge against her being of the New York Central railroad, has that she was working up a spirit of war invented a watch which is said to enable fare among the Indians, is making her home at Nogales, A. T., just across the at which he or she may be traveling on Mexican line. She continues to perform many miraculous cures by simply laying on of hands, and thousands of ignorant Mexicans and Indians have visited her since she was exiled. The people of No gales have taken a kindly interest in the remarkable girl, whose powers of heal ing the sick and afflicted are mysterious "St." Teresa is a beautiful girl, 17 years of age. -- Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

> Henry Cabot Lodge is the 36th man who has been honored by the state of Massachusetts with a seat in the United States senate since congress was organ ised in 1789. It is an interesting coin cidence, by the way, that the greatgrandfather of Mr. Lodge, George Cabot was a United States senator from Mas-

sachusetts just a century ago, he having

been elected in 1791 to serve until 1796

His grandson's term will expire in 1899.

so that there will be three years in the

two centuries when the great-grand

A Century From Cabot to Lodge.

father and the great-grandson will have been wearing the same toga, with a con tury between them .- Boston Herald. Good Enough For a Modern Book. The British museum has a book published by an anonymous author in 1760. It has the odd title, "Did You Ever See Such Stuff" or, So Much the Better, Be-

ing a Story Without Head or Tail, Wit or

Humor.' Wild, but Clean.

The African traveler, Jean Hess, asserts that in their natural condition the negroes of Africa observe the rules of personal cleanliness much more carefully than car king is "talking through his let most of the laboring classes in Europe.

AN ARCTIC SHIPWRECK

Harrowing Experience of a Whaling Crew In Bering Sea.

CANNIBALISM OR STREVATION.

The Awful Alternative That Confronted the Crew of the James Allen-Ten Mea on a Barren Island-Tales of Borrer Told by the Survivors.

Fourteen surviving members of the chaler James Allen, which was slipecked in Bering sea a few man seently arrived in San Francisco lated tales of hardships and sum as seldom fall to the lot of men even of those who brave the dangers of and the rigors of the frozen ponth

The ship foundered in the night and the crew, numbering 49 men, look to the five boats. The boats became separated in the darkness, and in the morn disappeared. One of these was picked up by the steamer Dora about a ma and the seven men who manner all alive. The other has never from. The remaining bonts, tain Huntley and 25 men, landed on a lar ren rock, one of the Aleutian : the morning of the third day a s made for Unalaska in the ! perished from cold and privation, a landing

When daylight came, it was found this nates, had ended his misery, and of the men scooped a hole in

A short distance back from the shore they found a small dugont, and that the starving and shivering men --One of the sallors found athat had not been spoiled by the water. and they soon had a fire. driftwood was all the fuel they could get

A little lake in the center of the island



CAPTAIN HUNTLEY.

sen could not remain indefinitely on the barren island and live on fish alone. Aft er a rest of a few days Captain Huntley decided to make another start for I halts

He picked out three of the strongst men and made a start. Adverse winds drove him back after he had been away s day. The cold was becoming intense, and along with hunger and cold and we weather the men were suffering from frost bitten fingers and feet. The sharp

Daily their sufferings grew in intensity

been laid away under a pile of a Again Captain Huntley and rew were forced to return. proved unsuccessful, but on the tempt, after being on the days, he and his crew of to away with a fair wind, and watched the small sail lower horizon with mingled hopes.

The second day after the the food gave out, and to lucre bles of the men one of the 1 caught in the rocks, and in atte extricate it the line broke, and i Early the next morning the was lost in the same way, and suggested stared the men in the face.

The next night Austin Gideon, a sailet, died, but the men were too weak to birry the body. It was dragged a few feet away from the hut, and there it re That was on a Monday night. Fr until the next Thursday the I nate sailors battled with stary all hope of leaving the island all ed them. One after another the into the hut to die, and lay the

William Andrews, one of the bow they lived: "One of the most door moved, and presently he wa was too weak to pay any more to him, and I dozed off, praying How long I was that way I do but for a long time I fancied I boiling meat. It was perhaps in before I could bring my some it, and when I did I rose up, at the center of the hut was a sifire, with the kettle over it. 1 is piece of meat, covered with sibling water. In an instant I has it from the pot and was soon shred of it that I had torn from cooked piece. Others grabbed from my hands, and soon we cagerly devouring the more: tis asked where it came from cared. After the meal life call us, and we dared not for awhile there our meat came from, though we all "I got up and walked down to the life

tle gully in which Gideon's body had been rolled. Both legs were missing. I crawled back into the hut and slept again ently I got up and gathered it wood while the renewed streng The next day more of Gideon' missing, and again we all had Horrible and all that it was, the refreshing, and we all began again for resone. * * Nine days tain had been away, and all been given up of ever seeing hi Once more a visit was made to of the dead Portuguese, and as of the body of our late shipman ing in the pot when the capita and with him were several of the the Hear, with provisions for us

Talking Through His Tile George M. Pullman-wealth (50) 600,000-told a newspaper rebelieve that I was far happle

days when I hadn't a dollar now." That is all very fine, but was happier then, why not go those haloyon and dollarless days disposition of his great wealth bother him. The fact that God Pullman is working early and add to his "burden" of wealth and responsibilities is evidence that the palace -Philadelphia Press.