EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

SMALL BULLET WOUNDS.

The Deadly Effects of Modern Projectiles Upon the Human Body.

The celebrated English surgeon, Professor Victor Horsley, read a very interesting paper before the Royal institution on the effect of modern small projectiles. In the course of his remarks he said: "Some people seem to think that a small bullet at a very high speed will pierce the tissues of the body without doing much general damage. This, however, is erroneous. The bullet hurries forward with it particles of the substance through which it is passing, and thus practically becomes a larger projectile. If a bullet be fired through a book, it cuts out disks of increasing diameter as it traverses the pages. Hence, too, it is plain that the greater the sectional area the greater the damage. As to the heating of the bullet, it has certainly been much exaggerated, and its effects, if indeed it has any, may be safely neglected.

"The physical constitution of a body has a most important bearing upon the behavior of a bullet entering it. Why does a bullet of certain size and traveling at a certain rate simply perforate some substances, such as wood or iron, while in others, such as clay, brain, etc., it exercises a bursting and disruptive action? The answer is quite simple; the destructive effects vary directly as the viscosity of the body.

"This was established by some remarkable researches on the effects of bullets on soft tissues made by Huguier after he had observed the results of the wounds inflicted in the fighting in Paris in 1848. He suggested, from observations made on certain dead organs, such as lungs, that the reason of the great lateral disturbance was that the tissues contained water in large quantity, and that the energy of the moving projectile being imparted to the particles of water caused the dispersion of these in a hydro-dynamic fashion.

"This suggestion was shown to be correct by Kocher in 1874-6. If a shot be fired through two tin canisters of equal size, the one full of dry lint and the other of wet, it will simply perforate the former, but cause the latter to burst explosively. In the same way shots fired into dough have more or less disruptive effect, according to the percentage of water in the dough, and in general the more fluid the substance the greater the destruction.

"Now, in life the brain is a more or less fluid body, though in a state of rigor mortis it is practically a solid, owing to coagulation of the blood and protoplasm. Hence a shot fired into the skull must have a disruptive effect and tend to burst it."

The Rough Bark of Trees.

The practical cultivator understands that nature makes provision for getting rid of the bark of trees as the trunk increases in size. On the growth of the past season may be seen small olive spots. These are formations of cork. From year to year, in subsequent development, these little patches spread, really eating their way through the bark. This is the provision which nature makes for finally rifting the bark in each species of plant. These cork cells have their own special lines of development, and this is the reason why each kind of tree has its own particular bark. The characteristics are so prominent that clever observers can select different kinds of trees by their bark even at midnight. As it is the evident intention of nature to get rid of old bark, it is a great help to the tree to assist nature in this respect, and any washes or treatment which aids the plant in getting rid of it is a practical advantage. Soapy water washes or lye water is useful, and even scraping has been found of great advantage. In a rough sort of way, lime wash is frequently used, the only objection being the white and glaring color. It is, however, the cheapest and the best of all bark treatment.—Meehan's Monthly.

All In One Breath.

The Rev. Andrew Jackson Potter, the gentleman who arose from behind a pulpit in Uvalde, Tex., several years ago, with two big six shooters in his hands, and informed the audience, mostly composed of the toughest of toughs, who had been in the habit of running every minister of the gospel who came there out of town with rotten eggs, or escorting him out to the suburbs on a three cornered pole, that if there was any flop eared, swallow mouthed galoot in that audience who had the audacity to presume that he wore a big enough shirt to put him out of a pulpit to step forth and take the hot medicine, or, on the other hand, to keep his bazoo closed, and also wound up that with the help of God and those two forty-fives he held in his hands he proposed to preach to that people that day, has announced himself a candidate for sheriff and tax collector of Tom Green county.—Ozona Courier.

Unsuspected Sources of Disease.

Recent investigations have brought out the fact that there are many cases of severe neuralgia caused by abnormal conditions of the nasal passages. In several instances there have been found enlargements of the bony structure or hard lumps of diseased tissue pressing against certain nerves and causing the most excruciating pain. Removal of these has resulted in complete cure, although there have been returns of the growths after the first operation. Persons who habitually suffer from pains in the head should have their conditions carefully diagnosed. Long continued suffering not infrequently brings about protracted and incurable mental and nervous disorders.—New York Ledger.

"Mrs. Tippe."

Chicago has a federation of women's clubs numbering 22 organizations. One of these is called the Oslo club and is interested in almost everything under the sun. It has a peculiar rule to the effect that the president may address any member whose name she forgets as "Mrs. Tippe."—Chicago Correspondent.

The Way Girls Do.

Harry—Has Mabel's engagement been announced yet?

Ethel—No, but she blushes furiously every time his name is mentioned and says she just hates him.—New York World.

HE MET A FRIEND.

There Was a Little Mistake, but It Was a Pleasant One.

His face beamed with surprise and pleasure as on entering the great store he saw a friendly figure and features with which he was familiar confront him just within the door.

"I'm right glad to see you," he said, shifting the satchel he carried from his right arm to his left, and he was about to grasp the hand extended to him when a clerk touched him on the shoulder and inquired:

"What department, sir?"

"Department?" queried the old man turning around. "Am I in the departments? I reckon it were only in Wash"——

"This is the dress goods and mantle department," said the clerk blandly.

"Well, young man, I sin' lookin for dress goods, and I dunno as we want another mantel, seein as we hev only one clock, and I made a shelf for that myself. I want a pair of suspenders if so be you keep them. But first I want to speak to my friend here."

He turned about and confronted the smiling face of his friend.

"I don't seem able to name you," he said regretfully. "It's kind of queer, too, when I know you by sight as well as I do myself"——

"Suspenders this way in the gentlemen's furnishing department," here interrupted the clerk.

"That's all right, young man. I don't keer which way they are there. I know how I want 'em, and I ain't a-goin to change my style of wearin suspenders at my age. Now, my friend here"——

He extended his hand, expecting to grasp that of his friend, but his knuckles struck a cold, bare expanse of looking glass let into the wall. Then he saw the face of the clerk over his shoulder, and he knew he had been fooled and had mistaken the semblance of himself for an old friend. And he meekly followed the clerk, bought a pair of red, white and blue suspenders, and walked out of the "department."

"I guess I'll have a gardeen 'pinted 'fore I come to town agin," he remarked humbly as he left.—Detroit Free Press.

Glass Weaving.

The key to the process of making glass curtains, in connection with knit material, consists in operating particular needles of the machine at the right time and allowing others to remain idle, for which purpose a set of chain bars is used, so arranged as to render it possible to command the different needles according to the needs of the process. A chain is made up of bars, links and balls, like those used on the loom for weaving cloth, and there is a lever attached to the shoulder of each needle and extending from the part where the goods circle the needles down to the first bar of the chain, the latter resting in bearings. On the turning of a crank connecting beveled gears motion is imparted through the agency of an upright shaft to the chain cylinder, and every time the yarn is delivered to the needles a revolution is made, the chain bar cylinder presenting a new bar to the levers of the needles, and whenever a ball on the bar contacts on the lever the needle to which it belongs is pushed forward, and a mechanical device causes the needle to operate and form loops, thus knitting. There are, however, blanks on some of the bars, and when these blanks connect with the levers of the needles no movement is made.—Upholsterer.

Plant Propagation.

Some very curious processes for propagation are practiced at the public gardens. One consists in cutting with a knife a ring around a branch of a plant. One might imagine that the intention was to kill the branch, but such is by no means the object in view. The cut having been made, a piece of wet moss is wrapped and tied around the branch at that point. Beneath this protection the sap exudes from the wound, and little rootlets are developed. After a few days the branch is cut away from the parent stem, being then itself a complete plant, with roots, all ready to put in a pot. This plan is adopted with plants of slow growth, because one plant may thus be split up into half a dozen or more of good size, instead of waiting for a seedling or little slip to develop.—Washington Star.

In Prohibition Maine.

A Journal reporter had a curious experience at a Franklin county hotel a few nights ago. He arrived at the place after a long stage trip in the night. Every one was asleep but the clerk, and he took the lamp and led the way up stairs. After trying vainly to get into one room and after much rattling of the keys in the lock he suddenly recollected that the new cook had been located there earlier in the evening. The door of the next room was securely locked, and there was no key. The proprietor was called from his slumbers, but he couldn't appear to locate the key. Then the clerk remembered a box of misfits, and after a series of experiments on the lock got the door open. As he bade us good night and wiped his perspiring brow he said apologetically: "I hope you will excuse me for keeping you waiting so long. But you see I tend bar here, and I'm so busy that I don't find much time to keep posted on the rooms."—Lewiston Journal.

Convenient Fishing.

In Yellowstone lake an expert angler can catch trout and boil it without taking the fish off the hook. Wild as the statement seems, it is absolutely correct, and I have done it myself more than once. There are in the lake several small basins containing boiling springs, although the water in the lake itself is almost icy cold. Trout abound in every part of the lake, and a man can by standing on the rocky ledge around one of the hot springs catch a trout with a line and transfer the fish, hook in mouth, to the hot spring behind him. It will die in a few seconds and be fairly well boiled in a half an hour. The number of anglers who have actually caught and boiled fish in this almost miraculous manner may not be very large, but there are at least 100 reliable citizens with whom I am acquainted who are prepared to make affidavit that they have done so.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Expensive Tastes.

Father—Yes, I admit that your lover has a good income, but he has very expensive tastes, very.

Daughter—You amaze me. What does he ever want that is so very expensive?

Father—Well, you, for one thing.—New York Weekly.

THE PACE THAT KILLS.

Ned Peace, the Famous Athlete, Paresis Smitten.

TOO RICH, TOO POPULAR, TOO WILD

He Was a Great Friend of Marie Jansen and Was Once a Man of Muscle and Enjoyed Wine, Women and Song, but Now the End Is Near.

For the last 10 years every college man has known Ned Peace by repute. It was in the fall of 1879 that he came up to Princeton, a huge strapping youth, from one of the "prep" schools, says the New York World. He had a fortune in his own right and an easy going guardian. He was handsome and strong and young. He had clear, bright eyes and a clear, healthy skin with a lot of color in it. And his hand was as steady as a rock, and he had never known what it was to be sick or out of condition in his life.

The whole class admired him before the first three months were done, and through his strength and skill on the football field he had begun to get a college reputation. Then he was so clever and good humored, his pockets were always full of money, and he was always throwing it about. By sophomore year he had the name of being a "devil of a fellow," thanks to a number

MARIE JANSEN.

of escapades that seemed terrible to the college boys, but were really harmless enough. He had also bloomed as an athlete. He was good at everything, but at football he was superb. He had the weight for the rush line, and he had the strength and agility, and a head that was always planning shrewd strategies. By junior year there was nobody in the college like Ned Peace.

In addition to his athletics, Ned Peace was a sport. He could drink all night and show up at chapel, which comes at Princeton at an unearthly hour, with as bright eyes and as steady nerves as the sedatest freshman whose bedtime was 9 o'clock. And how he could drink! And how the girls did admire him! And what yarns his friends could tell of his conquests!

He used to get into trouble with the faculty now and then. But he was too athletic and too handsome and too brilliant and perhaps too rich to be judged by ordinary standards. So he traveled the fastest gait in the fastest crowd that ever broke the night echoes of Nassau hall with their shouts and songs.

But when it was time to train Ned Peace knocked off all his dissipation and got down to work. He traveled with the fast athletic crowd and set them a good example every fall and spring. As soon as training was over, away he and his crowd went, adjourning their gayety to New York when Princeton got too dull or too hot to hold them. And from New York came the most glittering yarns about soubrettes and actresses, of wine suppers, of greenroom marvels, of exciting adventures with the police or with the wild orgies that haunted New York's streets in those wide open days of 10 years ago.

His fame spread from college to college. He was the mainstay of the great Princeton football team. He invented the block game that had to be legislated out of football when Yale became as expert at it as Princeton was. He visited Yale and Harvard and drank the best men at "Morey's" under the table and drove gayly back to Boston in a cab, while the last man at the Hasty Pudding was trying to find the door on his hands and knees.

Then he met Marie Jansen. It was in his senior year, when he was only a grown-up boy, but looked a full grown, experienced man. This was the crowning act of his brilliant career, for Jansen was then more famous and more popular and younger and prettier than she is now. The news went all over Princeton that Ned Pence and Jansen were traveling a jolly fast pace together.

The pace he had set for himself at college was only a preliminary canter to get into condition. As he had plenty of money his time was his to spend as he chose. And he chose to spend it in a mad gallop down that broad road whereof Sunday school scholars hear much. He and Jansen were the best of friends, and no one could have been more devoted than he was to her. It was talked of everywhere, and finally it was said that they were married. But this was contradicted and at last died out. He had a fortune of something over $200,000 to spend. He wanted to spend principal as well as interest. And Jansen helped him with those pink, extravagant fingers of hers.

Then came a time—less than five years after Ned Peace left college—when his friends were saying that the end had come. All the cash was gone, and every bit of land that his father and grandfather had left him was mortgaged above the highest tree top. There was no more money for the big generous hands to dive into and toss away. But for many months he and Jansen continued to be friends. She was fond of her handsome athlete, and she did not give him the "marble heart" in the days of his misfortunes.

But with misfortune came despondency, and with despondency came drink of that deeper and heavier sort that tells that a man is crossing the line. Everybody noticed the change—the bloodshot eyes, the fat body, the puffed cheeks, the stooping shoulders. And it seemed as if the end of the brilliant part of Ned Peace's career was at hand.

But there came a stroke of luck of the sort one reads about. Down in Pennsylvania there was one bit of Ned Peace's Inheritance which was so worthless that he had not been able to mortgage it. It was a wild mountain side, barren and worthless. When Ned Peace was down a good many dollars on the negative or borrowing side, he got wind that coal had been discovered on this worthless land. He was rich again, richer than before.

He picked up at once. He quit the haggard, despairing sort of dissipation and was seen about his clubs and his old haunts in the swell cafes and restaurants. He picked up all his old college friends whom he had rather dropped when it became impossible for him to hold up his end of the string, and soon he was going the old gait in Philadelphia.

This brings us down to the last year or so, down to the Paresis club of Philadelphia, of which he is a member. It may have been that it was one of the theories of that amazing organization that paresis is a disease which never touches college men. There are doctors who insist that it almost never attacks men who have been properly educated early in life, but only assaults those who have educated themselves in the school of experience, and with brains poorly organized have risen to fame or importance to the strain of which their brains are unequal. Little is known about the Paresis club except that its members were rich and each one spent his time in defying that particular disease.

Well, the end has come for Ned Peace. One of his friends went out to see him in West Philadelphia a month ago and saw only a shadow of the strong, clear eyed, clear headed youth of 10 years ago.

They say it is only a question of a short time before the most famous of Princeton's athletic sports will pass into the last stages of that disease from which there is only one relief.

And Jansen was in Delmonico's dining Sunday night. She was looking as young and fresh as ever, and her laugh was just as gay and her eyes just as bright as when she sang and kicked herself into the big heart of the big Princeton boy. A man with a black pointed beard was with her and looked exceedingly proud and happy.

Who would have the courage to disturb the combination of a bright smile and a new bonnet and a man with a black pointed beard with the picture of a darkened room, a wasted frame and a ruined mind down in West Philadelphia?

FACED DEATH FIVE TIMES.

The Postmaster of Chicago Has Had Many Lucky Escapes.

"When a boy, at the unlucky age of 18," said Postmaster Hesing of Chicago to a Tribune reporter the other day, "I had my first encounter with possible death. My mother had started to put me in school in Germany, and we took passage across the Atlantic on a sailing vessel. We were 31 days out, and when off the coast of Newfoundland suddenly found ourselves befogged and hemmed in by icebergs. For 30 hours the ship drifted helplessly, and every moment we expected to be ground between the icebergs that we knew were towering above us, but which we could not see. Women were on their knees crying and praying, and I can distinctly recollect the feeling of relief when the fog lifted and we had an unobstructed sea before us.

"I came back from my trip to Germany in 1861 and then had even a worse experience. My mother was again with me, and we had taken passage on the steamer Bremen. Before we were half way over we encountered a terrific storm. The lifeboats were swept away, the masts were broken and carried away, three or four sailors were washed overboard, and finally the captain announced that there was no hope of reaching harbor, and we had best prepare for the worst. We were saved as by a miracle.

"The third time that I faced death was on my wedding trip. With a party of friends my wife and I had ascended Mount Vesuvius to view the crater and were descending in a carriage. The whiffletrees broke and the carriage became uncontrollable in its descent until it was miracu-

POSTMASTER HESING HELD UP.

lously stopped within six inches of an abyss several thousand feet deep. There were three ladies in the party, and two of them promptly fainted. The gentlemen jumped, and some of them completely lost their heads. They seemed only to think of their own danger and to be oblivious of their wives."

"What did you do?"

"I wanted to hurry you along past that question, for I must confess that I was one of the gentlemen who lost their heads. My wife could not jump out, for she was on the side of the precipice. I jumped out, however, and it was several minutes before I realized that I had a wife.

"In a tour of the Yellowstone National park a park carriage that I was in was held up by robbers. A revolver was placed at my head, and I was ordered to throw up my hands. I was about to do so when another carriage appeared around a bend in the road, the robbers became frightened, fired into the air and hastily rode away. I was probably more frightened at that time than at any other, but no review of my life passed before me. I simply shook in my boots, and it took me a long time before I could smile.

"Four years ago I was driving a spirited team of trotters and attempted to cross the Western Indiana railroad at Taylor street. No one was in the gate tower, and the track appeared to be clear. When fairly on the tracks, I saw a switch engine bearing down on me. It came upon me so suddenly that it had reached within 18 inches of the wheels before I fairly realized the danger. There was but one thing to do. I gave the horses the reins, and they jumped into their collars, just cleared the locomotive and started on a run. Taylor street comes to an end a block from the crossing, or I should have been dead today, for the team was beyond all control. This was the only time that I fully realized my danger and really expected to be killed. The horses turned suddenly into State street, when a cable car checked them temporarily. My wife was with me, and we were both thrown out. My arm was broken, and Mrs. Hesing was bruised."

England's Vital Statistics.

The slow machinery of the English government has just turned out the report of vital statistics in 1891. It appears that the steady decline in the number of early marriages which began in 1874 still continues. In the latter year 84 in 1,000 bridegrooms and 227 in 1,000 brides were under 21. In 1891 only 59 men and 190 women in 1,000 married under age. The odd fact also appears that the proportion of Jews in the population of England has more than doubled in 20 years, without counting immigration. This extraordinary fecundity is quite unmatched by any other class in the population.—Charleston News and Courier.

Judged by Appearances.

Sweitzer cheese is comparatively unknown in Ireland; hence the mistake of an Irish immigrant employed by a down town grocer. His first job was to go down the cellar to slice off 10 pounds of sweitzer cheese. He came running up the cellar and astonished his employer by saying the cheese was full of mice and roaches, and he knew what he stated was right, because he had seen the holes where they went in.—Philadelphia Call.

MONTE MEN TAKEN IN.

How Herrmann Astonished Some French Swindlers by His Tricks.

"I am not a lucky card player at any time," said Professor Herrmann. "I did win $2,500 at one sitting at Delmonico's one night, but that was the largest sum I ever won. I can play only with my friends, for in a company of strangers, if I were to win and they were to find out that I was a conjurer, the impression would be that I manipulated the cards, and that, you know, would be unpleasant. For amusement I frequently play and show a little party of friends what could be done with cards by practiced fingers. Yes, many times I have found my power to manipulate the pasteboards very handy, and I have frequently been able to frustrate sharpers who purposed to fleece the unwary.

"I remember that in 1867 I sailed from New York to France to visit my relatives in Paris, and I carried four or five $20 goldpieces to give to my friends' children. Arriving at Havre, I met a friend in the person of the secretary of the Russian legation at Paris, who was also journeying toward the capital. We went on together and occupied toward the same compartment on the train. At one of the stations three men came into our compartment. They were Frenchmen, and it took only a glance to show that they were gentlemen who lived by their wits. They were dressed in the latest fashion, though, and apparently found little trouble in getting an excellent living in their line of industry. When I gave the conductor my ticket, I took out my pocketbook, and one of the three, a nice little Parisian, caught sight of my gold double eagles. He was at my side, while his companions sat on the opposite seat.

"That flash of the gold was enough for the fellow, and he began his game. He asked me if I were an American, and if I knew anything about gold coins, this to open a conversation. I replied 'yes' to both questions, and on my asking why he desired to know he pulled a goldpiece from his pocket and asked me what it was. He had got it for nothing, he said, in a card game. I told him it was a Spanish ounce worth $16. Then he and his friends began to play cards, and he said he would show them the game at which he won the ounce. It was the old three card monte trick, well known in America, but comparatively new in Europe. The three sharpers, posing as casual travelers, placed their layout, and the little man at my side showed them how easy it was to pick up the ace from the overcoat, which formed the card table. Quite a little money changed hands, and I saw that my friend, the Russian, was getting interested. Like all Russians, he had a passion for gambling.

"'Have nothing to do with this game,' I told him. 'Leave them to me.' I manifested an interest in the play, and when the fellow sang out, 'A hundred francs you can't pick up the ace!' I cried, 'I bet you,' and as I flung down the money I seized his hand, which was hovering over the three cards in a row and overturned the ace. The window was partly open, and swiftly picking up the cards I flung them out, or rather they thought so. The sharpers raised a pretty row and talked very ugly for awhile. Then I thrust my hand into the little man's vest and pulled out the cards one at a time. You should have seen the looks on those fellows' faces. 'You're a conjurer,' cried one of them. 'Yes, I am Herrmann,' I replied, 'and I know three card monte better than any of you.' They left the train at the next stop and sneaked away, looking very cheap. They were raw hands at it."—Chicago Post.

Perfumed Butterflies.

Fritz Muller discovered patches of singular scales on the wings of butterflies, which sent out more than 30 distinct odors. These scent scales are called androconia. An excellent study by microscopical sections of the wings of some of our butterflies, by Professor M. B. Thomas, appears in The American Naturalist. He shows that these scales are the outlet of unicellular glands situated at the base of each scale.

One especially prominent was detected beneath the androconia in the wing of Danais archippus. The surface of the wing above the glands is sometimes covered with a great number of papillæ, from the end of which the scent scales project, or it may be like the ordinary surface of the wing. In the former case the androconia are quite small and but one to each papilla, at the base of which lies the gland. This gives the scent scale the appearance of a small rod placed in a flask.

The material elaborated by the local glands and distributed upon the surface of the wing by the androconia is that which gives to many of the lepidoptera their characteristic odor.—Philadelphia Press.

The Economy of Pure Food.

There are many persons who, from a misguided sense of economy, purchase food which they know to be inferior, so that they may thereby save, in order to meet other demands of the family. Handsome clothing and fine houses in aristocratic neighborhoods are desirable, we admit, but not at the expense of the most important factor of our existence, especially when we know that pure, nourishing food is the immediate cause of pure blood, and consequently more perfect nerve and brain power. It is not only false economy, but positive crime, to obtain edibles below the standard for the purpose of sustaining both the mental and physical health of any human being.—Baltimore Telegram.

Steady.

"I fear our new bookkeeper is not so steady as he ought to be," said the senior partner.

"Don't know about that," replied the junior partner. "He was out with a party of us the other night, and when the session was over he was the only one who didn't wabble a bit."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Thorough Test.

A very wise man once said that when he began to feel too important he got a map of the universe and tried to find himself on it.

A Brooklyn deacon has invented a money sieve which sorts out the pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters which he collects in the church contribution box.

The number of marriages performed throughout the world each day is estimated at 3,000.

FAMOUS, YET DELUDED.

Well Known Men Who Observe Signs and Omens.

WISE, LUCKY AND SUPERSTITIOUS.

Why C. P. Huntington Does Not Move Into His $2,000,000 Mansion—Are President Cleveland and Recorder Smythe Afraid? Society Star Gazers.

Who is not just a bit superstitious? By this is not meant the superstition of the idol worshiping sort, but the kind we mean when we say we are either lucky or unlucky. If you are not so, you are not in fashion.

President Cleveland's demeanor recently when traveling has led to the query, "Is our president superstitious?" Many reply that he certainly must be. When he arrived at Jersey City from Washington a few days ago, en route to Gray Gables, he was met by 10 stalwart policemen, who formed a hollow square around him, while he made his way along a private passageway to the pier. His friends say that the president has developed a remarkable dread of crowds since the assassination of President Carnot. He has become morbid and suspicious and never goes out without an escort.

"President Cleveland is courting trouble," remarked a bystander when the president and his cordon of police passed by. His bodyguard of police attracted no little comment. The king of Italy, it is said, goes out driving through the streets of Rome unattended and often even goes so far as to face a passing cab and jump in.

At the corner of Fifth avenue and Fifty-seventh street, in New York city, stands a royal mansion erected by Millionaire Huntington. It is untenanted, although completed at a cost of $2,000,000. Mr. Huntington, it is said, would sell this stately stone pile at a sacrifice, for his wife is afraid to move into it, as she has a morbid fear that she might die there, as some of her friends have done soon after moving into new houses.

There's a prominent politician in New York who has a strange, superstitious dread of a funeral procession passing through the street. He will go several blocks

HUNTINGTON'S FIFTH AVENUE MANSION.

around to get out of the way, for he has a presentiment that he will some time be run over by a hearse. Many politicians are afraid of the proverbial ice wagon, but few would run away from a funeral procession—except their own.

Practical, cool headed, calm minded Recorder Smythe of New York has one superstition, but don't speak of it to him, or you may get six months. During the Carlyle Harris trial the recorder was overrun with letters and missives of every description. He read a few of them and found that they threatened him with all manner of calamities for his conduct of the case. The rest of these letters were shoved into his desk unread, where they have remained ever since. The recorder would never let them go out of his possession and laughingly says that he is going to take a month off some time and read them all.

John F. McIntyre, one of the assistant district attorneys in New York, is another man easily affected by his presentiments. While he was prosecuting Pallister—who, with his fellow convict Roehl, made that famous escape from Sing Sing prison—Pallister one day grabbed up an ax, which was one of the exhibits in the case, and made a lunge at McIntyre. When he was sent up the river, Pallister threatened that as soon as he got out of Sing Sing he would come directly to this city and kill the enterprising prosecuting attorney who convicted him. McIntyre heard of this and was not feeling especially comfortable after news came of Pallister's escape from prison, when one day a witty friend sent him a postal card signed "Pallister" and warning him that he would soon carry out his bloody intention.

Actors and actresses are especially superstitious, even in little things. If two of them while passing along the street on their way to the theater become separated by a third party going between, you are sure to hear one or the other of them presage that they won't finish the season together in the same show. If any one by chance opens an umbrella or parasol in the room with an actress, 10 to 1 she will jump up, wring her hands and declare that misfortune is in store for her, or that one of her Johnnies is growing cold and hard hearted.

Turfmen are also quite superstitious. Many a "good thing" has been let go by the talent because of some circumstance which has aroused their superstitious ideas.

Father Bill Daly, Mike Dwyer and a host of heavy plungers are more or less affected by such ideas. With many it takes the form of a marked inclination for the same seat in the grand stand. If by chance certain of the talent arrive a little late at the track and find their seats taken by strangers, they will not place a bet all day, as they believe they have been "Jonahed." The same holds true in regard to certain books in the ring. Each regular bettor has his favorite books, while there are other books which he never placed a bet with, because he has a superstitious belief that he could never win a bet there.

Women "regulars" at the races are even more superstitious than men. They always occupy the same seats, employ the same messenger boys to place their bets in the ring, and if they cannot get one of their regular boys they will not bet at all, although their "lady friend's" boy may be eager to help them out and make his commission.

Among society ladies superstition numbers many devotees. They consult astrologers and have become such slaves of what is foretold them that fortune tellers, astrologers and star gazers of all descriptions are growing in numbers.

Mrs. Dunlop Hopkins quite frequently has her horoscope cast, paying as high as $10 each time to learn the mysteries of the gods. Some well favored seeresses derive a handsome income from this form of buncombe. Lillian Russell is said by those who know her best to entertain many superstitious foibles, among others the old time notion that it bodes misfortune to sign a contract, begin rehearsals for a new play or start on the road on Friday.

Insulted.

An American traveler relates that, alighting at a hotel in Granada, a man at the door put out his hand toward him. The traveler supposed that the man was the porter of the hotel and offered him his valise. The man stepped back, tossed his head and frowned scornfully. "Caramba!" he exclaimed. "Do you take me for a porter? I would have you understand that I am no porter." "Indeed? Then may I ask you, senor, what you are?" "I am a beggar, sir, and asked you for alms."—San Francisco Argonaut.

THE MASS OF JUPITER.

Indications That Its Surface Matter Is In a Gaseous State.

Taking the earth's mean distance from the sun at 92,796,950 miles, as given by Harkness, the mean distance of Jupiter from the sun will be 482,903,970 miles. The eccentricity of its elliptical orbit being 0.04825, its distance from the sun at perihelion is 459,507,760 miles and at aphelion 506,100,180 miles. Between its greatest and least distances, therefore, there is a difference of 46,592,420 miles, or about one-half the earth's mean distance from the sun. The inclination of Jupiter's orbit to the plane of the ecliptic being only 1 degree 18 minutes 41 seconds—or less than that of any of the other large planets, with the exception of Uranus—the planet never departs much from the ecliptic, and hence it was called by the ancients the "ecliptic planet." Its period of revolution round the sun is 11 years 314.8 days.

The inclination of its axis of rotation being nearly at right angles to the plane of its orbit, there are practically no seasons in this distant world, and the only variation in the heat and light at any point on its surface would be that due to the comparatively small variation in its distance from the sun referred to above. Its mean distance from the sun being 5.2028 times the earth's mean distance from the sun, it follows that the heat and light received by Jupiter are 27 times (5.2 squared) less than the earth receives. The amount of heat received from the sun by this planet is very small, and were it constituted like the earth its surface should be perpetually covered by frost and snow. Far from this being the case, the telescope shows its atmosphere to be in a state of constant and wonderful change.

These extraordinary changes cannot possibly be due to the solar heat, and they have suggested the idea that the planet may perhaps be in a redhot state, a miniature sun, in fact, glowing with inherent heat. The great brilliancy of its surface, the "albedo," as it is called, and its small density—less than that of the sun—are facts in favor of this hypothesis. As the attraction of Jupiter's enormous mass would render the materials near its center of much greater density than those near its surface, the latter must be considerably lighter than water and may possibly be in the gaseous state.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Titles For Women.

Until Oscar Wilde burst upon the world as the apostle of æstheticism the family to which he belonged had hardly been heard of in this country. Since then occasional paragraphs have appeared in the papers regarding relatives of the divine Oscar, and now attention has been called to his mother, Lady Wilde, because of a novel movement in which she has taken a leading part. This has for its object the securing from the crown of honorific distinction for women of the same character as those granted to members of the sterner sex. Lady Henry Somerset is also a leader in the movement, and the disinterestedness of these two ladies in this crusade seems to need no affirmation when it is remembered that each is already the possessor of a title. The advocates of the new idea declare that while a man be made a baronet or a knight because of a notable deed done no such honor falls to the lot of women, and they urge that titular honors be conferred equally upon the sexes. When it is pointed out to them that Miss Burdett-Coutts was made a baroness by way of reward for her many public benefactions, the new crusaders retort that the case of the baroness merely proves the rule.—Exchange.

Didn't Know Real Coffee.

Many persons who talk learnedly about coffee and its making have seldom if ever tasted pure coffee. All they know is a more or less strong infusion of chicory, adulterated with a portion of coffee. I heard of a connoisseur the other day who made the lives of his wife and his cook a burden to them by reason of the coffee brought to him in his own house. In spite of the most careful making and the most absolute purity, his Mocha was never right. At last, in desperation, his wife asked if he ever got his coffee to his taste. "Oh, yes, at the club. They make it there right enough," was the answer. Driven to her wits' end, the lady consulted with her cook and finally sent the latter to the club to learn the "proper way to make coffee."

As the absolute purity of the coffee was one of the points insisted on as essential by her master, the cook studied the coffee used in preparing her master's infusion, and her sense of smell speedily taught her that this so called "pure coffee" was largely mixed with chicory. The chef confirmed her opinion, and she went home. The coffee was made and for the first time gave perfect satisfaction. She was sent for by her master and congratulated on the change in the preparation, whereupon she answered quietly: "Please, sir, it is not the making I have changed, but the coffee. You require chicory with your coffee, that's all!" I believe nothing short of ocular demonstration satisfied her master that it was actually the purity of his homemade coffee that disgusted him.—London Queen.

President Harrison's Plans.

It is the present intention of President Harrison to leave Washington for his home in Indianapolis very shortly after the inauguration of President Cleveland. The oath of office is administered to the president at the capitol at noon, after which the new chief executive delivers his inaugural address from the east front of the capitol building. General Harrison intends to leave Washington on the Pennsylvania limited express, which departs at 1:10 p. m., and to stop over Sunday at Pittsburg, where he will be due about 9 o'clock Saturday night. He will arrive at Indianapolis about noon on March 6. He may change this programme, but he does not expect to do so at this time, barring accident.

It was the original intention of President Harrison upon his retirement from office to linger in Washington over Sunday and to arrive at Indianapolis during the early part of the succeeding week. But he is anxious to return to his old home now that he sees the beginning of the end, and having nothing of particular interest to detain him here he has determined to take his leave of the national capital within an hour or two after the inauguration of his successor.—Cor. Baltimore American.

Selfish Opposition.

Especially in those women who are always at work upon public opinion by letters, speeches and writings does opposition to woman suffrage seem selfish and narrow. They exercise the largest liberty of affecting the public for themselves, but they would deny to the masses of women even the secret ballot.—Boston Transcript.