EUGENE CITY GUARD.

i. L. CAMPBELL, - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

ABOUT WOMEN'S NAMES.

Suggestions Concerning a Custom of Many Society Newspapers.

As I am a lone woman, dwelling in a corner, may I pour into your sympathetic ear a question which perplexes me? Being a poor seamstress—that is, a seamstress who is poor, my only enjoyment of society is that which I obtain through the thrillingly interesting columns of the daily papers. I always go to church, of course, on Sunday morning; but Sunday afternoon—do you think it very wrong of me to settle down comfortably with the big, big papers and dream that I dwell in marble halls with the Montmorency Joneses and the Clarence Fitzherbert Smiths who are giving dinners and teas and all sorts of delightful frolics? Once a week I thus hear the music for their dances, I see their lovely, lovely gowns, I smell their sweet violets and roses. It is really a sort of going into society by proxy.

But within the last year or two a puzzling phrase has crept into my dear Sunday journals. I am constantly confronted with the expression "Mr. and Mrs. Thomas de Montmorency Jones (born Smith)," or "Mr. and Mrs. Augustus von Tompkins (born Snooks)," or "Mr. and Mrs. Clarendon White (born Redd)," did thus and so. Now, what does that mean? Was Mr. Clarendon White born Redd? or was it only Mrs. Clarendon White who was born Redd? And if Mrs. Clarendon White wants everybody to know she was born Redd, why does she not announce herself as Mrs. Redd-White?

I have hesitated long before confiding my perplexity to you for solution, dear sir, but I find my mind dwelling so constantly on the subject that I felt it would be a great relief to receive information. Was Mr. Thomas Montmorency Jones born Smith? And, if so, must he have had his name changed by act of legislature? Or, if all these couples who were born with the same surname are first cousins, is not that rather an alarming outlook for society? Or can it be possible that what the writer of these paragraphs means to imply is that it is only the wife of Thomas Montmorency Jones who was born proud possessor of the name of Smith? Are we to understand that it is only by this little weekly reminder in the Society Notes that she, who was once known to a wide circle of friends as Sally Smith, is resurrected, as it were, from a marital engulfment by Thomas Montmorency Jones?

And, if it be of such importance to the public that Sally Smith's husband should always be made prominent as a sort of latest improved attachment, would it not be valuable as information to go farther and let us know in each case similarly just who is the wife of the Thomas Joneses? I recently read a deeply affecting story of an artist who painted a young lady's picture and unconsciously won her young affections because he neither wore a wedding ring nor told he was married until it was, alas! too late. He had been introduced to her simply as Mr. Vandyke Brown, and not until her heart had become deeply penetrated with love for Mr. Vandyke Brown did she learn that he was the husband of that former belle of New York, Miss Mary Rouge. Now, if his cards had borne the inscription, Mrs. Mary Rouge-Vandyke Brown, his victim would have known at once that he was not a single man, and being a well brought up British maid, would have guarded her heart so carefully that 'twould not have even thought of straying his way.

And if this should be adopted we would always know without fail upon what family tree each woman as well as man is entitled to a place. Mary Rouge would be Mary Rouge from her christening font to her bier, even though at intervals she affixed to her own the title of a succession of husbands (the predecessor of each being, of course, either properly divorced or buried). —A Humble Seamstress in Boston Transcript.

The Actions of Trees.

The action of trees in their manner of taking root in strange soil seems almost like the human family, who are guided in their likes and dislikes by intelligence, wisdom and consciousness which trees and vegetation cannot possess. Some trees strive to take root in hard, inhospitable soil among the rocks and ravines, as if hiding from the winds and frosts of northern climates and reaching forth with more than natural instincts for moisture, solar rays, warmth of sunshine and rain. It seems like a human cry for life and vitality.

There are trees seen in New England forests that seem to crowd together for companionship around the inland lakes and rivers. They seem to get thickly together for drinking and climbing among the hills and among the small valleys till their branches interlock in social and harmonious affection, aiding each other to support as best they may their roots from the hunger and thirst of exhausted soils.—Boston Transcript.

His Wife In a New Light.

A young married man received such a shock of surprise as to his wife's crowding and elbowing attainments that he has not yet recovered. He expected to make a few selections one evening, not suspecting his better half was away on the same errand, and was not a little surprised to see her in one of the big stores. He kept just out of her sight, however, and watched her. He opened his eyes in amazement as he saw the way she crowded up to the counters and forced the attention of the clerks—she, the darling creature who could not walk a block without the support of his arm, and who always waited for his assistance in alighting from a car or in crossing a street.—New York Evening Sun.

Liked Her Himself.

There was a certain actress whose charms and vivacity had long been proverbial.

"Father," said a young man with enthusiasm, "she is an angel and I love her!" He was speaking of the lady, whose name we have not given, and he added, "Stop! Not a word! I believe her to be an angel. I adore her, and I won't allow you to breathe a syllable against her."

"Certainly not," said the father, "certainly not. Why, I adored her myself when I was your age."—London Tit-Bits.

Not Afraid of College Men.

General Butler's promptness of retort is proverbial. He was cross questioning a witness in a somewhat sharp manner, and the judge interposed, reminding the lawyer that the witness was a Harvard professor. "I know it, your honor," was the reply. "We hanged one of them the other day."—Boston Journal.

Made Him Nervous.

Bystander—Don't you feel terribly nervous when you are way up in the air?

Parachute Jumper—Yes, if there's a small crowd.

"What difference does the crowd make?"

"I'm afraid I won't get my salary."—New York Weekly.

Unmusical.

"How long can a man live without air?"

"It depends on the air. Forever if it's 'Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay.'"—Kate Field's Washington.

A Heavyweight Jury.

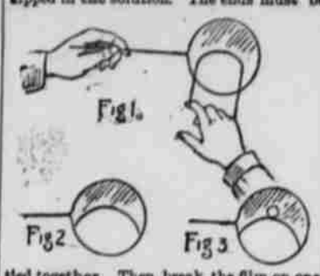
Five of a jury which recently assembled in a Houston county, Ga., justice court weighed over 200 pounds each, and not one of them weighed less than 150 pounds.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Tissue of Soap Bubbles.

Blow a large bubble on the lamp chimney and then stop blowing. The air will rush out of the open end of the chimney as the bubble shrinks. If you point the chimney at a candle, the blast may be strong enough to put it out. Water film acts like thin india rubber in some respects, tending to become as small in area as possible.

Next dip a ring several inches across made of wire about as thick as a hairpin in the soap solution and place a thread across the film filling it. The thread must be 6 or 8 inches long and must have been dipped in the solution. The ends must be



tied together. Then break the film on one side of the thread with the finger or with a hot wire, and the part of the thread which was in the film will be instantly drawn over so as to lie against the ring on one side. Put the fingers of one hand in the dependent loop, keeping the thread spread well, and then draw it away from the ring (Fig. 1). If carefully done, the thread will carry a film curtain with it, and refill the ring with film, which will remain as the string is drawn away over the edge of the wire ring.

Tie a thread loosely across the ring, dip the ring in the solution and break the film as before on one side of the thread. At once the loose thread is tightly drawn into the arc of a circle by the film on the other side of it (Fig. 2). Next break the other film, and the thread again is loose, but this time in the air. Before it was floating about in the film.

A pretty variation in this experiment is to tie a little loop in a piece of thread before fastening it to the ring. The loops can be made by tying a thread around the finger. The thread is tied across the ring so as to bring the loop into the center. Dip the whole into soap solution. The loop will swing about loosely in the film. Break the film inside of the loop, and it will spring open into a circle. Next the film on the farther side of the loop can be broken, and the thread across the ring will be drawn into the arc of a circle with the loop, circle shape, resting in the part of the film that is left, as in Fig. 3.

The Meaning of "Semaphore."

One of our boys wants to know why they give the name "semaphore" to the tall poles with crosspieces used by railroads as a means of signaling trains. Of course you have all seen the "semaphore." Near the top of a pole is a movable piece; if it be hanging down, the train may go ahead; if it be out at right angles over the track, the train must stop.

The word "semaphore" is from the Greek and means "to bear a sign." The idea that some people have, that it was derived from "semifour," on account of the device's fancied resemblance to one-half of the figure four, is altogether erroneous, not to say absurd.—Philadelphia Times.

A Bright Boy's Mistake.

I heard a story of a bright boy who the other day went to New York with his parents. He was taken, among other places, to the Eden Musee, where he feasted his young soul on horrors and waxworks until he became skeptical about everything new he encountered. He was deceived so often by wax figures and wax effects and tricks that when at last he came upon a bright green bench bearing the notice, "Fresh Paint," he exclaimed: "Oh, you can't fool me any longer. You may be fresh, but I'm not," and down he sat promptly. It was not a fake, and a new suit was necessary. —Pittsburg Dispatch.

A New Kind of Sign.

Benny is a little lame boy in Boston, the only son of his mother, and she is a poor widow. He had never been out of the city, and his knowledge of grass was limited to the fine lawns with their signs, "Keep Off the Grass." One morning in June his mother took him for the first time to the great park on the outskirts of the city. The wide stretch of meadow with the signs "Common" on its border caught his eye at once, and clutching his mother's gown and hobbling on as fast as he could he cried:

"Oh! hurry, hurry, mamma! It don't say 'Keep Off the Grass,' here; it says, 'Come On!'"—Wide Awake.

Disposing of a Rival.

The way in which a small boy of our acquaintance met the crisis, which, in the language of the nurses, was "to put his nose out of joint," showed a readiness to dispose of a troublesome impediment with a word.

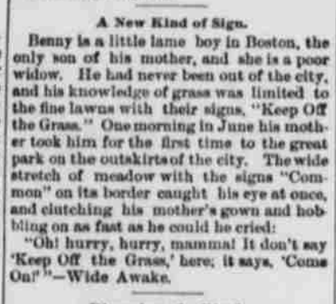
The little fellow was taken into his mother's chamber to see for the first time a baby brother. The 3-year-old looked the infant over with a calmly critical regard, and then, turning to the maid who accompanied him, he said very decidedly, "Jane, you keep that in the kitchen."—Youth's Companion.

Coming on Nicely.

Visitor—I've not seen any of you in ever so long. How is your little brother coming on?

Tommy—First rate. He can whistle for himself and wear my pants.—Texas Siftings.

It Might Be Worse.



I'm glad that I'm a little lad
And not a pussy cat,
And sometimes when I'm feeling sad
Things do not really seem so bad
If I just think of that.
—J. K. Bangs in St. Nicholas.

The Family of the State.

The true family is the type of the state. It is the absence of the feminine from the conduct of the governments of the earth that makes them more or less savage. The state is now in a condition of half orphanage. There are fathers of the state, but no mothers.—Rev. Samuel J. May.

In a case in which a man was accused of forgery a witness for the defense managed to say, "I know that the prisoner cannot write his own name." "All that is excluded," said the judge. "The prisoner is not charged with writing his own name, but that of some one else!"

The Zanzibar coast is the property of the Imperial British East Africa company, which administers its affairs and keeps up the civil government and a standing army composed of Sudanese. Its total area is estimated at 1,000,000 square miles.

THE VENUS DE CALIFORNIA.

A Unique Contest Among the Beautiful Women of the Gold State.

The Venus of California is to be copied in marble, and the statue will be exhibited at Chicago during the fair to show the world that the rarest and most perfect type of beauty is not that of Milo, nor that of Medici, nor that of Capua. A new model of the loveliest woman is to be given, and it is to be from the American west.

Nobody yet knows who the California Venus is, and the question must be determined by popular vote. There is about to be a contest for the distinction, open to all native California women who reside in the state. Candidates will be required to have their physical charms considered by a committee of the local artists and then to stand in similar review before all who wish to judge.

The statue of the new Venus is to be the central ornament in the California room of the Women's building, and the beauty contest will be under the supervision of the lady who has charge of that room, Mrs. Frona Eunice Wait of this city. The scheme devised by Mrs. Wait will be carried out by her for the simple purpose of setting California beauty in its just and shining light before the world.

Says Mrs. Wait: "Our standard of beauty is the Venus of Milo, and the successful candidate in the contest will be the woman coming nearest to that statue in form and measurements. The contest, which begins immediately and will continue long enough to give all the state a fair chance in getting ready for the competition, is by means of photographs. Of course the photographs need not be entirely from the nude. The candidate, when posing for photographs, may wear a drapery of cheesecloth or crape, which will conceal while yet revealing. The figure must be shown. The photographs must be in the Paris panel form, one a full faced view and the other a profile.

"When the time for selection arrives, we shall appoint a committee of three leading artists to pass on the photographs. These judges, having no information about the originals, will select the three that are the best modeled. The woman who is chosen will then be asked to pose for the sculptor. Rupert Schmid has promised his services, and he will do his best work in making a life size statue of our California beauty. An exact likeness of the face will be made, and the form will be in the exact proportions."

Mr. Schmid, the sculptor, says the subject that he wants for the statue is the typical California beauty. "If the model insists on having the work done from measurement," said he yesterday, "why I will do it that way, but the statue will be of less substantial material than I would otherwise use. A good Venus cannot be made from a tapeline. There are rules to go by in modeling from the measurements, but neither can you get a satisfactory and lifelike figure from a set of rules. A woman should not object to posing if her statue is to be nude. Justice to herself requires it, and it is perfectly proper. The Greek goddesses had the highest principles of morality, but they wore little drapery. And so when we come to model our California Venus, she may be draped like a Greek goddess."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Trust to the Dear Women.

Those legislators who are making fools of themselves by introducing bills to prohibit the wearing of crinoline know nothing of the force of fashion and the nature of women. American ladies are as sensible as they are beautiful and can be safely trusted to regulate their costumes to suit themselves, being assured in advance that they will always suit American men. It is their providential peculiarity that they look lovely in anything —clinging skirts, wide skirts, poke bonnets, flat bonnets, soft laces, men's shirt fronts, no matter what, so long as the sweet face smiles above and the tiny boot peeps out beneath. If we have to enlarge our doors, stages, cars and sidewalks so as to accommodate the ladies who want to walk about in crinoline cages, that will be a small price to pay for the privilege of pleasing the fair women who are the sunshine of our lives and give us an angelic foretaste of heaven here below.—Texas Siftings.

Afternoon Teas.

Though many people in Washington, as elsewhere, continue to denounce afternoon teas as intolerable crushes in which one has little if any opportunity to see and converse with the hostess, they do not, after all, materially differ from evening receptions in this particular, and undoubtedly instead of being on the wane of popular favor they are steadily on the increase. As evidence indisputable it will be noted that all of the present season's debutantes there have been introduced at afternoon teas. An occasional evening entertainment is enjoyable, but society has grown to prefer the majority of evenings to be left free for the enjoyment of dinners, theater parties or such amusement, which generally wind up in the former case with a little dance, and in the latter with a supper at one of the fashionable hotel cafes.—Washington Letter.

Women With Purpose and Business Sense.

"You may take my word for it, those women are going to give somebody trouble yet." That is what an English editor said after the meeting of the Union of Women's Liberal and Radical Associations of the Metropolitan Counties. And besides this he said: "The majority of women who take up a public career are excellent men of business—pardon the bull. If the same proportion of male busybodies were endowed with a similar amount of common sense, this country of ours would be an Eden." At the meeting referred to Lady Aberdeen, who is seldom visionary or loquacious, talked of the time when every man and woman in the metropolis would be living a pure, wholesome and right life, with fair wages, restricted hours of labor and habitations fit for human beings to dwell in.

Sells on Sight.

Peddler—Have you any daughters, mum?

Housekeeper—Sir!

"Plase, mum, I don't ask out of vulgar curiosity, mum. I'm selling resonators."

"What are they?"

"You hang one up in the hall, mum, and it so magnifies every sound that a goodnight kiss sounds like a cannon shot."

"Give me three."—New York Weekly.

YARNS ABOUT GOULD.

INCIDENTS SHOWING CHARACTERISTICS OF THE FINANCIER.

He Avoided Newspaper Men, but a Denver Reporter Trapped Him Once—Sent One Man to Jim Keene—How He Learned That Whisky Was a Bad Surveyor.

There was nothing he detested more than newspaper notoriety. He used to dodge reporters, and only one of them, as far as known, ever fairly outwitted him. Fred Skiff, the city editor of the Denver Tribune, detailed reporter after reporter to interview Mr. Gould during one of his visits to Colorado, but each brought back word that the little railroad king would not be seen and had posted sentinels all along the hotel corridors to drive intruders away. So Skiff set out to do the job himself. He hunted up a friendly Pullman car conductor and borrowed his uniform. Then he walked into the hotel and up the stairs.

"Look a-here," said he to the first sentinel he met, "what does Mr. Gould propose to do about that car? I must know right away, for if he isn't going to use it tomorrow I've got to take it back to Chicago."

The sentry knew nothing about the car, of course, and advised Skiff to see Gould about it himself. So Skiff successfully ran the gantlet of the half dozen lackeys, growling all the time about the bother of being compelled to attend to other people's business. Judge Usher, one of Gould's attorneys, who was in consultation with his client when the bogus sleeping car conductor was shown in, immediately recognized Skiff, having known him back in Kansas.

"When did you get out of the newspaper business?" inquired the astonished lawyer. "I ain't out of it," replied Skiff, "but I had to put on this disguise in order to get in here to interview Mr. Gould."

"Young man," said Mr. Gould sternly, "if you're a reporter, you can take yourself right out of the room, for I am not to be interviewed."

Skiff argued the point and not being invited to be seated coolly sat down on the floor.

"Unless you put me out," said he, "I shall stay here till you tell me what your plans are."

This audacity pleased Gould. He looked at Usher, and seeing the lawyer chuckling heartily broke out into a loud laugh.

"Well, what do you want to know?" he said finally in the tone of a man who is wearied with objecting.

Skiff knew he had triumphed. He produced his notebook, drew up to the table at which Gould sat and set industriously to work putting out questions and noting the replies. The result was a reliable forecast of the immense railroad enterprise in which Gould subsequently embarked, and of which the public would not otherwise have been forewarned.

Less happy was the fate of the Chicago reporter who followed Gould by rail down into Indiana and finally overhauled his special car and knocked at the door. Mr. Gould responded in person, and the reporter held up his card so that his victim could read it through the glass window.

"The Chicago Bugle wants your opinion," he shouted, "on the question of refunding the 6 per cents."

Mr. Gould regarded him through the glass with such a frigid expression that the interviewer has shivered at the mere memory of it ever since, but finally opened the door on a crack and asked:

"Young man, do you want me?"

"Yes, sir. I want to interview you on the subject of"——

Mr. Gould began to shut the door.

"On the subject of the devil!" yelled the indignant reporter as he saw all his hopes fading away.

"Young man," said Mr. Gould, opening the door once more an inch or two, "on that subject you had better see Jim Keene. He's got all the points and is anxious to give them away to spite old Flood!"

Gould always believed that the secret of his ability to overcome others in any contest of wits was his temperate habit of life. He never tasted whisky but once. In the days when he was a surveyor in a small way and was mapping a county on the practical line of getting lodgings and meals of the farmers in exchange for marking correct sundials on their doorsteps he became tired one hot, dusty afternoon. He came to a country tavern. In his pocket was a 5 cent piece. It suddenly struck him that as a medicine to relieve faintness he ought to buy a glass of whisky with his nickel. "I was ignorant of bar usage," he said once in describing the incident to a friend, "and so when a glass and a bottle were set before me I filled the tumbler chock full. The bartender made no protest, and I swallowed the big horn. Then I went my way, trundling my wheelbarrow like measure of distances and occasionally taking the bearings with a sextant. Never in my life had my work gone off half so blithesomely, and for awhile I felt as though making a map of the starry heavens instead of a very dusty portion of this mundane sphere. After an hour or more of exaltation I grew sleepy and took a long nap under a tree in a field. I awoke with an awful headache and found that the figures entered in my notebook during the time of extra steam were quite incoherent. I was fully convinced that whisky was a bad surveyor, and I have never tried it for any other purpose."—Cor. Kate Field's Washington.

Tea as Medicine.

In some forms of heart disease tea proves a useful sedative, while in others it is positively injurious. Many cases of severe nervous headache are instantly relieved by a cup of strong green tea, taken without the addition of either milk or sugar, but it should be only occasionally resorted to in such cases, it being much better to avoid the cause.—New York Journal.

Preserving Railroad Property.

The following order was issued to all station agents and section foremen along the line of the Maine Central railroad recently:

You will not allow any parties to place posters or advertisements on walls or fences belonging to this company, nor upon any objects upon land belonging to this company or within our right of way. It is the intention of this company to have its station grounds and right of way present a neat and attractive appearance, and your co-operation in securing this is desired and expected.

THE WEARING OF BEARDS.

How the Mustache Has Been Treated In France by Soldiers and Civilians.

The first military regulation in France relative to mustaches was issued in 1779, and in this cavalry soldiers were distinctly forbidden either to stiffen their mustaches with beeswax or to twist them into points like those of a dagger. Even in the first year of liberty, equality and fraternity—1792—the French minister of war decreed that only the grenadier corps should be suffered to wear the mustache. Napoleon prohibited its use to all the infantry in his armies, with the exception of the grenadiers of the Old Guard. The cavalry nevertheless obtained the much coveted privilege of mustache wearing, excepting only the dragoons, whose facial hairiness was limited to mutton chop whiskers. In 1822 the government of the restoration extended the right of appearing in mustaches to the grenadiers, the carbiniers and the voltigeurs, and to commissioned officers of every rank of the service. In 1832 the monarch of July not only allowed mustaches to be worn by all soldiers, privates as well as officers, but made the assumption of them obligatory. Meanwhile a very curious revolution had taken place in the facial appearance of civilian Frenchmen.

The popular British conception of the lively Gaul until the year 1830 was that of a parchment visaged, wrinkled, pig tailed, powdered "mounseer," in figure and mien equally resembling a baboon and a dancing master. Johnny Crapaud was altogether clean shaven, and his diet, in the popular belief, was usually composed of "soupe maigre" and fricasseed frogs. As a matter of fact, the French emigrants, who had been domiciled in our midst from 1790 to 1814, very rarely wore mustaches and not very frequently even indulged in the luxury of whiskers, and if any mustached Frenchmen were to be found in the England of the period it would probably have been in the hulks at Portsmouth or at Dartmoor among the French prisoners of war.

During all these years, moreover, the civilian classes in France had abstained from decorating their countenances with mustaches not through any positive prohibition on the part of the state, but because they had to submit to incessant moral coercion at the hands of the military caste, who for nearly two decades swaggered over and bullied the pacific population. The swashbuckling soldiers of the Napoleonic wars, trailing their sabers and clanking their spurs on the pavement, twisting their long mustaches and brushing up their bushy whiskers, sneered and railed at the unhappy "pekins," took the wall of them or thrust them into the kennel when they met them in the street, and if they remonstrated threatened to cut off the ears of the "bourgeois," whom they reviled and derided as "epiciers" or "garcons charcutiers."

This system of swaggering and bullying continued in a modified form throughout the restoration, especially in Paris, the garrison of which was largely composed of the aristocratic Gardes du Corps, the Mousquetaires and Swiss guards. After the revolution of 1830, however, came a remarkable reaction. The artistic, the intellectual and the working classes almost unanimously ceased to shave, although for a considerable period the full beard was left to the artisans, the artists, poets, novelists and journalists contenting themselves with the mustache. For this there was a particular reason. Romanticism both in literature and art favored the mustache worn alone and not in conjunction with the beard.

The gallant soldiers and courtiers whom Paul Delaroche and Eugene Delacroix loved to paint, and painted so splendidly, belonged to the epochs of Henri Quatre and Louis XIII in France, and to those of Elizabeth and the early Stuarts in England. And these gallants, although they reveled in silky mustaches, scarcely ever donned a full beard. Thus from 1830 to the present time civilian France has to a large extent been a mustached nation. The exceptions, however, to the rule are somewhat numerous. The French bench and the French bar have generally abstained from joining the antishaving movement, and if a young advocate has the temerity to claim the enjoyment of his rights as a free citizen, and with a beard or mustache to plead before one of the tribunals, he will probably be gravely admonished by the president to appear on the next occasion of his addressing the court in more decorous trim. The French hierarchy again have set their faces dead against both beards and mustaches, the only exceptions that are allowed being in the cases of the Capuchins, the Lazarists, the missionary priests and the almoners or chaplains of the navy.—London Telegraph.

Destructive German Artillery.

So destructive in its effect is the new German artillery that it is asserted, once the range were found, a battery would annihilate an entire division in a very short time. Prima facie, this seems rather to border on the impossible, but when the results of the experiments which were recently made in the presence of the emperor with the new weapons are considered the task does not appear to be so impracticable after all. The first shot fired in the course of these experiments was at a target placed 50 paces from a wood. The missile missed the target, but plowed its way for 300 yards through the wood. Shortly afterward a large area of the wood was discovered to be on fire. This was due to the shell being charged with a certain kind of powder, the composition of which is a secret known only to the German government.

The splinters from shells burst by this powder and fired by the new gun cover a circle of 900 feet. This is a great improvement on the limited area of ground that was covered by splinters from shells fired by the artillery weapon of 20 years ago. Then it was considered effective shooting if splinters from a shell were thrown within a circuit of 40 or 50 paces and seven or eight men wounded, but the new gun has a far greater destructive power than this. Another shell fired at an enormous target, constructed by the emperor's orders, covered it with thousands of holes. —London Court Journal.

Repairing a Damaged Shaft.

There are a few points in regard to the Umbria breakdown, from an engineering point of view, which might not appeal to the ordinary observer. Engineer Tomlinson got a great deal of credit for repairing the shaft, whereas a considerable part of the credit was due him and his assistants for their cautious watchfulness of all the machinery. Reports show that the shaft was not entirely broken off—the fracture was not complete. It had been noticed that it was not working smoothly, and the cap was taken off the thrust bearing and the flaw discovered.

The mending consisted of strengthening the parts so that the fracture could not become any greater, and this was practicable, while if the break had been complete and the solid part had made one revolution against the broken off end of the other part repairs would have become almost, if not quite, impossible with the facilities on board the ship. Our engineer friends who in the future may stand in danger of being called upon to mend a broken shaft may well bear in mind, therefore, that to discover a fracture before the shaft breaks goes a long way toward successful repair.—Marine Journal.

DAY IN AND DAY OUT.

THE APPARENT CEASELESS ROUND OF A WOMAN'S DAILY LIFE.

How the Hundreds of Little Things About the House That Must Be Attended to Oppress One Woman—The Real Secret of a Woman's Life Is Not to Worry.

Will there never be any end of it, my dear friend? I mean won't we ever get through? Have we got to go from one thing to another forever? I am not grumbling, not even am I one of the discontented, but somehow I do wish we could just see the chance for five minutes to sit down and say we have nothing that really shouts after us, "Mary Jane, ain't you coming to fix me?" or, "Mary Jane, ain't you ready to make me up?" I can cheerfully wait on folks, you know, but it's thing that bother me—washing things, scrubbing things, touching up things, putting 10,000 things in shape. We had all the furniture in new when we married, and do you know how furniture gets scratched, and the seats give out, and the backs split, and the joints give way, so that I dread a new chair awfully, because, I say, who knows now where the thing is going to give out? Crockery was an invention of the devil, I am sure. Why was anything of the kind ever thought of? The very instinct of crack-and-go is in the best of it.

Just you take the item of lamp chimneys. I don't mean the constant expense of buying new ones, but the fact that you never, no, never, have a complete set of lamps about the house in full order. One or the other always wants a wick, or a chimney, or a burner. I wish I could afford a lord of the lampwicks, with duties of no other kind but just to see to those fragile illuminators. How I long for natural gas or electric lights down this way, but haven't the least idea they take care of themselves—oh, dear, no! Not anything takes care of itself! Dust! Now that is the one thing that makes the woman's life as near miserable as she will allow it to be. Insignificant, impalpable, nothing; too small to scold about, and yet it is the unconquerable, never suppressible foe of rest.

I want to see before I die just one day when things won't have to be dusted. Sweep it up? That is just it. Sweeping brings it up out of its hiding places and lands it on and in everything. And when we are through with brooms and dusters in one direction we find it in full force somewhere else. It is our irrepressible conflict. How much dust do you suppose a woman has to breathe, and how much to eat in the course of a year? I am not complaining of the work, you know, only I just want to see a gap in it somewhere. It's the same with mending clothes for our children and husbands. Rips and tears and holes worn through one after another, I suppose through eternity, if we should live so long. Just think of darning socks for 50,000,000 of years!

I want to see our folks, just for once, without a button off. I've tried my best to get the buttons all on for six children and my blessed Tom—every one on—on every pocket, coat, overcoat, pants, but I can't. I never saw the day when there wasn't a button off something. Now, mind you, friend Mary, I don't complain, only it would be so delightful to get through one thing. I like work. I would not be without something to do for the world, but what fun it would be to have to look it up—just have a hunt for a job!

You know what they say about rugs as being so much more wholesome than carpets and saving of work. Well, we have rugs in six rooms—library, dining room, reception room, family room and two chambers. That makes just six days a week for taking up rugs and having them beat and the floors scrubbed. We don't beat rugs Sundays. Between you and I, what a terrible unrest fashion is! It won't do to say much about this, but did you ever think of what fashion is—say in bonnets? Well, it's never fixed, not for one blessed minute. It's a sliding scale—just moves along slowly every minute. You can't be in style —not exactly quite—if you do anything but have your hat trimmed. Of course you can't wear it if it's being trimmed all the time. Mrs. Langtry is no better off with 50 hats and 50 dresses. It must be horrid to have so many, all going, going, going out of style every blessed minute. "Blessed be she that has nothing." Well, not quite, I suppose, but ain't it blessed that we can't have but one husband?

Polyandry is just 10,000 times worse than polygamy. I hope there won't ever be a Utah that starts up that notion. I think the world of Tom, and that is just where the pinch comes in. I want him to be all right everywhere and just a model, and the blessedest old perfection in the world. And he is, but he wouldn't be without me—no, he wouldn't, and it takes just a continuous watchfulness. It is just so with your John, I'll warrant. There is no end of seeing to his things and putting them to rights. Did you ever know a man that could pick things up and keep them in order? Did you ever know one who could shut drawers and closet doors? They don't like to be bothered about little things. The fact is, I presume, they feel just as we do—they want to see the end of something. Their way is to skip over small affairs and leave them to us. I'm glad they do, for I hate pottering myself; but, worse yet, I hate pottering men.

I am glad they do leave the drawers in a muss and their shirts on the floor. I can see that woman has her mission—if we only could—well, no, I don't want to see the end of some bothers. What a blessed thing it is to wear ourselves out for those we love! Could you imagine a tolerable life or a tolerable world with children left out? Making a home and keeping a home in order and making it grow in goodness is such a wonderful power and gift!

The secret of joy is to cheerfully do what we have to do and borrow no trouble of the future. I think a true woman's strength will generally match her trials.—Mary E. Spencer in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Straightening Slant Eyes.

The wheel of progress whizzes on! The Japanese have got the wrinkle into their head that their slanting eyes must straighten out like a white man's. The consequence is that a surgeon who was doing very little in this country is fast getting rich in the novel business. He has been there only two years, but he has induced several classmates to join him, and they are very fast compiling a respectable bank account. The operation for straightening the slant in the Jap's eye is described as comparatively painless. It is confined exclusively to the exterior corner of the eyelids.

The surgeon's sharp little blade is inserted under that part of the lid near the slant, an almost infinitesimal slit is made, a fine silk thread stitches the parts together, and, presto, change! the Jap arises from his chair a happy man, with eyes as straight as those of any white man.—Boston Advertiser.

To Extract Gold From Ocean Sand.

Gold has been found in the sand of the ocean beach at various places along the Pacific coast, but only in very few places does it exist in paying quantities. A company has now been formed in Tacoma to extract the supposed gold from the sands of the Pacific ocean by a secret process.

There are over 3,000 ancient towers in Sardinia, the object of which no one, from Aristotle down, has ever been able to determine.

A LEAP AND A RESCUE.

How a Tramp Saved a Railroad Train and What Came of It.

Extra Wallace, west bound, reached Emerson at 10 p. m. June 16, 1878. In switching out a car the forward brakeman was so badly injured that we left him for surgical treatment. I was braking behind. From Emerson to Chauncey, 12 miles, is up grade, and as Conductor Wallace had gone over to the engine I was left alone on the rear. The moon shone brightly, and I noticed a number of tramps riding out on top. We had almost reached the summit and the night express was only 15 minutes behind us when suddenly the speed slackened. The caboose, two cars of telegraph poles and three of cinders had broken off. I was standing on the load of poles and started for a brake when one of the poles became loosened from its position and rolled on my foot. I struggled desperately to free myself, for the cars had started backward.

I thought of the express with her cargo of precious lives and struggled again. I seemed to hear the crash, the shrieks and groans of the dying, the curses and prayers. Minutes were years, and I grew old in the awful suspense. Then I heard a whistle and saw our front end following down the hill. On the leading car the conductor was swinging a back up signal, while the whistle blew a wild warning for No. 7. Faster and faster spun the wheels, and slowly, but surely, was the runaway overtaken.

I held my breath.

Only 20 feet.

A form shot out over the chasm, swung in clear relief for an instant against the sky and then dropped safely on board the car of cinders. At the same moment the conductor gave a stop signal, and the gap widened.

Well timed it was, for given a second sooner and the leap would have been impossible; later, and a collision unavoidable.

In a short time every brake was set, and as we slowed down I shrieked frantically: "Flag No. 7! Take a red light and flag the express!"

He understood and obeyed without a word. Fortunately or providentially, they were late, and he got back far enough to stop them. I was unconscious when at last released. My foot was badly crushed, and it was many weeks before I was again able to report for duty. As for our hero, he proved to be one of the tramps I had noticed and had volunteered for his dangerous task. When the superintendent, who was on No. 7, learned the circumstances, he offered him a position as brakeman, promising him advancement as he proved his ability. That was the beginning. Today he is a prominent general manager, and his name is a recognized power in the railroad world.—Chicago Record.

A Queer African People.

Strange stories are told of the Dokos, who live among the moist, warm bamboo woods to the south of Kaffa and Susa in Africa. Only 4 feet high, of a dark olive color, savage and naked, they have no fire. They live only on ants, mice and serpents, diversified by a few roots and fruits. They let their nails grow long, like talons, the better to dig for ants and the more easily to tear in pieces their favorite snakes. The Dokos used to be invaluable as slaves, and they were taken in large numbers. The slave hunters used to hold up bright colored clothes as they came to the bamboo woods, where these human monkeys still live, and the poor Dokos could not resist the attractions offered by such superior people. They crowded round them and were taken in thousands. In slavery they were docile, attached, obedient, with few wants and excellent health. These queer people have one fault—a love for ants, mice and serpents and a speaking to Yer with their heads on the ground and their heels in the air. Yer is their idea of a superior power, to whom they talk in this comical manner when they are dispirited or angry or tired of ants and snakes and longing for unknown food.—Popular Magazine.

Henry E. Dixey's Country Friend.

I happened to be at liberty one evening in New York when Edwin Booth chanced to be playing King Lear—probably the last time he played that part before his death. In the man sitting next to me I recognized an old friend of my boyhood days whom I had not seen for many years. And though Booth was on the stage giving his magnificent impersonation of King Lear my old friend could not repress the expression of his joy at meeting me.

"Why, Harry," he exclaimed, "I am awfully glad to see you! So you come to see Ned Booth play King Lear, did you? I come in from the country to see him play Hamlet last night, and I swow he didn't look a day older than he did 20 year ago. He was so chipper and peart that I thought I'd come tonight and see him play King Lear, and I'm gettin tarnation tired of that old cuss with the long white beard an hair that's rantin an carryin on up there, an I think it's a golldarn swindle, an if they don't make that old rat dry up an bring out Ned Booth an let him play King Lear I'm goin to have my money back."—Henry E. Dixey in New York Herald.

An Interesting Creature.

The slug and its habits and peculiarities are well worth a little attention from those who are fond of the unusual and curious things of earth. A family, upon moving into a house, remarked that the cellar was lined all over with thin, shining tracks where some slimy creature had crawled. For a long time the makers of the tracks could not be found, but were at last discovered underneath a box in one corner where the mice had carried some leaves and pieces of vegetables. They were put into a glass fruit jar and fed with leaves and scraps of vegetables. They seemed to eat but little, but were continually crawling about the jar. At the slightest sound they contracted into a length of not more than 2½ inches, remaining perfectly quiet for a few minutes, when they cautiously put out their foe ers and began to move. The head seemed to go on, and the tail was still until the body measured almost 6 inches, when gradually the entire length moved slowly along. As it crawled up the side of the jar the under side of the body could be clearly seen through the transparent material. Its propulsive power seemed to be a sort of endless chain arrangement that ran lengthwise from head to tail. This slug is as thick as one's little finger. The longest specimen measured a trifle over 6 inches in length.—New York Ledger.