EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

LEARNING CHESSMAKING.

Apprentices In This Field of Labor Do Not

Have an Easy Read to Travel For wave that are dark and tricks that are not in valo the dremmaker is very peculiar. To prove the truth of this state-ment one has only to gain the confidence of the little apprentice girl that works for one of them and to let her talk.

While some of these girls undoubtedly find kind and considerate employers, th vast majority of them have a very rocky road to travel

The young girl starting as an apprentice receives no salary or pay of any kind and has to board and lodge at home. On ar-riving at the flat or house of her emplayer in the morning her first duty is usually the housework, washing the dishes, dusting, etc. The aweeping she has done the night before. Then she runs, or, to be more accurate, walks, on all the errands, carrying dresses home to customers, buying the groceries and other provisions. Many dressmakers keep several girls doing nothing but what is technically known as "sam-

A girl will start out in the morning and make the round of all the principal stores, asking for samples of nearly everything that is in sight—loces, dress goods, jets and trimmings of every description. These she takes to her employer, with the price attached to each and the name of the store

in which she got each sample.

These the dressmaker submits to her customers, who select what they want and give her the money to pay for it, or else they go personally to the store and order the goods sent to them in care of their dressmaker. The big stores allow all dressmakers a discount or commis ranging from 6 to 10 per cent on all bills.

The dresunaker with a number of cus-tomers thus adds very materially to her income by what appears to her patrons to be an act of accomp odation Thus does the milk exude from the cocoa-

One apprentice girl employed by an almost unknown but struggling dressmaker located in one of the small side streets where rents are cheap brought home after one day's shopping tour recently no less than 53 samples of valuable lace, and all from one store. These cost her nothing, but must have cost the store a considerable sum.

Does the firm lose it, or do the purchasers

pay enough more for their purchases to balance the account? Is it not far more likely that the meager pittances doled out to the sales and cash-girls under the name of salaries make good

the difference?

through this embryonic stage in the life of one of the future dictators of the fashions,

and very few of them comparatively have the patience to do so, she becomes an imver. Her wages are now anywhere from 23 to \$4 a week, and she can now enjoy the eral, satisfaction of bossing it over the new girl who has taken the vacant place at the foot

had to be at her employer's house each tibly increased. Three of the graduates morning a half hour in advance of the other were to be married in a month, and each hatter of girls in order that she could have the win- day they had to face a concealed battery of dows washed before the bours of regular business. - New York Herald.

Measuring the Mountains on the Moon. of the moon's surface may be obhowever, no trace of inhabitants of any sort a thing as a large town exist it could be ished wish was about to sail as a mission easily defined with such a good view of the ary to Senegambia. He had refused two ing a glass such as that mentioned.

the appearance of having a ragged and un-even surface, and it is needless to add that of religion and of science. the telescope confirms this opinion. As it was currently believed that as soon as trenomers tell us that on many parts of the be had mastered the Senegambian tongue visible portion of the moon very high he would publish his system in that lan-mountains exist; also that the elevation of guage in an abridged form, thereby at once these peaks has been determined by meas | allaying the native philosophic doubt of

a very large scale. On some of these maps the location of the different peaks is clearly transparently simple in outline and Scrip

The Antiquity of the Cat.

It seems hard to believe that during all the long ages which passed between the dawn of civilization and the Christian era the Romans and Greeks should have been ignorant of the most familiar pet of our teems established more clearly than this. Animals," insisted upon it, and it massince of closing his eyes and selecting the ade-been established by the united efforts of quate epithet for retort was disconserting scholars and zoologists. We know now to his adversaries. Some of their choicest that our domestic favorite-with its wintung, coy ways, uneasy when removed from man's society, and yet never completely trusting it, with its mysterious old work air-was unknown to the chief nations of antiquity till after the Christian era.

It was the patient and gifted nation of the Nile valley who built the Hall of Cofurins at Karnak, and who reased such colomial statues as that of Rameses II at Memphis, not to speak of the pyramids, that first tamed the cat. Hereditary antipathy as deep as that which reigns between the feline race and mankind does not dis out in a generation. Countless years and many dynastics must have passed ere the wildest members of creation became the most faithful servants of mankind. Egypt we know that cuts were regarded with veneration and eminimed and buried after their death. - Loraton Academy.

Bilkins-Your friend Scribbler seems to be always short of funds. If his books ring. don't sell, why don't you try him at office work when you need a new man?

Boomer-No use. A man who can't sucenough for the real estate business.

LIFE AND DEATH.

What's for the babo? Why, mother's eyes. Twin patches of those sommer skies That beamed on him in paradiss.

What's for the child?
With fays to skip,
To taste the honeysuckles' lip—
The butterfly's companionship. What's for the boy? The haunted wold The squirrel's nest in leafy hold, The rainbow's fabled put of gold.

What's for the youth? To dream of fame, in shifting sand to write his name, With sighs to fan a passion's flame.

What's for the man? Courage to hear
The load of wisdom and of care,
And some true heart its weight to share.

And what's for age? Pain's prison bars,
Comfort that every triffs mars,
Dimness and fear—and then the stars!
—George Horton in Harper's Weekly.

NUMBER THREE.

The suppers at Mrs. Jackson's boarding house were generally considered her most successful effort of the day. There was an undeniable sameness about the breakfasts, and the theological students who boarded there were inclined to swallow their coffee morosely and hurry to the seminary. dinners might well have been worse than they were, though meat was always poor and high in Hartwell, and it was impossible to keep a theologue very plump at \$3.50 a week. But by tea time Mrs. Jackson was wont to repent of all her small economies, and being a master hand at hashes and croquettes and hot pastry she gained for her suppers a reputation that spread

through the seminary.

Then, too, her theologues at the close of the day were usually in a cheerful mood and ready to be pleased with triffes, culinary and otherwise. They saved their best jokes, culled from the funny corner of the religious papers, for this evening meal. Here they mimicked the professors and delivered themselves oracularly concerning politics and science. Most of them were second and third year men and could chaff one another upon preaching experiences, the size of con-gregations and the probability of calls. When all other topics failed, there was one which had for them a perennial fascination. Whether they approached it coyly or with practiced nonchalance there was not a man out of a dozen who did not feel that his future profession and his past experience war-ranted him in mentioning woman with the assurance of one who knew whereof he spoke.

Matrimony was for them no speculative and problematical affair, to be meditated upon at idle moments as one of the possibilities of a distant future. Very far from The apprentice girl who has worked with it. Within two or three years at most they a dressmaker for six months is considered all expected to be married as a matter of far enough advanced to be intrusted with course. Their widest usefulness in their the most rudimentary portions of the mys-chosen calling, for instance, depended the most runmentary portions of the mys-teries of constructing a dress. She is al-lowed to overhand the seams, to baste on the braid and other simple things. For this she will be remunerated, possibly, by the And from this a deduction is made for all lovers should fluish the college and semi-holidays. The dressmaker does not recognize legal holidays. She counts them as most of Mrs. Jackson's boarders, though cherishing a blessed certainty as to their When the apprentice girl has passed safely altimate condition, were still open to conviction as to the exact person whom Providence might Indicate as their life companion, and this slight air of uncertainty as to

particulars mingled curiously with their

innocent cocksureness about woman in gen-An owsider would have been more amused than irritated by it all, but there The hours of labor demanded of the improver are from 8 o'clock in the morning chores for his board and attended the acade until 6 o'clock at night. But with the apmy, and who was not old enough to sink prentice girl they are capable of great clus- his irritation in his amusement. Dan Jack my, and who was not old enough to sink When the improvers are ready to go son was wont to declare to his schoolboy home, the apprentice is preparing to deliver the work that has been completed during the day, and in cases where there are collections to be made on the goods she is expected to return to her employer's house to dry up in the long street of Hartwell, with the money before she is free to go to and the elm tree buds to reiden, and the theologues to prepare for their final exam-A certain girl, whom the writer knows, inations, Dan Jackson's weariness percepcomment and interrogation and conjecture from their fellow boarders.

Then, too, there was Leffingwell's case Leffingwell was considered the best all By means of a good telescope a very dis- around man in the senior class-a stubby, old faced fellow from the far west, with a tained. With a glass having a power of preternaturally wide skull, flat on top, 1,000 diameters we are brought within 230 and with high cheek bones. His hair was miles of the "pale orb of night"—that is, thin, and his big ears moved slightly as he ,000 diameters of power magnifies the sur- ste. Whenever he stated a proposition or face of our sister world until it does not indulged in repartee he closed his eyes in appear to be over SEP miles away. With order to concentrate his faculties upon the the highest power yet brought to bear, question in hand. He was entitled by rights to the Herliu fellowship for the next has as yet been discovered, though did such two years, but in pursuance of a long cher lunar surface as that obtained by employ chairs of philosophy in western institutions and was popularly reputed at the seminary
Even to the naked eye the moon presents to have devised a philosophical system of

uring and carefully observing the shadows the Senegambians and putting them in they cast when the sun shines obliquely upon them. Very accurate maps of the moon's surface him provisionally. His statement of fall have lately been drawn, some of them upon was considered the most masterly document composed by a Hartwell man for 10 yearsset forth, and the height of each in feet is tural in terminology, but inwardly packed given just the same as with the mountains so full of Leflingwell's irrefragable system on the earth. Most of the mountains on the that any attempt to pick flaws in it was moon are named for celebrated astrono mers. Newton's peak showing up as a bright, shining rock 24,084 feet in height.— been offered upon it, and there was but one obstacle to Leffingwell's immediate embarkment for his field. He was a bachelor, and the board preferred that its represent-ative in Senegambia should be a married

Leffingwell's plight was thoroughly ap preciated by his fellow students, and the times a day he was obliged to run the mes-the common cat. Yet no fact gantlet of their suggestions and admoni tions. Open raillery was ventured upon Hahn, in his "Wanderings of Plants and but seldom, for Leflingwell's deliberate way quate epithet for retort was disconserting witticisms, therefore, were reserved until after Leffingweil's departure from the table. One evening late in April he was so manifestly absorbed and ill tempered that two of the theologues winked at each other as he

left the room. "Leffingwell's rather down on his luck, remarked one.

"Looks like it. Can't say that I blame him, though two refusals in three weeks must ruffle even a philosopher, ch! How is that, Tommy?"

"Speak for yourself, man. I don't know the sensation." And the youth glanced blandly at an engagement ring that he had worn for six years. "How do you know he has had the mit-

ten twice?" put in another.
"Never mind that—it's straight. I've seen both their photographs. One of them preferred Japan and, the other didn't fancy m because he proposed by letter."

"Good for her," said the man with the ng. "He deserves to be blue," "But that isn't the reason why he's bine now, Tommy," cried the other delightedly. as a novelist hasn't imagination thing? There were but four or five board-

his aunt's int bashes with his eyes fixed, as always, upon his

"Don't let it out," continued the well informed young man, "but there's a No. 8"
"No!" "You don't say!" "Come!" were the incredulous ejaculations of Leffing-well's associates. They had not believed him espable of such rapid maneuvering.

"Fact, though. That fellow has an address book compiled by his aunt, and this girl was third in the list. She isn't as strong as No. 1, nor as well educated as No. 2, but she is pretty, and she has \$7,000 or \$8,000 in her own right." This array of facts was respectfully lis-

tened to by all except Dan Jackson, who reached scornfully across the table for some sweet pickels. Dan was 15 and had a due contempt for matrimonial gossip.

The speaker looked around the circle tri-

umphantly before adding his remaining bit of information. "He's waiting her answer now-and she's a Hartwell young There was a chorus of quick guesses and

offers to bet-no stakes-on naming her in three chances, but the well informed youth rose and shoved his chair under the table, "No," he said uprightly. "I've gone too far now. You don't get her name out of

As a matter of fact, though all he had said was true enough, he did not know her name himself. The others crowded after him out of the room with even more than the usual hilarity, leaving young Jackson slone at the table.

Dan poured himself a final glass of milk, awaiting his aunt's entrance. He raised the milk to his lips and then set it down again with a troubled expression on his freckled, homely face. He was trying to put two things together.
It had been his turn on the previous Sun-

day evening to take tea with his Sunday school teacher, Miss Achsah Millicent. She had given him good things to eat and had been very entertaining—she was the only nice Sunday school teacher in Hartwell, as all the boys admitted—but when he had proposed going home, soon after tea. under supposition that it was proper to mention going and then yield to persuasions to remain, she had not urged him to stay, and he had been forced to come away in some chagrin. At the gate he had met this Leffingwell going in. He thought nothing of it at the time. Theologues were always calling at Deacon Millicent's. But what he had just heard startled him. Suppose Leffingwell were really going to marry Misa Achsahl

By George, he, Dan Jackson, wouldn't al. low it! She was too good for him-a million times too good. She was the prettiest girl in Hartwell, if she was getting a little old, and the blosst girl anywhere. She ought to marry a big lawyer, or a hotel seper, or the president of a railroad. To think of her marrying a missionary who had to get a wife or lose his job!

And she might be giving Leffingwell her answer that very minute. Dan gulped off milk fiercely. There was no time to ose. Something had to be done about it, and there was apparently no one but himself who would or could do anything. For a minute he gazed despairingly about the room; then he looked suddenly at his cuffs and felt of his necktie. Mrs. Jackson

"Dan'l," said she, "don't you think you better be a clearing off those dishes?"

Dan rose with dignity. "I suppose you'll have to excuse me tonight, auntie. I've got to make a call right away."

"Why, Dan'l, where on earth are you going to make a call?" "On my Sunday school teacher," said Dan virtuously, and Mrs. Jackson mentally decided, for the second time that day, that after all was said about his breaking dishes Dan'I's heart was in the right place

anyhow. In a quarter of an hour the boy had arrayed himself in his summer suit, donned a red necktie and high collar and had painfully written "D. Webster Jackson" in viclet ink upon a bevel edged card. Then he started stiffly down the long street toward Deacon Millicent's, his boyish heart still full of stern suspicion and righteous wrath. Miss Achsah Millicent sat under the hanging lamp in the sitting rostractedly at a map of Senegambia. She had on her best cashmere-it was two years old, to be sure, but she had put in full sleeves that spring and had added velvet cuffs. Perhaps it would last until-well, until she had several new gowns at once; then she wondered if they were leg of mutton sleeves in Senegambia, and then

she knew she was blushing, and she glanced timidly around the immaculate om. She was alone in the house. The deacon was attending a conference meeting in an adjoining town. Her mother had been dead for many years. Both mother and father had early consecrated their daughter to the service of the Lord in a foreign field, if the way should be providentially opened. The deacon had told about it in prayer meeting so often that it was a standing joke in Hartwell society, and the girl felt her heart best faster whenever her father rose to speak, through fear that he might forget his promise and tell the church again about that early vow, for thus far there had never been providentially opened

a way to its fulfillment.

Achsah Millicent had known many theo logical students who expected to be missaries, and some of them had been very good friends of hers, but none of them had ever asked her to marry him. Nor had any one else. For 10 years she had been c sidered the "nicest girl" in Hartwell, and numberless young men had admired her, both afar and in tolerable proximity, but ne man had ever told her that he loved her no man, that is, except Mortimer G. Leffingwell, who had used that expression on the previous Sunday evening and had asked her to accompany him to Senegram bla.

She had requested two days for con eration, and this was the second day. It had been a strange experience, not at all like what she had at times imagined it would be if it ever came to her. He had not gone down on one knee, nor was there any love light in his eyes. He had sat quite tranquilly with his knees crossed and one of his feet dangling deliberately. His eyes were closed as he formulated his proposition. Miss Millicent was consein vague disappointment here, and yet she was not sure but Mr. Leffingwell would have looked ridleulous if he had chosen any

other way. As it was, he had not been ridiculous at all, though perhaps a little prosaic. She suspected, however, that he was rather a matter of fact person, though she knew he was very bright and that the professors considered him an ornament to the semi-nary. He would undoubtedly make a good nd for some one, and she herselfwell, she was no longer a schoolgirl and ought not to expect a proposal in the terms of a schoolgirl's fancy. It was enough that he had proposed at all, was it not? All these years she had been waiting for just that, had she not?

But at last the door had been opened, and why should she stand hesitant before it? Her father would praise the Lord for his mercy, she was sure; her mother, in spite of the fact that Mrs. Millicent had always insisted that her chief trial in life was to have man around, would have rejoiced with the deacon had she been alive. Perhaps she knew all about it as it was. Achsah Millicent had never felt so near her mother as she did in those two days-full of soft affect tion for her and an intense longing to have her back again. Yet, after all, she reflected. the main question was not concerning parental approval, but whether she loved Mr

Leffingwell Did she love him? She was not at all sure that she did, and yet— When she ing her right hand on his shoulder, with a reached this point in the circle of inner voice that scared him by its intensity, "Are you making that up about the list?"

glanced up, except Dan Jackson, who was two days, she invariably wanted to cry, for she had never loved anybody-that is, any It slace she was the merest

ri-uni pernaps she was now incapable of the emotion that other people seemed to feel. The happiness of it might be meant for other people. She had always had a quiet, virginal happiness of her own. And still she was not sure. Perhaps love had to grow like other beautiful things and very likely respect was the proper soil for it. She certainly respected Mortimer G. Lef-

Ingwell very much indeed. Like herself, he had been early consecrated to the foreign field, and he was now expecting to give up a great deal that was tempting to him in order to go to Senegambia. Those dark faces called to him day and night, he had said, and he had added, with closed eyes, that he was sure she, too, would obey call. And there were but two days for beranswer. Ob, the time was so short! And it had already expired!

There was a sharp, uncompr Dencon Millicent's front door. Achsah rose unsteadily. One hand was ressed to her side; the other fell to the able and rested on the map of Senegambia. She glanced downward at it involunta-rily, and a sense of her duty flashed upon The providential way was made straight. She would accept Mr. Leffing-well's offer. Slowly she moved into the front hall; she did not wish to open the door too soon; it seemed scarcely modest, Modest? She caught her breath again. was immedest to admit a man to the gentle, prim seclusion of her heart when she more than half suspected that she did not

Her answer should be "Not" And yet she hesitated. The bell rang again, almost angrily. "Yes" or "No?" In an agony of uncertainty the girl took the gambler's choice—she would let Leffingwell's face settle the question when she opened the door, If there was a certain something in it, she would marry him. She did not know what it would be, but she felt that she could tell if it was there. She closed her eyes an instant, then she threw the door wide open and stepped back.

Dan Jackson stood there with his red necktie and his laboriously written card. There was a determined scowl above his honest eyes. His hair, still wet from the brush, was rigorously parted. A flush of mbarrasament was upon his freekled face. The nicest girl in Hartwell gave a little gasp. Then with a smile that would have uite turned the head of a less inflexible visor she put out both hands to him.

"Why, Dan!" she cried. "I'm so glad to see you. I-I didn't expect you. Come in! She relieved him of his hat and the bevel edged card and offered him the best chair in the sitting room. He sat up very straight, looking at her with admiring scrutiny. His gaze made her a trifle un comfortable, though it pleased her too.

"It is very good of you to come to see me, Dan," she said. "I am all alone this even

"Well," he remarked, with a covert mean ing which she did not grasp, "I am glad of that. I didn't know that you would be." He pulled out his clean handkerchief, and without unfolding it passed it over his forebead. The Millicent sitting room seemed warm, and he had a great task imsed upon him. Miss Achsah opened a window and let

the cool April night breeze into the room. A fine rain was falling.
"Why, you came down in the rain, Dan!" she exclaimed. "I did not notice it."
"I don't mind the rain," he said. "I

haven't carried as umbrella all winter." "Indeed? Isn't that rather imprudent?" 'Oh! I hate to bother with one. I had a good umbrella, though, last full-a \$1.50 umbrella-and one of those theologues stole

"Do you really think so?" she said laugh-'That's a serious charge, Dan.' Well, it's true," he went on vindictive-"Those fellows will do anything. You we to watch 'em all the time. I leave it

to any academy boy."
"I'm afraid that wouldn't be quite fair. Aren't the boys just a little prejudiced?"
"I dunno-maybe," he admitted mag-nanimously. "But I ain't. I live right there with 'em, at my aunt's. I cat with 'em three times a day. I know all about heat, without in the least understanding the reason of it, and she led him on a little recklessly. Any moment Mr. Leffingwell

might appear at the front door.
"Why, Dan, any one would think, to listen to you, that the theological students were criminals. Now you know better than that. You really respect them very

much. Come, be honest? "Respect 'em," he cried incredulously. But she was looking him in the eyes, and was forced to modify his statement. 'Respect 'em? Why, of course, I respect some of 'em. There's one at the Obed b who was substitute half back on the Yale team. He's all right. And one or two at our house may be all right. But take 'em together they make me tired. And if a man makes you tired, Miss Achsah, I don't see that it makes any difference whether you respect him or not."

She dropped her eyes a little; her fingers were drumming on the open map, as if she were turning over the boy's aphorism in her mind. Dan Jackson saw that she hesitated, and he drew a long breath and took

"Now, for instance," he continued dispassionately, "there's a theologue who sits opposite me at the table. He's got a head that's flat on top, just as flat as a dirt court. You could play tennis on it, honestly, if it was a little bigger. And when e's got anything to say of any importance he kind of shuts his eyes and opens his mouth and fires at you. His name is Lef-fingwell-Mortimer G. Leffingwell. He's going to be a missionary somewhere, and he makes me tired. Now I want to know

whether it makes any difference whether I respect him or not!" She was silent an instant, and the boy, carried away by the triumphant force of his own argument, made an incautious "He isn't a friend of yours, is he? I don't

suppose I ought to say anything against n if he is. Miss Achsah detected the transparent hypoerisy. "Mr. Loffingwell is a friend of mine," she said quietly. "I am sorry you do not like him, Dan. He is a very noble

Dan's heart came up in his throat. His worst fears were true, then. "Oh, that's all right," he said weakly. "It's all right if you like him." Then in a passion of revolt added, "Did you ever watch his ears wag

when he cats?" The girl laughed in spite of herself. There was no denying it-Mr. Leffingwell was occasionally ridiculous, and all the gentle proprieties of Miss Achsah's nature recognized and resented the fact for the first time. But the boy thought she was laughing at him, and tears of helpless anger started to his eyes. He did not know what more he could say against Leffing well, he groped among the chaos of sensa-tions in his mind as a diver spreads his arms uncertainly in the dim underworld. Then his fingers closed upon something.

"Well," he said desperately, "I don't suppose it makes any difference whether like him or not. He can get some girl to like him, and they'll go off and be miss aries. He's got a regular list of girls, and as fast as one of 'em won't have him he just tries the next. He's tried two in the last three weeks," The boy's vision was so blurred that he

up awkwardly, too proud to let her suspect his minery. "I suppose I must go now, Miss Millicent," he remarked formally. he remarked formally. T've had a very pleasant time." "Dan," she said, rising swiftly and layvoice that seared him by its intensity, "Are

"Honest Injun-hope to die," affirmed

Dan gloomily. "The theologues were laugh-ing about it at supper tonight."

Miss Achash did not lift her right hand from the boy's shoulder, but with the left she reached around to the table behind her and noiselessly closed the map of Senegan

'Dan, "she remarked, with a tone of mat ter of fact hospitality that relieved him, "I don't believe you have to go just yet. Let's go out in the kitchen and make some molasses candy, and if any one calls you can come in and say that I'm engaged."

They made candy with great glee and in an undisturbed sectusion until the academy regulations forced Dan to take his depar-ture at five rilinutes before 10. It was quite too late for her to expect any other callen pulsively and kissed the boy's forehead.

Mr. Mortimer G. Leffingwell awoke the next morning with a sort of half regret. He had intended to call upon Miss Milleent the previous evening, indeed, very soon after supper, but happening to pick up a Review be found an epoch making aricle that bore—not directly perhaps, but one the less significantly—upon the secnd point in his statement of faith. It had interested him exceedingly, but he was able to say when he laid it down that it had not shaken a single clause of his own system of

The evening had been therefore well spent, though in his concentration upon the article he had forgotten Miss Millicent until it was too late to think of calling apon her. He would go after dinner today instead. But before dinner, as he sat by his study table, the student whose turn it that she felt compelled to decline his offer

and tipped back mournfully in his chair. It was a great disappointment to him. He had made up his mind that she was just about the providential indicator had been right, and it was simply the number upon which it accidentally rested that was wrong. He therefore took his address book out of the drawer, but before turning to the next name on the list he spent a moment in drawing a pencil mark regretfully and elaborately through the name of No. 3 .-Bliss Perry in Two Tales.

THE SOUL LIVES.

When the dead in their cold grave are lying Asleep, to wake never again, When past are their smiles and their sighing. Oh! why should their memories remain?

Though sunshine and spring may have light-The wild flowers that blow on their graves, agh summer their tombstones have brightened,

And autumn have pall'd them with leaves; Though winter have wildly bewalled them With her dirge wind, as sad as a knell, Though the shroud of her snow wreath have veiled them,

Still how deep in our bosoms they dwell! The shadow and sun sparkle vanish, The cloud and the light fleet away, But man from his heart may not banish Ev'n thoughts that are terment to stay

The reflection departs from the river, When the tree that hung o'er is cut down, But on Memory's calm current forever. The shade, without substance, is thrown.

When quenched in the glow of the ember, When the life fire ceases to burn, Oh! why should the spirit remember? Ohl why should the parted return? Because that the fire is still shining: Because that the lamp is still bright; While the body in dust is reclining.

The soul lives in glory and light.

- Charlotte Bronte. A Boy's Reasoning. A mother of my acquaintance was im-pressing upon her little son the greatness

blue eyes were She was amused by his growing bis dimpled fingers never ceased to caresa wide open with the wonderful story, though the face of a small dummy watch that had been presented to him on Christmas day. It was evident that his mind was divided

between the Creator and the created "Could God do anything, mamma?" he finally inquired. "Certainly," was the reply; "anything?"

"Could be make my watch keep time?"
This rather floored mamma, and while she was thinking up a wise answer the little chan broke in: "Of course I don't want him to do it if it is going to make him let the stars go out, but I'll tell you what I would do if I was

in his place. I'd make all the figures on watches and clocks like these instead of like those on the clock and on papa's watch, so we could always tell what time it is The figures on his dummy are Arabic and why shouldn't they be in the figures of ordinary business use instead of in Roman numerals? The latter are invariably painted on clock faces with arbitrary incorrect ness, anyhow, the 4 being made thus, IIII instead of thus, IV. The solecism quite naturally makes a 4 year-old child doubt the emniscience and omnipotence of the Creator.-New York Herald.

A Broad Expanse of Plain.

"If the horse could stand it," said S. A. Rowbothan, a well known resident of Winnipeg, "a man could leave Winnipeg and ride 1,000 miles west and northwest over a level prairie before he would be ob structed by the mountains. This gives an idea of the great territory lying west of Winnipeg, which to the eastern man seems way out of the world. The soil of this prairie produces the finest spring wheat rown anywhere, and this enormous plain 've just mentioned will in a few years be the great granary of the world. Eastern people have a misty idea of our expansive We are just commencing to territory. grow wheat compared to a decade hence, though our crop two years ago was 30,000. 000 bushels.

"We have but little snow, and in the nany years I resided in Manitoba I never saw the tops of the bright prairie grass covered. Cattle fairly roll in fat, and we are becoming a great cattle country. While most of our settlers are from across the water, yet the number from the western states is yearly increasing."-Washington Star.

A Mistake In the Night.

It was 34 years ago. I have had 10 chill dren, but nothing has afforded me nusement during my married life than the "blunder" I made one night when my oldest boy was a bale. I had not got used to being awakened early, as I afterward did. I kept his crib close to my bed, and if he should cry during the night would give the crib a few shakes to quiet him. On this night I heard him crying and thought I was rocking the crib, but instead had hold of my husband's nose, swaying his head back and forth, when he cried out, "Ella, what in the dickens are you trying to do?'
This awoke me, as well as the babe, and the absurdity of the thing started me laugh ing, but he could not see anything to laugh at, though I did, and still do at 61.-Cor. New York Recorder.

Why Pig Iron Is So Called. "Pig iron" is a mere play upon the word

When fron is melted, it runs off could not see Miss Achsah's face. He got into a channel called a sow, the lateral branches of which are called the pigs. Here the iron cools and is called pig iron. has nothing to do with swize, but is from the Saxon "sawan," to scatter. Having sow for the parent channel, it required no great effort of wit to call the lateral grooves little piga-Exchange.

NETTING BIG SALMON.

AN EXCITING DAY'S WORK ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

How the Pink Colored Fishes of the Northwest Coast Are Captured For Market. Lively Work White the Tide Lasts Some like most young girls, I was thepe Get Away After All.

The vessel was the ordinary trim fishing until I had the experience I am go boat, and three people and an immense net tell you of," said an elderly lady filled it pretty well. In a short time we conting to The Times of that city, cording to The Times of that city.

"When I was 17, I visited New York at Just as he was going out of the door Miss the men must work when the tide is right, Achsah, to his utter amazement, bent imbe it day or night, and we could see boats be it day or night, and we could see boats all around us, some just getting the nets put, others pulling them up and killing the fish caught in the meshes, while still others were coming swiftly out from the island to begin work. As each man is paid for the fish be catches, there is no law about turning out, but each starts whenever he chooses. A smart man will be on the ground at the turn of the tide to make sure at the turn of the tide to make sure of get-ting the very place he considers the best fishing ground, while an idler will be half the tide in getting out and at his work. It tells in the day's catch if a man is early or

Our best was neither among the first nor We still had a fair choice of ground, and in a few minutes the fisherman was tossing the net over the side and the beatman was rowing up tide to allow of the net being spread out as fast as possible.

The net was over 100 feet long and was as to bring the mail flung a note into his other was supplied with a line of floats. By fitted with sinkers on one edge, while the ap. Miss Millicent, while recognizing the this means it was held in position in the water and formed a sort of fence against which the fish dashed as they swam up the and begged most earnestly that the subject stream. The meshes were rather large, and might not be alluded to again. and continue their way up the tide, while large ones were caught by the gills.

In a few minutes the net was all paid out, the wife he needed. It had seemed such an first fish to get entangled in the meshes. the wife he herely, unmistakable indication of Providence that the two previous ones declined. And yet, and the row of bobbing floats strung out be after all, he reflected perhaps his feeling hind us looked like little bubbles on the

surface of the calm water.
Suddenly one of the bubbles was jerked down, and in an instant the boat was headed for the place where it had floated a moment before. The fisherman stretched out over the side of the boat and caught the net by the float next to where the sunken one had been and pulled in the net hand over hand. A splash, a flurry of foam, and the steel gray head of a big salmon appeared above the surface.

The man caught up a queer weapon, which I had noticed and wondered about, and struck the fish a blow with the knob of iron on one end of the bar; then turning it he thrust the hook on the other end into the gills of the half stunned fish, and with a pull landed his struggling captive inside the boat. A jerk freed the ubt, which sank back into its place. The big fish was flopping viciously about, and the man struck it again and again with his big fron club be fore it succumbed to its fate. We often speak of eyes as having "no more expression than a fish's eye," but I neversaw hate

and anger more plainly expressed than in the eyes of that first salmon. Meanwhile the boat had been pulling rapidly down the net to where another float had been dragged under. This time the fish was nearer the surface, and the water was boiling around the edge of the net as the salmon plunged and tore around in his efforts to free himself from the unseen onds which prisoned him. The fisher pulled in the net as before, but as he drew back his arm to give his blow full force a more powerful effort than before tore the gills free from the restraining cords, and the fish was off and away like a flash of blue flame darting through the water. But if he escaped there were two others caught, ne a little below us, the other away up at

the farther end of the net. This was one of the times which require mick decision. Which should they go for first? The one nearest was seemingly not a very big fish, for the float would bob up to the surface every few seconds, while the other one was dashing the water into foam in his efforts to escape from the net. Evi dently he was a big fellow, so the boat was turned toward him. The boatman pulled as if his dinner depended upon our getting that particular fish. The splashing and jumping grew more energetic as we drew The fisherman pulled his sleeves up farther on his arms to give himself a better show for the coming struggle. The boat vached the spot; a duck of the head, and the man had hold of the net; a pull, and up ame a bit of a fish not much over a foot ong, and a humpback at that. A fish is a fish, so it was taken in, but the look of dis

rust on the faces of the two men was comical to see. Meanwhile the lower float had been bobbing up and down while we were killing our insignificant captive, and the boat was turned and pulled rapidly back to that end of the net. Again the fisherman ducked and caught the net, again he pulled, but this time the net did not come home so easily as be expected. Another pull and yet another before the head of the fish showed above water. He was an immense fellow, bigger far than the first, and a smile replaced the look of disgust on the fisherman's face as he drew back his hand to grasp his club

Just as he was about to strike the fatal blow the net was jerked from his hold. Another float but a short distance farther was pulled under. There were two fish to be landed now instead of one.

The net was with difficulty raised again to the edge of the boat, and the first fish was secured. He was the biggest salmon I ever saw. He must have weighed nearly 100 pounds, as he was far bigger than one which I saw weighed that touched the beam at 65

The monster was thrown into the bont, stunned by a blow, and the man pulled away at the second fish. That was also a very large one, but not equal to our monster. Just as the fisherman was pushing his hook down to try and catch the fish by the gilla, the big one just thrown into the boat gave one flop, plunged over the side, and falling fair upon the arm which held the net tore it free, and both fish were gone.

The two men sat and looked at each other for a moment, and I know they wished they were alone in the boat that they might find some relief for their lacerated feelings in language which politeness restrained them from using before me. - San Francisco

Thombs and Mechanics.

Two men got into an argument the other day over the expansion of steam in a cylin der. "Why," said one, "you don't know anything about machinery and the princi ples of mechanics. Your thumbs are not shaped right." He then went on to explain that a man with long, thin thumbs did not ave a mechanical turn, while those with thick thumbs, broad at the ends, were natural born machinists. "I never believed in physiognomy," he said, "but I do believe in thumbs."—New York Tribune.

ntirely great the pen is mightier than the sword, and it may be as truly said that for s man entirely great he must also have the qualities of true goodness.-Norfolk Land mark.

Richelieu said that in the hands of a man

The True Test of Greatness

nothing of swallowing six eggs at a time. In the schools of London the pupils num sered in 1890-1 652,354; the total cost of the board schools was £7,960,000, of which £1, 272,000 was thrown on local rates.

ralley, California, known as the blowspake

A STRANGE WARNING

Singular and Exciting Experience That Pacourages Belief In Mental Telegraphy. "In my youth we never heard of this thing you call mental telegraphy, the ere took piace, as no which puzzled the thoughtful, o had no name to give the phonon all that was not directly natural when I thought of it at all, which was not often,

the height of the social senson and pated in many of the gayeties of One night, after returning for tion, I disrobed myself of my tra ing dress and sat down to be before retiring. My sent was joy of a large glass above my dresswas then called a bureau, 'on a placed the jewelry I had worn, some very valuable diamonds

"As I plied the brush my eyes : fell on this mirror, which reflected room behind me, and as I continue look I saw evolving itself appare empty air the figure of a man. well dressed, even stylishly, and a fashion handsome, but death! his eyes glittered feverishly. nearer and nearer to me, seen only at the diamonds loosely at the table before me, but his ; was thrust into his breast, and as over me he suddenly jerked raised high above me a small Spi ger, the hilt of which was of a deal or Etruscan gold, as it is called was set with rubles, which I noticed with that poculiar attention to trifles so often displayed in moments of danger.

Up to this point I had been too tendfied to call out or even to move, had even turning my hend to look behind me, but watching the movements of the assault as they were reflected in the mirror. as he brought down his hand, with a swift, murderous motion, to strike me from my chair with a single blow, the spell that had held me snapped, and I sprang to my feet with a shrick of terror and maked to the door.

Even as I ran I wondered at not encountering the man, but though I could not remember afterward seeing him at all I did not stay, but unlocking the dose flung it open, still screaming as fast as the sounds could issue from my lips. It happened that two of my young men cousing had lingered later than the rest of the family at the entertainment referred to and having just come in were coming up the main staircase, close to my room. Rushing to these, I threw myself into the arms of the nearest, Christopher, shricking: 'The man! Oh, the man! The two young men hurried to my

room and looked about, but could see no The windows were all fastened, and as I had myself just come out of the single door to the apartment and from which no one else could have slipped without our seeing them the only chance was for the burglar to have concealed himself in the

"By this time the rest of the household were aroused, and a thorough search was made, but no trace of the strange visiter



THE APPARITION IN THE MIRROR could be found, so it was thought I had fallen asleep in my chair and my fright was the result of a dream.

"By the next night I had so thereachly been laughed into believing this that I took my seat before the mirror and begon brushing my hair as nonchalantly as first, when, to my utter horror, I mw that figure form itself from nothing-absel ly nothing-and again advance upon a with that menneling attitude. raised its hand to strike, the terrible eve seemed to glare into mine, fixed on the in the mirror, and as before released from the horror that held me stricken into mar ble, I leaped to my feet and ran, seren ing, into the corridor without. I glatered back into the room, but there was noted visible there, but I was not to be convied this time that an overheated immertion was to blame. I fled to my an door, and as she opened it fell, fainting the

"The pext night I insisted that Marian my maid, should occupy a little antesime-ber opening into mine, and my stalwart consin Christopher slept on a cet in the hall just outside my door. Heturoing lan from a ball, I was too fatigued to brook my hair as usual, but sat for some too ments looking at myself in the glass-1 was a little vain in those days-when all at once I saw behind me the man, with his knife in his hand.

"But this time he did not evolve from air, but was there real flesh and blood, his hot breath nearly scorching the back of my neck. I leaped to my feet, with scream, and as I did so he struck at me but the blade glanced aside, wounding he only slightly in the shoulder. I screame aloud, and he felled me with a blow just as Marian and Christopher came rushing in. Seeing them, the robber and assume sprang for the open window and woo have escaped by leaping-an easy feat for a muscular man-in the window of ! ouse next door, which was also open a only about three feet distant (this less evidently been the way by which he less entered and which he used as an egrbut Christopher caught him and drage him back, and after a struggle see him, aided by his brothers, who has b summoned by Marian. So when I open my eyes from my swoon it was to see I would be murderer lying bound, at near me lay a small dagger, with a die of Etruscan gold, studded with ro-"My assailant was the son of the fate residing next door, and from the love dress and pleasure beyond his means had seeing my diamonds had convived idea of killing or at least silencing and stealing them to pay his delice, though his mind had dwelt persists scheme, he had lacked course parry it out until the night of the hall

The total eclipse of the sun, to occasi

in April, will, it is generally support be one of the longest in duration of the present century. Extensive preparations are being made all over the world for its observation. One English party goes to There is a queer reptile in the Sacramento Bathurst, Africa, and one to Pernam buco, Brazil; the Bureau des Longitudes A full grown snake of this species thinks Paris, sends an expedition to Africa. Harvard college observatory will be rep resented at Arequipa, Peru, and the l. ... observatory at a station in Chilt. A number of other Americans will probably follow.