EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL, - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY.

It Is Slowly Letting Down the Bars of Class Exclusiveness.

Not so long ago the line between the aristocratic and other classes of the community was very decidedly drawn at trade. A poor family might lay claims to gentility, and one or more of its members might now and then figure at, say, a county ball, but a tradesman's family—never. Now it is otherwise, the aristocracy themselves having stepped over the dividing line. Lord Shrewsbury and Talbot, for instance, who takes precedence of all other earls, unblushingly became a cab proprietor; "Lord Rayleigh" is the inscription that may be read on the signboard of one or two London dairies. The Marquis of Londonderry is prepared to deliver coal by the ton. "No agents"—such are the final words of this nobleman's advertisement, put in just as any trader born and bred might put them in. This descent from aristocratic seclusion into the arena of commercial conflict is not confined to the male portion of our nobility. Titled ladies under disguised names carry on millinery establishments and run cafes. Their dainty fingers, too, are not above manipulating flowers for profit. So generally indeed has the sacred thirst for gold infected the upper ten that, whereas they were wont to be accused of living in idleness, they are now accused of taking the bread out of the months of those who depend entirely upon business for their support.

Far beneath these noble ranks can be traced a similar descent. Street music, for instance, used to be discoursed by the utterly abject and broken down. Now men and women warmly clad and well fed go about with organs. Troops of men sing, rattle the bones and do a breakdown in public thoroughfares to the tune of not less than the better part of a sovereign a day per man. Two hundred pounds a year in an assured situation was the salary that one young man threw up last summer to join a nigger troop at the seaside, and he doesn't regret it. At the end of the season he had more money than he ever had at one time before, and during the season he ate better dinners and drank better wines than he had ever eaten or drunk before. Hawking matches or laces or any other trifle in public house bars used to be and still is a way of evading the law against begging. Indeed the custom of singing on the streets arose out of the same necessity for those in want not to incriminate themselves. Now you will be in the saloon bar of a first rate refreshment house. In comes a top hatted, well dressed man with a bag. Some successful stockbroker, you think, if it be in the city. You fancy you are the victim of a delusion. Here is this man, as well dressed as your principal, holding his open bag before you and asking you to buy a box of vestas. Well dressed women are going about from public house to public house pursuing similar callings. They speak well, too, do these people, betraying a fair amount of education. If tradesmen have any grounds for complaining of the aristocracy trenching on their territory, surely the poor and needy have grounds of similar complaining of having the instruments of their profession thus confiscated by an apparently superior class. Of course, with such a general downward trend, the poor and needy are driven lower still, and this in a measure is seen in the ever increasing charitable institutions, relief agencies, soup kitchens and so forth, and the ever increasing strain on the resources of such establishments.—Cassell's Journal.

Charm of New England Scenery.

There is something in the New England landscape, whether taken in the lowlands or in the highlands, whether on the seashore or among the mountains, which is permanently attractive. It is never wearisome, never monotonous. In winter the White hills are sternly serene and beautiful in their mantles of snow, and though less inviting than in summer appeal to the imagination with striking effect. The variety of hill and valley is such that even when the snow covers the ground and nature takes on the appearance of uniformity the charm of the view is not lost, but heightened.

I have found the White mountains on a frosty winter morning, with heavy clouds sweeping over the shoulders of Mount Washington, and the snow white peak glistening in the sun as if it were covered with diamonds, irresistibly attractive to the imagination and awakening strong emotions which could not easily be controlled. There was a severity in their outlines which never appears when they are clothed in the evergreen and the browns of the heated season.—Donahoe's Magazine.

Selecting a College.

The wise parent, in trying to select a college for his son, will ask first, not where the most learned professors are—still less, of course, where the best baseball team is, or where most sons of millionaires congregate—but where the tone of social life is purest and manliest; where the young men behave neither as young monkeys nor as rakes, where the conditions for complete moral autonomy are most fully established. At the same time he will ask what college best understands its business, which is to impart that culture, intellectual and moral, which is essential to free manhood, and does not attempt to forestall the university by dabbling in professional knowledge or erudition.—Thomas Davidson in Forum.

Written In Slang.

Matthew Henry's commentary on the Bible was written for the common people and in the slang of the day. In commenting on Judges ix he says: "We are here told by what acts Abimelech got into the saddle. He hired for his service all the scum and scoundrels of the country. Jotham was really a fine gentleman. The Sechemites were the first to kick him off. They said all the ill they could of him in their table talk. They drank health to his confusion."—Exchange.

A Grateful Physician.

A curious will was left by a physician of Glasgow who died the other day. He bequeathed his entire fortune to his wife out of gratitude for the fact that she had left him after a marriage of three months and since then had allowed him peace and quiet.

THE LOST KISS.

I put by the half written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on, "Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie low lisp on the silence
Cry up to me over it all.

So I gather it up—where was broken
The tear faded thread of my theme,
Telling how, as one night I sat writing,
A fairy broke in on my dream—
A little inquisitive fairy—
My own little girl, with the gold
Of the sun in her hair and the dewy
Blue eyes of the fairies of old.

'Twas the dear little girl that I scolded—
"For was it a moment like this,"
I said, "when she knew I was busy
To come romping in for a kiss?
Come rowdying up from her mother,
And clamoring there at my knee
For 'one little kiss for my dolly
And one 'ittle uzzer for me?'"

God pity the heart that repelled her
And the cold hand that turned her away,
And take from the lips that denied her,
This answerless prayer of today!
Take, Lord, from my mem'ry forever
That pitiful sob of despair,
And the patter and trip of the little bare feet,
And the one piercing cry on the stair!

I put by the half written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on, "Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie low lisp on the silence
Cry up to me over it all.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

FEMININE TRAITS.

Jim Hardin, with much deliberation, drew toward him the tobacco can and proceeded to stuff the bowl of his pipe full of the weed. It was significant. We knew we were about to hear what Jim called an "antidote," and our faces and attitudes at once expressed profound interest.

"Women," said Jim between puffs, "is queer cattle—yes, they be. A feller thinks he has th'r p'ints an mebbe keeps on thinkin so fer awhile. Then he finds out all of a suddint th't what he thinks he knows and what he don't know is more alike th'n what he thinks he knows and what he does know.

"One woman ain't no more like 'nother woman th'n I be like that—waal, like that stove, f'rinstance. 'Cause why? 'Cause th'r p'rverse. They be, an they cain't help it, none whatever. Moreovermore, they don't wanter help it—that's th' p'rversity of 'em. W'y, ye never seen no woman that'd be 'r do 'r think like 'n other woman ef she hung fer not doin it. Th'r' all like—all right 'nough in them respecks, but not, any more. Ye c'en pick out y'r female wharever ye please, an I don't keer ef she's th' mos' commonest, ev'ryday sort o' critter ye cain't find 'nother one wi' th' same markins. Th' Lord A'mighty didn't make 'em that way no mor'n all cattle is Shorthorns, and I've saw a lot.

"I was jes' thinkin of a couple o' cases I c'n rec'lect.

"Up in Dakoty I knowed a feller th't hed a reg'lar thor'ughbred wife. His name was Sammis, an he kep' store up to Bessemer, also sellin wagons an grain. He was a fine feller, this Sammis, an nothin was too good fer him, not even his woman, an they was reg'lar stuck on each other. Mis' Sammis had all they was goin—Sammis had dust, an he wa'n't 'fraid t' put it up. They had a fine house, kep' a Chinese cook an a hired girl, an had av'ry thing folks c'n hanker fer, includin warious trips t' Omahaw and Chicago ev'ry year. I knowed 'em a long time, an I never seen folks get along so smooth t'gether—jes' like them doves that sits on th' fence b' th' stable. They'd been hitched seven 'r eight year, had a brace of as likely kids as ye ever seen, an still folks used t' say ollers how much them Sammis did sot by each other. It beat the dooce sure, an might've went on fer all time, ef Sammis hadn't gone an got inter trouble.

"Come one year bizness was slack at the store—cash bizness, I mean—an Sammis, he let out a heap of stock on time, fer grub stakes an th' like. But he'd likewise b'en playin poker some, as usual, and was shy fer stuff w'en one day some o' th' people he was owin called fer him t' settle up. He'd b'en horryin dust fr'm the c'llection he'd made fer some of 'em, 'xpectin t' pay up right soon, but he didn't c'nect proper, an they sinched 'im. Ev'rybody at Bessemer took a hand—'xcept a few o' them th't c'd 've helped him most, an ought-er've did it—an tried to help Sam out, but feelin innercent Sam, he wouldn't have it none whatever an tol them eastern cusses th't, seein they didn't wanter wait till fall an git a fa'r squar up, they c'd go t' the devil, an he'd go t' jail. So they sen's im up two years beltin rock in th' pen. We'd 've got a gang t'gether an took im 'way from the offusers, but Sam sent us word he didn't want nothin o' th' sort—he was goin t' take his sassyfras like a man, an he's done it.

"Now don't think for a minute th't all this time Mis' Sammis wan't doin nothin. Great Enoch! that woman hustled like a major—wint t' the men as was sinchin Sam an begged an pleaded an might 've got 'em t' give in ef Sam hadn't been so uppish with 'em. She looked jes' orful durin th' trial, an took on tur'ble w'en th' jedge sent'nced Sam. She didn't look like she uster fer a long time, jes' got paler an more peakedlike, an folks thought she was goin t' die off sure. 'Bout three months later she went t' see Sam, an Sam, he tol me 'bout it a couple years ago. They had a real scene, jamful o' tears an real spoony love, an Sam wanted t' know ef it wouldn't be better fer her t' get a divorce, 'cause he was a disgrace t' her. Then o' course she falls on 'is neck an weeps a hull lot, an sez as how she'll stick t' him till th' ol Harry goes into th' ice cream bizness, 'r somethin like that.

"An, gents, it wa'n't three months longer b'fore she gits her doggone devorce an splices with a baldheaded ol duffer f'm Pennsylvany th't'd come to Dakoty t' git unhitched hisself! Oh, it was tough, I tell ye. Sammis, he's out now, doin good bizness, an got his kids—at Bessemer, too, b'gosh—an also behavin hissel. But he was considerable broke up w'en th' woman shuck 'im."

Here Jim paused to refill his pipe, and we took advantage of the opportunity briefly to debate the question as to whether or not Mrs. Sammis was justified in doing as she did. Jim then proceeded:

"Th' other case I was thinkin of is diff'runt a hull lot. Th' woman in it was 'bout th' same caliber as t'other one, I reckon, but more perseverin.

"It was up in Dakoty, too, this here case; over 't Gilman, 'bout 20 miles fr'm Bessemer. I was sheruff then an knowed ev'rybody in th' blame county. B'sides th' gyurl was a sorter relation o' mine, how I came t' know s'much about it.

"This here gyurl was a dandy high stepper. Her ol man was well fixed an she'd went t' school t' St. Louis an was purty persnickety. Blame fine gyurl, stunnin purty an nice, but persnickety, 'cause some o' th' finest and best fixed boys in th' county wanted 'er, an she turned up her nose at th' hull bilin. Treated 'em all nice an all that, but treated 'em alike, w'ich was onpleasant fer th' boys.

"The trouble was, I reckon, she'd be'n readin a hull lot o' blame trash, an 'xpected some prince was comin 'long t' offer hisself, w'ich did happen, only he wa'n't no prince, 'xcept, mebbe, 'cordin t' her notion. It was a blame dood fr'm somewhere east th't struck town an got a job 't th' Cleveland smelter keepin time—a feller named 'r callin hisself Ward Fortescue.

"He hadn't hardly struck th' camp b'fore him an Mame meets each other an is mashed, most immejit. He was one o' these slim, purty ducks th't c'n sing lots an put up a real smooth talk, an make book love—one o' these sweet warts th't a feller aches t' spank an kick. I s'pose it's women's natur' t' git stuck on 'em, 'cause they allus do.

"Anyhow, Fortescue, as he called hisself, wades right in an rushes Mame fer all he was worth, an Mame she liked it all right, so 'twa'n't long 'fore she up an tells her folks th't him and her is goin t' git spliced. The ol lady was tickled lots, 'cause Fortescue had lied t' her consid'ble 'bout his folks an how rich they was, an so on; but th' ol man kicked right smart, tellin Mame th't Mister Dood had got t' cough up his papers an show his hand, likewise givin Smith names of people they c'd write to fer recommends.

"Mame, as I said b'fore, had sperrits herself, an she kicked hard, sayin she was of age an her own boss, an c'd do as she pleased; but th' ol gent got hot in the collar an tol her t' shet up, w'ich she done, keepin up heaps o' thinkin all th' time.

"Th' ol gent come t' me an chinned awhile; then he went an seen Berry Wright, th' lawyer, an he writes some letters, w'ich, for a wonder, one was answered real prompt. Pinkerton's agency wrote th't th' d'scription b'longed to a chap named Ward th't was wanted in Michigan fer shakin his wife and leavin th' bank he worked fer in th' hole.

"I tuck th' letter an started fer Smith's after I'd et supper. On th' way up, here come Smith, like a hen with 'er head cut off, shakin han's with hisself an tur'ble 'xcited, 'cause he'd be'n t' see Fortescue, an Fortescue told 'im he was dead sure t' marry th' gyurl ef she didn't shed 'm.

"I tol th' ol gent 'bout th' letter an other evidence, an he felt better. Then we walked up t' th' house and waded inter th' gyurl, provin t' her th't the cuss was as low lived a scamp as they was out o' jail. D'ye think she keered? Oh, no. She jes' rips out at me, and you bet she roasted me bad, windin up b' hopen she'd never see me again. Then she turns on th' ol gent with a lot o' rot 'bout his slanderin Fortescue, an how she loves the blame rascal an is goin t' foller 'im t' th' devil or somewheres.

"Th' next mornin her an the dood was missin. They went t' th' next camp, got married by a jestice o' th' peace an skipped. She wrote t' th' ol folks fr'm Denver, askin t' be fergiven an sayin how happy she was, but her pa wrote back sayin she c'd come home jes' w'en she pleased if she'd leave Ward—Smith called 'im Ward, w'ich 'was his name, sure 'nough—an came t' stay.

"Did she come? I sh'd say no. She stuck t' Ward an got treated like a dog for it. He used t' get drunk and 'buse Mame, an raised Cain all sorts o' ways—an still she didn't kick none. We never give Pinkerton's any more inf'rmation, so Ward wasn't bothered none fr a couple o' years. Then he up and run away f'm Mame an th' kid, leavin 'em nary red; but it jes' happened he met a feller th't knowed 'im, an he was gently runned in an tuk t' Michigan. They socked it to 'm hard, too, cause his first wife's folks was riled up, an the bank he'd stole from was likewise achin t' take a fall out of 'im.

"Mame? She's at D'troit—I don't know how she got there—takin in sewin and tryin t' keep her an th' kid alive till that skunk gits out o' jail.

"Don't women beat th' very dooce!"

And Mr. Hardin shook his head and sighed heavily.—R. L. Ketcham in Argonaut.

Spent $30,000 to Match a Color.

One cannot turn away from Chinese art objects—porcelain particularly—without a deep impression of the dignity and value of their "solid colors." Many attempts have been made by European manufacturers to imitate them, but without success. The attempt to reproduce the sang de boeuf, or "bullock's blood," cost and Englishman $30,000 before he abandoned the effort in despair. The Chinese themselves have always set the highest value on their achievements in this line.

For a long time they refused to part with the choicer examples of sang de boeuf "coral," "peachblow" and crushed strawberry, and it is only in recent years that the "foreign devils" have been able to obtain them. The objects have no other decoration than that of a single color, ranging from darkest to lightest shades—from black, deep red, the darkest blue or green, the most vivid orange, to palest pink or violet or delicate canary. It is because we have in them the perfection of color united with an antique simplicity of form that their art value is so great.—Carpet and Upholstery Trade.

A Luminous Tree.

A strange tree grows in Nevada that is called by the superstitious Indians the witch tree. It grows to a height of six or seven feet, and its trunk at the base is about three time the size of an ordinary man's wrist. The wonderful characteristic of the tree is its luminosity, which is so great that on the darkest night it can be seen plainly at least a mile away. A person standing near could read the finest print by its light. Its foliage is extremely rank, and its leaves resemble the bay tree in shape, size and color. The luminous property is due to a gummy substance, which can be transferred to the hand by rubbing together with its phosphorescent light, while the light on the leaf disappears. The luminosity is thought to be due to a parasitic growth. The Indians will never approach it, even in daylight, with such superstitious awe do they regard its mysterious light.

Cut According to the Cloth.

Mrs. Kerstyle—I gave you more material to make this dress than I ever used in a garment before, and the skirt is hardly full enough to fit a churn. How does that happen?

Dressmaker (shrugging her shoulders)—Madame insisted on having ze sleeves in ze height of ze fashong."—Chicago Tribune.

THE CHINESE THRONE

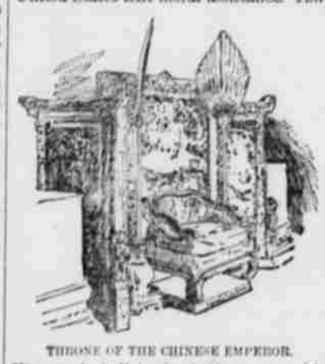
EMPEROR KWANG-SU DOES NOT RESPECT ALL ITS TRADITIONS.

He Is Rather More Progressive Than His People and May Suffer In Consequence. History and Traditions of the Ruling Dynasty.

The emperor of China has all at once become the central figure, as the emperor of Germany was a year or two ago, and his present temper and recently declared intentions have suddenly assumed an importance no one could have expected a year ago; not that China as a nation is so important, but if she should be conquered and dismembered how would England, France and Russia agree as to spoils and boundaries?

The man on whom so much depends is a headstrong youth, known to the outside world as Kwang-Su, born Aug. 15, 1871, and therefore but 23 years old, and, what is of far more importance than either of these facts, he is not, strictly speaking, the rightful heir to the throne. He is the son of his grandfather's youngest son and was chosen while a paternal uncle older than his father was living and had a living son. And this complicated situation resulted from a curious intrigue and a horrible crime by an ambitious woman.

In 1820 Tan-Kwang, the last of the exclusive emperors of the old style, ascended the throne. In his reign the British carried on what is commonly called the opium war, and finally France joined in compelling China to open her ports, and even the United States lent moral assistance. Tan-



THRONE OF THE CHINESE EMPEROR.

Kwang died Feb. 24, 1850, leaving his country apparently open to foreign trade and Hongkong in possession of the English, but irregular hostilities continued ten years longer before treaties were concluded with all the western powers, and soon after the final settlement Tan-Kwang's successor died, leaving an infant son as heir to the throne.

Hien-Fung, heir to Tan-Kwang and the first emperor under the new system of intercourse with foreigners, left his brother, Prince Kung, and his widow, the dowager empress, as Europeans would say, joint regents of the kingdom and official guardians of his son, Tung-Chi. The latter married quite young and soon after died of smallpox, but it was generally believed in Peking that his widow promised an heir to the throne. She died suddenly under circumstances not yet fully known, and it is believed that the dowager empress had her poisoned in order that she and Prince Kung might continue to rule the empire.

The son of Prince Kung, brother next in age to Hien-Fung, would have been the rightful heir, but Kung was already regent, and his services could not be dispensed with, and Chinese law forbids that a father should serve a son or occupy an inferior rank in government position. So a council of Manchoorian princes was called and they selected the youngest brother of Hien-Fung and Prince Kung—namely, Prince Ch'un, as the proper channel of descent, and his son was declared heir to the throne with the title of Kwang-Su, which means "illustrious succession."

Prince Ch'un could hold no government position because his son was emperor and died in 1891, two years after Kwang-Su ascended the throne. He is called the son of heaven by his people, and his royal seat is called the dragon throne. The dowager empress, cruel and arbitrary as she is reputed to be, had ruled with vigor for many years and acquired extraordinary influence despite the low condition usually assigned to women in China, but Kwang-Su soon proved equally arbitrary, and after some stormy times, of which few particulars reached the outside world, he swept aside much of the old court etiquette and admitted foreign embassadors to audience on prescribed days in the first month of each Chinese year.

The reception is held in an outbuilding, however, originally used for menial purposes, and in the ceremonies it is still assumed that China holds the sovereignty of the world and that the foreign ministers see him only by the grace of a superior and not of right. The improvised throne in which he sits at these receptions is an elaborately carved chair of ebony, richly gilded. The cushions are of dark blue satin, and on either side of the throne stands an enormous fan, carved and painted to portray the wings of a brilliantly hued bird. Near by are two huge and richly decorated cases containing the robes of state. In the rear is a magnificently constructed screen, with carving and painting to portray dragons and other monsters with hideous eyes. During the reception the emperor maintains a stolid immobility of countenance, and his attendants put on a look and air of sublime toleration and amused contempt.

Kwang-Su has recently shown a tendency to break through this cast iron system, to study the ways of western nations and take a hand in the government, all of which has excited the liveliest horror on the part of his great officers of state. He removed the viceroy of Canton and his brother, the all powerful Li Hung Chang, because the former was a party to a fraud in the examinations of applicants for office. The dowager empress favored the guilty viceroy, but her influence had waned. The latest indications are that Kwang-Su will make a desperate effort to break down all the old restrictions and modernize and rejuvenate his empire.

Everybody knows that the rulers are not, strictly speaking, Chinese, but a few historic points should be noted. Excluding mythology, the well authenticated history of China begins with the reign of Yu the Great in 2207 B. C., or 4,101 years ago. There were about 1,100 years of great progress and then 873 years of horribly destructive wars, after which peace and a united empire were restored and continued till A. D. 200. Then came over 900 years of alternating peace and war, when the Mongolians overran the empire by degrees and in Kublai Khan, the first of the Mongol dynasty, ruled at Peking from 1279 to 1368. Most of the subsequent internal wars have been from attempts of the true or yellow Chinese to expel the Mongols.

Good News For Pocketless Women.

After seasons of pocketless gowns, during which the handkerchief has crawled up sleeves, tucked itself in corsages, been thrust under waist edges, to be lost by the dozens from any of these unreliable holding places, the dressmakers have announced that in the eight yards around skirts there will be spared a few inches somewhere for a pocket slit, and that a pocket will be attached thereto. And at this unnecessary moment, with relief near, a pocketbook is patented and put upon the market which is provided with a soft kid pocket for the handkerchief.—New York Times.

THE CHILDREN'S BUILDING.

Provision Made For Mothers and Their Little Ones at the World's Fair.

The aim of the Children's building at the World's fair will be to exhibit the most improved methods adopted in the last of the nineteenth century for the rearing and education of children.

The exhibition will commence with the infant at its earliest and most helpless stage. This department will be in charge of Miss Maria M. Love of Buffalo, a member of the board of lady managers of New York. A model creche in a light and airy room will be carried on by Miss Love, which will demonstrate the most healthful, comfortable and rational method of dressing and caring for young children.

Short lectures will be given upon their food, clothing and sleeping arrangements, and in connection with the creche will be an exhibition of infants' clothing of all nations and times, their cradles and other furniture.

As the child grows and its mental faculties develop the kindergarten succeeds the creche, and in the gracious atmosphere of its intelligent training the child nature expands and develops symmetrically. This department of child life will be demonstrated in the most complete manner by the International Kindergarten association.

Little children developing daily their intellectual and moral faculties unconsciously by means of most fascinating entertainments will be an object lesson of great practical value to the mothers and others having the care of children.

Closely allied to the kindergarten is the kitchen garden. Miss Emily Huntington of New York, the founder of this system of education, will conduct a kitchen garden, where classes of little folks will be taught the useful arts of housekeeping.

For older children there will be a slojd, supported by Mrs. Quincey Shaw and conducted by Miss Pingree, both well known workers in the charities of Boston. Here will be an exhibit of wood carving.

Physical development will be ably illustrated by Charles Bary, president World's fair commission North American Turnerbund.

Mrs. Clara Doty Bates will have charge of a library that will be tastefully fitted up and provided with a full supply of children's books, including many from foreign lands.

Pennsylvania will equip and maintain a department in the Children's building showing the wonderful progress that has been made in teaching very young deaf mutes to speak. Miss Mary Garrett, secretary of the Home For Teaching Deaf Mutes to Speak, will be in charge of this department. Daily demonstrations will be given.

There will be conducted a department of public comfort in connection with the Children's building, intended especially for the benefit of children. Infants and small children will be received and placed in the care of competent nurses, who will provide for all their wants while their mothers are visiting the various departments of the exposition.

For the amusement of visiting children there will be a large playground on the roof; this will be inclosed with a strong wire netting so the children will be perfectly safe. The playground will be very attractive, ornamented with vines and flowers. Within the inclosure butterflies and birds will flit about unconfined. Here under cover will be exhibited toys of all nations, from the rude playthings of Eskimo children to the wonderful toys which at once instruct and amuse. These toys will be used to entertain the children. This department will be maintained by the Illinois Woman's Exposition board.—Chicago Women's News.

STOUT AND THIN PEOPLE.

Nature Regulates Fatness and Slimness With an Iron Rule.

Fatness and slimness come by nature and are therefore often impossible of remedy, for it is of no use, and it is utter folly besides, to fight against one's constitution. You can affect that constitution to a certain extent, but beyond that extent, which won't please either the too fat or the too slim folks, you can only do harm, defeat the very object you try for, and, worst of all, throw yourself into ill health. It stands to reason that if a man or woman comes of big boned, stoutly built stock he or she may reasonably be expected to inherit the tendency to corpulence. Conversely, suppose man is born of family stock which is notable for its thinness and slimness, it may be, and generally is, worse than folly for him to expect, by any process of feeding or otherwise, to become a stout and well favored person.

So let us realize this big fact at once—that we have to face the question of our constitution first of all, and as sensible people to see and discover whether our fatness or our thinness is part and parcel of our natural build. Rest assured if we are fat by nature it is useless to attempt by diet or otherwise to reduce our bodies to slim proportions. Many a man and woman has paid the penalty of such rashness by inducing disease through their outrageous efforts to thwart nature. Let us be sensible, then, about this "fatness" question and see clearly where as rational beings, we stand. It is possible to keep even a fat body within its own limits by reasonable care and diet, just as it may be possible to fatten up a thin person (within limits again) by a regulated course of food. Whatever you may do in the way of thinning or fattening, you can never safely or, what is more to the purpose, permanently attain your aim by the use of drugs. If there is any cure for fatness at all, be sure it is to be found in the food and in the food alone.—Health.

Boar Hunting In Brittany.

Boar hunting in Brittany is full of exciting incidents, and the boars seldom die unavenged, for though they are beset by mounted hunters and peasantry on foot armed with guns the lifeblood of many a hound is drawn before the savage old tusker yields up his own. His courage ebbs only with his life. His dangerous powers of offense cease only with his last gasp.

Though the grip of the bulldog, the yelping of the hounds, the din of horns and the cries of the beaters may force him from his lair to seek refuge in flight, that withdrawal may be set down rather to prudence and disgust than to fear. When at last he is brought to bay, with his back against a rock or a tree trunk, he is ready to defy a host.

Met in a narrow alley of the forest, neither man nor horse can withstand the avalanche of his onset. Not infrequently the hunter who loves his hounds will feel but little triumph even in the death of many boars if, having begun the season with a large pack, he ends it with a miserable remnant, having left all his best and bravest dogs on the field of battle.—Blackwood's Magazine.

A PROBLEM SOLVED.

PROGRESS MADE BY GERMANY IN MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

Councilors Are Excellent Citizens and Serve Without Pay—Administration Put Into the Hands of Experts, Who Are Often Chosen For Life.

Municipal housekeeping as a science and an art evolved out of the conditions of life prevailing in the last half of this century can be observed to better advantage in Germany than in any other country. It is true that the German cities have been somewhat tardy in providing themselves with modern conveniences and improvements, but now having fairly entered upon the task they are accomplishing it in a more systematic, thorough and businesslike way than any other cities, whether in Europe, America or Australia.

To this work of modern improvement, especially in public appointments, the Germans seem to have brought more of the scientific spirit and method than any other people. Their habits of thoroughness in research and of patient, exhaustive treatment of any subject in hand have fully characterized their progress in the arts of civilized life. Above all, the Germans had already developed a system of public administration more economical and more infallibly effective than could have been found elsewhere, and they were prepared when the growth of their cities and the new demand for modern improvements made necessary a great increase in the number and variety of public functions to do in the best possible way whatever it was decided to undertake. So confident were they indeed in the efficiency of their administrative organization that they dared to assign to the municipalities spheres of action which elsewhere have been left to private effort and control.

Municipal councilors in Germany are, as a rule, very excellent citizens. It is considered a high honor to be elected to the council. Membership is a title of dignity that merchants, professional men and scholars are usually eager to hold. No salaries are paid to the councilors, and a penalty is attached to refusal to serve if elected. The sentiment toward these positions is much the same in Germany as in Great Britain, though stronger with men of high education in German than in British towns. The re-election of good councilors term after term is common in both countries. It would be difficult to estimate fairly the influence of the class system in Prussia upon the character of city councils as regards their conservatism, intelligence and business ability. Undoubtedly the recent growth of the social democracy would have a sharper influence upon the city councils if the class system were abolished and if the municipal franchise were made identical with the simple manhood suffrage that exists for purposes of representation in the imperial legislature—the reichstag.

In addition to the magistracy and the council, there is in Berlin a body of about 75 so called "citizen deputies," who are selected by the council for their general fitness to serve as associates on committees charged with the oversight of various municipal interests, such as parks, schools, the care of the poor and the sanitary services. They have no authority to vote in the council, but they illustrate, at the center of administration, the excellent practice which is followed throughout the entire ramification of German city government, of enlisting the co-operation of unofficial citizens in managing the ordinary concerns of the community.

The burgomaster and magistrates are the most highly trained experts that a German city can secure. The burgomaster is an expert in the general art of municipal administration. Associated with him in the magisterial council are experts in law, experts in finance, experts in education to administer the schools, experts in engineering to oversee public works of every character, experts in sanitary science, experts in public charity, experts in forestry and park management, experts in the technical and business management of water and gas supplies, and so on.

The analogy would not be perfect, but it would answer roughly to compare the governmental structure of a German city with that of a railway corporation, in which the board of directors, chosen by the stockholders, appoint a general superintendent or manager, a general passenger agent, a general freight agent, a chief legal officer, a chief engineer, a superintendent of motive power and other general officers and leave to these high salaried experts, drawn from the service of various other transportation companies, almost the entire management and operation of the road. The shareholders represent the voters of Berlin, let us say, the board of directors are the municipal council, the general superintendent is the chief burgomaster, and the general officers at the head of departments are the magistrates.

The magistratsrath, or staditrath, of a German city is, then, a body of distinguished and honored, highly paid, professional, expert employees and not a body of citizen representatives, although experienced members of the body of citizen representatives may be, and not infrequently are, promoted to membership in the magistratsrath. The professional civil service is a vastly greater and better established field of employment in Germany than in England or America, and it is particularly difficult for an American to appreciate its position and significance. The mayor of an American city is usually some well known citizen who is called temporarily from private life to occupy the most authoritative place in the corporation. The burgomaster of a German city is a civil servant—the permanent head of a permanent body of trained officials. The difference between the two is somewhat like that between our secretary of war and the general commanding the army.—Dr. Albert Shaw in Century.

A Life Commissioner.

Mrs. Anna C. Fall, an able young lawyer of Malden, Mass., has been appointed by Governor Russell a special commissioner for the commonwealth for life. She is thereby authorized to take depositions and acknowledgments of deeds, to issue summonses for witnesses, to administer oaths and to take affidavits. She may not, however, perform the ceremony of marriage nor read the riot act to quell a riot, both of which privileges appertain to the man holding a like position.—Boston Woman's Journal.

METHODIST MISSION IN ROME.

A Handsome Edifice Now Being Built In the Heart of the Eternal City.

A Protestant church in Rome, the headquarters of the world's Catholicism, seems somewhat of an anomaly, but nevertheless such a structure is now being built in the very heart of the Eternal City. It is to be the headquarters of the Italian mission of the Methodist Episcopal church, and Rev. Dr. William Burt, presiding elder of the Italian conference, is now in this country endeavoring to raise the $50,000 necessary for the proper completion of the structure. Ground for the building was broken in July, 1893, and in excavating for the foundation the workmen unearthed

THE NEW METHODIST ITALIAN MISSION.

many interesting relics of ancient Rome. About ten feet below the surface they came upon the walls of an old church and monastery of the third or fourth century. The walls were of Roman brick and pernaps no cement.

Below the walls of the old church were found evidences that a heathen temple had stood upon the spot and had been used for foundation purposes by the workmen who built the church and monastery. The first foundation stone of the new Methodist structure was laid in September, 1893, and in May, 1894, the cornerstone was formally placed in position by Bishop John P. Newman of Omaha. The site is a corner lot, opposite the Italian war department and only three minutes' walk from the royal palace. It is also on the line between the old and the new Rome, a locality considered central and commanding.

The erection of this mission is by no means the first work of the Methodists in Italy. They already have 29 organized churches in the kingdom, and a dozen other places are regularly visited by Methodist ministers. The new building when completed will be an imposing structure and will furnish adequate accommodations for the work of the church in Rome. The building is already well under way, but considerable money must be raised before the work of construction can be pushed to completion.

The Eye and the Telescope.

The following careful statement by Professor E. S. Holden on the power of the eye and the telescope, as they are contrasted in actual experience, is of special and permanent interest: If the brightness of a star seen with the eye alone is one, with a 2-inch telescope it is 100 times as bright; with a 4-inch telescope it is 400 times as bright; 8-inch telescope it is 1,600 times as bright; 16-inch telescope it is 6,400 times as bright; 32-inch telescope it is 25,600 times as bright; 36-inch telescope it is 32,400 times as bright. That is, stars can be seen with the 36-inch telescope which are 32,000 times fainter than the faintest stars visible to the naked eye. While the magnifying power which can be successfully used on a 5-inch telescope is not above 400, the 36-inch telescope will permit a magnifying power of more than 2,000 diameters on suitable objects, stars, for example.

This power cannot be used on the moon and planets with real advantage for many reasons, but probably a power of 1,200 or 1,500 will be the maximum. The moon will thus appear under the same conditions as if it were to be viewed by the naked eye at a distance of, say, 200 miles. This is the same as saying that objects about 200 feet square can be recognized, so that no village or great canal or even large edifices can be built on the moon without our knowledge. Highly organized life on the moon will make itself known in this indirect way if it exists. If one were looking at the earth under the same conditions, the great works of hydraulic mining, or the great operations of Dakota farms or California ranches would be obvious.—Worthington's Magazine.

Luncheons For Employees.

It is the custom of many of the trust companies and large banking houses in this city to provide a noon meal for all of their employees on their own premises. This is done for two reasons—to save time and to prevent leakages of office secrets. One of the most important trust companies down town has a thoroughly equipped restaurant on the top floor of its building where about 150 men, women and boys are fed between 12 m. and 2 p. m. For luncheon purposes the clerks are divided into sections, and each section is allowed a certain amount of time. A liberal bill of fare is provided, and the men are not restricted in the extent of their orders so long as they keep their gastronomic desires within reasonable bounds. The heads of the departments have separate tables. No person, unless he or she is an employee of the company, is allowed to eat in this restaurant.

Nobody is permitted to invite even a friend from out of town to take luncheon with him. The head of a prosperous private banking house in Broad street says that for several years he had followed the practice of keeping his clerks within office limits during business hours, and he believes that it pays well. He feeds them all at noon at his own expense and is by no means niggardly. The number of his employees is steadily increasing; consequently this item of expense is constantly growing larger. His firm paid out about $5,000 for employees' luncheons last year.—New York Times.

Child Teaching.

In giving instruction to children it is frequently hard to explain an idea to them in words which will convey the precise meaning to their minds. It is easiest to teach a truth to a child by an illustration, and to be of any value the illustration must be taken from their own experience. The new idea must come out of the old. By this method children can be taught new and proper words to express their ideas, and this will, in time, improve their language long before they have a notion what "grammar" and "rhetoric" mean.

"Mamma," said a little boy, "I read the other day that Mr. Heaton had a great deal of enthusiasm. What is enthusiasm?"

"Enthusiasm is such an intense love for a thing and such a devotion to it that we overlook other things for its sake. You have shown lately, my dear, such a great enthusiasm for skating that you consider lessons of no consequence beside it. You even dislike to take time to eat your meals properly. You are too enthusiastic. I shall have to take measures to prevent your becoming too great an enthusiast."

Then the little boy laughed gaily, "I hope I never shall be so enthusiastic that I shall forget to eat my dinner, mamma!"

And he had acquired a new idea and several new words.—Harper's Bazar.

Follow Anything.

Old Gentleman—Nice little dog; you have. Isn't he a hunting dog?

Small Boy—I don't know what that is.

Old Gentleman—Will he follow a scent?

Small Boy—Yes, indeedy. Jus' roll one.—Good News.