EUGENE CITY GUARD.

J. L. CAMPBELL. - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Japan's First Lady Lawyer.

An interesting traveler has lately arrived in England in the person of Mme. Tel Sono, who enjoys the unique position of being the first and only lady lawyer in Japan. While engaged in her profession she had many opportunities of discovering the downtrodden condition of her country women and conceived the idea of founding a Christian training school for women in her native town of Tokio. She then gave up her work in Tokio and visited America with a view of learning the customs of a country whose women were on an equality with men.

Mme. Tel Sono spent 12 years in America, where her adventures were many and varied. Shortly after her arrival the bank in which her money was placed failed, and in order to support herself and also to collect funds for her proposed school she was in turn a domestic servant, a scholar in an English school, a dressmaker's apprentice and finally the organizer of a benevolent society for helping her fellow countrywomen living in San Francisco. Mme. Tel Sono collected £600 while in America and has come to England with the same idea in view—giving lectures and speaking at different halls in her quaint broken English.

She has also written a book entitled "Tel Sono, the Japanese Reformer," in which she gives a most interesting account of her life. This she sells for the benefit of the funds of her school. The class she aims to reach is the highest in Japan, that which the missionaries cannot reach, and which Mme. Tel Sono hopes to help and teach, belonging as she does to it herself. Her father was a doctor and philosopher, and her husband, whom she married at the age of 19, an officer of the king's treasure. She has one daughter, whom, however, she has not taken with her on her travels.—Hearth and Home.

Women and Tipping.

A woman never feels more "emancipated" than when she tips a waiter. There is something entertainingly reckless and fascinatingly masculine about it. It is not so many years that we have had money to spend as we liked. And in those days when every dollar had to be accounted for at headquarters before we got the next it would have been flying in the face of providence indeed to pay for anything not on the bill.

A woman who prides herself upon her independence now tips the waiter if it takes her all, but car fare.

She finds exhilaration in having a "go," as an English girl would put it, at improvidence herself.

A great deal has been said lately about what might be called a modern form of table tipping, and it seems that the waiters are paid such very small salaries that if they don't receive tips they can't pay their own bills.

This puts a very different face on the matter, for it amounts to presenting the man's employer with our small change. And nothing makes a woman madder than to have her generosity counted upon. She gives gifts because she chooses and because they will surprise people, not at all because she is expected to.

And woman having proved that she can tip if she likes will probably band herself into antitipping societies and show that as soon as she understands the workings of the system she does not like it.—Grace E. Drew in New York Press.

Dainty and Expensive For Brides.

Those who are not deeply interested in trousseau secrets can hardly imagine the vast amount of needlework put into wedding lingerie. The latest conceptions of nightgown, petticoat and waist are exceedingly dainty. I saw a petticoat bodice the other day which was composed entirely of fine insertions. The tucking on all of these garments is a triumph of fine needlework. Just look at one nightgown, for instance, in a set made to order for a spring bride. It is empire shape, with the short yoke bodice made of alternate strips of rare lace and muslin embroidery. Fairylike frills of the muslin edged with lace form jabots, while the big sleeves have two great puffs in the arm, held at elbow and wrist with white satin ribbon.

Other pieces are trimmed with lace run with baby blue or pink ribbons. White ribbons used for girdles are worked with forgetmenots. Silk mull underkerchiefs, to be worn under satin stays, are edged with real lace. A snow white silk petticoat, fitting smoothly over the hips and flaring at the hem, with a knife plaiting of silk 6 inches deep, veiled with another of white grenadine, vandyked and bordered with lace over the plaiting is a piece of extravagance of which only a bride could be guilty.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Wearing of Colored Skirts.

"It's the queerest thing about white petticoats," said a lady to me, who keeps up with, not to say a little in advance of, the times.

"A year ago, six months even, there was nothing so tricky as a white skirt, unless it was another with more starch in it.

"This spring you don't feel quite tidy without white lingerie, and the more starch the merrier.

"Did you ever know what men think about colored skirts?" she went on. "One I know awfully well said to me only yesterday: 'I wish you would tell me what you girls wear black silk skirts for. They are in wretched taste.'

"What I wanted to reply was that no woman would be seen wearing a black skirt this summer except she who is saving on her laundry bills. But it was worse to say that than to let him think we liked the colored ones, so I simpered and said nothing."—New York Press.

To "Do" Britain on Cycles.

For the summer outing two of New England's newspaper women have planned a novel tour. The ladies are Miss Carrie L. Hodsdon of the Lawrence Eagle and Miss Edith M. Kenniston of the Concord (N. H.) Monitor, and it is their intention to "do" Great Britain on bicycles. They expect their trip to last five months. The young women were classmates at college.

A Sure Remedy.

Doctors have exhausted their wits in telling the sleepless "how to get to sleep." The best recipe we know of is before getting into bed yourself to walk the floor two or three hours with a toothing baby. If utter exhaustion does not then follow, your case is hopeless.

IT'S VERA WEEL.

It's vera weel, throughout the day,
When ta'en up wi' wark or play,
To think a man can live alway,
Wi'out a wifey.

But it's anither thing at night,
To sit alone by cam'le light,
Or gang till rest when sharp winds bite,
Wi'out a wifey.

It's vera weel when clean are new,
To think they'll always last just so,
And look as weel as they do noo,
Wi'out a wifey.

But when the holes begin to show,
The stitches rip, the buttons go,
What in the warl's a man to do
Wi'out a wifey?

It's vera weel when skies are clear,
When frien's are true and lassies dear,
To think ye'll gang through life, nae fear,
Wi'out a wifey.

But clouds will come the skies athwart;
Lassies will marry; frien's mann part.
What then can cheer your saddened heart?
A dear wee wifey.

It's vera weel when young and hale,
But when ye're auld and crazed and frail,
And your bly the spirits 'gin to fail,
Ye'll want a wifey.

But mayhap then the lassies dear
Will treat your offers wi' a sneer
Because ye're cranky, gray and sere—
Ye'll get nae wifey.

Then haste ye, haste, ye silly loon,
Rise up and seek about the toon
And get heaven's greatest earthly boon,
A wee bit wifey.

—Wallace Dunlar in Amusing Journal.

THE SEVEN BELLS.

"Every now and then in overhauling literature I see where the old gophers are still letting off loud howls which make me weary."

It was Mr. Tokens, the marine, who thus complained of the gophers and their conduct in literature as he stowed his timber leg under the mess table and brought his hairy fist down on the same with a thump that made the dishes dance. The old gentleman looked weary, a condition the skipper remarked and which cause Mr. Skate, A. B., to wish he were only half as tired.

The Seven Bells club was in executive session in the cabin of the Anchor chophouse, with Mr. Tokens in the chair. He had evidently been reading something which did not agree with him. It was seldom anything did meet his views, unless it were an invitation to drink, and then he only consented with apparent reluctance.

No one, not even the inquisitive lubber, Willie Bloke, ventured a query regarding the old gophers until after the skipper had ordered a bottle of red wine with which to raft the rib steaks home. Then the recognized head of the organization addressed Mr. Tokens:

"So the gophers are at it again?" he hazarded, though he had not the remotest idea of what the marine was driving at.

"They are always at it, howling through the long and the dog watches and making all hands sick. If they didn't have the boots or the bug juice, why didn't they give an order on the nearest store and let us have peace?"

As Mr. Tokens delivered himself of this remarkable statement the club exchanged uneasy glances, and Willie Bloke grew pale.

"Give him some seltzer or something," he whispered to the skipper.

"May I ask you, sir, what kind of literature you have been overhauling?" the skipper gently inquired, paying no heed to the lubber's agitation.

"The early logs of different states—history, I believe they call it, which is full of old gophers who could have bought the lot where the courthouse now stands for a pair of boots, or got a quit claim deed to the after end of Kansas for a pint of whisky. But they didn't have the boots or the liquor, so they keep on howling."

"He's all right," whispered the skipper, greatly relieved. "I've heard these howls myself."

"They are driving express wagons now or loafing around in groceries," Mr. Tokens went on, "blowing their lungs out telling how rich they would be if things had been different. That's what makes me weary. It isn't the chances a man has in life, but the way he hooks on and uses his head and steering gear. You never heard me growling about the hard luck that left me stranded in my old age."

"Have you had some narrow escapes?" asked the lubber.

"Escapes from what?"

"Being wealthy."

"Well, I should say I have. Boots, moldly blankets and beverages are nowhere, but it wasn't my fault. A lank headed, chuckle brained, tar tainted, ignorant seaman blasted my hopes in life." And Mr. Tokens broke forth into a torrent of picturesque blasphemy that would have exhausted a pirate's repertory.

"These here remarks about ignorant able seamen is a swipe at me, I take it," said Mr. Skate, rising and waving his fists in the air.

"Don't get choppy," cautioned the skipper as he dragged Mr. Skate back into his chair. "Let the man spin. You ain't the only able seaman alive."

Apologies followed, and then the marine squared away on the course suggested by the old gophers in literature.

"A shipwreck that left me to starve on a desert island would have made my pile, but for this bull headed able seaman. He's dead now and out of the way, but my sailing days are over since I got this leg." Here Mr. Tokens pounded the leg on the floor and did a little more ornamental swearing.

"We were bound from Liverpool to Australia with general cargo when an equinoxial gale ripped the canvas off us and drove the ship ashore. The ship grounded in the night on Sydney island in the South sea, one of the Phœnix group, located in longitude 171 degrees 22 minutes west, latitude 25 degrees south, and all hands perished but me and one able seaman. When daylight came, we found ourselves on a desolate lagoon island lying low on the horizon and leagues away from the track of navigation. The hull of the vessel, which was an iron one, was piled up on the beach with bales, barrels and boxes of cargo that came ashore with the wreck.

"There was plenty to eat and drink, but the seaman wanted to lay right down and die. I kicked him a couple of times, but he still wanted to die, so I set off to explore the island. The ship's boats were all gone, and I knew we were doomed so far as rescue was concerned, but I never let on to the seaman. It didn't take me long to make the circuit of the island, and I found something that gave me an idea, and a good one too."

At this point Mr. Tokens was again overcome. He smote himself on the brow and cursed the memory of the able seaman who had blighted his life. A drink, however, restored him, and he started in again.

"Where was I at?" he asked.

"You had just made a discovery," replied the club, deeply interested.

"About 100 yards from the wreck and close to the beach I stumbled on to a sperm whale aground on his stomach in a dry gully with his head out to sea. He was partly buried in the sand washed up by the gale."

"Was the whale dead?" Willie Bloke inquired.

"Of course he was. Do you suppose he would be cruising inland if he wasn't? He had a harpoon in his ribs, which I reckon killed him before the storm threw him up on the island. Going back to the seaman and giving him a few more kicks—rapid ones they were—I told him we were saved.

"'How so?' he says.

"'Ask no questions,' said I, 'but turn to and help.' He braced up, and we unshipped the main topgallant yard from the wreck. This was a hollow iron spar about 40 feet long with a wooden plug in each end. We pulled the plugs out and then went to overhauling the cargo. Luck was with me, and I soon found what I wanted. This was a lot of bales of loose cotton packing in long strands the size of a man's thumb. We stretched this out in the sun, and when it got dry me and the able seaman plaited a long wick to fit the iron spar. Then we rove it through, with about 10 fathoms to spare, and planted the spar in the whale's blowhole, with the extra wick floating around in the spermaceti inside of his head. I reckon the whale had about 20 barrels of fine oil in his brain locker. We guyed the spar with small wire cables, and then I made the seaman shin up and touch her off."

"Did it burn?" the skipper gravely inquired.

"You have seen a tar barrel afire, I reckon. Well, that is a tallow dip compared to my lighthouse. She loomed up like a torchlight procession on end. The able seaman said I should have been an admiral and wanted to kiss my hand; but I set him to work with a shovel burying the whale. It was hot weather, and I wanted to keep the oil cool. By working all night we got the whale under cover, caving in the soft sides of the gully and then banked the base of the spar with rocks.

"In the morning I concluded to douse the lamp because it was a big waste of oil and did no good in daylight. So I sent the seaman aloft with a tin pail to snuff the wick, but the blooming spar was so hot he couldn't get more than half way up. There was nothing to do but loaf around and let her burn.

"For nearly three weeks she blazed, lighting up the sea for miles around. The light attracted birds of all kinds, but no ships. It kept us busy daytimes drag ging away the fowls that flew into the flame at night, and the smell of burning feathers nearly drove us off the island anyhow. At last a trading schooner raised our beacon light, put in, and we were saved. The captain was struck with my lighthouse and wanted to know how I kept her going.

"Oh, that's an oil well we discovered, I said, giving the able seaman a kick.

"So," said the captain, "and who owns the island?"

"We do," I said, and so did the able seaman before I could kick him again.

"Do you want to sell out?" he asked.

"To be sure, if you've got the figure," I said.

"How much?"

"Forty thousand dollars in cash money."

"Done," said the captain. "Come aboard the schooner and get the money."

Once more Mr. Tokens filled up and was about to founder, but the skipper rescued him with a pull at the bottle. Then he fetched a sigh that sounded like the wind whistling through a cemetery as the wreck of ruined hopes floated out of the past.

"Dad bing his onery picture, but that able seaman was low and ignorant! He wasn't rigged for business, but got frothy all at once and said he wanted a plug of cutting tobacco to boot on the $40,000 before he left the island. You see, he thought he was smart like me and wanted to sail a sharp bargain, but the captain was pretty close hauled on a deal himself. I kicked the seaman some more and promised him two plugs when we got to San Francisco, but he said he was no flying fish, and that wealth would make me proud and haughty.

"We backed and filled for two days with the deal hove to. Then the captain was about to split the difference with half a plug when the whale went dry, the wick fell in, and I was left on my beam ends. Holy smoke, but that captain got mad! He threatened to leave us on the island, but the idiot seaman begged so hard the old man calmed down again and allowed us to work our passage home. But we might have owned the schooner."

At this point in his narrative Mr. Tokens lurched heavily, his sail came down with a run, and he threatened to roll his spar deck under. But the skipper and Mr. Skate took charge of the derelict and made a rough passage home in a water front hack.—Charles Dryden in San Francisco Examiner.

A Reflection.

A Detroit man who is not especially noted for the good clothes he wears was sitting in his office the other morning when a mendicant appeared.

"Well, what is it?" asked the gentleman.

"I'd like to get enough money for my breakfast," replied the visitor.

"Oh, get out," was the angry response. "I've got nothing for tramps."

"How do you know I'm a tramp?" resented the caller.

"Because you ask me for money."

"But that's no sign. Other people ask you for money."

"Yes, but not like you. You look it from head to heel, and the clothes you wear emphasize it."

"I knowed I'd get that when I put 'em on," was the ambiguous reply.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I got this suit of clothes at your house day before yesterday," and the tramp made a break for the open.—Detroit Free Press.

The Wise Bridegroom.

Fastening old shoes to the trunks of young people starting on a bridal tour, decorating their baggage with white ribbons, filling their umbrellas with rice and performing other idiotic acts are stale jokes that may endure for centuries. A Connecticut couple has just gone through an unusually painful ordeal of this kind. It is bad enough to endure the torture of the marriage ceremony without the after attack of the friendly enemy. The bridegroom who depends on his friends to settle the little details of travel runs a deadly risk. The wise man attends to all the preliminary matters, checks his own trunks and keeps his destination a secret.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Jimmy's May Basket.

Jimmy found three dandelions blooming on the grass plot in the back yard. He didn't pick them; bless you, no. But he wandered up and down the avenue and through all the side streets till he found at the edge of the pavement one and then two dandelions more.

Then Jimmy went home and took all his bright colored kindergarten paper and wove a little May basket, as he had seen the bigger children do. When the basket was finished, Jimmy picked the dandelions in the back yard and put them and the other dandelions into it and filled up the chinks with long, bright grass blades. Then he hung the basket at the door of the pretty curly haired girl next door and ran away. Jimmy doesn't know the little girl next door. He doesn't even know her name. But she is pretty, and her hair shines in the sun. So Jimmy paid homage to her in the only way he knew with his May basket of dandelions.

Do you suppose the little girl liked the round, golden dandelions? Some little girls wouldn't appreciate them.—New York Recorder.

A Bright Little Girl.

Of all the babies in Christendom Mignon Palmer, the little daughter of Mme. Nevada, is the most celebrated. Her little sayings and her beauty have been written up in almost all civilized countries. In Italy and Spain her blond, curly hair, which reaches to her waist, her blue eyes and her pink and white complexion created the greater furore because all the babies there are brown and black. She soon learns the languages of all the countries in which her mother travels, and although the little thing is only 6 years old she speaks English, French, Italian and Spanish. She is a little prodigy in music. Whenever she is allowed to do what she pleases she goes straight to the piano and composes operas.

She has never been taught and picks up things as she goes along. She imagines she can read, because she knows by heart every word in order of all the English and French stories that her governess reads to her. To see if the child is paying attention to the reading, the governess will substitute one word for another, and the child will at once correct her. She has been taught only one thing—a Spanish dance that she executes with castanets, with all the complications of head movements, curves and steps, and although the dance lasts some 20 minutes, she is never at variance with the music, the steps or the striking of the castanets.

Don't imagine that this little prodigy is a puny, delicate child whose mind overbalances her body. She is strong and sturdy, one of those healthy English babies, with full face, rosy cheeks and strong muscular limbs. She has never been ill an hour in her life.—Paris Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.

Children In the Far North.

In the far north, with its intense cold it seems that there can be but little pleasure for the children, doomed to pass their days among the almost eternal snow beside the frozen ocean. Yet even here life to these little people has its enjoyments, and every season brings to them its round of games and sports.

In summer a portion of the inhabitants leave the winter villages and scatter along the coast for the purpose of hunting and fishing. Others go to distant points along the coast and trade oil, guns, tobacco, powder, lead, etc., with natives of the interior, receiving in payment valuable furs and the skins of reindeer, which they use exclusively for clothing. At these meetings a round of feasting and games is indulged in before any trading is done. Whenever a camp is made the little folk will be found with their bows and arrows shooting grass birds, which are abundant, or the numerous varieties of shore birds to be found in that region.—Forest and Stream.

An Obliging Donkey.

The little puppy Midget
Lived near the donkey's stall,
And often for a social play
To Barney's side would crawl.
And when the frisky Barney
Out in the field was tied
The little Midget, full of joy,
Would caper at his side.

As if it were a pendulum,
And Midget watched it go,
One day as Barney stood there
His tail wagged to and fro

Until within her puppy mind
There grew an antic thought,
And with a sudden upward leap
The swinging tail she caught.

The donkey's heart was kindly,
The donkey's tail was tough,
"You want to swing? Well, swing away
Until you've had enough."

So Barney's tail wagged faster,
And still did Midget cling.
Now tell me if you ever heard
Of such a funny thing?

—Babyland.

Hotels In China.

Travelers in China return with marvelous tales of discomfort in the Celestial inns. The buildings are of sun dried brick and usually are about to crumble. Rows of small rooms front on the four sides of a square, and each contains a brick bed, a rough chair and occasionally a table. The windows are covered with paper. The courtyard swarms with dogs, cats, fowls, pigs, donkeys, camels and mules and the rooms are alive with scorpions and small centipeds. The waiter at the table uses a small napkin indiscriminately upon the table, plates, chopsticks and his perspiring brow or shoulders. But everything is cheap.—New York Recorder.

DEATH FROM STARVATION.

The Most Horrible of All Forms of Ending Life Is by the Lack of Food.

The most horrible death of all is that of starving. The most vigor is lent to it by being imprisoned in a cave or mine. Some years ago I was working in a coal mine near Padua, O. The distance from the mouth down to the first vein, where I was working, was 63 feet. It was an 8-foot vein and had been well worked, so that many large chambers were made, and plenty of space was had to move about in.

A miner's life is rather wearisome and lonely indeed. You have to labor all day long in the gloom, with only a little wick lamp on your cap to break the intense darkness. The life is much too hard for the recompense. Then, one's life is always in danger. Great rocks are liable to and do frequently fall. Explosive gases and firedamp are generated, and the first approach of a light sets them off. The mine is then wrecked, and the miners—well, I was once caught in a mine wreck, and in that great vein at Padua. I was working very quietly, away back from the shaft of the mine and all alone.

My labors were interrupted by a dull, smothered roar that was followed by falling earth, and then I realized that I was pennel in; that the mine was wrecked, and that my life was worth very little. The noise soon died away, and things were much as they were before. But a little distance from my position the earth had fallen and blocked the path. I was at first overcome with fear. I imagined that I could hear my brains grinding in a tunnel. Then I lost all consciousness. When I awoke again, I was somewhat more calm and began to move about. I crawled along over great banks of earth that had fallen for a distance of fully 100 feet; then I heard groans, and I knew that I was near some injured miner. But here my progress stopped, and I had to quit.

A few hours later my light burned out, and then my misery was complete. For eight days I remained quite near that one spot, hoping against hope for deliverance. It came eventually. I heard the sound of picks, and soon the glimmer of miners' lamps shone through various crevices. When an opening was made, I crawled out, and I assure you that I gave thanks. Yes, that's why people say I look old now, when I am only 23, and that is why my hair is gray. But I assure you that an aged expression and gray hair are endurable, but to starve to death in a mine is the awfulest and deadliest way to beat out a man's existence in this world that I can conceive of.—Interview in Chicago Journal.

An Egg Snake Among a Lot of Viperines.

Among a number of viperine snakes of about the same size is a snake that lives on eggs. He is about as thick as a lead pencil, but that doesn't prevent his swallowing a large pigeon's egg whole, nor even a hen's egg at a pinch. It dislocates his jaw, but that is a part of his professional system, and when the business is over he calmly joints up his jaw again and goes to sleep. He is eccentric even for a snake and wears his teeth on a backbone, where they may break the eggshell so that he may spit it away.

When he first stretched his head round an egg, the viperine snakes in the same case hastily assumed him to be a very large tadpole, and since tadpoles are regarded with gastronomical affection by viperine snakes they began an instant chase, each prepared to swallow the entire phenomenon, because a snake never hesitates to swallow anything merely on account of its size. When finally the egg swallower broke the egg and presented to their gaze the crumpled shell, the perplexed viperines subsided and retired to remote corners of the case to think the matter over and forget it—like the crowd dispersed by the circulating hat of the street conjurer.—Arthur Morrison in Strand Magazine.

Bombarded by Letters.

The lord mayor receives not less than 30,000 letters in the course of the year, while Mr. Spurgeon is reported to have had as many as 500 a day. Dr. Parker complains that he is pestered with letters from all sorts of people on all conceivable subjects. Popular clergymen also seem to be badgered quite as much as authors. Canon Liddon was killed by correspondence. At least he worn himself out by trying to answer the piles of letters daily inflicted upon him by thoughtless admirers. The complaint is chronic, but clergymen ought to console themselves by the thought that they only get a ripple of what comes like a wave upon editors and members of parliament.

Among statesmen Mr. Gladstone has probably the heaviest letter bag, but he never opens it himself. That task is undertaken by some member of his family, only one-tenth of its contents being seen by the "Grand Old Man" himself. But the replies to this small proportion make a serious inroad upon his time, for the veteran letter writer scorns the aid of such labor saving devices as shorthand and typewriting. — Gentleman's Magazine.

Hiding Defects on a Wall.

Before hanging the pictures fasten a large clean cloth over the brush end of the broom and wipe the walls all over. If the walls are papered and the paper is torn or defaced, cover such places with scraps of the paper, matching if possible to the figures. If you have no pieces of the paper a Japanese scroll, or a cheap placque, or even a bunch of dry grasses tied with a bow of ribbon will cover the place and add beauty to the room. One lady covered pieces of pasteboard with colored satin and fastened the bunches of grass to them, and they were very ornamental.—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's Wonderful Necklace.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's jewels are almost too magnificent even to be mentioned by common mortals. The wonderful diamond necklace consists of two rows of pierced diamonds strung on silken threads. The chain of diamonds, for such it is, is usually worn arranged to fall to the waist in two points. They are then looped in the center to the bodice, glorious rubies forming the center, and on either side, where the diamonds are again fastened, other stars of rubies shine. The effect of these gems of "purest ray serene" is simply dazzling.—New York Recorder.

The King of Plows.

The largest plow in the world perhaps is owned by Richard Gird of San Bernardino county, Cal. This immense sod turner stands 18 feet high and weighs 26,000 pounds. It runs by steam, is provided with 12 12-inch plowshares and is capable of plowing 50 acres of land per day. It consumes from 1 to 1½ tons of coal per day and usually travels at the rate of four miles an hour.—St. Louis Republic.

DECAY OF CHIVALRY.

REMARKS OF A MOTHER WHO HAS SEVERAL DAUGHTERS.

The Trouble With Young Men of Today Is That They Expect to Be Courted, and Most Girls Are Only Too Anxious to Honor Them—A Motherly Sermon.

"I don't believe in chivalry," said the spinster sternly. "I believe in simple equality, and I only ask to be treated as a human being."

"It can't be done," said the mother of daughters," and if I had my way I should teach every young man I knew to be infinitely more chivalrous toward women, and especially toward young girls. If I had sons I should bring them up in the nurture and admonition of a true modern spirit of chivalry. Of course nobody wishes to see a young man wearing his lady love's colors at the athletic club or riding a tilt in her honor at the country club races. But I'm not sure that it would not be quite as well for the young man as the present reversal of things.

"Luckily my girls have a mother who looks out for them and invites so many young men to the house that none can become himself especially sought out, but they have numbers of friends, pretty young girls, who positively have to select their own friends among young men, and who say 'Come to see me' with as much readiness as their mothers or aunts. Now, when I was a young girl a young man expected to ask to have the pleasure of a young girl's society; he expected to do a little of the courting himself, but the youths of today have lost all sense of the delicate deference due to girls. Why, down on the North shore in the summer girls who ought to know better will drive up serenely to any friend's house they choose and ask any young man they choose to come for a drive in their carts with them.

"Oh, I know there's a lot of talk about the precocious of the young American princess and 'queenly initiative' and all that sort of thing, but I won't let my girls have a bit of it. Carrie wasn't permitted before she was married, neither was Eleanor, and Fanny and Margaret know very well they would get into trouble with me. I caught Fanny trying her hand at it at the Assembly ball. She had been dancing with a young southerner, a Harvard man, who had only been introduced that evening, and she was sitting out a dance with him—right at my elbow too—and I heard her say, soft and low: 'Mamma and I are at home Thursdays. Won't you come next Thursday?' I didn't wait a minute for his answer, but I turned around promptly, not seeming to hear of course, and asked the young man to dine three weeks off. Of course he had to accept my invitation."

"What did your daughter say to you when she got you alone?" laughed her interlocutor.

"Kissed me goodnight, as a daughter should, and told me she thought I was a funny smart lady, always getting the best of my poor little downtrodden daughter."

"But why not let your girls do as other girls do?"

"Because I wish them to help foster the decaying chivalry of New England. It is very, very bad for young men to be courted and adulated and run after as they are now-a-days. They get so that they think themselves lords of creation before they are out of college. Why, at the Assembly ball one young man came strolling up to my Margaret and drawled out, with a manner between chaffing and seriousness, 'Well, I suppose I must dance this time with you.' 'Not at all,' said Margaret, sweet as a peach, and strung still, though she knew she was engaged to him for that dance and the next one too.

"She would have sat still the rest of the evening before she would have condoned that condescension. Just then up came another man and asked for the dance, and away went Margaret. She told me that the other one came to her afterward and said: 'What did you do that for? I intended to dance that waltz with you.' 'You intended!' said she, and made him a little courtesy.

"Now, of course I don't want young men to crawl and eat from a girl's hand, but I don't want them to be insufferably rude. One time at a tea at our house I saw a young man fall in love with a regular little rosebud of a girl of 18, who had never been at any party but the one her mother gave for her when she came out. It was still winter and dark at 5 o'clock, and I, just to help him out, asked him to take her home when she started to go home. She lives only a few doors away and has always been in and out of our house since she was a baby. What do you suppose that young man—and he's 30 years old and ought to have some sense—said to me next time I saw him?

"I expected him to thank me for sending him with her. I'm sure I ought to be thanked, for every woman I know, including the girl's mother, would say I was a sentimental creature and dispensed with all the formalities, doing such a thing because I saw he fell in love at first sight. Well, the conceited creature said dejectedly, 'Miss — did not ask me to call the other night.' I may say I read him a chapter. I told him she would have been scared to death to ask any man to call. I told him that men sigh to see sweet, retiring girls and mourn over the ideal women they can't find, and then force the girls of today to do all the seeking and almost all of the inviting, with the mistaken idea that they are themselves the proper object of admiration.

"It wasn't so when I was young. I am sure my husband asked to come to see me the first time he ever came. My girls' grandmother would have locked me up on bread and water for a week if she had heard me say, 'Mamma and I are at home Thursdays,' as I heard my Fanny—to say nothing of the usual modern girl's ever lasting 'Come to see me.'

"You are very old fashioned."

"I am very new style, too, the very latest style indeed. These ways come back into fashion now and then, but I used to embroider, too, when it was quite out of fashion to know how."—Boston Transcript.

Disinfectants.

All the powerful and really useful disinfectants corrode metal and stain crockery more or less. Copperas is the best for household use, a pound dissolved in 12 quarts of boiling water and used hot, being more effective than cold. The valve should be open when it is poured down closets, so that it need not settle in the pan, which should be washed daily with a long handled dish mop kept for the purpose and scalding, strong soda, when it will need no further disinfection. A large funnel should be set in the pipes of stationary washbowls, which, by the way, are unfit for a human habitation and unknown in the best modern houses. When the fine Astor mansion was built, the owners positively forbade a single stationary bowl in the dressing rooms, an example which has since been followed in other high class houses.—Philadelphia Star.

A Lost Fortune.

He—That fellow over there cheated me out of a cool $30,000.

She—How could he?

He—He wouldn't let me marry his daughter.—Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

In Jewish marriages the woman is always placed to the right of her mate. With every other nation of the world her place in the ceremony is to the left.

Portland, Or., is said to have 120 millionaires.

Old Friends at a Funeral.

"It's quite a mournful sight, and yet one that brings with it a crumb of comfort," said A. P. Haskell, "to see old friends gather about the corpse of one of their number. A few days since I attended the funeral of a prominent and aged citizen of Denver, a man who knew the thriving city as a mere village, and was with a number of others the founder of its present greatness. It was a beautiful morning of sunshine and pleasant breezes, and I'm sure the little old chapel never looked more blessed and peaceful than on the morning of my old friend's funeral. Some time before the long line of carriages wound over the hillside to the church, a crowd of his friends gathered about the church door. They were every one long past the middle of life, and hair that was a medium between silver and lamb's fleece predominated.

"The number of times that the members of the throng congratulated each other upon each other's youthful looks, and the often reiterated statement that 'You look younger than you did 10 years ago' became really humorous, though at a funeral. They speculated on the number of years each had to live and joined hands over the statement that 'We will soon go together, old boy,' and 'I think I'm next.' In all that sunlight and joyful atmosphere it really seemed good to know that the worn and emaciated frames, the great load of long standing and accumulated sorrow, might be placed in a beautiful receptacle and given to earth again while the soul betook itself to another condition, free perhaps in a measure from much of life's worry and no less of sunshine and friendship than was here on earth or ever will be."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Farming One Hundred Years Hence.

Should our population increase as rapidly during the coming 100 years as in the last 50 it will be not less than 400,000,000. I am, however, inclined to think it will not so increase. For one thing, we will not have the same inducements to offer to immigrants. When the price of land goes up, as it is bound to do, and its acquisition requires more money, when more capital is required to undertake farming, except on the smallest scale, and truck farms near cities bring a high rent and call for the greatest intelligence as well as industry on the part of the farmer—one of the chief inducements to foreigners seeking our shores—namely, the acquisition of farms of their own—will disappear. At the same time the liberal tendencies of all civilized countries, even under monarchial governments, will lessen the number of those who leave the older countries for the sake of greater political freedom.

Emigration to the United States will consist more and more of a few comparatively well to do persons seeking opportunities for the profitable investment of a small capital, and who, possessing some education and training in the art of self government, will readily amalgamate with our own people, or of the poorest classes well content to serve for a time in the ranks of labor, provided the rate of wages is high enough to reward their frugality with moderate savings. — Ex-Secretary Rusk in North American Review.

One of Ruskin's Letters.

John Ruskin, writing in 1867 to his pupil, Ward, indited these strange sentences:

You may write me whatever you like to talk about, provided you write large and clear. You may trust to the truth of my sympathy, but you must remember that I am engaged in the investigation of enormous religious and moral questions, in the history of nations, and that your feelings, or my own, or anybody else's, at any particular moment, are of very little interest to me, not from want of sympathy, but from the small proportion the individuality bears to the whole subject of my inquiry.

I have no affections, having had them three times over torn out of me by the roots—most fatally the last time within the last year. I hope to be kind and just to all persons, and of course I like and dislike, but my word "affectionately" means only—that I should have loved people if I were not dead.

As a matter of practical fact, you may always trust to my kindness in a due proportion as you stand among other people who require it, and to my understanding sympathy in proportion also. But I have no pleasure myself now in any human relation. Knowing this, you will be able to understand a good deal in my ways of going on otherwise inexplicable.

An Early Experience of Bishop Brooks.

Dr. Edward Swasey of this city sends the following story, which relates to the boyhood of the late Bishop Brooks:

When a mere lad, he with one of his brothers was sent on a short visit to his aunt, his father's only sister, on a well stocked farm in Maine.

They both were making the most of their holiday and enjoying to the full measure every moment of their time. But at length Sunday morning came and with it the sound of church bells and the usual family preparations to attend church. But the boy Phil had suddenly disappeared, and no one knew where he had betaken himself to. Diligent search was made both through the house and through the barn for him, but he did not appear. At last my mother looked under the bed in the guest's chamber (the least frequented chamber in a country house), and there she found the future bishop of Massachusetts.

Poor boy, he had probably had some inkling of what the church service meant in those days in a Congregational country church, both as to duration and the length of the sermon! His little scheme to secure a forenoon out of doors rather than spend it shut up in church had been frustrated. He was brought into the light, however, and taken to church.—Boston Saturday Gazette.

To Hello Across the Continent.

The longest telephone circuit in the world is now projected by the Automatic Telephone and Electric company of Canada, which intends to lay a line of copper wires on the metallic circuit plan from Halifax to Vancouver. This is a distance of 3,500 miles. Copper is by far the best conductor, and electricians have so far advanced their methods that they can calculate to a nicety what is required. The circuit will be, of course, in sections and be available for communication to many intermediate points. It is a great and wonderful experiment which the scientific world will watch with intense interest. If it proves a success, there seems to be no good reason why the instrument cannot be used to transmit speech across the widest oceans.—Portland Oregonian.