

# EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

## A FRIEND.

Oh, who does not cherish a friend,  
Above all other things around,  
To speak to us when we are sad,  
To rejoice with us when we are glad?

To mingle with our friends on earth,  
In joy or sorrow, was our birth,  
It is the meaning of our life,  
We live within this world of strife.

But some people do not care to tend  
And know no blessings of a friend,  
But pass away the time till, lo!  
Their days are done and they must go.

To him whose'er mishap attend  
And from this life a friend attend,  
"Tears better not to have been born at all."  
—Homespun in Burlington Hawkeyes.

## DANGEROUS TOYS.

Some Italianes and Bagpipes That Spread Loathsome Diseases.

There are few persons who walk along the streets of London whose attention has not been directed to the exceedingly ingenious toys which are sold by the itinerant vendors for the delectation of children. One of these is a hollow tube of paper, furnished with a short piece of bamboo at one end, up to which it is coiled by the action of a very slight steel spring. On blowing into the bamboo the coil is unrolled and reaches forward nearly a yard. The sudden extension of this coil produced by blowing in it is a source of great amusement. Toy bagpipes are also popular contrivances. These are not blown in the usual way, but the breath of the performer is made to inflate a small india rubber ball, which, once blown into, supplies sufficient air to play a few bars of any popular tune.

Our contemporary, The Lancet, has called attention to the possible consequences of buying these toys, which, it says, are presented to a child after having been inflated by questionable breath, and perhaps wet with the moisture of the still more questionable lips of the vendor. An infested mouthpiece, it says, has not infrequently been known to be the origin of grave constitutional troubles. This is perfectly true. Persons who would hesitate to drink out of a glass that has been used by a child, and present toys of this kind to their children, not knowing by whom they have been used or by what disease they may be contaminated. Among the impoverished makers and vendors are throats, diphtheria and contagious fevers in every stage may be raging, and children may contract fatal diseases even of a worse character than any we have mentioned by blowing and using these questionable toys. Surely it is only necessary to call attention to persons to the evil, for careful supervision would prevent the dissemination of loathsome disorders by these means.—London Queen.

## In the Wrong Car.

A passenger on an up town electric car had reached her street and wanted to get out. The car was full of people standing in the aisle, and as she threaded her way they moved closer together to let her pass. She had nearly reached the door when she stumbled and fell. Another passenger who got out at the same street had just left her seat, and into this woman who stumbled fell heavily on her face. She sat up once more and looked for the obstruction and saw that it was a large sample case.

"A nice idea," she said angrily, "to put a great thing like that in the middle of the car for people to fall over. I've sprained my wrist striking on the car when I fell over it."

"Perhaps you think I should stand up and hold it," sneered a man who was comfortably seated, while a dozen women stood.

## Dangerous Surgery.

Medical authorities have in some cases had reason to regret too active and energetic surgery in disease of the nose and throat. It has in a number of instances appeared that partial or entire deafness has followed operations, and complete loss of the sense of smell is not uncommon. Conservatism is gaining ground among the best surgeons, and palliative treatment is recommended whenever there seems to be a chance that it might have the desired effect. The best doctors know that the knife is a good servant, but an exceedingly bad master, and only those whose skill and judgment are likely to be faulty are willing to cut and slash on the slightest pretext.—New York Ledger.

## There Was One Difference.

Perhaps the best natured and at the same time one of the wittiest rejoinders in religious dispute was that made by Father O'Leary to an Irish Protestant. "I have no objection," said the latter, "to have the Virgin Mary treated with reverence, but only as my own mother." "Still," replied O'Leary, "you must allow there is some difference in the children."—Philadelphia Press.

## Holmes on Shelley.

Shelley vaporized everything in his glowing crucible, but there was gold at the bottom of it. When I look at him, spreading the starry wings of his fancy over his chaotic philosophy, he seems like a swan hovering over the unfathomable chaos, whose blackness is the abode of demons.—Antocrat of the Breakfast Table.

## Universities in Spain.

There are 10 universities in Spain, the most renowned of which is the University of Madrid. It appears from the latest reports that there are about 14,000 students in the 10 universities. The theaters, art galleries and libraries of Madrid and other Spanish cities are numerous and notable.—New York Sun.

## Friendship.

"The fundamental difference between men's friendships and women's," says a cynical man I know, "lies in just this: Two men are friends because they like the same things; two women are friends because they dislike the same people."—Washington Post.

Cape Canaveral, in Florida, was named by the Spaniards from the abundance of flowers in the vicinity. The same means "Land of the Rose Tree."

## MARKED DOGS' EYES.

An Explanation Wanted of the Presence of These Tan Spots.

Can any of your readers explain the meaning of the tan spots so commonly over the eyes in black and tan dogs of most breeds?

When in Melbourne last year, I went carefully over all the dogs in a show with one of the stewards, and we found the spots in all the black and tan terriers, foxhounds, dachshunds, collies, bulldogs, etc., but I could get no information regarding them from the experts.

In some of the highly bred toy dogs, as the small black and tan terriers, I found on inquiry that these spots, formerly so very conspicuous, were being bred out and had nearly disappeared. Their persistence through so many strains of late date, is singular, for there is fairly good proof that when first domesticated the dog was red or brown, like the pariah, dingoo, etc.

As far as I can see, we do not find the spots white on a black or dark ground, nor yet black or dark on a white or light ground. My explanation is that they have arisen as a permanent marking after the dogs "spotted" to black under domestication and have been preserved and developed through natural selection. Possibly they are protective and simulate eyes.

One morning, just at dawn, I had occasion to go out into the garden, and while stooping to examine some flowers, near a fence partly covered with creepers, I suddenly saw an animal's head looking through, and what seemed to be two seemingly large and ferocious black eyes glared at me. Suspecting that a black leopard was about to spring over, I started back, clapped my hands and shouted. To my relief, however, I saw a tail wag and found that the spectator was a cobby's dog I knew very well and which recognized me. The use of the tan spots—in this case at least—then occurred to me.

May it not be that the spots thus serve a protective purpose and have often saved the lives of dogs (black dogs) from their enemies, the smaller felines, such as the clouded leopard, etc.? Perhaps the matter is not new, but if it is it seems worth looking into.

I have several dogs about here now with black bodies and heads. The tan spots, rather pale, are of the size of a shilling. I have shot one, keeping the skin of the head as a curiosity. B. S. E. Peal in Nature.

## Destroyed Its Own Identity.

One step from the sublime to the ridiculous. This is an old truism. It might be said also that comedy and tragedy are very near to each other—at least so argued that prince of good fellows, Nat Goodwin.

Seated in Delmonico's cafe one day recently, Goodwin was entertaining a number of friends with personal reminiscences of a European trip. In a delightfully ingenious manner he made himself the butt in each story, and convulsed his auditors with laughter.

Finally he said: "I was walking down street the other day—that is, I was or another fellow was, it doesn't make any difference. You don't want to spell a story on technicalities. Anyhow I or the other fellow was walking down street and chanced to pass an express office."

"The expressman was loading his wagon preparatory for his afternoon round. Of a sudden the forwarding agent or whatever you call him came out with a small dog."

"Where's he going?" asked the driver.

"I don't know."

"Naw."

"Why the—don't you know?"

"Now, don't get previous," said the forwarding agent. "I don't know, as it isn't known, an nobody knows. It's at up its tag, that's the reason."

"His auditors laughed, but Goodwin drew a long face. "Isay it's pathetic," he remarked. "Think of the position of that dog. In a thoughtless moment he destroyed his own identity. It's a tragedy in real life."—New York Herald.

## Take It Easy.

One cannot travel in Ireland without perceiving that the so many horsepower and perpetual catching of trains theory of life is not one that is accepted by the Irish people, and I do not think it ever will be. Their religion, their traditions, their chief occupations, their temperament, all of which I suppose are closely allied, are opposed to it.

The saying, "Take it easy, and if you can't take it easy take it as easy as you can," doubtless represents their theory of life, and for my part, if it were a question either of dialectics or of morals, I would sooner have to defend that view of existence than the so many horsepower one. So far from a wise man getting all he can out of himself in one direction, he will, it seems to me, rigidly and carefully abstain from doing so in the interests of that ethereal and harmonious development which requires that he should get a little out of himself in every direction.

One would not like to assert that the bulk of the Irish people are "harmoniously developed." But neither, if I may be permitted to say so, are the English or the Scotch people, and as in reality all three probably err by lopsided activity or lopsided inactivity, it still remains to be seen whether too much perpetual catching of trains or too much taking it "easy" is, on the whole, the wiser course and the less insane interpretation of the purport and uses of life.—Blackwood's Magazine.

## It Beats Acting.

They had just emerged from the telephone exchange where they were employed.

"Sometimes," said one of them, "I think that I would like to be famous; that I would like to go on the stage and act or on the lecture platform. Then, again, I think not."

"I think not all the time," was the positively spoken rejoinder.

"Still it must be nice to play upon the emotions of the multitude." "Of course it is. That's what makes it so juicy in the telephone exchange. When we talk sweetly to some man through the phone, I can tell by the way he coos back that he is striking in the most absurd manner. And if I want to make him angry I can tell him the lion's busy and ring in his ear. I tell you, my dear, when it comes to playing on the emotions of the multitude Sarah Bernhardt will have to give extra maintenance if she wants to surpass us in opportunity."—Kate Field's Washington.

# NOW FOR THE BURGLAR

The Season of Housebreaking Activity Is at Hand.

TRADITIONAL MAN UNDER THE BED

An Instance Where He Was Patted Ignominiously Forth by the Heels by a Pair of Up to Date Girls—The Modern Woman Not Afraid of Thieves.

People think more about burglars in the winter season than they do at any other time. The only reasonable explanation of this seems to be that in the long period between the first snowfall and spring the burglar thinks most about them. In the winter, to be sure, windows and doors are locked and bolted, while in the summer the best makes it necessary to leave them open more or less. But nature is open handed and hospitable in the summer, and this no doubt has its meliorating influence even on a man as intensely practical as your housebreaker.

Besides, like every other man who uses his brains, he must have his periods of rest and recuperation, and he doubt finds it more profitable in the long run to spend the dog days by the seaside than in active practice of his profession. Then there are a lot of amateurs—tramps, pick-pockets, sneak thieves and snobs—who are driven by hard necessity to take up burglary as a side line in the winter. Burglars of this class are seldom as bold and never as skillful as the regular practitioners. It was probably one of these burglars who broke up the ladies' card party on Lake avenue, in Chicago, the other evening, says The Tribune of that city.

It was fortunate for him that there was no one among them who had the coolness displayed by the woman, who, while arranging her hair, preparatory to going to bed, saw the reflection of a man in her mirror. He was hidden just behind her, she had always heard of burglars hiding behind the bed. She calmly went on arranging her hair, and then, having laid all her valuables in her jewel box, walked over and put them on a shelf in the wardrobe, carefully locking the door ajar. She left the room for a moment and returned suddenly, just in time to see the thief step inside the wardrobe. Then, of course, she did the obvious thing. When the door was unlocked again, he was halted out by two big policemen, badly frightened and half smothered.

Another case where a thief hid under the bed and came to grief happened on Ohio street during the World's fair, when the town was full of the light fingered gentry. He had been shadowing a wealthy business man for more than a week. His plan was to slip into the house in the evening by following the owner home, hide and later in the night rob the place. One evening he was left unwatched, and making his way up stairs he went into a room and hid under the bed. This happened to belong to the two daughters of the householder.

The bed was low, and the intruder passed several uncomfortable hours until about 10 o'clock, when the young ladies came up stairs. They had devoted themselves assiduously to athletic exercises while at school and usually had a romp before retiring. On this occasion they got into an unusually lively pillow fight. The burglar became submerged in the issue of the contest, but he made an involuntary movement for a better view and in so doing betrayed himself.

"Mind, there's somebody under this bed!" cried one of the girls, but instead of running away, as she would be supposed to do under such circumstances, she dropped on one knee, and finding her sleep

depressed, she said: "I'm a friend of Bob's," he added reassuringly. "No, you're not. You're a burglar, and you shall not leave this house," said Mrs. McCormick as she seized him by the lapels of his coat. She confessed afterward that it occurred to her at the time that a burglar would be a white elephant on her hands, but she was determined that he should not get away with his booty. The burglar, who could no doubt have broken loose without difficulty if he had not stopped to parley, argued a few moments to get going, for while this interesting dialogue was going on both Bob and Mrs. McCormick came in the door, and after a short struggle succeeded in getting the man down, where they held him until Mrs. McCormick secured a policeman.

A thick quality striking and perhaps of the highest grade was shown by the elderly English lady who, when about to retire her nightgown, detected a man under her bed. She neither fled nor changed countenance, but she changed her form of petition, and instead repeated a prayer which is almost as common as the English tongue and goes up nightly from thousands of beds. When she had finished, she heard a voice behind her that she recognized and assuring her that she should not be harmed. The man, so runs the tale, except from his hiding place, and with tears in his eyes told her that he had repeated that prayer at his mother's knee. He had neither uttered it nor heard it for years but it had reached the tender spot which the cynicist assures us remains even in the hardest hearts.

Prayer as a specific for burglars ought to commend itself to a preacher above all men, and yet only a few weeks ago there was recorded in one paper the account of one minister down in Missouri who shot a burglar who had called at the parsonage in the middle of the night (presumably for something more tangible than spiritual advice), and another gentleman of the cloth in Indiana, who put a bullet into a pugilist.

A pugilist, of course, is clearly without the pale, but there is always a possibility in the conception of a preacher who has human blood on his hands is not an agreeable one.

That burglars are frequently men of superior education is a well established fact. It takes a man with wit, and highly developed will, at that just as the railroad burglar who had called at the parsonage in the middle of the night (presumably for something more tangible than spiritual advice), and another gentleman of the cloth in Indiana, who put a bullet into a pugilist.

It is interesting to note that the French revolution was discovered among the papers of an autograph collector in Berlin. It was called the "Blood List" and contains the name, standing and age of those persons put to death in Paris between March, 1793, and June 22, 1794. There were 1,514 in all. On the margin of the pages opposite each name are a few remarks giving the reasons for the death of the particular person, and a few of his or her characteristics. Here follow some of the passages from the "Blood List," which was afterward published in the Almanach de Revolution:

April 19.—Catherine Cleve, servant, because she wished a king.

April 28.—Mangel, cab driver, 21 years old. He had said in a cafe that the nation consisted of a lot of rascals, criminals and thieves; it was necessary to have a king.

Dec. 2.—Stude, shoemaker, from London, 32 years old, because of his bad shoes.

Dec. 9.—Vancluyver, of Amsterdam, banker, crime of himself and son, riches.

Jan. 1.—Vancluyver, clergyman, 30 years old; he had proscribed in his room some blood of Louis XVI.

Jan. 2.—Custine, the son, a noble young man, 25 years old, who was minister plenipotentiary in Berlin in 1793, who every one loved him.

April 13.—Arthur Dillon, general of division, 40 years old, was known as "the beautiful Arthur" and was formerly a favorite of the court.

Dec. 24.—Caroline Adam, widow Cravand, from Berlin.

On the list, who were, however, missed, are also a "young actress of the Italian theater, Grandmason Burnette, and her 18-year old jockey, Bonchard," and 99 clergymen, two of whom are over 70 years old; 192 officers, 154 women "of all ranks and stations," and 32 writers.

An Anecdote of Shelley.

The poet Shelley tells an amusing story of the influence that language "hard to be understood" exercises on the vulgar mind. Walking near Covent Garden, London, he accidentally jostled against an Irish navy, who, being in a quarrelsome mood, seemed inclined to attack the poet. A crowd of ragged sympathizers began to gather, when Shelley, calmly facing them, deliberately pronounced:

"I have put my hand into the hamper. I have looked on the sacred barley. I have eaten out of the drum. I have drunk and an well pleased. I have said 'Knox Omnipax,' and it is finished."

The effect was magical. The astonished Irishman fell back. His friends began to question him. "What barley?" "Where's the hamper?" "What have you been drinking?" and Shelley walked away unmolested.—Junior.

Salt as a Remedy.

Common salt as a remedy for "brow ache," that distressing form of headache, has lately been extolled by some physicians. The idea of increasing the amount of the salt used with the food was that of augmenting the hydrochloric acid in the juice of the stomach—at least considerable success is claimed for this remedy, which, however, it is needless to say, will not operate successfully in all cases. By the way, sniffing a little finely powdered salt up the nostril of the affected side has been found to cure the pain in neuralgia of the face.—Family Magazine.

The Donkey Vanished.

In general we may say that the donkeys belong to a vanishing state of human culture, to the time before carriages were used. Now that civilization goes on wheels they seem likely to have an ever decreasing value. A century ago they were almost everywhere in common use. At the present time there are probably millions of people in the United States to whom the animal is known only by description. In a word, the creature marks a stage in the development of our industries which is passing away as rapidly as that in which the spinning wheel and the hand loom played a part.—Professor N. S. Shaler in Scribner's.

Lost by His Sharp Trick.

A justice of the peace at Lockport, N. Y. has been called upon to decide a curious case. Robert Greer had William Blodde that he could eat 1,000 eggs in 20 minutes. He claimed to have done so when he was but five square inches of shad roe. Greer lost.

Feminine Minors.

Two Oregon women own and work sixteen miles.

## DON'T CARRY BOOKS.

At Least Avoid Doing So if You Happen Into the Astor Library.

A young man strode into the Astor Library yesterday afternoon, a good sized book under his arm, and was making straight for the staircase to the reading room when the old man who serves as hall porter waved him back by a gesture.

"Well, what's up with the old chap anyway?" he remarked to his friend.

"Come back here," said the porter, simultaneously pointing a finger at some unnoticed object.

"Well, I like that," answered the youth, not following the direction of the finger. "I like you for a nice, polite sort of guide in this building. Guess I'll go where I want without your assistance, my good man."

"You've got a book," said the porter emphatically.

"Yes," replied the young man, "I have, and if it had'n't such a respectable binding on it I'd like to fire it at your head. There," and he made a spring upward, three steps at a time, followed by the gaping porter, who finally lay prone on the stone staircase frantically holding on to the vanishing coatails.

"Come back," he pleaded, now in plaintive tones, "come back and read the notice. You'll see I don't let you pass with that book. I'll lose my place if you're seen with it. Do, sir, please come back."

The notice is to the effect that all books carried into the library are to be left in the porter's charge and called for on coming out. The idea is to prevent readers walking off with books of the library. If without one coming in and with one going out, it's easy to know they're appropriating library property. Before the making of this rule numerous books were removed, as it was not easy to access a reader and demand whether or not a book in his possession was his own or other people's property.

"See here," said the aggrieved youth, shying his book out the porter's table, "next stranger you meet stop your orders and your mysterious passes, lay your stupid old finger on that piece of pasteboard, will you, and say straight out, 'Read that notice.'"—New York Herald.

THE "BLOOD LIST."

An interesting but uncanny relic of the French revolution was discovered among the papers of an autograph collector in Berlin. It was called the "Blood List" and contains the name, standing and age of those persons put to death in Paris between March, 1793, and June 22, 1794. There were 1,514 in all. On the margin of the pages opposite each name are a few remarks giving the reasons for the death of the particular person, and a few of his or her characteristics. Here follow some of the passages from the "Blood List," which was afterward published in the Almanach de Revolution:

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## PLATONIC FRIENDSHIP.

'Twas Soul Love That United Mrs. Scott and Mr. Ogden.

THEY MET SECRETLY TO PRAY.

A Pair of Religious Enthusiasts Who Claim to Entertain a Purely Spiritual Affection For Each Other—Skeptical Mr. Scott Wants Damages.

A most remarkable case has been made public by a suit for \$25,000 damages which William H. Scott of Brooklyn has brought against John W. Ogden of the same city for alienating the affections of his wife. One of its strange features is a statement made by Mrs. Scott and Mr. Ogden that, while it is true that they have for years been in the habit of meeting secretly every evening in a furnished room on Bridge street, Brooklyn, they had no object in so doing further than to pray together and plan religious and charitable work. They acknowledge a deep love for one another, and while they confess that the circumstances look suspicious they insist that there has never been anything wrong between them.

The Scotts and Ogden first met at Middletown, N. Y., where both families were living then. From the very first, Mr. Ogden and Mrs. Scott claim, they felt as though they had been made for one another, and that some supernatural power was drawing them together. Both had always felt something missing from their lives, and both realized when they first set eyes on each other that the missing element stood before them. The result was a strong friendship between the two, which ripened as the days went by into a deep and lasting love. The two families became quite intimate. Mrs. Scott at that time was an extremely handsome woman, 33 years old, and had two children—a son and a daughter.

She was a woman of pronounced religious tendencies and was one of the lights of the Baptist church in Middletown. It was at her solicitation that the Ogden family joined the church, and from that time up to a short time ago the intimacy between the two families has continued. Four years ago the Scotts and Ogden moved to Brooklyn, and both families joined the Marey Avenue Baptist church. Mrs. Scott worked at night and went regularly to his business at 9 o'clock and returned at 7 in the morning, while Mr. Ogden went to work at about 9 o'clock in the morning and did not return before 9 o'clock in the evening.

A few weeks ago Mrs. Ogden's suspicions were aroused. She had occasion one afternoon to consult her husband, and she went to his office. She reached there about 5 o'clock and was surprised to find that her husband had left for the day. She remarked to a clerk that it was peculiar for her husband to leave so early that day.

She had on other evenings he never left before 7 o'clock. The clerk indignantly replied that she was mistaken, and that her husband rarely remained at the office after 5 o'clock and sometimes left as early as 4. Mrs. Ogden was surprised. Her suspicions were aroused. Where did her husband spend the hours between 5 and 8 o'clock? She hired a private detective to solve the mystery for her. It didn't take him long. He found that it was Mr. Ogden's habit to repair to a furnished room house at 133 Bridge street, Brooklyn, every afternoon after he got through work. There he would meet Mrs. Scott in a room which he hired by the month. At about 7:30 o'clock the two would leave the house together and return separately to their respective homes.

When an explanation was demanded, the couple admitted their clandestine meetings, but claimed that there was a soul love, and that they had not transgressed the letter of the law. This excuse was not satisfactory to Mrs. Ogden and Mr. Scott, and the two families are displeased. Mrs. Scott and Mr. Ogden's father, who lives at Plainfield, N. J., and there her soulful lover pays her daily visits to enjoy the spiritual communion that both declare they cannot live without.

"Our love is the kind the world will never understand," said Mrs. Scott to a New York Sun reporter. "It is a spiritual, ethereal kind of love. My life has always been full of trouble. I married Mr. Scott, who was my cousin, when I was 10 years of age. We were not happy. He was such an erratic sort of man. I found all my comfort in church work, and then Mr. Ogden came along, and I found him so fervent. We were drawn together in our work."

"It's a strange, unfortunate condition of affairs anyway," said Mr. Ogden. "We know the world will judge us guilty, and it seems useless to deny our guilt. Yet we do most emphatically. We acknowledge we have loved for years, and now we see that we made a great mistake in hiding it. We deny, however, that our love has been at any time impure. It was the result of the association of two people, both spiritually and religiously inclined, whose past lives had been filled with trouble. Mrs. Scott and I met, and I loved. We used to meet at my mother's house, but when she died we selected the room on Bridge street for a meeting place."

When Mr. Ogden rented the Bridge street room, he said he wanted it for business purposes. The furniture of the room consisted solely of a table and two chairs.

For a Sweet Breath.

Don't expect to have clean teeth or a sweet breath while there is a tinge of white on the tongue. It is an unmistakable evidence of indigestion. Drink our lemonade, eat ripe fruit and green vegetables for purgatives, exercise freely, use plenty of water internally and externally, and keep up the treatment until the mouth is clean, healthy and red. Various things are suggested to counteract an unpleasant breath resulting from a bad tooth, wine or garlic scented dishes. Cinnamon, mint, creams, orange root, cloves, mastic resin and spruce gum will disguise some odors. Two drops of tincture of myrrh in a glass of water will sweeten and refresh the mouth. A teaspoonful of spirits of camphor or peppermint in the same gargle is among the very best antiseptics, and a few drops of myrrh and camphor in the water are recommended in case of cold, throat trouble or any slight indisposition which may affect the breath.—Philadelphia Times.

## WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE?

A Question That Every Woman May Ask Herself After Reading This Story.

"Children are queer," said a woman. "You never can tell about 'em. Not long ago I went after a little girl to take her to our institution. She was a queer, wild little thing and no one could do a thing with her. I didn't like the look of her breast. She had a hard face and an impudent little mouth. She had only a few things of her own, and I packed them in my trunk."

"When we had been on the train a little while, I noticed that she kept putting her hand furtively into her pocket, as if she had something hidden, and wanted to see if it was all right. I watched her do this every once in a while, and at last she said:

"'Anna, what have you got in your pocket?'"

"Her face crimsoned. 'Nothing,' she said. 'She acted so queer that I began to think of the stories that they had told me about her. 'Show me what you have there,' I said."

"'Nothing,' she said again, looking madly in the face."

"I argued with her a long time, and at last I made her take the mysterious thing out of her pocket. It was an old, little, clumsy bundle, and I hated to open it for fear I should find a stolen piece of jewelry or some trinket of some sort. I unrapped it and found it full of dirty cloth. In the center I found—what do you think?"

"'A picture,' said the other woman."

"'No.'"

"'A purse?'"

"'No, a little, old, dirty sugar heart, that with a piece of faded ribbon."

"'I've had it since I was little,' sobbed the child, 'and mamma used to give it to me to play with when I was good, she had told me after she had scolded me, and I used to bed alone as if her mother'd let her have it for company.'"

"'What did you do with the dirty thing?' said the other woman. 'Throw it away.'"

"The first woman didn't answer for a minute. Then she said:

"'Yes, I would have thrown it away.'"

"'Yes, I would have thrown it away,' I would have wanted children to see it, and I would tell you you can't do a thing with them unless you make them understand they've got to mind.'"

"'You're one of the directors of the big orphan home, aren't you?' said the first woman, speaking very slowly."

"'Yes, I am,' said the other."

"'I thought you were the first woman to stop the car and get out at the very next crossing.'—San Francisco Examiner.

The Immense Area of Texas.

A printed statement that the western states of America are becoming crowded is disproved by figures that, through various manipulations, tell a most wonderful story of the length and breadth of