EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL. - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

HUNTING ASTEROIDS.

Astronomical Sport That Is Being Robbed of Part of Its Pleasure.

There was a time when the hunting of asteroids was the athletic sport with which the tired astronomer refreshed his mind and muscles. Wearied with prolonged calculations as to the weight of a ton of coals on the surface of Jupiter or the density of beer on the surface of the sixth moon of Urania and with his right arm and fingers cramped and numbed from the excessive use of chalk and blackboard, the astronomer would take his telescope and in the bright, crisp winter night stalk the timid asteroid through the starry jungles of the skies.

It was not often that he made a successful bag. Sometimes he would hunt night after night for weeks before capturing a single asteroid, but he was always buoyed up by the hope of game, and when he did bring down an asteroid with his breechloading reflector, his small but handy refractor, and was enabled to make a present of its elements to a favorite fellow astronomer he was indeed a proud and happy man.

But this fine old astronomical sport is at an end. The asteroid trapper with his photographic trap is abroad, and there is every reason to believe that in the course of a very few years at the furthest every existing asteroid will have been captured.

The method of the trapper is as simple as it is unsportsmanlike. He sets his camera at nightfall and goes home to his family until the following morning. A clockwork attachment gives a motion to the camera identical with the apparent motion of the fixed stars, so that the images of the latter never vary their places on the sensitive plate.

When, however, the trapper finds a faint but prolonged line of light extending over the plate, he knows that it is the trail of an asteroid, and he at once proceeds to complete its capture by giving it a name and calculating its elements.

The unsuspecting asteroids who had long ago grown shy of the telescope have not yet discovered the existence of the camera traps, and they are captured in alarming numbers. It is quite usual for a trapper to report the capture of four or five asteroids in a single night.

It is true that he rarely makes any distinction between the traces made by an asteroid and the marks on the plate due to imperfections in the emulsion or to scratches made during development. In his greed he treats all marks as asteroids that come to his trap, and there can be no doubt that a certain proportion of the asteroids recently named and given a place in the solar system have no existence outside of the photographic plate, where the trapper fancied that he had detected their trail.

Still it is evident that the traps are nightly capturing an enormous number of asteroids, and unless something is done for their preservation this variety of celestial game will sooner or later become as extinct as the American buffalo.

To the average man it may seem to be a matter of very little consequence how asteroids are captured, but to those who are familiar with astronomers and who have their welfare and that of their wives and families at heart the prospect that legitimate asteroid hunting is about to become impossible is alarming.

If the tired astronomer can no longer keep up his health and spirits by beating the milky way for asteroids his health must inevitably suffer. Physicians are agreed that astronomy, if habitually indulged in, is peculiarly exhausting to the nerves. Indeed the confirmed and excessive astronomer is invariably irritable and quarrelsome, even in spite of the tonic influence of asteroid hunting.

If that resource should no longer be open to him, his condition will be simply pitiable, and such a thing as an astronomic home will be utterly unknown. The astronomer's only recreation will be found in contradicting the theories and denying the discoveries of other astronomers, and the meeting of an astronomical society would be a scene of wild uproar mingled with flying slates and lamps of chalk.—Washington Star.

THE PARIS COCHER.

A Queer and Pathetic Relic of the Gilded Days of Louis XV.

When, Theophilus, you feel that you have been run over and abused by this hard, old, wicked world and would like to be an emperor for a few minutes to get even, come to Paris, my dear boy, and call to your side one of these whip snapping lords of the pavement, and for 1½ francs in shabby glory you can drive around the streets of the brilliant city and run over people, like a king. It doesn't make any difference. The man has a number and a license to whip up his horse when he comes to a crowd.

Take it all in, Theophilus, and lean back on your cushions as the women and children scatter before whip and hoofs and be sure to get your American money's worth of that delightful old mediæval feeling of being in a beautiful carriage world where pedestrians are born with the right of being knocked down and the privilege of being fined for it.

The cab is the last touching symbol of royalty in France. It is the plaintive remnant of the old French constitution, which consisted—succinctly stated—in running over people and then having them guillotined for being in the way. Pay your cabman with reverence, Theophilus, in these bare and democratic times. He is the nation's reductio ad absurdum of Louis XV—pathetic, with the gilt rubbed off.—Independent.

Charms of a Female Executioner.

Since the death of Seyfert, the Vienna executioner, the authorities have received scores of applications for his place, of which the most curious is that of a pretty woman, who sends her photograph with the following letter:

"I am 18 years old and possess great physical strength. My sex, and, above all, my beauty, fit me for the employment I solicit. The fact is that the last person upon whom the condemned man fixes his gaze is the executioner, who nine times out of ten is repulsively homely. How much more consoling it would be for a criminal, before entering into eternity, to have the knot adjusted by the soft hands of a woman, whose bewitching glances would cause him to forget for an instant the terrors of a moral agony worse than death!"

HYMN TO ASTARTE.

What foreland fledged with myrrh,
Vocal with myrtled lees,
What vine sequestered spur,
What cool deciduous
Will draw thee to descend,
Creation's cradle friend?

The sun feels at thy smiles,
The wan moon glows thereby,
The dedal ocean isles
Terraced in rosemary,
The brightwind in the bed
Of the dry torrent head.

The rolling river brink,
With plumy sedges gray,
The food where flocks drink,
The rock where otters play,
Years upward, all of them,
To grasp thy raiment's hem.

—Lord de Tabley.

A SACRIFICE.

It was an evening in that fearful winter of 1854-5, memorable for the Crimean war, whose terrible stories of danger, privation and heroism the veterans delight to tell by the fireside at home.

The cold was intense, snow lay thick upon the ground and was still falling noiselessly through the gray and dusky air upon an English camp in the Crimea. A space had been cleared around the tents, and the men were seeking such warmth as was to be obtained around the campfires. It was the eve of battle, as one versed in the ways of wars could tell by the anxious looks on the men's white, unshaven faces. There was none of that reckless bravado of which romancers tells us. The men were silent or spoke only in whispers. Their thoughts were doubtless too oppressive for more loudly spoken words. It was the terrible Russian winter. Tomorrow they were to fight, and the air was heavy with prophecies of death.

Sergeant Easterbrook sat there, gazing into the glowing depths of the fire. He was a tall, broad shouldered man, of about 25, but grizzled and unkempt as he now was you would have taken him to be older. Crouching close beside him was little Charlie Hilton, a recruit—almost a boy, indeed, but there was a sort of friendship between these two, for both came from the same village at home, in the garden of England, a quiet little village perched upon a hill, at the foot of which lay the fair weald of Kent.

"Sergeant," the recruit whispered, "if anything should happen to me tomorrow"—

"Why, you talk just like the old hands!"

"Well, why not? There's as much chance of my getting potted as any one else."

"Are you afraid!"

"Afraid? Not. Are you!"

"Yes," the elder man answered, with a sad, quiet smile. "I don't believe there can be a man living who does not fear death—aye, the bravest of them; it goes along with the fear of God!"

"But if anything should happen to me," Charlie persisted.

"Oh, you'll be all right, youngster."

"It is not because I am a youngster that I am any safer. Those confounded Russians don't pick out whom they'll hit. I want you to promise me, sergeant, that when all is done tomorrow, if you should find my—if you should find me among the dead—you will take this letter that is inside my jacket. The other fellows might laugh if they knew, and she would not like it. But you know her. We are to be married if I come safe out of this. If I don't, I think she would like to know that I fell with my face to the enemy!"

This time the young fellow fairly broke down.

"You say I know her. May I ask who she is?"

"Yes, I don't mind telling you. It is Mary Ashford."

"Mary! The daughter of Farmer Ashford?"

"Yes."

Then there was a dead silence between them, during which, as the flickering firelight danced upon his features, any one who had been watching him would have read a world of unspoken thoughts upon the sergeant's face—a short but pathetic history of human woe. Such an observer would have read his secret, would have understood that Noel Easterbrook loved Mary Ashford too. That he had imagined and hoped that his love might some day be requited, until these words came to dispel his dream—words spoken in all innocence, but which pierced his heart as fatally as could have done a Cossack's lance thrust.

It was Hilton who first broke silence.

"You have not answered me, sergeant," he said. "Won't you promise me what I asked you?"

"Yes," Easterbrook replied in a quiet, subdued tone, which betrayed no emotion. "I will do you this little service if you should require it, and if I am in a position to perform it."

"Thank you so much. And you will take the letter back to her?"

"Yes," with some hesitation. "I will take it back to her if I live."

At this moment an officer came among them, and the soldiers rose and saluted.

"We want some men," said he, "to go forward and reconnoiter the enemy's outposts. The duty may be a dangerous one."

"I'll go, if you please, captain," Sergeant Easterbrook said, stepping forward.

"Very well. Take three men with you."

"I'll come with you," said young Hilton.

"No, not you, youngster," the sergeant exclaimed hastily in a strange tone.

"Let him go, since he has volunteered," rejoined the captain, who was a strict disciplinarian. "Let the lad learn his duty. It is just this sort of daring pluck which upholds the honor of the union jack!"

Easterbrook was silenced, since he must needs yield to his superior officer, and a few minutes later the sergeant, Hilton and two other soldiers were passing over the snow clad plain, with their muskets upon their shoulders, flitting like four shadows in the twilight out of the British camp.

Not a word was spoken. Everything depended upon silence and discretion. The snow was falling faster now and obliterated the men's footsteps as they walked on. The country was bleak and open. There were only a few trees here and there, which tossed their great bare branches in the wintry wind like giants writhing to be free from some spell.

After they had marched for nearly an hour they approached a frozen stream, and on a hillock upon the opposite bank could dimly descry the fires of the Russian camp half hidden by their outworks. They crossed the river, and then halting Sergeant Easterbrook spoke for the first time.

"My men," he said, "in case anything should happen to one or other of us we must all keep our eyes open and watch what we can see, so as to report at headquarters tonight."

Then he turned, and again they went on silently. Easterbrook, with his quiet reserve and firm but kindly manners, was very popular with his squad and never found the slightest difficulty in enforcing implicit obedience.

Soon they were creeping stealthily along right under the very fortifications of the enemy, noting the direction of the lines and each point either of strength or of weakness, so far as it was possible to observe them in the gathering gloom. At last they turned a corner and found themselves suddenly right beneath a tall figure in a long cloak and furry shako posted on the top of the redoubt just above them and thrown out in bold relief by the glow of the campfire not many yards behind it. Our friends were very still and cautious in their movements, but one of them, by the gleam of his bayonet probably, betrayed himself to the Russian sentinel as he peered down into the gloom, for the latter spoke some words in his own tongue, challenging them to declare themselves.

"Confound it!" muttered Sergeant Easterbrook half aloud, "we have ventured too far—right into the lion's den—we must turn tail, boys, and run for our very lives till we are out of gunshot. That is the best sort of courage that we can show now."

They accordingly all four turned and ran at full speed, for since their object was to obtain information there was no real bravery in staying to face the foe. But they had already gone too far in their eagerness to determine the position of the enemy's lines, and no sooner had they turned to flee than the sharp report of a musket was heard behind them. The sentinel had aroused his comrades, and a moment later a volley of balls was whistling through the night air past the little English squad.

"Oh, this is terrible!" young Hilton said breathlessly as he ran, "if we should fall like this, sergeant—to be shot from behind—I had rather go back and face them."

The young fellow doubtless fondly imagined that the eyes of all Europe were upon him individually, and had not yet come to learn that so many men must go down like corn before the reaper's scythe, only to be regarded at headquarters as so many casualties. He still thought that to peril life and limb in other men's quarrels was glory.

"You must not go back," the sergeant answered, with a strange mixture of gentleness and authority. "I could not allow you to do that. Every man's life that is out here belongs to his country, and no one has a right to risk it rashly. They are only firing wild—don't be afraid."

"I'm not afraid—I—my God! I believe I'm hit!"

The sergeant, notwithstanding his experience, had indeed been mistaken. He knew that the Russian soldiers could not have taken accurate aim in the dark, but he did not allow for the fatalities of chance—those terrible chances which govern the world's history. Hilton said he had been struck, and Noel Easterbrook could also feel that a bullet had entered his body, but still they both kept on bravely as long as they could. Here in the cold, silent night the lust of battle was not upon them, there was only the mute desire of wounded beasts which would fain be at rest away from their pursuers.

They had now crossed the frozen stream and were safe from further danger. By this time the weather had changed. The wind had driven the snow clouds away, and from a steely, blue sky the moon was shedding her silvery light upon the four Englishmen struggling over the white Crimean plain. They were still a long way from their own camp—probably three long, weary miles and more—but they were now in safety. Sergeant Easterbrook called out, "Halt!" and the others noted with alarm the faint voice in which he spoke the word. His fictitious energy had given way at last, and with a stifled groan he sank down at the foot of a great, black, gnarled tree. Young Hilton's wound was also overmastering his strength, and the next moment his form, too, was lying in an inert mass upon the snowy ground.

"What is the matter, sergeant?" one of the other soldiers asked feelingly. "I did not know you had been hit."

"Hit—yes, Dawes—here in the left side—it was foolhardy of me to have ventured so far into their lines—and there is the poor lad. Oh, Dawes, I am done for!"

"No, no, do not say that, sergeant. We will carry you back to camp all right between us, won't we, Ryan? You will be out of tomorrow's fun, that is all."

"Tomorrow! Yes, there will be no tomorrow for me."

"Nonsense! You will be sent to the rear, that is all. The old sawbones will put you straight in no time. See, we will carry you as gently as a nurse. Come on, give us your hand, Ryan."

"No," Easterbrook answered in a feeble but decisive tone. "Leave me."

"Leave you? We'll see you hanged first!" Ryan said with rough good nature.

"Look at the youngster—he is wounded too. You surely don't think of leaving him behind."

"Well, we are not going to leave you anyway. We can come back for him."

"And find him dead!"

"We must take our chances of that. These are not times to pick and choose what we do. Come on, Ryan."

"No, I say. Take young Hilton back to camp and leave me."

"No!"

But Sergeant Easterbrook, with a supreme effort, now rose to his feet, and supporting himself by the trunk of the tree said in a stern tone of authority:

"Are you commanding this squad or am I? I say I will be obeyed! Take up the lad and carry him back to camp!"

They yielded to the force of discipline, which is so strong as to become nearly an instinct, and raised the half conscious form of Charlie Hilton. The latter understood only dimly what was going on, or he himself would have been the first to protest against his friend's heroic sacrifice.

"Goodby, Charlie," the sergeant said. "I shan't be able to keep my promise to you, but when you get back to England tell Mary Ashford that I, Noel Easterbrook, did my poor little best to send you safe home to her!"

And as the two soldiers, with their burden, walked silently and sadly away over the white desert plain, Noel Easterbrook sank again heavily upon the ground and rolled over once—sank this time never to rise or speak again.

* * * * * * *

Charles Hilton returned safe home to be united to Mary Ashford, and there is a tender place in both hearts for that silent hero, whose bones are whitening in the Russian Chersonese—the man who met his death to save her pain, for it was, indeed, to send her lover back to her that the brave sergeant had thus courted his doom.—Exchange.

Roscoe Conkling's Opinion of Jay Gould.

Jay Gould, as soon as Roscoe Conkling was out of the senate, and although Mr. Conkling had bitterly denounced him, offered Mr. Conkling the first retainer which he had after he opened his law office in New York. The amount was large and was most acceptable to Mr. Conkling, and it was in the acquaintance thus begun that Mr. Conkling was led to the opinion that Jay Gould would have been the ablest politician and the finest diplomat this country has produced had he chosen to enter those fields of activity rather than that of business.—Philadelphia Press.

Always Somebody to Complain.

There is always one discontented soul to lament over improvements, like the Scotchwoman who complained of the fresh water that had been introduced into the city. "Ah, but it's no like the auld; it neither smells nor tastes!"

One of Edison's Prophecies.

Edison prophesies that before long editors will read off all copy into phonographs, editing as they go along. The compositor will put the cylinder on another phonograph, and while listening to the dictation of the machine will transcribe the article directly by the keys of the mechanical typesetter.—Exchange.

More About the Dollar Mark.

Teacher—Tommy, did you find out anything about the origin of the dollar mark?

Tommy—I asked paw about it, and he said the straight lines stood for the pillars of society and the crooked one for the way they got their money.—Cincinnati Tribune.

The wheat grown in southern countries contains a larger proportion of albuminoids than northern wheat and is more suitable for macaroni.

A TRIO OF FAIR TRILBYS

Beautiful Boston Girls Who Pose For "the Altogether."

FIRST EXPERIENCES ARE TRYING.

These American Models Are of Irreproachable Character as Well as Perfect Face and Figure—Posing Is Purely a Matter of Business With Them.

I have called upon some of the pretty women who serve the artists of Boston as models, and I found them as interesting as they are beautiful, writes Carrie Henderson in the Boston Post. It comes so natural to couple Du Maurier's Trilby with artist models that that thought went with me when I went visiting.

Of course, like other young women, I have seen the ideal picture of the Bohemian Trilby, but even the skillful pen of the novelist could not draw more lovely Trilbys than I have found in the flesh in Boston.

MISS ADELLE GREGORI.

There must be lots of Little Billees in Boston, too, and for all I know they may each of them have a fiancee. If the beautiful girls I have seen are among them, why the Little Billees or the Big Billees have my congratulations.

This I want to say for my Trilbys:

Not one of them ever sang "Ben Bolt," and the nobility has never showered bouquets upon them, but they are just as interesting as though they had.

One of the most celebrated Boston models is Adelle Gregori, a beautiful girl from sunny Italy. She was born in Venice, as well as her five brothers and sisters, who have all been and are models. She has been posing for 11 years.

She has beautiful dark brown eyes that grow large and brilliant as she talks. They sparkle with enthusiasm when she speaks of the artists she likes and admires. Her complexion is exquisite, her teeth even and white, her hair waves naturally about her face, and she is without a doubt one of the most beautiful girls of her type in Boston. She lives at home with her parents, a bright, modest girl.

She has posed for nearly all the notable artists of Boston. Her favorite picture of herself is the one by Mr. Wallace Bryant, "The Venetian Violet Girl," and which is now owned by the Matthews family on Commonwealth avenue.

Adelle Gregori has never posed for the figure, only for the head and in costume. She says that it makes her very angry when they ask her to pose for the figure after she has refused them once or twice. She sits four or five hours a day without tiring, although it was hard at first. She is busy all the time. "Most of the models, the good models," she says, "go to New York, because they have more to do and get better pay, but I am contented in Boston."

The dainty face and figure of Miss Elizabeth Ayres was upon the cover of the Washington's birthday number of the Youth's Companion, designed by Mr. Copeland. She had a piquant, girlish face, as charming in its way as Adelle Gregori, but an entirely different type.

Miss Ayres was born in Baltimore. When only 15, she taught a kindergarten school in Philadelphia.

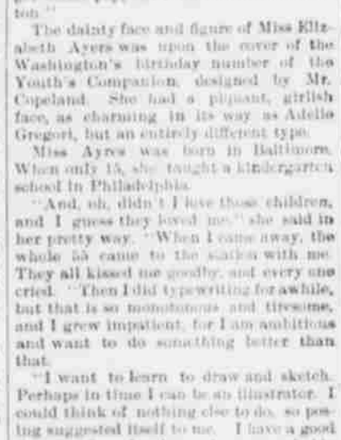
"And, oh, didn't I love those children, and I guess they loved me," she said in her pretty way. "When I came away, the whole 55 came to the station with me. They all kissed me goodby, and every one cried. Then I did typewriting for awhile, but that is so monotonous and tiresome, and I grew impatient, for I am ambitious and want to do something better than that.

"I want to learn to draw and sketch. Perhaps in time I can be an illustrator. I could think of nothing else to do, so posing suggested itself to me. I have a good figure and so far have done remarkably well. I like all the artists, they are so kind to me and such gentlemen.

"I wish they were all my brothers. That is the way I like men. I should like to have about 250 brothers. One of them has offered to give me lessons if I pose for him a little while, once a week or so, and, oh, I hope I shall get along!

"Yes, it was awful at first," she replied in answer to a question. "I thought I should die, and I sort of made the plunge all at once too.

"It was this way: There were one or two artists in the room when I went behind the screen to get ready. Two or three more came in, and I thought I never could do it. I was all ready, but I did not come out. I stood there. Then I began to jump into my clothes as fast as I could. I was going to run home.



MISS ELIZABETH AYRES.

"One of the artists, who knew it was my first time and suspected from the length of time I took what was the matter, asked me if I was not nearly ready.

"I told him in a trembling voice I could not.

"They all laughed at me, and they said it was merely a matter of business, and I might as well get over my embarrassment first as last.

"It was quite dark in the room, and this, together with a little silken scarf they threw over to me, relieved my feelings a trifle. I fancied they could not see very plainly.

"I wound the scarf carefully around myself and then came out hesitatingly, not quite decided yet whether I could not run for the door and home, silk scarf and all.

"I stood up on the platform, where the model sits or stands, and felt comparatively secure, as it grew darker all the time. Suddenly they turned the electric lights full upon me, and I thought I should die.

"Oh, you can't imagine what an awful feeling it was!

"Finally I had even to drop my bit of silk scarf that I had clung to like a drowning man to a straw. Do you know, really I did not feel so bad without it as I had felt trying to hide behind it.

"They commended and criticised me, as though I had merely been a statue or a painting, in the most matter of fact way imaginable, so gradually I forgot my self consciousness and began to take an interest in what they were saying.

"I like the studios. I like to hear them talk about pictures and sculpturing."

Miss Ayres is one of the most modest, ladylike appearing girls imaginable. As she told about her first attempt at posing her pretty face grew red as a peony at times. She is as "likable" in real life as Du Maurier's Trilby is to read about.

Miss F. M. Sargeant is another Boston model, celebrated for her beautiful coloring and her magnificent head of golden brown hair. It is very heavy and reaches far below her knees.

A picture of her by Edmund C. Tarbell will be seen at the coming art exhibition. This picture is an excellent likeness, and her hair shows to better advantage than in any that has ever been painted of her.

"The Nymph of the Woods," by Ernest L. Ipsen, is also to be exhibited for the first time, as is Mr. Abbett Graves' "The Girl and the Goldfish," for all of which Miss Sargeant posed.

She is a healthy, wholesome kind of a girl, with a frank, open countenance that is pleasing and attractive. She likes her work, the artists and the atmosphere of the studios.

Miss Sargeant was recommended as one of the favorite models.

"I live very quietly," she said. "I am busy nearly all day, and I go to bed very early, so I shall be able to do my work right. I know very few people, and I seldom go out."

Miss Sargeant poses for "the altogether," as Trilby naively calls it.

"I had to do something," she said. "One engagement led to another. Although it was tiresome at first, I have now grown accustomed to it. I don't like to pose for art schools and classes. It is too hard. The model is expected to hold a difficult position for four hours, with only 20 minutes' rest.

"Some people think models must be awfully coarse, common sort of girls, but they are not. Some of them are girls of good families, who have had good homes, and they prefer this method of earning a living to standing in a store for $5 a week or manipulating a typewriter.

MISS F. M. SARGEANT.

"The artists are gentlemen, all of them, and posing is simply a matter of business with us."

A Physician's Adventure.

"The worst I was ever frightened," said Dr. E. D. Lucas to a Cincinnati Enquirer man, "was when called at midnight to attend a man reported to be in a dying condition. When I reached his bedside, he was dead and had been for several hours. His wife stood near, seemingly calm, and when I told her that her husband was dead she said: 'He is not dead. You are a physician and must cure him. If you do not, I will kill you.' I looked at her and saw that I was alone with a maniac and the corpse of her husband. In her hand she grasped a pistol, and it was evident that she was determined to use it if I did not restore life to her husband. I knew that I must keep my self possession, or all would be lost, and felt his pulse, leaned over him as if listening to his heart beats, and finally said: 'You are right. He is not dead, but must not be disturbed. He will awaken in the morning. As soon as he awakens give him this medicine,' and I poured some drops into a glass of water. Fortunately the woman was satisfied and allowed me to leave. It was a very narrow escape, and I felt relieved when the woman was taken to an insane asylum."

Blighted by a Murder.

The Atlanta Constitution says that in Newton county, Ga., the ground about the spot where the body of the late G. W. Jones was found, after he was assassinated some six years ago, is perfectly barren and clean and has been so ever since that terrible event occurred. The place in the woods of Newton, the identical spot where the body lay, is marked with a stake. Around this stake for a distance of from 8 to 12 feet no grass or weeds have grown since that time. Neither has there been any accumulation of leaves or other trash upon it from its surrounding trees, although all on the ground about is covered with them. In fact, the ground on which the body lay when found is as clean as if swept with a broom and is as barren of grass and weeds as the middle of a public street.

The Primitive Fishhook.

The first implement used by man for catching fish with a line was not a hook. It was a pointed piece of bone or flint, a simple baitholder, and the line, possibly a length or so of some dried vine or grass, was tied to the middle of the piece. The fish swallowed the whole bait, bone and all, and so the first implement was what we would call a gorge hook today. In time bronze was substituted for bone, but the form of the first implement was retained. Untold ages passed before the first fishhook was made, and strangely enough, when a prong was fashioned on the hook, the prong turned outward and not inward.—New York Times.

A Monkey's Queer Mash.

If a certain monkey in one of our menageries has a bad stomach ache, its keeper may know why. An artist was standing before the cage watching the antics of its occupants when this particular monkey thrust his paw between the bars, seized a pencil that was projecting from the artist's waistcoat pocket and made off with it. "I'm blessed if the scamp didn't split that pencil and eat all the lead out of it," said the artist.—New York Sun.

FOR "GOOD OLD MUDDER."

A Newsboy Gets a Swell Photograph Taken to Send to Her.

When Curtiss, the photographer, got down to his studio a few mornings ago, he found a diminutive, tattered and very dirty little boy waiting for him, with a bootblack's kit slung on his shoulder. With an inimitable tough drawl the boy said: "Say, Mr. Coitiss, I came ter git me tintype taken. I want ter send it ter me mudder, wot lives in Cleveland. See?"

Mr. Curtiss said: "I don't take tintypes, my boy. Why don't you go to a tintype gallery?"

"Aw, Mr. Coitiss, youse do only pitcher taker I knows. See, Mr. Coitiss," he wheedled, "here's de stuff I've been savin ter git er pitcher ter send ter me mudder. Youse ken have it all." And he opened his grimy, sweaty little paw, in which reposed a silver dime and a cent.

"All right," said Curtiss, "come in, and I'll take your picture. You needn't pay me with money. What can you do?"

"Say, Mr. Coitiss, I kin do anythin. I'm a wise kid. Dey ain't no flies on me."

He was lifted into a chair, and his feet didn't come within a foot of the floor. He was trembling with excitement, and his teeth glistened in a line of white against his dirty face. After the shutter clicked and he was told it was "all over" he laughed and said: "Huh, dat ain't nuttin. I cud do dat meself, Mr. Coitiss."

He was put to work cleaning the globes on the chandeliers to pay for his pictures, and during the afternoon disappeared. About 6 o'clock he came back and said: "I had ter go after me 3 o'clocks. Here's a poipy I saved for you, Mr. Coitiss." And he drew a rumpled dirty paper from under his coat.

When the pictures were finished and handed to him, he said: "Hully gee! Ain't dat outer sight? Won't de old lady be proud uv her Cholly boy wen she gits dis? Say, Mr. Coitiss, me mudder's a good old lady, and she's got six more kids ter wash fer, so I t'ought I'd skip."

One of the pictures was mailed to "de good old mudder" in Cleveland, and the boy had one for himself. He looked at it admiringly for a moment and then said: "Say! Won't dis kill de kids at de Junction dead when I show it to 'em? Aw, say! Photograffed by Coitiss. Where's me chrysanthemum, Cholly?" and he strutted out.—Kansas City Star.

Papa In the Same List.

A gentleman formerly in the service of the United States navy married a Japanese beauty a few years ago and settled down to domestic life in the Land of the Rising Sun.

Only a few months ago an old chum of his, an officer on one of our ships of war, went to call upon him at his home in Nagasaki. While waiting in the room which might correspond to the parlor in this country he heard the prattle of a child in the adjoining apartment. Said the youngster:

"Who is the foreign devil that has come to see papa?"

"Hush," said the nurse. "The gentleman might overhear you. He is a fellow countryman of your father's."

"Well, papa is a foreign devil too."

This incident would seem to show that certain colloquial phrases have survived the feeling of hatred for foreigners which the Japanese abandoned so many years ago.—Washington Star.

Switzerland a Modern Babel.

Switzerland, with its mixture of races and tongues, is a sort of modern Babel, a fact which causes much trouble in particular to the military authorities. At Wallenstadt, the other day, at the recruiting station, there was a guard composed of five men. The chief was a lieutenant who spoke German only, the second a sergeant who spoke Italian only, the third a corporal who could speak French and Spanish, the fourth a private who could speak French and German, and the fifth a private who could speak French and Italian. When the lieutenant had to transmit an order to the sergeant, he had to get the last named man to interpret for him. When he wanted to communicate with the corporal, he had to requisition the fourth man, and so on, great delay and confusion being thus occasioned.—London News.

Betrayed by a Pin.

No matter how masculine a woman may become, there is always some little womanly weakness about her that invariably betrays her. She may wear real men's shoes and tie her own tie, but her manny hat has a hatpin through it. Her coat may be made by a real tailor, but it is tight at the waist. She is still and always the woman. Now, for example, in Tim Murphy's play, "Alimony," there was one of the dapperest young things you ever saw. She was a real little gentleman, from the crown of her billycock hat to the sole of her hunting boots. Her corduroys were real corduroys, and her shirt had link sleeve buttons, but she had her high boots pinned up with safety pins. She did, and I saw them. Wasn't that the woman of it?—Washington Post.

On a Business Basis.

The banker was talking to the bachelor broker about his future state, so to speak.

"Why don't you get married?" he inquired. "You've got money enough."

"I presume I have, but you know I take no stock in matrimony."

"Pshaw! That doesn't make any difference."

"I think it makes a great deal."

"Of course it doesn't," insisted the banker. "Don't you very often make a mighty good thing by assuming the bonds of a concern you wouldn't take stock in under any circumstances?"

The broker hadn't looked at it in that light before, and he took the proposition under advisement.—Detroit Free Press.

Danger In Everything.

Science shows that possible danger lurks in everything. Butter, for instance, may contain pathogenic germs, and every one knows how bad they are. So also it is shown in the London Lancet that bread contains many kinds of living bacteria. And the conclusion is reached that many unaccountable diseases may be eventually traced to the agency of bread.—New York Tribune.

Encountered Everything Else.

Brown—I am sorry that you met with opprobrium on your recent dramatic tour.

H. Booth Smith—Oh, it wasn't as bad as that. We met jeers and hisses and even eggs, but I can't recall opprobrium.—Vogue.

A JUROR'S CONSCIENCE

It Involves Him In a Controversy With the Judge.

SENSATIONAL SCENE IN COURT.

Juror Clayton Declines to Obey the Order of the Court to Find a Verdict Against His Judgment of the Facts—The Court Relents.

An unusual and sensational scene was enacted in United States Judge Seaman's court in Chicago the other day. A jury refused to obey the order of the court to render a verdict in favor of a defunct railroad against which damages had been claimed by a maimed girl, but finally, under threat of imprisonment for contempt, found for the defendant under protest, with the exception of one juror, who refused to concur in the verdict and was turned over to the United States marshal.

The case was that of Maria Cahill against the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway company asking for $25,000 damages for the loss of both her legs. The recalcitrant juror was Julius Clayton. The accident took place at the stockyards district. People were in the habit of crossing from Fortieth street to Parker avenue over the tracks. Miss Cahill was crossing at this place when knocked down and run over by a switch engine. The evidence showed that she was under the engine when the engineer moved back again, inflicting further injury upon the girl.

In charging the jury Judge Seaman instructed them to find for the defendant. He said the evidence showed no responsibility could be attached to the railroad company; that it was the lessee of the tracks of the stockyards company, upon whom rested the responsibility to provide proper crossings. He expressed sympathy for the girl, but held there was no evidence that the accident was due to willful carelessness on the part of the railway employees. He concluded his remarks by saying:

"You can under the law do nothing but find for the defendant. The court charges you to find for the defendant."

At this point a man rose slowly in the jury box, and to the surprise of all refused absolutely to be a party to such a verdict. "Your honor," he said slowly and solemnly, each word falling with painful emphasis on the ears of the astonished judge, "your honor, I cannot render such a verdict." There was a pause. Then Foreman J. H. Blakeley rose and said, "I won't find for the defendant." "Nor I," followed Juror John Burke. "Nor I," echoed H. P. Barnes.

More would have followed had not Judge Seaman at that juncture ordered the jury to retire into the jury room. "Gentlemen," he said, "you will now retire to the jury room and render such verdict as you see fit." The jury retired and agreed on a verdict for the plaintiff, assessing damages at $23,796.66.

JUROR CLAYTON.

JUDGE SEAMAN. MISS CAHILL.

But the verdict was never presented. Robert F. Ardry was first called and stated that they had found for the plaintiff. Then Judge Seaman told the jurors they could not find that way. "You are liable to contempt if you refuse to obey the directions of the court," he said. Then he ordered the jury polled. One by one the jurors found, under protest, a verdict for the railroad until it came to Julius Clayton's turn to speak. He said that he could not subscribe to such a verdict. "My conscience will not allow me to find for the defendant," he said solemnly.

Judge Seaman pointed out to the juror that he was in contempt, but nothing could shake the sturdy juror. Then the court ordered him into the custody of the United States marshal and excused the rest of the jury until 5 o'clock, which he said they must come into court, and if Clayton were still obdurate he would be punished for contempt.

When the court reconvened, Juror Clayton was still obdurate, but stated, through the plaintiff's attorney, that he did not wish it thought that he held the court in contempt.

"I respect his position," said Judge Seaman, "but I feel he does not appreciate his duty as a juror. He has the appearance of a manly man. This verdict under my direction by the jurors is as far as they are concerned only a matter of form. Their protest goes on record. Will you, Mr. Clayton, take your seat as a juror once more and let the foreman render the verdict as I have directed?"

"I cannot, sir," said Clayton firmly.

"You would be simply obeying the direction of the court in respect to the law."

"It is a question of fact and not of law in my mind, your honor."

"It should be a question of law and of your oath."

"The jury was unanimous."

"That does not enter into the case. The court may be wrong, but that is not for you to decide."

The matter was finally compromised by Judge Seaman, moved apparently by admiration for Clayton's steadfastness, consenting to nonsuit the case, on Judge Prendergast for the plaintiff agreeing to accept the nonsuit as having the same legal bearing and effect as if the verdict had been rendered as the judge had ordered.

The case will be appealed, and in the meantime Juror Clayton is the hero of the hour in Chicago.

A Sudden Murderous Impulse.

The strange epidemic of insanity which prompts its subjects to stab strangers, usually women, in the streets of London has not yet ended, and the popular nervousness in several quarters of the city continues. One of the most startling cases occurred in front of a fashionable shop in Oxford street amid a large throng of shoppers. A young man plunged his knife three inches deep into the back of a lady and then quietly waited until the police came and arrested him. The prisoner, who has a good reputation, declared in court that he was unable to account for his action. He said that a strange irresistible impulse to stab some one came on him suddenly, and he acted upon it at the same instant. He had never seen his victim till that moment.

Equal to the Occasion.

Bob—What did the lecturer say when you threw three cabbages at him?

Dick—Oh, he said he had hoped the audience would be pleased, but he really hadn't expected they would propose to lose their heads.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Annapolis was so called in honor of Queen Anne. The Catholics who settled it, called it St. Mary's. It was renamed Arundelton, in honor of the Earl of Arundel, still later was christened Anne Arundel, and finally the present name was bestowed.