EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL. - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Cleanliness Saves Life.

With the approach of hot weather the question of clean, healthy surroundings is one that must command the attention of every one, and especially in view of the fact that reports have been published that cholera can always be prevented by keeping things clean. The physician should be the preacher of cleanliness, for cleanliness saves more lives than all of the drugs known to us. This includes body cleanliness as well as that of surroundings. Use water, deodorizers and disinfectants steadily through the hot season. There is a sanitary condition of our bodies as well as our surroundings. Bad matter is continually exuding from the pores of the skin, and if this is not washed off frequently it will become the breeding place for disease germs. Fatal germs are in dust dirt and particles that float in the air. These cling to the body, and under the warmth of the heat from the body they multiply.

Many who are filthy get infectious diseases, while those who are clean escape. It is the safest protection that one can obtain to surround the body with a clean skin. Our surroundings must also be clean, sweet and pure. Filth creates infectious atmospheric conditions that baffle the wisest sanitarian, and every epidemic begins in dirt. Decaying animal and vegetable matter, imperfectly cleansed clothing, person or bed, are all breeding places for diseases that may in time become epidemic. The physician should work to prevent all of this, and every one who has the good of his country in mind should aid him in trying to keep the surroundings of the community clean and sweet in hot weather.—Yankee Blade.

Immigration For May.

The immigration figures just issued by the bureau of statistics of the treasury department for the month of May show a very considerable reaction in the direction of increased immigration from the falling off of last year. For the five months ending May 31, as compared with the corresponding period of the previous year, there was a falling off of 40,000 and upward, and for the 11 months a falling off of 116,000. But for the month of May, as compared with the corresponding month of 1892, there was a gain of 3,143. The details of the showing are interesting. The largest gain over last year was in Italian immigration, 7,692. The largest loss was in German immigration, 6,199. There was a falling off in the immigration from Great Britain of nearly 2,000, and a gain in Austrian-Hungarian of 1,500. There were considerable gains from the Netherlands, Russia, Sweden and Norway, and a small gain from France. The account with Denmark and Switzerland shows losses. The aggregate for the month was as follows: Austria-Hungary—Bohemia, 1,060; Hungary, 5,150; other Austria (except Poland), 7,833. Denmark, 1,191; France, 691; Germany, 13,936; Italy, 17,668; Netherlands, 2,112; Poland, 2,184; Russia (except Poland), 11,281; Sweden and Norway, 10,261; Switzerland, 697. United Kingdom—England and Wales, 5,634; Scotland, 1,688; Ireland, 11,018. All other countries, 3,011. Total, 95,385.—Detroit Free Press.

Pensions and Internal Revenue.

Texas paid last year $806,375 of internal revenue taxes and received in pensions $905,230. South Carolina paid $71,812 revenue taxes and received $171,129 in pensions. Tennessee contributed $1,278,802 and drew out in pensions $2,484,508. Alabama's revenue taxes were $106,771; her pension receipts were $409,729. Arkansas paid $95,718.86 revenue taxes; received in pensions, $1,470,901.77. West Virginia's revenue tax was $807,588.99 and was paid in pensions $2,158,703.12. Louisiana and Mississippi together paid $734,852.29 and received $847,552.45 in pensions. Maryland, Delaware and the District of Columbia paid $3,288,873.77 internal revenue tax and received in pensions $4,220,890.13. Step over into the northern states, and the conditions are reversed. Illinois paid in revenue tax $36,795,338 and received in pensions $9,343,966. New York paid $17,670,978 revenue tax and received in pensions $11,762,490. The aggregate amount of internal revenue taxes paid by the 10 southern states and the District of Columbia was $6,690,892.28, and the receipts from the pensions were $12,609,661.87, nearly twice as great.—Corporal Tanner in Brooklyn Eagle.

Had He But—

Had I but saved the boodle I in other years have blown, today I might have had a little nest egg of my own; I might be now well heeled enough to join the the happy throng, to spend a month at Jackson park and take my folks along. O poverty! thou art indeed a ragged man's distress! the robber thief of human hopes and earthly happiness, and countless thousands mourn today the fate one so abhors—but some have fun while others stay at home and do the chores. So must I stay and toil for bread and miss the great world's show, but what a motley crowd there'd be if every one should go, and in a few days at the most I'm bound to quit the fight and visit lands beyond that beat this World's fair out of sight.—Nebraska State Journal.

On to Mecca.

The pilgrimage to Mecca has been extraordinarily large this year, the total number of pilgrims already being about double that of last year. Over 40,000 have passed through Suez alone, and it is estimated an equal number have arrived at Mecca by overland caravans. The usual resultant conditions of the pilgrim season favorable to epidemics have been consequently aggravated, and the Egyptian quarantine board has declared all the Hedjaz littoral to be foul and applied severe measures to prevent the spread of cholera and other diseases. Cholera has been rife at Mecca for some time, and the number of deaths has been great.—Exchange.

Did, Though.

Policeman (to wheelman, who is riding on the side path)—See here, young man, you can't ride there.

"Can't, eh? Well, you just watch me!" And he shot out of sight.—American Wheelman.

The brooches used in Rome during the first and second centuries very often had a martial appearance. They were fashioned after swords, helmets, battleaxes and bows.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

Miss Kate Field Answers In Plain Words the Letter of a Fond Mother.

The Visitor of Sacramento has asked me to reply to this wail from the wife of a wage earner in a small town:

"My husband, in spite of habits of thrift and economy, owing to more or less sickness and other misfortunes has been unable to do more than to earn for us a bare living. Should he pass away my daughter, who is 18 and is a graduate of the grammar school, and myself would be thrown upon our own resources for support. Impelled as we feel to aid her to do that which in time of need will make her self supporting, we are in doubt as to the wisest course to pursue. Though she possesses more than average intelligence, yet our lack of means has not permitted us to so educate her that she can hope to earn a living in the higher spheres of life.

"We have before us, then, the choice of letting her become a domestic in a private family or of permitting her to go to a larger town or city, as some of our neighbors have permitted their daughters to do, and to seek employment in some factory, store or office. Being bright and ambitious and spurred on by the examples of some of the young women in the neighborhood who have been successful in the city and who occasionally visit home, wearing city clothes and exhibiting city manners, my daughter seems anxious to follow in their footsteps, feeling confident that she can be equally successful. Though we know her to be morally strong, yet we are loath to let her pass beyond the parental roof, fearing as we do the temptations which may surround her in the larger place. On the other hand, to retain her at home and to make of her a domestic, which is the only avenue of employment our limited surroundings afford, seems like keeping her down and preventing her from making for herself a more important place in the world. May I ask that you put yourself in my place, and tell me what you would do?"

What would I do? My dear madam, that your daughter is 18 years of age, a graduate of the grammar school, and though bright and ambitious has been taught nothing by which she can earn an honest living is one more awful proof of what I have known for years—that our public school system is a fraud.

Why was not your daughter brought up to some trade? I am fully aware that California women are less willing than others to use their hands, but as it has been decreed from the beginning that man shall earn bread by the sweat of his brow it is useless to escape from the inevitable. Unquestionably, madam, your daughter has natural likes and dislikes. If possessed of "more than average intelligence," she should know what her brain and fingers are best fitted for. If she doesn't, you who have watched her lovingly for 18 years should be able to tell her. There is plenty of work everywhere for good milliners, dressmakers and seamstresses. I'd rather be an adept in any one of these occupations than be a teacher, unless at the very top of the profession. They mean more money and more independence.

I'd infinitely rather be a "domestic" in a kind family in the town of my birth than go elsewhere to seek employment in unhealthy factories, offices or stores. If, madam, you have reared your daughter sensibly, she will agree with me, and, following the advice laid down by Goethe, she will do the duty that lies next her. If, however, like the majority of American girls, your daughter has had little home discipline and covets the "city clothes and city manners" of companions who, having gone to big towns, occasionally return to tell of their "success," it will be useless to advise her to let well enough alone. In your daughter's place I'd do such work as would enable me to remain under my parents' roof that I might be a joy and a comfort to the best and most unselfish friends a woman ever has.—Kate Field's Washington.

A FAMOUS NOVELIST.

A Graphic Pen Picture of Hall Caine and Something of His Character.

Hall Caine is said to resemble Shakespeare in the keen intelligence of his features and in the intellectual height of his prominent forehead. He possesses a highly nervous organization, and his first novel came near bankrupting him in health. His best work is done after midnight in the early morning hours. He is a native of the isle of Man, a Manxman, and is 45 years old, or thereabouts. Much of his time is spent in travel, when he exerts his powers of observation and gathers material for future use. His home is in the English lake country, overlooking Derwentwater and above the town of Keswick. It is called "Hawthorns."

The novelist is also at times a poet, as he occasionally writes some verses for publication. He has decided religious tendencies, which take the form of investigation. He contemplates writing a life of Christ, and as he excels in terse, epigrammatic sentences his style would be in the direct line of Biblical truths. He is conscientious and painstaking in all his literary methods, and his readers recognize in him one who has sincerity as a superstructure for every romance of which he is the architect.—New York Advertiser.

Meant For the Minister.

A popular minister in Fifeshire, in the good old times, used at Christmas to be inundated with hampers filled with good things. On one occasion an enormous turkey was sent to him by the thoughtful kindness of a neighboring farmer, but as the minister's family had already provided for the Christmas dinner the bird was sent to the market and sold.

A passerby, seeing this fine specimen of poultry, said, "What a splendid turkey! Just the thing for the minister's Christmas dinner!" To the minister it was again sent.

The provident wife sent it again to the market and sold it again for a handsome sum.

Another friend, similarly struck with the splendid proportions of the turkey, purchased it and sent it to the minister. The good woman, not wishing to fly in the face of Providence, said at last:

"It is clear that the Lord means us to have this turkey," and with the approbation of the family it formed part of the Christmas dinner.—Youth's Companion.

Rubinstein's Charity.

Rubinstein had probably traveled more than other any virtuoso. In his time he made many fortunes and gave them away to the poor in Russia. During the famine which raged among the Russian peasants a few years ago he journeyed to Vienna, Moscow and St. Petersburg to play for charity. The price of seats rose to unheard of figures, but every penny of the money went to the starving farmers. It is said that in the course of 28 years the sum which he thus disposed of amounted to $250,000.

How It Happened.

"I've turned highwayman," said the sofa.

"What!" exclaimed the chair.

"Yes; I held a couple up last night."—New Rochelle Life.

PERILS OF THE DEEP.

MANY OCEAN GREYHOUNDS HAVE MET THE ELBE'S FATE.

Collisions Are the Greatest Danger, but Icebergs, Derelicts, Waterspouts, Hurricanes, Tidal Waves and Fires Have Caused the Loss of Thousands of Lives.

"Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste" is dotted with shifting perils that threaten or destroy the lives of them that go down to the sea in ships. One of the greatest perils is the peril of collision that so recently caused the foundering of the Elbe and the loss of over 300 lives. At first thought there would seem plenty of elbow room in a great ocean like the Atlantic or the Pacific, but the danger of collisions seems far greater when it is remembered that in crossing the Atlantic, for example, nearly all steamers follow the same comparatively narrow course.

The terrific speed of the ocean greyhounds, the carelessness of lookouts and the dense fogs that frequently shroud the ocean are all factors that materially increase the chances of collision. But a year and a half ago the great British battleship Victoria was accidentally rammed by the Camperdown while the ships were endeavoring to execute an impossible evolution and went to the bottom of the Mediterranean, carrying 400 brave English sailors with her. With the rapid increase in ocean travel the danger of collision is constantly increasing, and hardly a year passes that two ships do not come together and cause great loss of life.

In many respects a collision is one of the greatest perils of the deep. If the sharp prow of one swift steamer strikes

AN OCEAN LINER IN A STORM.

another steamer amidships, the latter is invariably cut wide open and founders or sinks in a short time. The Elbe was struck in such a manner by a much smaller ship and went down in 20 minutes. In case of fire or storm the passengers usually have more time to get away in the boats. Thousands of lives have also been lost by collisions with icebergs and derelicts. The great bergs, drifting south, cross the track of ocean steamships and are now and then struck during a dense fog. As a usual thing, however, the proximity of icebergs is betrayed by increasing coolness in the atmosphere, but this fact is usually of little value to an ocean greyhound, which travels at such high speed that it would be upon a berg before the fall in temperature was noted. About 15 years ago the Arizona, then considered an ocean greyhound, crashed into a monster iceberg off the Newfoundland coast. Her bow was shattered, but the water tight compartments farther back saved her from sinking.

Another great peril of the deep, the derelict, has caused many disasters. A derelict is the waterlogged hulk of a ship that has been dismasted and sunk to the water's edge, but still cruises on unmanned, almost invisible and bearing no warning lights. The average derelict floats about a month, but many of them, borne on by ocean currents, drift about for years before they sink or are cast ashore. The pilot chart of 1893 showed 45 derelicts afloat in the north Atlantic alone, and 25 of them were in the track of the transatlantic steamers. During the great blizzard of 1888 the schooner W. L. White, lumber laden, was abandoned off Delaware bay. She drifted slowly across the Atlantic, crossing and recrossing the track of the ocean steamships, and after a voyage of nearly a year she ended her 6,000 mile cruise on one of the Hebrides islands, north of Great Britain. She was reported 44 times during her trip and was a constant menace to the lives of thousands of ocean travelers.

In the dark or in a fog luck is all that saves an ocean greyhound from colliding with such an obstruction to navigation. The most dangerous derelicts are those loaded with lumber or coal, and a transatlantic steamer striking one of them would be sunk or severely damaged. Dozens of ships that have left port and never been heard from are supposed to have collided with derelicts. During the five consecutive years previous to September, 1893, the United States hydrographic office announced that 957 derelicts had been sighted, and during the seven years previous 57 collisions with derelicts were reported.

The wintry gales that lash the sea into fury are also the terror of the mariner. Mountains of water are piled up and fall with terrific force, crushing the stanchest craft. During the great blizzard of 1888 202 vessels were wrecked or severely damaged, and eight were given up as lost. The ocean greyhounds weather these storms very well; but, as in the case of the Normannia about a year ago, immense waves often strike them with destructive force. The Normannia left New York Jan. 18, 1894, and returned five days later looking like a man-of-war after a desperate battle. The ocean was storm tossed on Jan. 21, and the waves were running high. Suddenly a gigantic wave towered above the steamer and fell upon it with terrific force, wrecking the deckhouse and bridge and injuring seven seamen. A few seconds later a still greater wave, that seemed a veritable mountain of water, struck the ship, wrecking her from bow to stern. Steel plates and walls were crushed like eggshells, and the bitts, built to stand the strain of thousands of tons, were broken off like pipestems. The Pomeranian of the Allan line had a similar experience in 1893 and lost 12 men. Less stanch ships would have been sent to the bottom in a trice by such gigantic mountains of water.

Hurricanes and tornadoes in which few ships can live, monster waterspouts sweeping across the sea with the speed of a railroad train and the ever present danger of fire are other perils that constantly threaten the venturesome mariner. Thousands of passengers have literally sailed away into eternity. What peril of the deep engulfed them will never be known until the sea shall give up her dead on the judgment day. The perils of the deep can be no better illustrated than by the statement that over 2,000 vessels and 12,000 lives are lost annually in ocean navigation.

A Modern Intellectualist.

Hicks—This Deiver you were speaking of. Is he a learned man?

Wicks—There can be no question about that. The greatest reader I ever saw. I have known him many a time to read five columns of baseball, three columns of weddings and 15 columns of murder, all at one sitting.—Boston Transcript.

The well known Berlin painter of oriental subjects, Von Meckel, committed suicide after the jury for the international art exhibition rejected five of his pictures. The artist had been suffering from poverty during the last few years.

ECCENTRICITIES OF DICKENS.

His Dread of Railway Traveling—Strange Mirror Antics.

In some interesting "Recollections of Charles Dickens," in The Young Man, his eldest daughter tells how, after the railway accident which befell the novelist in 1865, he often suffered from a feeling of intense dread whenever he found himself in any kind of conveyance:

"One occasion," she says, "I specially recall. While we were on our way from London to our little country station Higham, where the carriage was to meet us, my father suddenly clutched the arms of the railway carriage seat, while his face grew ashy pale, and great drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead, and though he tried to master the dread it was so strong that he had to leave the train at the next station. The accident had left its impression upon the memory, and it was destined never to be effaced."

Miss Dickens, when an invalid, was frequently carried into her father's study and lay quietly on the sofa watching the novelist at work. On these occasions she was sometimes witness of a curious proceeding in which the novelist indulged:

"Suddenly my father would jump from his chair and rush to a mirror which hung near, and in which I could see the reflection of some extraordinary facial contortions which he was making. He returned rapidly to his desk, wrote furiously for a few minutes, and then went again to the mirror. The facial pantomime was resumed, and then, turning toward but evidently not seeing me, he began talking rapidly in a low tone. Ceasing this soon, however, he returned once more to his desk, where he remained silently writing until luncheon time."

It was not till long afterward that Miss Dickens discovered that, with his natural intensity, her father had thrown himself into the character that he was creating, "and that for the time being he had not only lost sight of his surroundings, but had actually become in action, as in imagination, the personality of his pen."

CANALS OF THE FUTURE.

They Will Be Large Enough For the Handling of a Heavy Business.

The history of the struggle between canals of small dimensions and of railroads has been the same in all countries. The fight raged bitterly for a number of years, the canals acting on the defensive, although they had as allies the states under whose patronage they were built and operated. The result has been the same in all cases—the unconditional surrender of the canals to the railroads. This, however, is not so much the fault of the system as of their management. The railroads have great advantages over canals. They are better able to abridge distances both by reason of superior speed and of facilities for overcoming elevations, spanning streams, free from danger of destructive floods, and piercing through the highest mountains, but their great success is mainly due to the fact that they have kept pace with the progress of the world.

Waterways built from the beginning of the eighteenth century to the first quarter of the nineteenth century were regarded ample to meet the requirements of trade at the time they were constructed, and there was in many instances a progressive improvement in their dimensions and appurtenances. But while the industrial, agricultural and commercial developments of the world have advanced to proportions not dreamed of a century ago canals have remained stationary. They are now obsolete and can no longer fulfill the requirements of cheap transportation in competition with railroads. The canals of the future must have the dimensions and the facilities for rapid transport to adapt them to the new conditions of commerce. They must not be barge or boat canals, but ample waterways for the free passage of such ships as are now engaged in carrying the world's trade. Of such canals we have now some important types in successful operation, and others in process of construction or in completion.—Chautauquan.

Eloquence Interrupted.

During a political campaign, a well known lawyer in a western state was addressing an audience composed principally of farmers. Like a wise speaker—and a shrewd candidate—he tried to suit his speech to the occasion.

In a tone which he evidently considered both cordial and honest, and with a winning smile, he began:

"My friends, my sympathies have always been with the tillers of the soil. My father was a practical farmer, and so was my grandfather before him. I myself was born on a farm and was, so to speak, reared between two stalks of corn."

Here his eloquence was rudely interrupted by the trumpet tones of a farmer in the rear of the hall.

"Jimminy crickets!" he shouted, "if you ain't a pumpkin!"

The house "came down," and the candidate, for the moment, at least, was sadly embarrassed.—Youth's Companion.

Against Short Engagements.

The fashion which announces an engagement one week and issues invitations for the wedding the next is not always the safest and best plan after all, even though it has been recognized by the leaders in the gay world and is therefore followed by the hosts of imitators ever ready to follow in the footsteps of the favorites of fortune.

It may be old fashioned to argue in favor of at least a 12 months' engagement, yet it is far more practical than the short time that is now considered to be the correct thing. How can a couple understand each other's tastes and temper in a fortnight or a month? What time have they to study themselves and discover before it is too late that they are not suited to each other, and if the engagement were to end in marriage dire unhappiness would be the result?

How can a woman accumulate all the hundred and one little pretty things that do so much toward making home lovely and need hours of hard work to prepare, if she steps from the schoolroom to the altar with only a long enough interval between to get her trousseau ready?

A Clever Woman.

The director of a Chicago bank tells about how his wife overdrew her account at the bank last month. "I spoke to her about it one evening," says he, "and told her she ought to adjust it at once. A day or two afterward I asked her if she had done what I suggested. 'Oh, yes,' she answered. 'I attended to that matter the very next morning after you spoke to me about it. I sent the bank my check for the amount I had overdrawn!'"

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

We and Miss Lollypop Polly.

Three happiest people in earth or in sky,
We and Miss Lollypop Polly;
We, my darling, are you and I,
And she is your darling Dolly.
Oh, ho! for a ramble away and away,
Where the fields are green as the grass in May
And the flowers are scattered from left to right,
Like stars in the sky of a summer night;
And the trees are growing so high, so high—
You would think that their great tops touched the sky;
And the birds are singing the whole day long,
Their happiest, happiest, gladdest song;
And the butterflies—such gay butterflies—
How their wings would dazzle your laughing eyes!
And the big honey bees that hum through the bowers,
And the wee humming birds that sing in the flowers;
And the ripple of water from brooks that are near—
Listen! today you can almost hear
The plash of their music. Oh, my, but today
If we could only ramble away and away!
There never before was in earth or in sky
Two happier people than you and I;
We and Miss Lollypop Polly;
We, my darling, that's you and I,
And she—your darling Dolly.

We could not leave her at home today,
She with the dancing curls;
She the fairest of queens in May,
And you the sweetest of girls.
So, come and bring with you Miss Lollypop Poll,
Bring with you her coach and her new parasol,
And you in your hat with its bunches of lace
And bows of bright ribbon that match with your face.
For we will be finer than England's queen
In all her court dresses that ever were seen;
We shall have crowns from the fairest of flowers
We shall have scepters of twigs from the bowers,
And walk in those fields as on cloth of gold,
Holding such honors as never were told.
The birds shall perch on our hands and sing,
The butterflies flit with their golden wing
And light on our hair like jewels fair,
And beauty and music shall fill the air.
So, oh! ho! ho! for a ramble today
Where the fields are green as the grass in May—
We shall be home ere the night dew falls,
We shall be here when somebody calls,
Ho! ho! where are you, Miss Dolly?
Joyous then answer we, you and I,
Safest and gladdest in earth or in sky
Are we and Miss Lollypop Polly.
—St. Louis Republic.

Little Daisy's Bravery.

My little sister Daisy is 9 years old. She is a quick, nervous child, and, as is sometimes the case with willful children, is very much bound to try everything and do all that she takes a fancy to.

A year ago papa was very sick, and as he was very weak the doctor ordered port wine for him. They let Daisy try it, and she took a great fancy to it, so that she wanted it whenever papa had it.

About two months ago there were a number of pledges for temperance given out at our church, and Daisy signed one. I don't think she quite realized at the time what it meant, for when a bottle of port wine was brought in the house a week ago Daisy wanted some right away. I said, "Daisy, remember you have signed the pledge." She thought a moment and then turned resolutely away, and when they offered her some to see if she would take it she would not even look at it. It was a thing many a grown person would not have done, and with a willful nature like hers it was, I think, a heroic act.—Cor. New York Press.

A Dog That Deserves Fame.

While Herman Richard, who is employed in the south yards of the Northwestern Railway company, was driving from his home, 479 Twenty-eighth street, Milwaukee, one of the buggy wheels struck a sidewalk approach, the vehicle was overturned, and Richard was thrown out. His left leg and one of his arms were sprained. The

horse broke loose and continued down Broadway on a gallop. Mr. Richard has a Newfoundland dog which usually follows him down town, and this morning when the dog saw the horse break away he started in pursuit. At various places between Michigan street and the Broadway bridge the faithful dog grabbed the trailing lines, only to be jerked about until he lost his hold. But the dog succeeded in slacking the speed of the horse somewhat, and some men caught it near the bridge. When the dog got back to where his master lay, he was utterly exhausted, but afterward picked himself up and followed the ambulance containing his master to the Emergency hospital.

Little Bobby's Position.

Little Bobby—Mamma, the boys is going to have a circus. May I act?

Mamma—Oh, I suppose so. What are you going to do?

Little Bobby—Nothing much. They is going to have a pyramid of 16 boys, an all I has to do is to stand on top.—London Tit-Bits.

What One Little Boy Did.

The children were rollicking on the soft grass, and all could turn a somersault except little Josie, who tried in vain, but after awhile he accomplished the feat and shouted, "I did turn a pillow slip."—Exchange.

As Practical as Usual.

Poor Man—Well, did you buy that book telling all about how to economize in the kitchen?

Wife—Yes, I've got it.

Poor Man—That's good. What does it say?

Wife—It's full of recipes telling how to utilize cold roast turkey, but we haven't the turkey.—Amusing Journal.

The Last Dance.

He—May I ask you for a dance?

She—Certainly, the last one on the list.

He—But I'll not be here then.

She—Neither will I.—Exchange.

NOT A BRIDAL PARTY.

But the Massachusetts Man Wanted to Know All About It.

They were wandering up and down the waiting room of the Grand Central station, and neither seemed inclined to talk much, although from the glances they occasionally bestowed upon one another it was plain that there was a degree of relationship existing between them. Suddenly the young man left the young woman's side and crossed to the newsstand, where he purchased a paper. Returning, he conducted his companion to a seat.

Hardly were they seated before one of those inquiring individuals who must talk to somebody placed himself in the next seat and eyed them inquisitively, to their visible annoyance. He could not curb his propensity to talk, and thus began:

"Strangers in the city?"

"Yes," said the man shortly.

"Taking a train?" was the next query

"Yes."

"Maybe you are going my way?" continued he of the inquiring turn of mind.

"Maybe. We are going to Boston."

"Ah, you belong there?"

"I do," was the man's answer.

"Fine city," went on the inquisitive one. "You don't see the papers filled up with divorces and scandals there as you do here. I belong to Massachusetts myself. Worcester is my home, and a divorce case or an elopement is a rarity. You seem to have gone into matrimony recently?" looking at them patronizingly.

"Rather," was the tired response.

"Might I inquire your business?"

"Certainly. I am a detective."

"On your honeymoon?"

"No," answered the detective, folding up his paper. "I'm taking back a prisoner."

"Why! You don't mean to say"—looking at the woman in astonishment.

"I do."

"I thought she was your wife."

"So she is, and my prisoner. To save you inquiry, she eloped with another man the day I married her, and I tracked her here."

"And you are taking her back to justice?"

"No, to marry her. I guess the job wasn't properly done, so we're going to do it over again."

"Is she from Boston too?"

"No. From Worcester."

"Oh!" The inquisitive man said no more.—New York Recorder.

Effect of Tobacco on the Eyes.

The bad effect of tobacco on the eyes was unknown even by physicians until within the present century.

Sixty years ago Dr. McKenzie of Glasgow wrote, "I have already had occasion repeatedly to hint my suspicion that tobacco is a frequent cause of amaurosis"—complete or partial blindness. To one form of this disease Hutchinson gave the name of "tobacco amaurosis," because he often found it in men strongly addicted to the use of tobacco.

Dr. Williams, the celebrated oculist of Boston, says, "To be of service, treatment in tobacco amaurosis must be begun in the early stage, before the congestion has been succeeded by atrophy."

Dr. Francis Dowling of Cincinnati within a few years tested the eyes of 130 employees in the principal tobacco factories of that city. Only one woman was found to be suffering from the disease, and she had never used tobacco. This showed that merely working in the factory had very little effect on the sight, though it did not affect unfavorably the general system.

Of the men examined 45 showed more or less evidence of amaurosis, 30 of them being pretty well marked cases. They all mistook red for brown or black and green for light blue or orange, and in all there was also a contraction of both pupils. Thirty out of the 45 complained of a gradual failure of vision.

In one case—not among the employees just spoken of—the contraction of the pupil was so great that the sufferer was unable to go about without assistance. He had smoked from 20 to 30 cigars a day. He renounced tobacco, and his sight was fully restored in 3½ months. Chewing has been found to be much worse than smoking, as more of the poison is absorbed.—Youth's Companion.

Mare Island Boatbuilders.

The boats of the San Francisco do indeed shed glory upon the foreman builder of the Mare Island navy yard, as in every race in Hampton Roads they came in ahead. Portsmouth boats have always been renowned as strong and good sea boats, but they are not especially fast, the Marion's third cutter being the only racing naval boat ever obtaining much of a record for a Portsmouth built boat in a generation. This boat, like the first and second cutters, was stiff and heavy, but after she was knocked half to pieces in the surfs of Flores island, near Montevideo, one day Carpenter Barret patched her up, and by sawing some of her timbers through made a race boat out of her which has beat everything it tackled on the south Atlantic station.

Naval cutters are very unhandy and ungraceful boats at the best, and a naval whaleboat, usually called in grim sarcasm the lifeboat, is the unwieldliest and most ungainly of all the boats an American man-of-war carries. Naval boatbuilders might well take a lesson in whaleboat building from the splendid model furnished by New Bedford and New London and turn out boats which can be sawed to windward by five men in a sea which would render the ordinary naval whaleboat utterly unmanageable, even if she could live in it.—Portsmouth (N. H.) Journal.

Inventor of Nickel-in-the-slot.

The original inventor of the nickel-in-the slot machine is a Philadelphian. Away down on the border line of the Twenty-seventh ward is an old fashioned roadhouse known as the Union hotel. It has been a roadhouse for 63 years. Long ago it was kept by old Captain Serrill, who had an inventive son, now a jeweler on South Ninth street. In the old roadhouse are many ingenious clockwork machines, constructed by young Serrill years ago. Among them is a large hen, so constructed that by dropping a nickel in the slot the hen lays an egg. This, it is claimed, is the first nickel-in-the-slot machine ever constructed, and although it was never patented all the present inventions were hatched from this old hen.—Philadelphia Record.

Storms on the Eastern Pyrenees.

At a meeting of the French Meteorological society Dr. Fines presented a note on the violence of the storms which are occasionally experienced in the province of Roussillon (eastern Pyrenees). On five occasions between 1860 and 1867 railway trains have been overturned on the line from Narbonne to Perpignan. A storm of great violence occurred from Jan. 15 to 24, in which at one time the velocity amounted to 85 miles an hour. A large number of trees were uprooted and some loaded railway trucks were overturned on this occasion.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A statement issued by the Japanese customs bureau shows that the trade of Japan with the United States is increasing more rapidly than it is with England, France and Germany.

HELD UP BY SNAKES.

AN ARMY ENGINEER'S EXCITING NIGHT IN THE NORTHWEST.

A Walking Stick That Had Nineteen Rattles—Roosting on a Bowlder and Surrounded by Wolves—A Hoarse Noise That Is Far From Musical.

"We reached the Wolf mountain, in the Big Horn country, one day in September," said H. P. Tuttle, formerly an army engineer, "while to the south were dimly visible the outlines of the Rattlesnake mountains. These names were given to these mountains by both the Crow and Sioux Indians, who regarded them with horror. Late on the afternoon of our first day in these mountains I sent all of my party to camp, about two miles to the southwest. Going forward with my transit to where I had sent my head flagman, I placed it in position and told him he could return to camp, as I had to remain in order to make an astronomical observation early in the evening.

"Taking off his belt, which held a huge revolver and a sheath knife about a foot in length, he handed it to me, saying that I might need it after dark, as he had just seen a small pack of wolves ahead. After he had gone I looked over the ground about me and saw that I was on a flat topped hill covered with large bowlders and small stones, but entirely destitute of vegetation. Seating myself beside a big bowlder, I took out my notebook and began writing up my notes for the day, when darkness suddenly reminded me that it was about time to make my astronomical observations. This was soon over, and I started off at a brisk walk toward our camp.

"I had not gone over a hundred yards when I saw, a few feet ahead of me, a long, black object lying directly in my path. I wanted a walking stick badly, and was stooping down to pick it up when I noticed the end of it farthest from me was white. Taking a match from my pocket and tearing a leaf from the back of my notebook, I soon had the desired light, and what was my horror to see that the supposed stick was nothing but one of the deadly green rattlesnakes, completely paralyzed by the chilly night air.

"Another light showed that the white object was the snake's rattles. So old was he that his rattles had turned white. Holding my revolver within a foot of his head, I fired and blew it entirely off. But now came another surprise, which for a moment made me tremble. The report of my revolver had awakened dozens of rattlers who had sought shelter under the loose rocks before sunset. The sounds came from all directions, and some seemed close to my feet.

"To one who has been in the forest and heard the noise made by hundreds of locusts he can readily realize my situation, for the buzz of a rattlesnake is exactly like the buzz of a locust. The only thing now for me to do was to stand in my tracks all night or make my way back to the bowlder from which I started, but there was a difficulty, for in the excitement I had forgotten the direction. But 'where there is a will there is a way,' and by stooping low down and scanning the horizon I soon detected the outline of my transit against the sky, and cutting off the rattles I was soon beside the bowlder and filled with excitement enough for one night.

"Sitting down by the bowlder, I made up my mind to pass the night at that spot and was soon sleeping as soundly as one can in the open air, with only a canvas coat and the mercury below freezing. About midnight I was suddenly aroused by something trying to pull off the shoe from my left foot. In an instant I caught the glaring eyes and outline of a wolf. He had given up his grip as he saw me move, and mechanically I seized my revolver, which I had left lying in my lap, and fired as best I could with my half frozen hand.

"A loud yell showed that he had been struck, and immediately a dozen or more wolves who had been close by set up a howling, which in the still night air could have been heard for miles around. For an hour or two all was quiet, when a solitary howl a few yards from me was answered by a dozen others not 100 yards away. It was too dark to see an animal of the size of a wolf more than 20 feet away; but, trusting to luck, I took the direction of the pack as near as possible and sent three shots as them as rapidly as I could fire.

"A couple of yells showed two had been hit, most probably by glancing bullets. Soon after this the howling of the wolves ceased, and for awhile all was quiet again.

"As soon as it was light enough I picked up the string of rattles which I had secured the night before and found there were 19, and as the 'button' was missing he may have had several more. A few rods from my transit lay the cleanly picked bones of a wolf which one of my random shots had killed during the night, and on which the coyotes had made a substantial meal, but, not satisfied with this, they had devoured the big rattler I had killed, head and all.

"Returning to camp, I ordered one of my men to cut ten small poles, not less than eight feet in length, and to wake me up at 10 o'clock. At that hour we all started for the place where I had passed the night. Here we found, as I had expected, the warm rays of the sun had brought out the snakes from their hiding places to bask in the sunshine.

"We were greeted with a defiance not unlike that of a thousand July locusts, and the work of destruction began in real earnest. In one hour and ten minutes our bag contained 213 rattlers, varying from one foot to over three feet in length, and of a dark green color. Only two were found whose rattles had turned gray. We could have destroyed hundreds more had our time not been too valuable to waste in such sport. We saw but few rattlers after leaving this point, but the wolves made night hideous until we reached the Little Missouri river a month later."—Kansas City Journal.

Bullet Proof Uniforms No Novelty.

Bullet proof uniforms, it appears, were known long ago to the Chinese. They were made of leather and wool in the north and paper and cotton cloth in the south of China. It seems ridiculous to call such combinations armor, and yet they made an armor superior in many instances to steel. Thirty thicknesses of alternate cotton and paper will resist a pistol bullet, or one from a rifle at a distance of 100 yards.

A spearman who thrusts his weapon into a man clad in this kind of garment can neither wound his enemy nor extract his weapon, and if the enemy is an archer or armed with a long sword or javelin he is likely to lose his life for his mistake.