L L CAMPBELL. . . Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

"BLAINE, A TRAGEDY."

A Drama For the Stage, Which Will Not

He Enacted In New York. An American playwriter has been for some time engaged in the composition of a drama of contemporary life in which the chief character is to be a famous American statesman, now deceas ed. The title which he has chosen for it is "Blaine, a Tragedy." It certainly looks like bad taste to dramatize, at least in this generation, the career of the American here named, but the author maintains that he can do it inoffensively and in such a way as to dignify his subject, as the life of Mr. Blaine was full of dramatic material, and as there were scenes in it which would be especially serviceable for a drama of real life. He says that Shakespeare made use of personages who lived not long before his time, and even of some who were his contemporaries, and he gives the names of other playwriters who have used their acquaintances in their stage compositions. When reminded that even the greatest and most picturesque Americans of past times, from the days of Washington to those of Lincoln, had never been used successfully for dramatic material, as Shakespeare used the kings of England, he replied that this was a thing which would surely yet be done in this country, as it has been done in other lands, and that, in any event, it is his purpose to begin the undertak-

'Is there any manager in New York,' we asked, "who would bring out your tragedy?" "I do not know, but there is a man

ager in Chicago who will bring it out if it suits him. "Do you not fear that there would be a storm of popular reprobation if you

should make your chief character resemble the original?" 'If there be anything of the kind, or if the work fail to prove attractive, it will be withdrawn after the first or second performance. But there are in my

subject such striking elements for a first class stage drama and for a winning one that I shall not think of its failure until after it has failed." "Would not the relatives of the de-

ceased statesman object to the work and get out an injunction against its performance?"

"If such an objection shall be raised by any one entitled to speak with authority, or after that one has been pres ent at a performance of it, it will be discontinued. The man of my title role has been a subject for painters, sculptors and other artists, and there is no good reason why he should not be made a subject for dramatic artists."

After the playwriter had expressed the views here reported. The Sun reporter asked a theatrical manager as to the prospects of a drama of the kind spoken of. He answered that he did not believe a single respectable manager in New York or anywhere else would bring it out, and that, if brought out in any American city, it would be a flat failure. He believed that the execution of the playwriter's project would not be tolerated by the theater going community.-New York Sun.

SENTIMENTAL FLAPDOODLE.

An American Family, Including a Dog, Make a Sensation In Paris.

An American family in Paris, according to Le Temps, has excited some potice in that sensation loving capital by its conduct over the death of a dog. The animal was a great pet in the family, and on his falling ill all the experts in dog maladies were at once summoned. As he persistently grew werse, he was taken to an establishment for the care of dogs, a sort of private hospital, and orders given that every attention and effort should be made to save him. Members of the family called two and three times a day to inquire for Kwik as the dog was called; but, despite all care, Kwik died, and there was nothing left for the sorrowing family to do but bury him. An undertaker was summoned and poor Kwik made ready for the grave. An oak casket, fitted into a second one of lead, was prepared and a grave made in the private plot of a friend of Kwik's master at Vaucresson. All official red tape was duly complied with, and on the day of the interment the funeral certage comprised three car-Blagen.

The ceremony ended, the undertaker's till of \$90 was duly presented. This Kwik's mourners found so very moderate that the sum of \$40 was added to be divided among the gravediggers.

Women as Book Collectors. Book collecting was only taken up by English women when they took up salmon fishing, golf and other masculine vanities. Woman, as a rule, finds that the circulating library serves her turn. If she buys a book it is commonly a l'auchnitz example, and se she collects, as is believed, chiefly for the pleasure of smuggling. "Tis her de-light on a shiny night," or on any other occasion, to defraud the revenue. "The practical sex" regards a book as a thing to be read and generally read over the fire. Bindings are toasted brown and are in fact mere annoyances to a student of this kind. A book is not the kind of bibelot for which ladies care. They are more at home with the collecting of fans or of porcelain or. sad to say, of book plates a modern vice, a new sin. Mms. de l'empadour, a wema of rare taste, really was a collector, and her three custies decorate some excellent books Her "Rabelais" not long ago was in a shop in Pail Mall. Mr. Toovey's collection in Pic cadilly also boasted some rare specimens The Rothschilds, among other ruins of empires, possess many of her books.-London Saturday Review

Too Considerate.

Pat Hooligan, while slating the roof of one of our highest buildings, lost his footing and fell.

Over and over he went until within 25 feet of the pavement, when he struck a telegraph wire and managed to grasp it, first with one hand, then with both

"Hang on for your life, Pat!" shooted his fellow workmen, and the bystanders rushed to the nearest dwelling for a BURSTPORS. Pat held on for a few seconds, when

suddenly, with a cry of "Sthand from he dropped and lay someless undber!"

Whisky was used, and Pat finally came to.

When asked why he didn't hold out

longer, he feebly replied: "Oi was afraid the wire'd break!" He recovered - New York Disputch TEXAS LAW FOR TEXANS.

How Judge Culberson Once San a Co-

That beemed Hopeless. Congress@an Dave Culberson, as he is familiarly known in Texas from the Rio Grando to the Red river, is one of the nost entertaining members of the house. He is always ready with a witty reply to any law or political question propounded to him by his associates and is the subject of more stories than any member of congress except Thomas B.

"In 1860, just after Lincoln had been elected president," said an old friend of Judge Culberson the other day, "there was a neighborhood quarrel between two citizens in Upshur county, Tex-The southern question was at fever heat, and the feeling was very strong on both sides. Each side of the case, of course, was anxious to get the verdict. The defendant went to Jefferson and engaged Culberson, who was then rising to distinction as a bright lawyer. Dave's client didn't have any case, the evidence being all against him; but, true to his trust, as he always is, Culberson determiped to make the best fight he could for him. When the trial came off, it turned out that the other fellow had employed a smart young saddlebag lawyer from Maryland, just located in Texus.

"Culberson had the opening speech and made a good defense for his client under the circumstances. When the Marylander repited in behalf of his client, he produced a vast array of authorities, from which he read in support of his case. When the young man closed, Culbersen picked up one of the books from which the opposing counsel had been reading and said: 'If your bonor please, this young brother of the profession has been reading for your instruction Massachusetts law. This book is printed in Boston. It is "Greenleaf on Evidence." We don't want Massachusetts law to govern us in Texas. I have been giving you genuine Texas law, made by our own people."

'What's that?' asked the judge sharply, 'been imposing on the court her a copy of the paper when my story with Yankes law?"

"'Yes, sir, your honor, said Culberson; 'he has been reading from this book, which was printed in Boston, Mass."

" 'Pass it over this way, ' said the surprised court, looking at the fly leaf. Then he said:

" 'Mr. Culberson, the court finds that you are correct. It is a Boston print, lows some good advice as to the manner and we don't want any of it here. No in which they should utilize their time abolition law for Upshur county, and at the university and then spoke of his the court will be d-d if we will have love for music. He said: "I used to play "To the supreme disgust of the young

lawyer the court continued as follows: Sir, upon the evidence of the case I dismiss the suit against Dave Culberson's friend and fine the plaintiff \$1 and costs and his lawyer \$5 for contempt of court. Now, young man, let of you who have any talent for music to that serve as a warning to you how you try to practice abolition law in this state! "Culberson's client set up the dinner,

and the young Maryland lawyer was one of the first men to enlist in the war. He wanted to whip Massachusetts for the loss of his first case. "- Washington said the prince, "you can surmount ev-

A GOOD NIGHT ALARM CLOCK

Hard to Take Their Departure. A young man stood in the portico of an apartment house in Washington park, Brooklyn, the other evening, and on the step above him stood a pretty girl. It was late, and the street was deserted. Despite the darkness it was the young man had the daintily gloved right hand of the young woman within his own, while his left hand rested over it like a cover to keep it guarded. The young man was apparently trying to say good night, and the young woman evidently could not hear him, for she was bending her head close to his. They stood in that attitude for nearly 15 minutes and might have been discovered in the same pose by the gray

dawn of the morning had not some-

thing intervened. That something was round and bright, and it came out of a sixth story window. It descended slowly, the moonlight shimmering on its silvery surface and making it conspicuous. Soon it could be seen that it was a string and was being lowered by an elderly wom an. When it daugled over the portice, there was a sudden burr-r-r-r-r-r-ring, and the young man and young woman parted like an overstrained hawser. The young man seized the round and bright object, which was still ringing, and held its face to the electric light. The hands on the alarm clock were clasped at midnight. He raised his hat to the young woman, murmured a few words in a low tone and disappeared. The alarm clock was beisted up quickly, but the young woman was up stairs before it finally reached the open window .- New York Sun.

One on Billy Florence.

"One of the best on Billy Florence," said an old stager, "was played on him as late as 1888 by some of the boys at the St. James hotel. Hilly was an ardent Republican and valued his standing as a party man. You know, he never forgave his old friend, President Arthur, for considering his candidacy for consul general at London a toke Well, when Blaine came back from Europe, and there was a great hullabaloo about the uncrowned king, the boys sent Billy a formal letter from the committee of arrangements appointing him chairman of the subcommittee of reception on behalf of the actors, artists and auctioneers requesting his check for \$50 and his presence on the steamer Sloan at 6 o'clock in the morning to go down and welcome Blaine. Billy bit slowly, but finally swallowed the bait, hook and all. He sent his check for \$50 to the designated person, and not until three days after, when he had eaten a linner given him by the boys who put up the joke on him and paid for with his own \$50, did he find out how he had been fooled. His only consolation was that he got up too late to be on the steamer Slean at the appointed hour." -Major Handy in New York Mail and Express.

An Original.

Little Marjoris-Toere are lots of little Marjories nowadays, but none other at all like this one. She is original in her prayers, as in everything else. The other night she inished off her petition

And, O Lord, make all the wicked people good and wash all the niggers white!"-New York Tribuna

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Little Hattle Lewis. Hattie Lewis is the name of the little girl who journeyed alone from Boston to

the opening of the World's fair. Last year she won a free pass to Chicago by writing a transcript of the World's fair, and this is why she happened to go, while her grandpa and



left at home. But they took her to the depot and put her in charge of the con-

Every one was kind to her on the way and when she reached Chicago she was met by her papa, mamma and little She went to the opening of the fair

and this is a copy of one of the telegrams she sont back to grandina and grandpa: "I attended a session at the Woman's building, presided over by Mrs. Potter Palmer, who invited me upon the platform and introduced me to a great number of ladies. I made a little speech. thanking them for their kindness, telling them that I had come all the way from Boston and was making notes Mrs. Potter Palmer asked me to send

Hismarch's Advice to Boys. Prince Bismarck received a nonpoliti-

would be published.

cal deputation at Friedrichsruhe-the masters and boys of the Hamburg Wilelm gymnasium.

The ex-chancellor gave the young felformerly, but I was only a moderate hand at the piano and was glad when I could throw it up, as it bored me to have to practice. Afterward I was extremely sorry I did give it up, for music is a faithful companion in life. I missed it at many a party, and I recommend all cultivate it and take a warning from me so that you need not reproach yourself with the mistake I have made. No less useful were a few words against

excessive thought for the morrow, which oppresses a great many people.

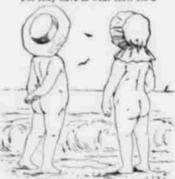
If you trust in God and yourself," ery obstacle. Do not yield to restless anxiety. One must not always be ask ing what may happen to one in life, but Of Assistance to Young Men Who Find It one must advance fearlessly and bravely."-Berlin Cor. London News.

Among many beautiful articles sent in for The Harper's Young People prize competition one which merits attention is a crazy quilt made by a boy, Charlie coville N V Charlie is a invalid suffering from rheumatism, and the intricate piecing of this quilt was done by the thumb and forefinger of one hand. There are specimens of patching darning and mending as daintily done by little women under 14 as any their grandmothers could have shown before the period of the sewing machine. The boys have distinguished themselves by wonderful carvings in wood, ships, boxes cabinets, rivaling the delicate embroid ery of their sisters. Visitors to the World's fair have an opportunity of examining the work of the prize winners. which is on exhibition in the Children's

A Hare Summer Privilege. Oh, the little Whitele-Washlies, How happy they should be, In Mr. Dunn's hot weather.

By the Concy Island sea. 'Tis the way of Widdle-Waddles. Tis their privilege and bliss, ben the doggy star is raging. To go about like this.

When the sun cuts up his didos, And the July furnace glows, frownup people are unhappy. For they have to wear their clo



The whales sweat in the ocean, The elephants on land, he dromeslary sizzles. In the burning desert sand.

But the biosect Widtle-Waddles. Which the meiling time begins. Just 1704 about the landscape in their biomed little skins

They may go about at seeming As at even or at morn.
As we see them in the picture.
Just the way that they were term. Browning, King & Co.'s Monthly

A Happy Little Princess. The Princess Margaret of Connaught

who is only 11 years old, took her mother's place at the recent opening of a bamar at Southeea. Her father accompanted her, and the two were addressed as "Your royal highnesses," much to the delight of the little princess, who was presented with a handsome casket.

He Must Do Something.

As inhabitant whose heels were strikleg sparks from the pavement as he walked entered the waterworks office, selected his clerk and flercely announced, Sir, you can send up and take your old gas meter out of my house.

"This is not the gas office." "It isn't?" 'No, sir. This is the waterworks

office." "Oh, it is? Well, then, send up and turn the water off! I'm not going to walk 1)4 miles for nothing."-New York Dispassia

DINNER A LA RUSSE.

Food Served From a Side Table-Flowers

and Conversation. Dinner a la Russe-although for the matter of that it might be dinner a l'Anglais, a l'Italien, with just as good reason-in spite of its rather fashionable name, is really a very simple performance. It merely means that, instead of having the various dishes composing the repast all put upon the table at once, they are placed on a a side table and served from there by the servant, who passes each in turn. This affords a chance for some decoration upon the table. There is usually some sort of embroidered centerpiece. The chances are that it was achieved by one of the lovely daughters or even by the lady of the house herself, and it is always wise to remark upon the elaborateness of the stitch or the beauty of the design if you are a guest en famille. That not only calls out the history of the centerpiece and makes conversation, but lays up treasures for you in heaven and estab lishes your reputation for good taste and appreciation of the truly beautiful. On this centerpiece a bowl of flowers is commonly placed. In establishments

where money is no object orchids, alamandas, rare ferns and the newest, costliest roses appear and are changed from day to day. But dairies and clover can be arranged just as effectively and cost nothing but the trouble of gathering them, while in the winter there are jardinieres of pierced silver, which can be filled with maidenhair or some other delicate forn, and with a little care kept green and thrifty for weeks. The old fashioned consters used as stands for decanters are often utilized in this way, for any tinsmith can make a lining for them in which plants will grow like a green bay tree. The effect of flowers on the table can hardly be calculated. They have more charms than music to soothe the savage breast, and any sentimentalist of your acquaintance can tell of instances where a glass bowl of nasturtiums tastefully arranged before him has so wrought on the feelings of paterfamilias that he has said not a word about the overdone mutton or the soggy under crust of his apple pie.

If your table be a dream of beauty, you will not require half such a hearty meal. The entire company will be so wrapped up in admiring the scheme of color and the originality of your combinations that no one will be aware of the smallness of the portions you serve. Fully half the expense of your posies will thus be saved at the outset, so that they commend themselves to economists as well as to seathetes. - Boston Herald.

TWO MASCULINE GIRLS. Speculations About Them by the Other

Passengers In the Car. It was their brief, uncrinolined dress skirts that drew the eyes of the up to date girl. A messenger boy tried to figure out how their hair staid up with nothing so feminine as hairpins in evi-

dence. The manlike cuffs peeping above the dogskin gloves attracted the attention of a business man, while a dude started as he caught sight of their well built boots. Even the conductor stared hard at them. One of the girls was not so far gone in her masculinity as the other. The

twist of velvet in her hat showed a lingering leaning toward the feminine, but the eyeglasses, the umbrella and the armful of books were common to both. All unconscious of the interest they inspired, the two buried themselves in their notebooks. The more masculine planted her feet well apart and used her knees as an umbrella rack. This didn't phance the grace of her dress skirt. Every now and then she floorished a liberal handkerchief that was in curious contrast to the lacy shred tucked into the up to date girl's card-"Who and what were they any-DISHR. way?" the passengers asked themselves. Women suffragists," thought the

business man. "Some of those dreadfully strong minded creatures that want to vote, said the up to date girl to herself.

"Jingo! All they need is tronsers," was the mental remark of the messenger boy, while the dude's feeble brain registered some such impressions as these: 'Aw-I've heard of such-aw-women, dontcherknow-but, thank goodness, I've never-aw-never weally seen one -aw-met"-

Just here the more masculine girl looked up from her notebook. "Do you think disintegration in typhus possible?" she asked her compan-

ion in loud, clear tones. "Why, yes," replied the other. we accept the globular theory, you

know. The mystery was solved. They were medical students. All the other passengers drew a sigh of relief, except the dude. He had vanished into thin air .-New York Sun.

GRIZZLY WHIPPED BY A COW.

Boasy Roused to Terrible Rage In Defense of Her Offspring.

"Usually a cow does not stand much chance when she engages in a hand to hand conflict with a grizzly bear," said Michael Ayers, a Colorado stockman, to a writer for Dumb Animals, "but several years ago one of my cows killed one of these animals and came out of the struggle without a scrtch. The cow had recently given birth to a calf. It being her firstborn, the mother was exceedingly victors, and it was unsafe for a stranger to approach her, as her horns were long and pointed. The cattle shed had a thatched roof and was scooped out of the hillside a short distance from

"One night a bear, having smelled the presence of a cow and calf, mounted the roof of the shed and proceeded to force an entrance by scratching through the thatch. The cow at the same time detected the presence of the bear and held herself in readiness to receive the in truder. The noise of a terrible struggle aroused me, and grabbing a lantern I rushed from the house, and opening the shed door found the row in a frantic state, bunting and tossing to and fro some large object, which evidently had

lost all power of resistance. "It turned out to be a good sized griz aly, which had been run through and through the body by the courageous mother. The little calf was nestled in a corner, sleeping peacefully, and seemed unmindful of the maternal struggle. suppose that as soon as the bear gained an entrance through the roof it was pinned to the ground by the cow's horns before it had time to do any damage."

The first European mention of barley is on the medals of Metapontis, an Italian town, B. C. 600.

GRANDMOTHER'S DOLLARS. What Her Descendants Might Have Had

In Interest From Them. A woman recently died in a neighboring town, and besides a granddaughter and her cynical husband she left a few relatives and \$80 in gold, with other things. The woman was over 95 when she died, and the \$50 included her wedding presents. Like many persons in those days, she held fast to the shining eagles and had had them for nearly 77 years. When she died, of course the birds were distributed among the heirs. The cynical husband, who was married to the old lady's favorite granddaughter, mused upon the \$80 in gold and stripped his thoughts of all sentiment as he speculated in his mind what might have yet, and his constant query is, if grandmother had only put that \$80 in the bank when she first got it, what a clutch of golden engles we would have now! He mused on this as he got ready on cold mornings to go to work, and his favorite topic of thought was suggested as he jingled a nickel and a bunch of keys looking for his car fare. Then he

Without figuring any further on the problem, the bank man said he would easily consider that \$10,000 was lost by saving the \$80. It is not an unusual thing in some of the old banks to have an account doubled many times over and over again. One day last week in the Worcester county institution for savings an account was reckoned at \$214.03 which originally was but \$10.65. Nothing has ever been added to or taken from the bank account, and it was left to accumulate. It took about 50 years for the original sum to gather all that moss. There was another instance in the same bank where thirty-one times the original sum was paid to a depositor. No one wonders that somebody discovered and said that money makes money.-Worcester (Mass.) Gazette.

began to figure that money at 6 per cent

double in about 11 years, and he lost

sleep as he thought how many times 11

years went into 77 years. When the

cypical bushand finally referred the

question of his losses to a bank man, he

earned that in 50 years the \$80 in gold

would have amounted to \$1,473.60.

BULWER'S ODDITIES.

The Fight That He Made Against All Signs of Old Age. Bulwer's appearance was decidedly

what is generally understood by "aristocratic," or what the French call "dis- ther, is familiar to every one. tingue." Tall, slim, with finely cut feabeard, the first impression he produced, where he liked to speak, and, if possilarge blue ribbon and star of the Order | will neither go nor hang." of the Bath. There was a certain nainess, a constant source of legitimate of men. part of the attempted cure, of which of what he had overheard. the most palpable results were large

Beaconsfield, instead of including him in man's attempt to murder him. his last cabinet, "kicked him up stairs Rudolph Lehman's "Recollections."

Mrs. Hearst Gives a Library to a Town. best appointed library and reading rooms in the whole northwest was pre-Hearst, widow of Senator Hearst of California. The library and reading rooms occupy the third floor of a new hall reto a well selected stock of literature, em- older?" bracing the leading periodicals of Europe and America, all of the paraphernalia brow of your majesty." necessary to play the popular games now. in vogue. Once a fortnight a free mureading room, Mrs. Hearst having emniture, a magnificent piano for that purpose. - Chicago Tribune.

Like a Scotch Verdict.

Chancellor Henry Bathurst was held in low esteem by the bar on account of his ignorance. At the close of the trial of the Duchess of Kingston for bigamy he gravely addressed her grace in the following terms: "Madam, the lords have considered the charge and evidence brought against and have likewise considered of everything which you have alleged in your defense, and upon the whole matter their lordships have found you not guilty of the felony wherewith you stand charged, but on dismissing you their lordships earnestly exhort you not to commit the same crime a second time."-Green Bag.

He Didn't Catch On.

"May I-may I kiss those ruby lips?" "Sir! Do not think of such a thing for one moment!"

Well, I-I could hardly help asking I beg your"-Don't you think, Mr. Hoppy, that one moment is up by this time?"-New York Recorder.

Hairs Six Feet Long.

In 1880 Philip Hansen, a planter residing near Corinth, Miss., was believed of any man in the world. He is said to eye by as much as the diameter of the have sent the Washington Anthropo- moon, we shall have plenty of opportulogical society single hairs placked from nity of discussing the question.-Lonhis chin which measured 72 inches in don Spectator. length.

SPECIMENS OF WIT.

SOME HISTORIC FLASHES OF SPON-TANEOUS HUMOR.

Englishmen of Long Ago.

Not a Few European Sovereigns Have Been Fond of and Given to Repartes. Clever and Brutal Jests Passed Among

Generally speaking, the strong have refused to put up with jesting from the weak. The Czar Nicholas, who had some fine qualities, was hardened against a meditated act of clemency by the undaunted spirit of a prisoner. Relieff, a man of letters, had been implicated in the conspiracy of 1825 and sentenced to be hanged. He was launched from the been. He is not quite through figuring fatal ladder, when the rope broke and he was thrown to the ground, severely bruised, but conscious. He picked himself up and said quietly, "They can do nothing in Russia, not even twine a cord properly." It was customary in Russia to pardon the condemned after a similar fiasco, but on Relieff's words being reported to the czar and his pleasure demanded he replied, "Prove him the contrary.

Henry VIII, with all his violence and tyrauny, could bear with a retort as well as give one, for he loved wit. When it was told him that the pope had sent the cardinal's hat to Fisher, bishop of Rochester, he said, "He may have the hat, but he shall have no head to wear it with," and the hishop was brought to the block. On one occasion the turbulent Earl of Kildare was brought before the king, charged with setting fire to the cathedral of Cashel. "I own it," said the earl, "but I never would have done it had I not believed the archbishop was in it." Henry laughed and paroned the culprit. His bitterest enemy was the bishop of Meath, who accused him to Henry of divers misdeeds and closed his arraignment with, "Thus, my liege, you see that all Ireland cannot govern the earl."

"Then," said the perverse monarch, the earl shall rule all Ireland," and instantly made him lord deputy because his good humor equaled his valor.

Elizabeth resembled her father in her willingness to put up with retorts from sancy subjects and to pay them back in kind, not always with the greatest refinement. The little scene with the ill fated Earl of Essex, when she boxed his ears for insolence and he laid his hand on his sword, saying that he would not take such treatment even from her fa-

Going back to still earlier dates, we tures, prominent among which was a constantly find the imperious Plantaglong aquiline nose, with an abundant enet kings giving and receiving reforts crop of curly brown hair and a full that bear witness of great independence among some of their powerful subjects. aided by a careful toilet, was one of It was Edward I who, on the refusal of ter. ease and elegance. At a dinner table, the "Black Dog of Warwick" to join the king with vassals and supplies for ble, to speak alone, he was certainly war, said, "Sir Earl, you shall either go useful as well as ornamental, with his or hang" The retort was, "Sir Rex, I

Henry IV of France was good natured vete, strange as that word may sound above most monarchs in repartee. As a when applied to so confirmed a man of rule, it is impossible to reproduce in conthe world, in his vain and very appar- ventional English dress the jests of this ent struggle against the irresistible en- wise and witty king. On one occasion creachments of age. He did not give in | it was the turn of M. d'Anbigne to sleep with that philosophical resignation in the king's antechamber. Faneying which might have been expected of one the monarch was askeep, he began to talk so clever and in some respects so wise. to M. de la Force, who shared his watch, He fought against it tooth and nail. saying, "Your master is the most un-Lord Lytton's hair seemed dyed, and grateful of men." La Force, half asleep, his face looked as if art had been called asked him what he was talking about, in to rejuvenate it. A quack in Paris when Henry cried out: "Wake up! He had pretended to cure his growing deaf- is telling you I am the most ungrateful

The copious use of snuff was no doubt less kindliness to his servant on account

But the cynical generosity of Frederdark red or blue pocket handkerchiefs, ick the Great is unique. A lackey who wise elegant toilet. His expressions of poison him. One morning he brought in regret at his impaired digestive organs the king's chocolate and appeared visihad something ludicrous about it. He bly troubled in countenance. "What ails would point with a sigh to a rosy cheek- you?" said Frederick, looking fixedly at ed American apple and say, "To think him. "You look as if you had put poithat there are people who can eat that!" son in my food." The wretch fell at his One of his physical infirmities-his feet and avowed his crime. "Get out of deafness-proved a bar to his ambition. my sight, you scoundrel?" said Freder-He was sorely disappointed when Lord ick and took no further notice of the

A delicate compliment is a work of into the house of lords, principally be- far higher art than the most biting sarcause he could not follow the debate. - casm. Every one knows the story of the poor creature who found himself seated between Mme. Recamier and Mme. de-Stael, and managed to offend them both The free use of perhaps the finest and by saying that he sat between wit and beauty, and was crushed by the retort of Mme. de Stael that he possessed neisented, with appropriate ceremonies, to ther. The court of Louis XIV was the the citizens of the town of Lead, S. D., school where this art was brought to on Christmas night by Mrs. Phoebe A. perfection. The flattery offered to the king by the men of genius was at once coarse and exquisite. Witness the inimitable reply of Mignard, who was paintcently erected by the Miners' union at a ing the king's portrait for the tenth cost of \$100,000 and contain in addition time, when Louis asked him, "Do I look

"I see a few more campaigns on the

One of Louis' marshals, Bassompierre, was great at repartee. He had spent ten sical recital will be given in the main years in the Bastille, and on emerging his majesty asked him his age. "Fifty, ploved a librarian with exceptional sire." To the surprised look of the king musical talent and sent, with the fur- the marshal added, "I don't count the ten years I passed in the Bastille, because I did not spend them in your majesty's service. "-- Philadelphia Telegraph.

Time and Speed.

Infinite time is difficult to grasp. Distance is more easily understood, and some things which Sir Robert Ball has to say about the distance of the stars from us will assist us in comparing them to the sun. Of these the most Chicago Herald. striking is Arcturus, and Dr. Elkin has put this star at such a distance from the solar system that the orbit of the earth round the sun must seem from Arcturns as large as would a penny piece seen at 100 miles. Arcturns, in other words, is perhaps a dozen times as far off from us as Procyon is, and Procyon, one of the nearest bright stars, is 1,000,000 times the distance of the sun from us.

But the marvelous thing about Arcturus is its movement. It has, comparatively speaking, a very distinct "proper motion" across the sky, though not as large as some stars. Lately, however, her, will I, mamma?"-Chicago Trib the spectroscope has ascertained for us une the pace of stars along the line of sight, and Arcturns travels, it is now believed, at the rate of 380 miles a second. Such speed as this is truly terrific, and we may well ask where this furious star is hurrying to. As Arcturus, ten generato be the possessor of the longest beard tions hence, will not have moved to the

FIRES IN JAPAN

But For Open Spaces the Japanese Cities Would Burn 19

One of the quaintest sights in Japan is a fire. Hundreds of houses are often burned in the space of a few hours, and little or nothing can be done to stop the progress of the flames, especially on a windy day. If you except the roof, which is made of tiles, Japanese houses are built entirely of straw wood, bamboo and paper. In the poorer districts homes are packed close together, and therefore one happens to catch fire sometimes the whole street is burned down with incredible rapidity, and the fire only stops at some open space where it can not possibly spread further. It is not us. usual in Tokyo or some of the larger towns to bear of a thousand or even more houses having been destroyed in an afternoon or during the night.

No one is more afraid of fires than the Japanese, and high ladders are posted at short intervals all over the towns and in all the larger villages, on the top of which ladders a watchman sits all night and in case of fire rings a large bell hanging from the top if rong at long intervals, the fire is distant, and one need not worry oneself about turning out of one's fountangs. If rung a little quicker, the fire is not far, but there need be no apprehension. But if the bell is vigorously and quickly telled then you may as well say goodby to your house, because in perhaps a few minutes it will be reduced to a mass of ashes.

The Japanese are wonderful at turn-

ing out at all hours of the night, even

for going to look at a fire, and men, wemen and children in the coldest nights in winter think nothing of walking five or six miles to go and look at a big blaze. If the fire happens to be near, the excitement increases in proportion to the probability of one's house being burned down. You see people half scared and screaming, getting water wherever ther can in pails, wash basins, tuts or anything they can lay hold of and throwing it all over the woodwork so as to diminish the chances of its catching fire Then as the fire draws nearer, and the only water available has already been consumed, the process of saving what one can is put into practice. The amida or wooden shutters, and the shelps, paper walls, are quickly taken down and brought into a safe place; the mats are lifted out of their places, and with the few articles of furniture are quickly removed. So that when the fire comes it only destroys the wooden frame of the house and the roof. That is all It is seldom that life is lost in these fires, ercept sometimes when children or old people are unable to move, and once surrounded by flames they cannot be reached and often perish. - Tokyo Let-

THE CONFIDENTIAL PAPER

The Briton Complains, Praises and Scolin In His Daily Journal. The newspaper is a member of the

family in England and regularly comes to breakfast with the other members The London Times is a kind of oldest son among newspapers, and Ponch the jolly bachelor uncle, who makes occasional visits. Englishmen take their newspapers into their confidence and have a half way of writing to them in all sorts of subjects. If an Englishman rows down the Thames and stops for luncheon at an inn and is overchargel. he writes to his newspaper, just as a libtle boy runs in to complain to his mamma of the rough treatment of his playmates, and later on the first letter grief to him. He was radiant one an- "Pray go to sleep, sire," interrupted is followed by others, in which the comtumn on his return to town because he D'Aubigne. "We have a great deal more parative merits and cost of light lunch thought he was cured, but not for long. to say about you." Henry never showed come on the continent, in Seringapa tam, in Kamchatka and ever-wher else where Englishmen have eaten and drunk-and where have they not done these?-is discussed an fond. If horses quite out of harmony with his other- owed him a grudge had determined to stumble and fall in Rotten row, there are letters on the subject which go into the matter of roadbuilding, modern horsemanship and the like, with quotations from Virgil and anecdotes of axidents that happened half a century ago Not only the more serious weekly, but also the daily newspapers, give one the impression that they feel themselves to some extent responsible for the contemporary auditing of the accounts of the day of judgment. On the other hand, the better class of English newspapers do not indalge in rash suppositions hasty generalizations, uncertain guesse at probable future happenings and the daily exploitation of the personal affairs of notorious nobodies. And one may be permitted to say diffidently that perhaps this is preferable. If Mr Halfout, for example, were to go abroad for a holiday, it would be considered vulgar to chronicle his doings and dinings and absolutely brutal and boorish to write particulars of the dress and behavior of his sister, or his wife, if he had one The sense of fair play of a nation of sportsmen does not permit an editor to terment even his enemy from behind a

woman's petticoats. - Price Collier is Her Reward.

Forum.

A well known character in Paris is an old woman whose breast is literally covered with crosses and decorations. and who is now peacefully engaged as a flower seller. Her name is Jane Boumere, and her honors were gained in the Crimes, at Rome, Gravelotte and at Orleans. On one occasion she rendered valuable service to her country by swallowing a military dispatch of great importance and so prevented its falling into the hards of the enemy. A woman who has swallowed so much for her country with dispatch should not be allowed to sup sorrow in her old sge-

A Question of Recognition.

Miss Kitty-Mamma, will we know folks in heaven same as we do bery Mamma-1 think there is no doubt of that, my dear

Will I know Jane Gopplins?

Who is Jane Gopplins? "She's the big freekled girl that lives ever the grocery store down the street. If you are both good enough to go to

heaten, my dear, you will certainly know her." (After some moments of profound cogitation) "I won't have to speak to

A Fine Foot.

The elderly gentleman was getting \$ pair of shoes, and the clerk was striving to please. You have an elegant foot, sir." he

said as he smoothed the leather down across the instep.

"Um," smiffed the old gent ging him narrowly, "I guess you ain I the thap that was coming to see my daughter every other night till last week