EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL. - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

MASSAGE FOR BLACK EYES.

Better Than Paint and Beefsteak For Obliterating Evidence of Fistic Encounters.

Those who make a business of obliterating evidence of fistic encounters in the shape of black eyes by painting the damaged optics no longer enjoy a monopoly of such business. This I was told by a pugilistic acquaintance whose experience entitles him to be regarded as an authority on the subject.

"Massage treatment of the region affected," he said, "will beat paint and raw beefsteak all hollow. But it should be applied immediately after the injury is received in order to prove thoroughly efficacious. It does not require an expert to do it. All that is necessary is to move the fingers rapidly and firmly over the bruised surface and to keep it up until the last vestige of discoloration has disappeared. The explanation is easy. Where the blow has been received the blood becomes congested. It is the clots of blood showing through the transparent skin that produces the black effect. The pressure of the fingers gradually loosens the clotted blood, which passes off into the general currents of circulation, and fresh and properly colored blood takes its place."

However, as a rule, the professional "pug" does not bother himself about accelerating the disappearance of a black eye. It is a sign which proclaims the fact that its proprietor has recently filled an engagement, and as such he is an object of envy to his less fortunate brethren. It is the man about town, whose overindulgence occasionally causes him to forget that discretion is the better part of valor, who is apt to profit most by the knowledge that massage, promptly applied, will remove the signs of mourning from an eye that has been in violent contact with some other fellow's fist, and thus obviate the necessity of inventing a story to account for it, which, however ingenious, will be sneered at by skeptical and incredulous acquaintances, some of whom may have "been there themselves."—New York Herald.

WANTS TO BE A SLAVE.

A Young Married Woman Who Refuses to Be Emancipated.

Very often when a young married woman starts housekeeping she is favored with a circular from the Women's Emancipation league as well as with various more or less tasty literature dealing with "sexual" matters from an advanced point of view. The Emancipators address her in this strain:

"Recognizing that the slavery of sex is the root of all slavery, and that injustice to womanhood, especially injustice within the family, is the perpetual source of all other injustice, it (the "league") seeks the legal, political, social and industrial emancipation of women, as the vital and indispensable condition of all other true lasting reforms, and affirms these claims as paramount to all personal, sectional or party consideration whatever."

I have a deep rooted aversion to slavery in all shapes. There are women slaves among us, as there are men slaves. When I find a woman slave, I shall be happy to assist in emancipating her. But this does not prevent my sympathizing with the writer of the following letter:

"SIR—I am a married woman—I think I may say girl—of three months' standing, just entered with joy and hopefulness upon what I have been taught to believe the highest and noblest duties of woman. It may be that my belief and my hopes are delusions; that I am no better than a slave, and that if I submit to the injustice in store for me I shall become a party to all the other wrongs in the world. But is it kind to tell me this just now? Mightn't I be left to find out my mistake for myself? When I do, won't it be time enough to join the Emancipation league? I think it would, so I am trying to keep my delusion and my annual subscription until I have I seen how my lord and master treats his unfortunate slave."—London Truth.

Centennial of the National Capital.

When the year 1900 arrives, it will be in order to celebrate the centennial of the establishment here of the national capital. The celebration should not be a small affair, nor ought it to be a mere fleeting show — a day of processions, bands, banners and oratory. It should be an exposition of what this nation has done in the hundred years since its seat of government was taken possession of by the few officials who then directed affairs. The exposition of 1900 should be compact and select. Preliminary examinations by competent experts should determine the worthiness of proposed exhibits, and only the best ought to be given space. An international exposition at that time would conflict with more than one European endeavor in the same line, but aside from that rather important consideration it would undoubtedly be better to make the affair national rather than international.—Washington Star.

Brussels Doctors Combine.

The physicians of Brussels have banded themselves into a union, pledged to resist any attempt to cheapen their scale of remuneration, and have bound themselves not to accept any fee below a certain fixed sum. They have been led to take this course by a circular addressed to them by several industrial unions informing them that physicians who would give medical attendance at the rate of 80 cents a visit would be exclusively called in by sick members of the trades unions.—Brussels Letter.

The Triumph of the Machine Guns.

The interesting account of the fighting in Matabeleland which Captains White and Donovan have given is, in effect, a glorification of the machine guns. It was all due to the maxims, and the hotchkiss guns completed the rout in every instance. So long as the English troops took ordinary precautions there was no possibility of disaster. "The laagers were a sheet of flame. It was no use trying to advance." Seven thousand warriors hurled themselves upon the guns in vain. They were not "mowed down," says Captain White, but "lay pretty thick." Well, we will not quarrel over a phrase. The fact remains that between 1,500 and 2,000 natives were killed.—Pall Mall Gazette.

HER WORLD.

Behind them slowly sank the western world,
Before them new horizons opened wide.
"Yonder," he said, "old Rome and Venice wait,
And lovely Florence by the Arno's tide."
She heard, but backward all her heart had sped
Where the young moon sailed through the sunset red.
"Yonder," she thought, "with breathing soft and deep,
My little lad lies smiling in his sleep."
They sailed where Capri dreamed upon the sea
And Naples slept beneath her olive trees.
They saw the plains where trod the gods of old,
Pink with the flush of wild anemones.
They saw the marbles by the master wrought
To shrine the heavenly beauty of his thought.
Still ran one longing through her smiles and sighs—
"If I could see my little lad's sweet eyes!"
Down from her shrine the dear Madonna gazed,
Her baby lying warm against her breast.
"What does she see?" he whispered. "Can she guess
The cruel thorns to those soft temples pressed?"
"Ah, no," she said. "She shuts him safe from harms
Within the love locked harbor of her arms.
No fear of coming fate could make me sad
If so tonight I held my little lad."
"If you could choose," he said, "a royal boon
Like that girl dancing yonder for the king,
What gift from all her kingdom would you bid
Obedient Fortune in her hand to bring?"
The dancer's robe, the glittering banquet hall,
Swam in the mist of tears along the wall.
"Not power," she said, "nor riches nor delight,
But just to kiss my little lad tonight!"

—Emily H. Miller in Independent.

XANTIPPE.

Daphne stepped lightly out over the threshold of her door. The sun was shining with an intolerable glare on the white marble walls of the houses around and on the white lime dust of the pavement, causing Daphne's bright, laughing eyes to wink and blink involuntarily. She drew a thin, gauzy veil over her head and face and slipped, keeping carefully within the sparse shadow cast by the walls of the houses, to a dwelling near by. Raising a heavy curtain hanging before the entrance door, she tripped softly inside. The room, however, was quite empty. It was a small, square room, the walls colored dark red; its only furniture a tripod, on which were burning dimly two chased silver lamps.

"She will be in the Gynakeion," said Daphne to herself softly, and raising another curtain, which hung exactly opposite, she passed through into a second room. There, under a portico which led out into a courtyard, upon a circular marble bench, sat the one whom she was seeking—a young and beautiful woman. A long white garment, with a border embroidered in crimson, lay in heavy, graceful folds about her small outstretched feet; an upper garment (the chiton) of the same color as the robe was gathered closely up about her neck, but left her slender arms quite bare, one of which rested languidly upon the carved back of the seat. The woman's small head was bound with three narrow scarlet silken fillets, her wavy hair caught up in a loose knot at the back of her neck. Hearing the curtain rustle, she turned her head and smiled as her dark eyes caught sight of Daphne's smiling face peeping from among its folds. Kissing her hand, she pointed toward the court and shook her head as a warning to the newcomer not to speak too loud. In the court, regardless of the sun's hot rays, by the side of a fountain—a lion's head, from whose open mouth a slender stream of water fell into a shallow basin—two men were seated in earnest conversation.

Daphne glided noiselessly up to her friend's side, and seating herself upon the ground laid her head upon the other's knees. She sat there some moments in silence, endeavoring to catch what it was the men were discussing. In vain. She could hear only the sound of their voices. That of the principal speaker—a dark, swarthy man, of middle age, with a flat nose and thick, protruding lips—was sonorous and mellow; his companion's, high pitched and squeaking. After a few minutes' silence, Daphne whispered:

"How ugly he is—thy Socrates!"

"But so learned, so wise, so great," murmured the other in answer, but she sighed as she spoke.

"Thou sighest. Hast wearied on the first day of thy wedded life with thy philosopher?" inquired Daphne, with a bright, sidelong glance.

"No," answered Xantippe proudly. "Is he not the most learned, the wisest man in all Athens? And I am happy to think he considered me worthy to be his wife. Thou shouldst have heard the speech with which he welcomed me to his roof yesterday. Among other things he told me that there were evil demons who lurked in corners and cupboards to tempt young wives to be neglectful of their duties. But there was also a deity who, living under our roof, would take me under his protection, guard me from evil and help me to resist temptation, whom I must propitiate by humility and wifely obedience. But how can I do this when Socrates himself prevents me?"

"Socrates—prevent thee! Speak, and tell me how this can be. Thou knowest I was wedded against my will to Antisthenes, preferring Glaucus, to whom my parents refused me. Should I learn from thee, however, that the wife of a philosopher has reason to complain of her lot, I shall no longer reproach my parents in my heart for bestowing me on the merchant and denying me to the scholar."

"Thou knowest," answered Xantippe, "that it is my duty to see that my lord's table is well supplied with suitable food. But how can I do this when he gives me no money? Three times I went this morning to him, asking him gently, "Give me, I pray thee, a tetrobolon, that I may buy fish and vegetables for the midday meal." Twice he gave me no answer; the third he spoke not to me, but to Euclid, who arrived here this morning from Megara. "Euclid, why does this woman trouble us and disturb us at our discourse?"

Before Daphne could open her mouth to speak the words of sympathy trembling on her lips, Socrates, leaving his seat at the fountain, approached, followed by his friend.

"According to the sun, it should be midday, my Xantippe. I am hungry. If the midday meal is prepared, we will partake of it. Euclid, too, will bear us company."

Daphne smiled maliciously at the thought that the philosopher and his pupil were likely this day at least to go hungry.

Xantippe, however, blushed with shame. She arose from her seat trembling, and standing with downcast head before her husband in faltering tones explained why the midday meal was not prepared.

She had asked him hours ago for money to buy food, but he had given her none.

Euclid laughed jeeringly at her words, but Socrates replied mildly: "Justice is one of the chieftest virtues belonging to man. As I gave thee no money at thy request, the fault is mine. The next time, however, my Xantippe, when I do not heed thy words, raise thy voice and continue speaking until thou succeedest in attracting my attention. Let the evening meal, therefore, be prepared earlier than usual. And now fetch us a vessel of wine, that we may continue our discourse with minds and bodies refreshed."

Xantippe's beautiful face cleared up at Socrates' quiet words. "Thou seest," she whispered when she and Daphne were alone together again, "how kind and just he is."

And she kept her husband's advice, to raise her voice while speaking to him, fixed firmly in her memory.

The next day, therefore, when Socrates turned a deaf ear to her request for money—he being at that time in earnest conversation with Daphne's husband, Antisthenes—she raised her voice, as she had been bidden by him, and as he still continued oblivious to her request she screamed, in a voice so shrill and loud that she herself was startled at the sound of it, "Socrates, give me some money!"

The philosopher, disturbed and anxious to continue his discourse with his friend, promptly complied with her demand.

In a very few days, however, Socrates' ears became accustomed to his wife's tones, shrill as they had grown. And Xantippe, on her part, found it impossible—accustomed as she was by this time to the high key necessary to make herself audible to her husband—to lower her voice when speaking to others.

Daphne therefore remarked complainingly to Xantippe's friends and her own: "Xantippe's voice grows harsher and shriller every day. Not content with screaming at her philosopher, she begins now to scream at us."

Xantippe soon found it necessary to ask Socrates for money to buy new garments. When she succeeded at last in making her husband understand what it was she required, he shook his head doubtfully and answered:

"In my eyes, my Xantippe, thou art beautiful and lovely in thy present garments—old and shabby though they be. Beware of vanity, which is also a demon."

Xantippe, however, was not satisfied with this judgment of her husband, philosopher though he was, concerning the garment she was wearing. Daphne, too, assured her that the robe was not fit to be worn.

When, therefore, Xantippe for a second time, with tears and shrill upbraidings, insisted on Socrates complying with her desire, the philosopher, to be rid of her, gave her three times as much money as she had asked for. And Xantippe, overjoyed, was able to buy for herself, besides the coveted garments, a fillet of gold for her hair, and an armlet in the shape of a serpent, of an Egyptian who sold jewelry in the bazar.

From that day Xantippe's voice grew louder and louder, until her husband grew to shudder at the very sound of it.

And not only Daphne, but soon all Athens—all Greece—all the world—proclaimed Xantippe a scold and a shrew who, by her complaints and upbraidings, made the life of her philosopher husband a burden to him.

Poor Xantippe!—Translated From the German For Short Stories.

HEALTH LEGISLATION.

An Interesting Call Issued by a Joint Committee of Three Societies.

At a meeting of the Brooklyn Public Health society at the residence of W. E. Uptegrove the other night a paper was read by J. Winfield Scott, secretary of the National Constitutional Liberty league of Boston, on "Methods of Protecting and Promoting Public Health." The following call was issued by a joint committee of the league, the Brooklyn Public Health society and the New York Public Health and Constitutional Liberty league from their headquarters, room 18, 331 Madison avenue, New York:

Whereas, It is self evident that constitutional liberty, scientific progress in the healing art, will be promoted and public health conserved by immediate legislation requiring: 1. Physicians to write prescriptions legibly and when possible in English (and Latin if they choose). 2. That medicines dispensed by physicians and others containing poisonous ingredients shall be by them legibly labeled "Caution; take only as directed." 3. Restoring to every citizen the right to freely contract for the services of whosoever he considers competent to treat or heal him or his family without rendering the person thus employed liable to prosecution, except for malpractice. Therefore, we, the undersigned, urge all periodicals and persons in sympathy with the spirit and purpose of the legislation above outlined to exert their influence in creating and molding favorable public sentiment. We also respectfully invite all who believe that the higher instincts, nobler impulses and dearest interests of humanity will thus be served to send us the addresses of persons willing to receive and distribute literature or circulate petitions. We also likewise solicit verifiable facts, experiences and other data touching upon these topics and tending to strengthen the cause of public health and constitutional liberty before the legislature and the general public.

—Brooklyn Eagle.

Where Are the Great Men?

There are not a great number of really great men as the term is understood now taking part in the world's affairs.

Let any one sit down and attempt to write the names of 100, or even 20, really great men who are alive, and they will see how difficult it is. When the question "Who is the greatest living man?" was brought up at an evening party some time ago the prevailing answer was Gladstone, while some said Bismarck. When the question is changed and put in the form of "Who is the greatest living American or the greatest man in the United States?" it becomes even more difficult, barring, of course, one pre-eminent name. Edison looms up in the elements that belong to greatness, but it is apparent that during the last 25 years the generals, the statesmen, the scholars and poets, the scientists and reformers, and even the men of fortune, like Vanderbilt, Astor and Gould, who have attained distinction, have been disappearing from the scene. The New York Sun contends that there are as many great men in the world as ever. Doubtless there are men who might prove great if the opportunity offered, but who are the living men who have achieved greatness? Will somebody name them?—Philadelphia Times.

Dissolved Diamonds.

A writer in The Popular Science News says that diamonds are rapidly dissolved when heated in carbonate of potash. There is production of carbonic oxide, but no hydrogen is given off.

SAFETY IN THE MAIL.

THE FOUR SPECIAL MEANS OF TRANSMITTING MONEY BY POST.

The Advantages Offered by the Postal Note, Money Order, Registered Letter and Special Delivery Stamps—Know Which You Want and Ask For It.

"Give me one of those special registry orders," said the woman to the clerk at the branch office. "How much is it, 10 cents?"

By dint of considerable questioning the clerk ascertained that the customer wanted to send a small sum of money in a letter and knew that the United States government had provided some means by which she could insure its safety in its course through the mails, but her mind was in hopeless confusion as to the nature of this device, for every friend she had consulted had called it by a different name, and she had conceived that all the names referred to the same things. It took the clerk some time to explain.

"You can take your choice of four ways, ma'am, according to just what you want," said he. "If you are going to send only a little money, less than $5, and your only wish is to avoid inclosing coin or postage stamps or paper as soft and bulky as a greenback, which may be felt through the envelope, we can give you a postal note for 3 cents. This is printed on a thin, stiff paper of a size which will lie flat in an ordinary folded sheet. The clerk and letter carriers might handle your letter all day, and they would never guess from the feeling what was inside of it. When your correspondent receives it, he can take it to the postoffice and get it cashed, or bank it as he would a piece of money, or use it to pay his grocer, or send it away in a letter himself, for it is good at any postoffice in the United States and in anybody's hands, so long as it is presented for redemption within three months from the day of issue. But this very convenience is the chief drawback of the postal note, for if any dishonest person should get hold of it it would be the same as money in his hands.

"If absolute safety is what you are most anxious to secure, we can give you a money order. This is pretty nearly as good as a bank check. We send from here a private letter of advice containing your name, and when your correspondent receives your order he can collect the money on it only by telling who sent it to him and by being himself identified as the person in whose favor it is drawn or else by indorsing it to somebody who is known at the postoffice. This, you see, is a decided advantage on the score of safety. But, more than that, if your order should be stolen or destroyed, the government holds itself responsible, and if you comply with certain requirements will issue you a new order. This is something it will not do for you if anything happens to your postal note. The bad feature about the money order, however, is that it can be cashed only at the one postoffice on which it is drawn. On account of the additional security surrounding the money order we charge more for it that for a postal note. A $5 order would cost you 5 cents and a $10 order 8 cents, a $15 order 10 cents, and so on upward.

"Then, again, there is the registered letter. You give us your envelope, sealed and indorsed in your own handwriting. We know nothing about its contents. You may have put only a love letter in it or a $1,000 government bond, it is all the same to us, and the price of registry is uniform for everything, 8 cents. This process has the advantage of absolute secrecy, for you don't have to take a single soul into your confidence. It has the further advantage of assuring you that whatever you send reaches its destination, for we refuse to deliver it to any one except the person addressed, who must either present himself in person and be identified or give us his authority in writing to deliver it to somebody else, whose identification we require in the same way, and whoever receives it is obliged to give us a written receipt in his own handwriting, which we send back to you without expense. This makes a good deal of difference if you are making a payment to a slippery creditor or if you are sending a bill to a debtor, who might want to make believe he had never heard from you. In any such case you have his own signature to confront him with. The safety of the registered letter is pretty well guarded. Every postoffice official through whose hands it passes has to account for it to the one from whom he received it, so that if it is lost it can be traced by our vouchers to the very point where it disappeared, even into the hands of the carrier who took it out to deliver. Registered letters do sometimes go astray, but the risk attending loss or theft is too great to make either carelessness or dishonesty profitable. The government does not hold itself responsible to you, but the last postmaster or clerk or carrier who is found to have had your letter in his possession is likely to lose his official head, and if the evidence of crookedness is strong against him is liable to go to the state prison for a term of years.

"Finally, if your great object is speed, you may find it best to use the special delivery. We sell you a peculiar kind of 10 cent stamp, which you put on your letter besides its regular postage. The instant the letter is taken out of the box into which you drop it it is hurried into the first mail, on top of the whole pile of other letters, with the stamp sticking up, so as to catch the eye of every clerk who handles the package. When it reaches the town to which it is addressed, it is picked out without an instant's delay and sent to your correspondent by a special messenger, so that if the ordinary carrier deliveries are infrequent it may reach its destination one, two, three or four hours before it would if left to take the usual course. The messenger who delivers it takes with him a book, in which the recipient of the letter signs a receipt, noting the hour and minute, so that if any question ever arises afterward you can have the messenger's book hunted up.

"So, you see, we have something to meet every need, and the way to make sure of the best results is to choose just the right thing. If you are sending something whose value you don't care much about, but which you are in a great hurry to push through, don't register, but use the special delivery. If you are sending something which you are in no haste about, but you want to make absolutely sure with your own eyes that the right person has received it, don't bother with money orders or special delivery letters, but use the registry. If you are sending a sum of money simply and find it inconvenient to use a check or draft, but want to assure the same safety of payment and don't mind letting the postoffice people know what you are doing, take out a money order. If the amount you are sending is too small to worry about and all you care for is to send it in some form which won't tell tales through the envelope, buy a postal note."—Washington Star.

"Ta-ra-ra" Divides a Church.

"Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay," played during last evening's services at the Grand Avenue Methodist church, has caused a split in the congregation. The Rev Mr. Wheat, the former pastor, arose in meeting and denounced the profanation of the temple with such music. Thereupon the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, announced that he was running the church and advised Mr. Wheat to mind his own business. The older folks are inclined to feel scandalized, while the younger members side with the pastor.—Dubuque (Ia.) Dispatch.

OLD EARTH DIVESTED OF WATER.

The Beds of the Ocean and Their Peculiar Formations.

If we could survey our globe divested of the vast volume of ice and water that covers so much of its surface, it would be almost like beholding another world. It would be a wonder to see the great depressions, the Atlantic, the Pacific and the circumpolar valleys, and we should be brought face to face with many new and puzzling problems. Innumerable islands would be resolved to mountain tops, and singular plateaus, many of them thousands of feet high, we would recognize as one time islands not high above water line.

It is the water surface that is now determining the earth's mean level, and if this were gone it would be hard to establish a grade to calculate from. All our ups and downs have reference to altitude or depth with reference to the ocean surface. What immense valleys would lie between New York and London, between San Francisco and China! What mountain and valley systems would be disclosed in regions that now lie under water! What revelations concerning fauna and flora would the now submerged rocks disclose, and what skeletons of a former world would the arctic regions reveal!

But the interesting problem which we may consider, and one that as yet is eluding solution, is how and by what agencies were the great marine valleys scooped out?

What was it that hollowed out their basins, and especially by what action was the North Polar sea excavated with its rim of continents extending all around?

Greenland, North America, Asia and Europe all butt up against this polar ocean. Its antipodes is in midocean, but the meager sunlight and consequently absent solar caloric have evoked the development of the immense ice cap, much the most colossal structure of the kind on the planet.

But the south Pacific ocean, were the water absent, would present most singular looking craters, and which as they now just emerge a little above low tide we recognize as the huge astolls the work of the coral insect. It is more than probable that some of the puzzling crater formations on the moon are a similar work fashioned when our lunar satellite had oceans on her surface as we now see on our earth. The thousands of miles of coral reefs and the numerous coral archipelagoes that dot the aqueous hemisphere under tropical and semitropical skies would be almost insoluble problems did we not understand the conditions under which they were produced.

Much that is mysterious on our lunar neighbor can be measurably comprehended if we can succeed in seeing our earth as if divested of her watery envelope, and if we can still further succeed in comprehending the conditions under which our oceans would disappear, if they disappear at all, we would probably have the key that would unlock each lunar mystery.

It is to the water and the ice that we owe the soil and the generally smooth contour of the earth, and we find where these agencies have been at work a barren, rocky and broken condition, well illustrated by the wild Yosemite and other rugged canyons of the west.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

They Flock Together.

"An interesting thing about criminals," said Superintendent Byrnes, "is that in some mysterious way they gravitate together as soon as they arrive in town. You may fancy that it is a burglar who lands here from an English steamer, an utter stranger to every human being in New York, or you may picture to your mind any sort of thief or crook, coming from any point of the compass, he will find the haunts of people like himself. How he knows where they are, how he goes about to find them, are questions difficult to answer, but in every case he discovers their haunts and makes himself at home. It is not wonderful that the criminals should do this. A clergyman landing here a stranger would seek the society of men of his cloth, and a foreign dry goods man would introduce himself to the dry goods men. That goes without saying, but the honest folk can easily find one another, whereas the criminals hang out no signs and must be very much harder to search out."

The sagacious superintendent knows very well how this is done. He not only watches those whom he knows to be criminals, but also those who are seen with them. He would drop the shadowing of a thief at any time to follow some one in the thief's company, because he knows the one and needs to know the other. Methods like that leave little for him to guess or to wonder at in the habits of those whom he studies.—New York Sun.

Kept His Word.

Attired in a morning robe of delicate lace, she heeded not the bitter tears that chased each other along the bridge of her nose and splashed upon the fried eggs that lay with the sunny side up before her.

Regretfully her glance rested upon her husband, who sat in his dressing gown and nervously toyed with his spoon.

"No, Annabel," he was saying, "I do not care for any of the baking powder biscuits you builded with your own hands."

A short gasp stirred her bosom.

"Plantagenet," she faltered, "did you not say before we were married"——

A sob temporarily choked her utterance.

——"that you would gladly die for me?"

He started and turned pale.

"Did I say that?" he eagerly demanded.

"You did, Plantagenet."

"Annabel," he said in a hollow voice, "I am a man of my word. Can I trouble you to pass those baking powder biscuits? Thank you." And without another word he courted death.—Philadelphia Times.

No "Monkeying" With the Register.

That the cash register, either of the key, check or handle variety, may be "beaten" by dishonest manipulators is proved by the fact that the sellers of these instruments furnish an additional safeguard to their patrons. Each purchaser of a register is guaranteed the services of a detective who is in the employ of the company selling the machines. This detective drops in occasionally, and after getting a drink or a cigar takes note of the way in which the clerk or bartender "rings up" the amount of the various purchases. If he "monkeys with the machine," he is reported and loses his place. It is stipulated that the man discharged shall not be given any reason for his dismissal, the idea being to let as little become known about this novel detective service as possible.—New York Herald.

English Will Soon Be Universal.

Gladstone computes that the habitual speakers of the English language have increased from 15,000,000 to 105,000,000 during the last 100 years, and that they will number 120,000,000 by the end of the year 1900. At that rate of increase, which is sevenfold each century, such speakers will include not less than 840,000,000 by the end of the year 2000.—St. Louis Republic.

Has to Talk Through It.

Flapjack—Glibley is quite a talker, isn't he?

Treacle—Yes, but his hat will get down over his mouth.—Springfield Union.

Of One Mind.

Lady—I want some advice about getting a divorce from my husband.

Lawyer—I'll give you some for nothing. If you will wait a few days, you will be a free woman. I filed a bill for him yesterday.—Texas Siftings.

HASHEESH SMOKING.

A PREVAILING HABIT AMONG THE TURKS AND PERSIANS.

It Produces Vivid Dreams, Sometimes Causes Terrible Suffering and Is Always Dangerous—Illicitly Sold In the Bazaars of Constantinople.

A traveler returned from an extensive sojourn in Turkey has this to say of the famous drug:

Among my purchases at the drugs bazaar at Constantinople was hasheesh. It is strictly illegal to buy or sell this, and the vender made a great show of mystery about the transaction, besides charging me ten times the right price. It is a soft black stick or coil, made with indian hemp and sundry sweet essences. It may either be drunk with water, eaten as it is, smoked in hubble hubbles or smoked in little terra cotta pipes.

It is said to have the power of conferring a dual personality upon those who take it. Their dreams are extraordinarily vivid, and every detail of them is remembered for a long time afterward. They do not go off to sleep, but have a kind of fit, which does not sound particularly agreeable, though for some reason or other is evidently popular. These at least are said to be the commonest effects of the drug, but it affects different people in different ways, and so some get no further than a bad headache.

It has been used by magicians ever since the middle ages. I remember during the esoteric Buddhism craze some years ago a friend of mine who was bitten by it got hold of some hasheesh and ate it, in the expectation of being able to project his soul across the garden. The hasheesh was badly mixed, and a heavy dose of it had no effect whatever.

He found that his soul persisted in remaining where it was. So he grew bold and helped himself to another lump, in which all the strength of the hemp happened to be concentrated. The result was that two doctors had to walk him up and down the garden all night to prevent his falling into a sleep that would know no waking.

Though its use is forbidden in Constantinople, hasheesh is said to be extensively smoked there, especially among the Persians. I told my guide that I must see this sight, and after a great deal of trouble I managed to get taken to a real hasheesh den. It was a fairly large square room, with a divan running all around it. The walls were whitewashed, and the carpets on the floor were cheap and shabby. One common oil lamp hung from the ceiling, with a big green shade. The center of the room was empty, and there were no tables or looking glasses in it. Two men were squatting Turkish fashion on the divan.

For a long time they seemed to be in a kind of trance, slabbering at the corners of their lips and muttering like madmen. After a short time one of them became livelier and more excited. He burst into a wild laugh which shook his whole body. He placed his hand to his nose, and beginning to stroke it at the top passed his hand down into the air as if his nose had reached an inordinate length.

An attendant passed by with a coffee cup, and the smoker made a wild effort to turn aside his head, angrily telling the attendant to be off, as he was treading on his nose. Then came another wild burst of laughter, and the fit was at an end.

His reason gradually seemed to get the upper hand, and he proceeded to express his wonder that he could have fancied that his nose had grown so long. Then, putting his hand up to it, he remarked, "All the same, it is hurting me confoundedly—just as if some one had twisted it roughly." And, sure enough, the nose was unnaturally red.

It is said that under the influence of hasheesh you know neither time nor place, and that if you fix your thoughts on some place, however distant, that you have never seen you obtain a clear and accurate image of it. I was told a story of a man who had taken hasheesh with the determination to penetrate beyond the grave and find out all about the future life.

He soon exclaimed that he was feeling very cold, then that he was going to die. He grew very pale, his feet became numb, and the cold began to get complete possession of him. His sense of hearing became indistinct. Everything seemed to grow dark around him, and he called for light. Then he stretched out his limbs and remained fixed and immovable. A cold thick sweat was all over him, and the pallor of death was on his face.

Then the attendant thought it was time to come to the rescue, and he rubbed his face and nostrils with lemon juice and made him sit up. The man presently opened his eyes and absently sipped a cup of coffee that was brought to him. When he recovered his senses completely, he was very angry with the attendant for interfering with him just as he had been on the point of penetrating the unknown.

It may be mentioned that the word "assassin" is derived from "hasheeshian," a taker of hasheesh.

Quotation Marks.

"Quotation marks are not infrequently misused in signs," said a stroller, "the marks being placed about names, as, for instance, the name of a place, or about some descriptive phrase in a sign, though the word or the phrase may really not be a quotation at all, but I am never surprised at any misuse of quotation marks, for I cannot forget a very singular idea concerning them that I had myself in my earlier days. I used to think that single quotation marks about anything meant that the words inclosed were sort of partly quoted, more or less, whatever that may mean. Perhaps that isn't a very distinct statement, but I remember well that I was quite tickled when later I learned that quotation marks were not signs to be used at the fancy of the writer, but might properly be used only to indicate actual quotations."—New York Sun.

Luck.

Persons who believe in luck and signs will doubtless agree that it is unlucky to be struck by lightning on Monday, or take hold of a circular saw in motion on Tuesday, or tumble down stairs with a coal scuttle on Wednesday, or be hit by a cable car on Thursday, or fall overboard on Friday, or marry on Saturday a girl who swings 10 pound dumbbells, or be one of 13 to dinner on Sunday when there is food for only 10.—New York Tribune.

FAMOUS AT ELEVEN.

Miss Mildred Howells, the Novelist's Daughter, and Her Work In Art.

Few artists achieve fame at the tender age of 11 years, but such was the good fortune of Miss Mildred Howells, the only daughter of William Dean Howells, the famous American novelist. A decade ago Mr. Howells wrote a charming book called "A Little Girl Among the Old Masters." The little girl was Miss Mildred, and the book was illustrated by sketches she made of the famous pictures her father took her to see in the old world's galleries and churches. When the tiny artist was busy with her pencil, her father had no idea of using her sketches, and, in fact, the book was an afterthought. Miss Mildred loved the works of art she saw, and in her childish zeal endeavored to make copies of them. She had quaint opinions of her own concerning them, and her bright comments form one of the pleasing features of the book. She even went so far as to originate a Madonna of her own—"the Madonna of the orphans," because there were "so many other kinds of Madonnas."

MISS MILDRED HOWELLS.

Miss Mildred is now a young lady, but she is still devoted to her art and has done a number of very clever things. She is a slender, spirituelle girl, very much interested in art and literature and with little love for "society" in the fashionable sense of the word. She is not pretty, but has an interesting face and charming manners. She dresses artistically, but is by no means a slave to fashion's latest caprices. She has written a number of poems, and now and then produces a society skit or a comedietta in the vein her father has so successfully worked, but age has more charm for her than literature. Her studio is a window seat or any other place where inspiration seizes her pencil when she is at home, and she often makes sketches while accompanying her father in his slumming tours in New York. She enjoys anything in the way of a picturesque novelty and is fond of the high class bohemian society that her father's genius draws about him.

She was born in Cambridge, Mass., and despite the fact that she has been handicapped by frail health her education has been very thorough, and she has seen a great deal of the world. Her elder sister, Winifred Howells, died about five years ago, and her only brother graduated from Harvard in 1891 and is devoting himself to art.

THE SPRECKELS SLANDER SUIT.

The Sugar Midas of the Pacific at Odds With His Sons.

There are several very wicked people in the Spreckels family if the statements of Claus Spreckels, the sugar king, and his son, Charles Augustus Spreckels, are true.

C. A. SPRECKELS.

Claus says his son is an embezzler. The son says Claus is a villain and worse, and thereby hangs a suit for slander. Claus Spreckels was a Hanover emigrant who had about $15 in his inside pocket when he came to America from Westphalia 65 years ago. His wealth is now estimated at between $10,000,000 and $40,000,000 and is much nearer the latter than the former figure. He has not succeeded in accumulating a very thorough knowledge of the language of America, but as a collector of the American dollar he has few equals. He is the Midas of the Pacific, and everything he touches turns to gold.

His trouble with two of his sons, Charles A. Spreckels, the plaintiff in the recent slander suit, and Rudolph Spreckels, one of the plotters against Hawaiian independence, began in 1893 when the two younger sons alleged that their father and the elder brothers, John D. and Adolph B. Spreckels, were endeavoring to freeze them out of the Hawaiian Sugar and Hawaiian Commercial companies. Damages were claimed in the sum of $2,000,000, but early in 1894 the suit was settled by an agreement between the parties by which the property in dispute was to be divided. C. A. Spreckels now claims that his father is guilty of a breach of good faith and seeks relief in the courts. When the matter reached the courts, the aged sugar king, in a burst of indignation, declared that he gave his son $25,000 a year to manage his Philadelphia sugar refinery and that the boy then robbed him of $250,000. This statement inspired the son's libel suit for vindication and $300 to cover the costs of the suit.

Claus Spreckels developed and for a long time controlled the sugar business of Hawaii. King Kalakana was a mere puppet in his potent hands and made him a knight of something or other. Later Claus and the king quarreled and Claus tendered his resignation as knight and returned the cheap "regalia of office" bestowed upon him.

A Remarkable Memory.

George W. McMillon of Friar's Hill, Greenbrier county, W. Va., is about 40 years old, and has the gift of remembrance wonderfully developed. He remembers everything he ever knew or read. He can, off hand, recite the names, birthdays, hour of death, majorities, and the closest details of the lives of all the presidents in regular order; can recite poems of 3,000 words without missing a word; can recount the details of every visit he has made in his life; can name all the persons he has met in two weeks, and every word every one of them said, and can quote chapter after chapter of the Bible. One of his most interesting feats is the repetition of every word of a marriage ceremony which he heard when he was 21, and which united a girl who was his sweetheart to another man. It is said that this ceremony was the first thing he ever tried to remember.

Sheridan and Waterloo.

An American gentleman recently went over the field of Waterloo with a guide who boasted that he escorted General Sheridan over the scene of Napoleon's great defeat. "What did General Sheridan say?" asked my friend. "Oh, nothing." "He must have said something." "Well, he only said, 'It was a —— good place for a fight.'"

In Zante, one of the Ionian isles, there is a petroleum spring that is mentioned by Herodotus. It has been known for nearly 3,000 years.