EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL, - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

PLANET COLLISIONS.

Should Stars Knock Together the Fire Would Be Indescribable.

Professor Ledger of London, whose series of Gresham astronomy lectures on "Knocks In Their Relation to Astronomy" has been completed, in his last discourse pointed out that the universe, instead of being fixed, is alive with motion, each star with its attendant planets hurrying through space. If star were to knock against star the intense heat and fierce fire generated by the enormous velocity and vast momentum of the two masses would be such as to pass human conception.

It may be that the sun was formed by the collision of two stars. The effect of two such bodies attracting each other and meeting would be to reduce them to a violently agitated gaseous mass, which would oscillate, first inward, producing inconceivable heat, and then outward again, ultimately assuming the condition of the sun. The general result would be that the two bodies would revolve around their common center of gravity—that is to say, around each other—creating a double star. Lord Kelvin has calculated that if 29,000,000 solid globes, each of the mass of the moon, should be scattered over a spherical surface 100 times the radius of the earth's orbit, they would come together and be raised to a temperature of 100,000 degrees. They would oscillate outward and inward, reaching to a less distance each time, and ultimately settling down into a sphere.

The nebulæ we see around us may, Professor Ledger suggests, have been produced by the knocking together of two great bodies rather than by the aggregation of many smaller ones. The collision of two huge suns would thus lead to rejuvenescence and the formation of new systems. Phenomena indicating that something very much in the nature of a collision had occurred are the outbursts of temporary stars such as those observed by Tycho Brahe in 1572, by Kepler in 1604 and those of 1848, 1866, 1876, 1885 and 1892, the last being the new star Auriga, which declined through ten magnitudes, or became 100,000 times less bright in two months. The great increase in the light of a comet as it approaches the sun may be due to a tidal disturbance in the bodies forming it, causing them to knock against each other, and thus generate heat and light.

In the same way the twinkling of the stars may be caused by the knocks of the molecules of the atmosphere on the ether, whose undulations carry their light to us. The excessively great and the exceedingly small are all interdependent, and the past, present and probable future of nebulous bodies all hinge on the relations they bear to the knocks of the molecules of their gases, while the knocks of immense bodies depend ultimately on the knocks of their constituent atoms.

Book Bound In Gold and Silver.

The only gold and silver bound, diamond incrusted book in the world was lately enshrined in the holy Mohammedan city of Isnan-Ruza, Persia. The book is of course a copy of the Alkoran and is a gift from Abd-ur-Rahman, ameer of Afghanistan. The covers of this unique volume, the sides of which are 9½ by 4 inches, are of solid gold plates one-eighth of an inch in thickness, lined with silver sheets of the same thickness.

The centerpiece, as well as the corners, is a symbolic design wrought in diamonds, rubies and pearls. The center figure is a crescent with a star between its points, the whole design being composed of 109 small diamonds, 167 pearls and 122 rubies. The diamonds on each corner, which are almost hidden in their golden setting, and the orange colored lacquer with which they are fastened, are each worth about $5,000. The book itself is on parchment, entirely written by hand. It is valued at $125,000. There are said to have been over 100,000 visitors present in Isnan-Ruza the day the holy relic was enshrined.—St. Louis Republic.

The Tyranny of Etiquette.

It is impossible to read even the least dogmatic books on etiquette without being oppressed with the conviction that a heavy and binding addition has been made to the code of morals in the by-laws which have to do with visiting cards, invitations, conventional phrases and other minor but vigorous formulas. It has been reiterated by writers on these subjects that not a single rule of etiquette is arbitrary, but that all prove their reason in the very nature of things, and that those who disregard them simply show their own lack of insight and incapacity to appreciate genuine refinement.

While this is all very well for society people pure and simple or those who have other definite and absorbing work in life compliance with all the thousand and one trifling points of etiquette is an utter impossibility. The question then becomes, Shall such persons be excluded from society or be allowed to enter it on their own terms? Society might be so conducted as to make of it a charming and delightful recreation instead of a tyrannical business, and those who see this clearly can do much toward making it so.—Philadelphia Press.

The Electric Candle.

The electric candle is in great request in England for the lighting and decoration of dining and other tables. An ingenious device for lighting the candles is provided by placing small pads under the tablecloth, and taking the current from them by means of two pin points in the base of the candlestick. The candles of course are extinguished on being taken from the table and are relighted when they are replaced in the proper position. They are so arranged that the bulb and the glass imitation of a wax candle can be removed, when the candlestick can be used for an ordinary candle. When used with shades of colored silk, the electric candle makes one of the prettiest additions to a dinner table that is possible to imagine.—Machinist.

As Usual.

Mr. Epsom Downes (seated beside a stranger in a street car)—What time is it by your watch, please?

Stranger—I don't know.

Mr. Epsom—But you just looked at it.

Stranger—Yes. I only wanted to see if it was still there.—London Tit-Bits.

THE LOVERS.

They sat upon the cliff that led my way,
I saw them from afar, as hand in hand,
In still content, with not a word to say,
They watched the blue sea and the smiling land.

I neared the place where they had sat them down.
She rose and gently brushed the spangled grass
With the soft touch of her light summergown.
Why could she not have staid and let me pass?

Sweet heart of maidenhood, that could not bear
To have a stranger look upon its bliss!
The youth went with her, but he did not care
If all the world beheld his happiness.
—Martha Perry Lowe in Boston Transcript.

A FALSE PROPHECY.

Awakening from a state of lethargy, Comte Raymond de Villemere beheld his doctor gazing on him sadly.

"Saved once more!" breathed the comte, and he smiled as he stretched out his arms.

"My poor friend," sighed the doctor.

The sick man stared aghast.

"Pull yourself together," he continued. "You are a man who can stand the truth."

"What do you mean?"

"Your symptoms are those of the nona."

"Of what?"

"A curious plague. When the state of lethargy is over, the patient has three lucid hours, at the end of which he dies suddenly."

"Whew!"

"Now, look here, keep your spirits up, like the plucky fellow you are! After all is said and done life is not worth living for. Goodby—goodby, my poor friend—goodby."

Ten minutes later the comte had risen. Clad in his flannel smoking jacket, he was putting the last touches to his toilet. The doctor had withdrawn that his friend might have time to settle his worldly affairs.

When he had done brushing his mustache and smoothing his finger nails, Raymond chose one of his driest cigars and lit it, while casting a sorrowful look at the others, those which he was not to smoke. Then he threw himself on his divan and began to reflect.

However brave he might be, however fearless of death, Comte de Villemere soon came to the conclusion that his case was a peculiarly aggravating one.

The day before, so soon as he was taken with fever—he had made up his mind to prepare for the worst—he had sent for his lawyer, and for a priest, and destroyed all his letters. Then he had laid down his giddy head and fallen asleep with the conviction that he would not awake again before doomsday.

But now he was like a condemned man, who, after having made sure of a reprieve, found himself suddenly on the way to the scaffold.

Outside the cheery atmosphere of a bright June day the Champs Elysees were alive with a continuing stream of smart carriages. Everything spoke of happiness and health. He himself had never felt so fit, and he was asked to believe that tomorrow there would be nothing left of all this—so far as he was concerned—but a mournful crowd of friends, a trip in a slow jolting hearse and the mumbling of a priest before an open grave.

Tomorrow the joys and friendly ties of his whole life would be gone forever.

While he was finishing his cigar, reclining listlessly on the cushions of his divan, Raymond saw all his life flit past him as in a dream. Nearly forgotten episodes of his childhood cropped up as if they were quite recent. Then in rapid succession his mind dwelt on the many times he had fallen in love between 15 and 25 until he came to the first month of his married life.

How full of unmitigated joy those days had been! Raymond remembered the minutest events of his honeymoon or moons spent in fun and frolic, with pleasant excursions, verging on bachelor's dissipation and freaks which made lively gossip for fashionable folk. Delighted beyond measure by the admiration which his wife excited wherever he took her, he was more madly in love after his marriage than before. He would have been jealous if the mere possibility of such a thing could have been seriously entertained by either of them. And all this passionate love had been brought to an end by a scandalous separation owing to a blunder on his part and a rash escapade of the little comtesse.

By mutual consent they had separated. Yet, strange to say, their love for each other had continued. So far as the world was concerned, their relations were restricted to icy bows whenever they met on the boulevards, but their professed indifference for each other scarcely deceived their common friends.

The idea of dying without having seen once more the woman he loved above all others appeared preposterous to the comte. Studied obstinacy and stern resolve seemed to be altogether out of place when brought face to face with everlasting separation.

What risk did he run now in attempting a reconciliation even if it were not to succeed?

Raymond sprang to his feet, and seating himself before his writing desk scribbled hurriedly a short telegram and sent it off by his valet.

He looked at his watch. He had two hours more to live. The comtesse would have time to come.

Would she come? Would she be touched by a note containing a dying man's farewell? Or, in the relentless dignity of offended woman, would she refuse to forgive even under these solemn circumstances?

The anguish of uncertainty, added to the moral torture, made Raymond wince despite all his nerve and resolution to take his inevitable fate coolly. With something very like terror he eyed the fleeting minutes which separated him from eternity.

Another hour flew away while he was getting ready to die, stopping now and then to muse with melancholy on his past life. He wrote to his mother a very long letter, full of reminiscences of his early life, and as he did so tears came to his eyes.

Suddenly Raymond started at the sound of the electric bell. After a few seconds of wild expectation the door was opened and the servant ushered in—

"Mme. la Comtesse de Villemere!"

He rose from his seat very pale.

"Odette!" he exclaimed.

But the young woman remained standing on the threshold, her features contracted with anger.

"This is a most shameless trick, sir."

"A trick! What do you mean?"

"You wrote me word that you are dying, and I find you up and well, writing your letters. Goodby, sir."

"Odette! Do let me explain. One word only." And as she was leaving the comte snatched up from his desk the letter he was writing to his mother and held it out to her. "Read this before leaving," he gasped.

She took the letter, glanced at the first few lines and then fell on Raymond's neck, sobbing.

"Poor boy! It was the truth."

For a few minutes they remained clasped in each other's arms, full of passion and pain, giving mute expression to the memory of the happy months they had spent together and to remorse for the year of happiness they had lost by their separation.

They sat down close to one another, hand in hand, completely overcome by their feelings.

At last the comte bethought himself of his forefathers, one of whom had climbed the steps of the scaffold in 1793 whistling a tune from the "Indes Galanter."

"Well, never mind," said he, with a smile. "I suppose I ought not to complain. I am dying of a complaint which will be fashionable tomorrow."

But Odette looked at him reproachfully, and he did not continue. Women have no taste for irony.

They chatted about old times, at first almost in a whisper, as if they were in a room where death had stricken down a fellow creature. Then by degrees the remembrance of better days brought to mind a little incident which made their lips smile, while their eyes caught sight on the wall of some object recalling particulars of the life they had led formerly, such as the pictures of a chase, which evoked the sounds of the huntsman's horn as it rent in glowing gladness the November mist, and they dwelt with pleasure on the day when they had cantered side by side, rustling the brown leaves which covered the forest path.

Miniature fans, dusty accessories of charming cotillons, reminded them of a German waltz which they had danced before their marriage and how they had flirted the same evening under the palm trees of the hothouse.

They lived over again their rides in the Bois de Boulogne under the green, shady boughs when they were like two boys out for a spree, breakfasting at the Pavilion Chinois and coming back through the Champs Elysees to take their part in the exuberant life of the gay city. They would part for a few hours yearning to meet again—after being bored at the club and at 5 o'clock tea—in their box at the opera or in the tete-a-tete of their home.

Raymond and Odette were so absorbed by these old souvenirs that they became oblivious of time and of the terrible circumstance which had brought them together again.

The bell rang. They awoke to painful reality and exchanged a horrible look of anguish.

"Dr. Darlois!" announced the valet.

"Why, you do not mean to say you are out of bed?" said the medical man, with an amazed countenance. "I was coming to"—

"You were coming?"

"Well, I don't see why I should not tell the truth now that, thank God, I was mistaken. I was coming to make quite sure you were dead."

"Much obliged," smiled the comte.

"Then he is out of danger?" inquired Odette anxiously.

"There is no question about it. But it is certainly very odd, for the Echo des Cliniques published yesterday an exhaustive description of the nona. Nevertheless pray be assured that I am very happy"—

Unquestionably the doctor was very happy. At the same time if he had told the whole truth he would have admitted that he was rather vexed at having been such a bad prophet.

"Odette," suggested Raymond in a whisper, "do not you think you might ask him to dinner with us in the evening?"—From the French in Strand Magazine.

Cool.

A great deal of public mirth and occasional reprobation has followed Mme. Patti in her capacity of business woman. The coolness with which she has always demanded the largest possible price has become as well known as her lovely voice. Moreover, a retort by her has become historic.

When she was told that even the president of the United States did not receive nearly as much for his services as she demanded for hers, she answered, "Very well, get the president of the United States to sing for you!"

Other musicians have shown a thrifty desire to feather their nests. When Paganini was asked, years ago, to play at Vauxhall Gardens, he inquired how many people the place would hold.

"How many?" said the manager. "That is almost impossible to say. It's a large open space."

"Well," said the violinist, "how many will the largest space contain when quite full?"

"Perhaps 20,000."

"Ah, 20,000 people! And you ask how much?"

"Four shillings each."

"Four shillings each! Twenty thousand four shillings make 80,000. Eighty thousand shillings, £4,000 pounds. Well, I will play at one concert for £3,000 pounds, and you may have the other thousand!"—Youth's Companion.

The Director's Fee.

Nearly all the great financial concerns here pay the directors who attend board meetings $10 for each sitting, not counting lunch and cigars. Some men in this way pick up all the way from $5,000 to $10,000 a year, they being of the directory of several institutions or corporations. A bank president whose services are in demand as a director is authority for the statement that the fee is paid in gold and is given to the director the moment he enters the board room. And directors don't always direct at that.—New York Letter.

The Public's Own Fault.

Jazkins—Bicyclists are so common nowadays, I suppose, that nobody pays any attention to them.

Bizmog—That's just it. People pay no attention to them, and then they denounce the bicyclists for running them down.—Roxbury (Mass.) Gazette.

Spain, Italy, Sweden, Hanover, Russia, Austria and Turkey receive daily weather reports from Paris and London.

Arabia was so called from its inhabitants, the Araba.

JULIUS ON THE JURY.

UNUSUAL, BUT A GOOD JOKE ON AN OMAHA LAWYER.

An Eloquent Opening That Was Wasted Because of Juryman No. 11—A Defendant Who "Knows More About Dot Case as Anybody," and It Proved to Be So.

"It happened ten or a dozen years ago," said he. "One Julius Goldfarb, an east side merchant, had sought the protection of insolvency proceedings several times, but with praiseworthy perseverance had followed the motto, 'If at first you don't succeed, fail, fail again.' In his last undertaking, however, his creditors alleged that he had been entirely too successful and charged him with the sequestration of property of various kinds to the amount of $10,000. To recover this suit was brought in the court of common pleas. I was retained as counsel for the defendant.

"When the day and hour set for the trial of the cause arrived, I was busy, so I sent my clerk over to represent the defense, with instructions to watch the opening proceedings and waive all challenges of the jurors, intending to reach the scene in time to try the case. After disposing of the matter in hand I went over to the common pleas courtroom, entering just as the opening statement was being made by the counsel for the creditors, the attorney being the late R. H. Newcomb, commonly known as Dick.

"As I took my seat I glanced around the bar and then about the courtroom in search of my client, but he was not visible. I had on my 'near' glasses, so I 'winked' them off, put on my 'far' glasses and repeated the search, with the same result. Then I put on both pairs of glasses without being able to discover my missing client. Wondering at the absence of Goldfarb at such a time, I 'winked' off both glasses and turned toward the jury box just as Dick Newcomb was completing his statement of the creditors' side of the case.

"Newcomb, as you may remember, was a man possessed of an oratorical 'gift' and inordinately fond of displaying his lingual ability, no matter how small a provocation was offered by the nature or merits of the case. On the present occasion Disraeli's characterization of Gladstone, 'intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity,' would fitly apply to Dick Newcomb as he disclaimed against the 'moral obliquity' and 'ingrained turpitude' of the defendant.

"As he took his seat he leaned over to me and whispered:

"'How is that for an opening statement?'

"'That's all right for an opening statement,' said I, 'but I don't think I shall try this case with you today.'

"'What do you mean by that?' asked Newcomb in astonishment.

"'Look at juror No. 11,' I said.

"'Well, what about him?'

"'Do you know him?'

"'No. Who is he?'

"'Julius Goldfarb.'

"'You don't mean the defendant in this suit?'

"'Precisely.'

"Quivering with indignation and disgust, Newcomb sprang to his feet and addressed the court.

"'May it please your honor, it has just come to my knowledge that juror No. 11 in that box is no other than the defendant in this action.'

"The sitting judge was the late ex-Chief Justice Larremore, who was a great stickler for the observance of all prescribed forms and jealous for the dignity and respect due the bench. Turning toward the jury box, he said sternly:

"'Juror No. 11, stand up.'

"He obeyed.

"'What is your name?' demanded the judge.

"'Julius Goldfarb, shudge.'

"'Are you the defendant in this suit?'

"'Ja wohl, shudge. So I vos.'

"'What do you mean by getting yourself sworn in as a juror to try your own case?' thundered Judge Larremore.

"'Vy, shudge,' answered Goldfarb coolly, 'dey vos call my name, undt you dole me to shtood up dere, undt I vos answer all der questions, undt dot man' (indicating Dick Newcomb) 'said I vos all right. Undt den I sits me down here ver I vos dold. Dot's all, shudge.'

"Judge Larremore's face had grown redder and redder during Goldfarb's story, and when the latter finished the judge treated him to as severe a lecture as ever was heard in a courtroom. Goldfarb listened with a meek and lowly mien, but the twinkle of his eye showed that fear of the judge's reproof could not spoil his enjoyment of the joke.

"When Judge Larremore had ended his lecture, he declared a nontrial. Goldfarb was discharged from the jury box, other talesmen were summoned, a new juror selected, and the trial of the case was proceeded with.

"After court was adjourned for the day Newcomb walked over to Goldfarb and said:

"'See here, Goldfarb, do you mean to say you would have gone on and tried your own case?'

"'Ja wohl, vy not?'

"'And I suppose you would have brought in a verdict for yourself if you could?'

"'Now, Misder Newcomb, you vos a lawyer. Vot vos I dere for anyhow?'

"'But suppose the evidence had been all against you? Suppose we had proved that you had made away with the property?'

"'Ach, heilige Moses! I knows more about dot case as anybody. Vot's de use of broving anydings so vhen I knows it vos a lie already?'

"Newcomb walked away in eminent disgust. The result of the case proved the wily Julius to have made a successful failure. His name had chanced to be among those drawn for trial jurors for that term of court, and by mere accident it had been drawn from the box for his own case. The carelessness of the court officers and Dick Newcomb had done the rest."—Omaha World-Herald.

Caught Their Ears.

The new canon of Westminster was once terribly interrupted by the incessant coughing of his congregation. Whereon he suddenly paused in his sermon and interjected the remark, "Last night I was dining with the Prince of Wales." The effect was miraculous, and a deathly silence reigned as the preacher continued: "As a matter of fact, I was not dining with the Prince of Wales last night, but with my own family. I am glad, however, to find that I have at last secured your attention."

WHITTIER'S BOYHOOD.

The Quaker Poet Had but Scant Instruction In His Youth.

In his boyhood Whittier had scant instruction, for the district school was open only a few weeks in winter. He had but few books; there were scarcely 30 in the house. The one book he read and read again until he had it by heart almost was the Bible, and the Bible was always the book which exerted the strongest literary influence upon him. But when he was 14 a teacher came who lent him books of travel and opened a new world to him. It was this teacher who brought to the Whittiers one evening a volume of Burns and read aloud some of the poems, after explaining the Scottish dialect.

Whittier begged to borrow the book, which was almost the first poetry he had ever read. It was this volume of Burns which set Whittier to making verses himself, serving both as the inspiration and the model of his earlier poetic efforts. The Scottish poet, with his homely pictures of a life as bare and as hardy as that of New England then, first revealed to the American poet what poetry really was and how it might be made out of the actual facts of his own life.

That book of Burns' poems had an even stronger influence on Whittier than the old volume of The Spectator which fell into the hands of Franklin had on the American author whose boyhood is most like Whittier's. Franklin also was born in a humble and hardworking family, doing early his share of the labor and having but a meager education, although always longing for learning. It is true that Irving and Cooper and Bryant did not graduate from college, but they could have done so had they persevered, and Emerson and Longfellow and Hawthorne did get as much of the higher education as was then possible in America. But neither Franklin nor Whittier ever had the chance; it was as much as they could do to pick up the merest elements of an education.—Professor Brander Matthews in St. Nicholas.

OUTNIMRODS OLD NIM.

The Petaluma Pot Hunter Tells a Story of a Wondrous Chase.

Frank Timins, the Petaluma pot hunter, had the floor, and the crowd breathlessly awaited a thrilling story of the chase.

"You want a story of the chase, eh?" repeated Timins. "Well, I'll tell you about the greatest bit of chasin I ever did in my life. I wuz out huntin one day fer quail with my ole muzzle loadin shotgun, when three quail jumped up out of a bush right ahead of me. One flew to the right, one to the left and the other straight ahead, but I got 'em all three."

"Killed three quail going in different directions with a muzzle loading shotgun?" repeated one of his listeners incredulously.

"Yep; that's what I done."

"Your gun must have had three barrels then."

"Nop; only two."

"How did you do it?"

"Well, I killed the one that went to the right with the right barrel; then, quick as a flash, I killed the one that went to the left with the other barrel; then I took after the one that went straight ahead and knocked the stuffin out of it with the ramrod."

"I wouldn't believe that if I told it myself," declared one of the assemblage.

"Huh! That ain't nothin. I killed six quail with one barrel once, and they wuz all flyin in different directions."

"Run 'em all down?"

"Nop; never moved out o' my tracks. When they all started out o' the same bunch of grass, I held the gun away over to the right, and as it went off I swep' it aroun to the left. The result was that I slung shot in every direction, same as you can sling water outen a pan, and a little of the shot ketched ev'ry one."—San Francisco Post.

Tides In the Atmosphere.

Distinct tides in the atmosphere, corresponding to those of the sea and produced twice daily by lunar attraction, have been traced by M. Bouquet de la Grye in the barometric records of stations removed from powerful local disturbances. The recorded observations of Brest, St. Helena, Cape Horn, Batavia and Singapore give positive evidence of a regular ebb and flow according to the moon's position. The effect is slight, but measurable, the greatest atmospheric tide at Brest being shown by a movement of one-quarter of an inch in a water barometer, which is equivalent to about one-fiftieth of an inch in the mercury barometer. The tide seems to bear about the same ratio to the weight of the atmosphere that the sea tide bears to the depth of the ocean.

Mrs. Elizabeth E. Hutter.

Mrs. Elizabeth E. Hutter, who recently died in Philadelphia, was widely known as the pioneer in many philanthropic movements in Pennsylvania. She was the widow of the Rev. Dr. E. W. Hutter, once editor of the Lancaster Intelligencer and afterward private secretary of President Buchanan and assistant secretary of state. During the war Mrs. Hutter frequently went to the front, rendering valuable service to the wounded and suffering. She took a conspicuous part in the great sanitary fair held in Philadelphia in 1861, acting as president of the committee of labor, income and revenue. She is credited with having raised $250,000 for the fair. She was the first woman to cross the line after the desperate three days' battle of Gettysburg. She went in a car provided by President Scott of the Pennsylvania railroad and by special permission of President Lincoln.—New York Tribune.

Wonderful Strength of the Beetle.

A noted entomologist who has been writing on the wonderful feats of strength as exhibited in the beetle family tells the following: "I selected a common black water beetle weighing 4.2 grains and found that he was able to carry a load of shot in a small bag, the whole weighing 8¼ ounces, or exactly 858 times the weight of the bug. If a man weighing 150 could carry as much accordingly he could shoulder a 45 ton locomotive and then chain a train of cars together and take the whole lot across the country at a five mile an hour gait."

When a man marries he fully intends to be No. 1 in the family, but often the full point drops out and he lapses into "no one."

HARVESTS OF HAIR.

GIRLS PART WITH THEIR CROWNING GLORY FOR A FEW CENTS.

Jewelry and Wigs Are Made of the Queerest of Crops—Information, Some of It of an Odd Character, From a Man Who Makes Things of Hair.

It was quite by chance that the writer of this article happened on a man who has spent his lifetime in the manipulation of human hair, transforming it into wigs, crowns, frizettes and all the other kinds of "false" hair and weaving it into watch chains, eyeglass guards, bracelets, as well as mounting it in lockets, rings, pins, earrings and brooches and working it up into all kinds of floral designs and emblems.

"A charming head of hair on a woman," he said, "is a thing of beauty and indeed a crowning glory, but to a hair worker it is of little value. Even the longest hair, before it has passed through the hands of the manufacturers, is well nigh worthless. The hair of a woman's head which is 30 inches in length, for example, would not be worth more than 60 cents.

"I remember a woman coming into my shop one night and offering to sell her hair. She said she was a seaman's wife, and not having heard from him for many months was in desperate straits for money. She wanted to know how much I would give her for her hair, which was of considerable length. I refused to cut it off. I wouldn't cut any woman's hair off. It is such a demoralizing, degrading thing to do, and the fact is emphasized when dire need is the cause of the sale. However, I was in a position to obtain her assistance until her husband came back.

"We get our finest descriptions of hair," continued the subject of this interview, "from France and Italy, whence come all shades of black and brown. France, again, Germany and Spain supply the market with brown, light flaxen and red hair. Gray hair, being found in every parcel, is described as universal.

"On the continent there are regular hair harvests. During the summer time you can see at every fair peddlers surrounded by girls with their beautiful hair nicely combed out standing in file waiting their turn. The peddler has in his hands a pair of shears, each girl bends her neck, a few snips, and the hair is off, tied into a whisp and thrown into a basket standing at the shearer's side. And how much do you think that the girls get for this? A few cents, a gaudy trinket or a bright silk handkerchief.

"Some peddlers travel from cottage to cottage plying their trade, and the same performance is gone through. An average head of hair weighs four ounces. When sufficient hair is accumulated, it is sold to the hair manufacturers, who submit it to a process of cleansing and sorting into various lengths and shades. It is then ready for the wigmakers, who buy it as they require it, paying at the rate of 20 cents or so per ounce for lengths of 10 inches to 12 inches to as many shillings as there are inches for lengths of 30 inches and upward. The greatest demand is for hair from 14 to 24 inches in length. The longest female hair on record is 72 inches."

The tycoon of Japan once confiscated the hair of a whole province and had it woven into a ship's hawser over a quarter of a mile long. Then he discovered that steel ropes were in existence, and now the cable, composed of the pigtails of the unfortunate Japs, reposes before the eyes of the curious in Bethnal Green museum.

The gentleman interviewed possesses a magnificent trophy of hair, in size some 3 feet long by 2 feet high, in the form of a basket of flowers, every leaf, every petal and every stem of which is composed of cunningly wrought hairs from the human head. How long it took to create it, it is impossible to say, but years unquestionably. He has other similar displays, mostly the work of himself or his son, though they pale into insignificance beside the monument of patience in question.

The working of hair into ornaments has gone out of vogue considerably of late years, but seafaring men even now are great lovers of this form of memento. Naturally their favorite designs assume the forms of anchors, compasses and other things nautical.

One day a gentleman came to the subject of this article and desired him in a most mysterious manner to weave some hair, which he gave him, into the form of a serpent. The head and tail were to be of gold, and the tail was to be fixed into the mouth. The serpent was to be in two coils and to encircle a golden heart pierced by a dagger. In order to thoroughly comprehend the design he had to be let into the secret, and this was the explanation which was offered:

The serpent was to represent the nature of a certain young lady to whom the hair belonged and who had jilted the gentleman in question. The golden heart was symbolic of his pure and worthy affection, and the dagger showed how deeply he had been wounded. The tail of the serpent being in its mouth indicated that in injuring her quondam lover she had also bitten herself. The jilted swain was most particular about the execution of the work, sent it back twice for alterations and finally refused to have it at all, perhaps discovering the bathos of his scheme.—Boston Post.

Three Books.

A leading literary light in one of the best known woman's colleges says that there are just three books that everybody should know by heart—"The Arabian Nights," "Alice In Wonderland" and "Mother Goose." "A thorough knowledge of those masterpieces," she says, "will do more toward cultivating the imagination than any other process that I know of. And I regard imagination as the most important of all mental faculties." This is in direct and significant opposition to the ideas held by many parents and teachers that fairy tales are injurious reading for the young.—New York Sun.

Repartee From a Statesman.

For once in his career the incorruptible alderman from the S'teenth ward lost his temper.

"I can lick you," he roared, "with one hand tied behind me!"

"You can fight better with one hand behind you," vociferated the high minded alderman from the Umpty-second ward, "than you can any other way. It's your customary position, b'gosh!"—Chicago Tribune.

CONSERVATIVE.

The First Use of the Word as an English Political Term.

Canning, and not Croker, was the first to use in English politics the word conservative in its present sense, and too long has Thackeray's "Mr. Wenham" (Disraeli's "Mr. Rigby") had the credit which belongs to a far more brilliant man. The general assumption has been that the term was earliest employed in The Quarterly Review for January, 1830 (No. 83, page 276), in an article which has been commonly said, but upon no specified authority, to have been written by Croker, but its true first use was five years and a half previously.

On June 8, 1824, a dinner was given to George Hibbert, the chairman of the West India Merchants of London, by the members of that body, and several of the leading ministers then serving under Lord Liverpool, the Tory premier, were present. In the course of the proceedings, says a contemporary account, "an observation which fell from Mr. Canning was that the spirit of the present government, as that of all governments ought to be, was essentially conservative."

This appeared in John Bull of June 13, 1824 (page 198), and the apt word was so obviously remarked that it was italicized. Years passed, and Canning had died before the word is again to be met in English politics, but on March 14, 1829, Charles Greville noted in his diary that "Herries told Hyde Villiers that their (the Tories') policy was conservative, that of the Whigs subversive, and that they never could act together."—"The Greville Memoirs," volume 1, part 1, page 192.

The word, employed by both Canning and Herries, was thus "in the air" before it was given in The Quarterly, and this accords with a statement made in the course of a correspondence on the "Etymology of the Word Conservative" which appeared in The Standard at the end of October, 1832, wherein it was said to have been first used in 1818, during the closing controversies upon Roman Catholic emancipation.—Notes and Queries.

INCAPABLE OF IMPERSONALITY.

An Alleged Failing That Has Delayed Woman's Emancipation.

The bond of fellowship which exists between man and man simply by virtue of a common sex is entirely absent between woman and woman. It is, in fact, replaced by a fundamental antagonism, a vague enmity which renders the general attitude of a feminine creature toward her kind essentially different from that of the male creature to identical relations. In individual cases this feeling is counteracted by affection or by sympathy, but apart from personal sentiment it remains, severing every living woman from the rest of her sex. To a great extent this arises from woman's incapacity for impersonal feeling or abstract emotion. In life's fray she fights either for her own hand or, more often, for some one man or woman whom she loves, but rarely for the welfare of her sex at large.

Were it not for this strange lack of humanity in her nature, the emancipation of woman would not have been so grievously retarded. If the few women who suffered aforetime under the restriction which hedged in their liberty had been able to count on the sympathy and co-operation of all women, the time of their subjugation would have been enormously abbreviated. As it was, the first seekers after freedom met with more opposition from their own sex than they did from the other; nor, indeed, do they fare better today. Enormous changes in their social status were effected by an inconsiderable minority of women brave enough and logical enough to impress the male powers that be with the justice of their demands. But for their courage they received no sympathy and for their success not one word of thanks—nothing, in fact, but execration from the huge inert feminine mass in whose service their strength was spent.—Saturday Review.

A MAN'S LAUGH NEVER CHANGES.

How the Fact Was Illustrated by an Incident In Chicago.

If the Bertillion system of identification had a phonographic record of the laughs of criminals it would probably be as near perfect as an identification system can be. The fact that man comes into the world wailing has been regarded as a sort of prophecy of the truth that as a rule the sorrows of life outnumber the joys when all the returns are in, but an optimist might see an opposite significance in the fact that a man's laugh remains the same through all the changing years. When the cares of manhood succeed to the happy go lucky days of boyhood, this laugh of his may be called into use, as it were, very little, but when it is put into operation it is the same old laugh, and every boyhood friend would know it instantly.

An old soldier who fought through the war with Fred Hartwick, who drives a mail collector's wagon on the North Side, happened to be in Chicago for a week not long since. He heard that Mr. Hartwick was on its postmaster's staff and went to the federal building to find him. He took his station at a point past which all the carriers filed to report for duty, and as Hartwick came along soon one pointed him out.

Without disclosing his own identity the veteran approached and began asking Hartwick if he remembered certain incidents in the history of their regiment during the war. Of course he did and very soon fell into conversation, organizing a kind of campfire meeting between themselves. One member of the regiment was in business in New Orleans, another was in a bank down in the state, several were farming, one was the local manager for one of the big commercial agencies in one of the large cities, and so on.

Several times Hartwick asked his old companion at arms his name, but the latter only smiled and went on with the conversation. Finally, when it became necessary for them to separate, as Hartwick was obliged to go out on his run, the man laughed outright as he said:

"Well, Fred, I never thought you'd forget me after what we went through together."

"The minute he laughed," said Mr. Hartwick, in relating the incident, "I knew just who he was and all about him, but I hadn't seen him for 30 years and he had changed so I couldn't have told him from Adam. His laugh had grown older, too, of course, but it was the same old laugh."—Chicago Tribune.