# EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

HIS PULPIT IS THE PRESS.

Dr. Cuyler, the Veteran Clergyman, and

There must be an atmosphere of religious inspiration about South Oxford street, Brooklyn, for on this street and but a single block apart two of America's foremost clergymen, Dr. Talmage and Dr. Cuyler, have labored for years, preaching to congregations that extend all over the globe. For some time past neither of these great divines has had a church, but each week the newspaper press places their words before more people than could be collected in a thousand coliseums. Theodore Ledyard Cuyler, during the 49 years of his ministry has probably written as much for the religious press of the world as any other man. He has published about a score of books and has probably written 5,000 articles for the newspapers. Since his retirement from the pulpit of the La-



THEODORE LEDYARD CUYLER. fayette Avenue Presbyterian church of

Brooklyn he has been unusually active with his pen, and every week thousands look for his articles.

Dr. Cuyler is now a veteran of 78 years. He was born in Aurora, N. Y., Jan. 10, 1822, and was a son of B. Ledyard Cuyler, a promising member of the Cayuga bar, who died at the age of 29 years. Theodore received his early education in Mendham, N. J., and was graduated from Princeton college in 1841. His father, grandfather and father-in-law were lawyers, and the grandfather desired Theodore to follow in their footsteps, but Theodore's mother said be should be a minister.

One day the young man spoke five minutes before a cottage meeting, and several persons said his words had done them good. The thought at once suggested itself to young Cuyler that if preaching five minutes did good he would do well to preach all his life. This determination reached, he entered Princeton Theological seminary and was graduated in 1846. In 1860 he became pastor of the Lafayette Avenue church in Brooklyn, which he made a powerful institution for good during his 33 years' pastorate. When he retired, his admiring flock made him a present of \$30,000

A NOTED NEGRO SCHOLAR.

Career of Dr. Blyden, One of the Ablest Men of His Race.

Edward Wilmot Blyden is a blooded negro, but he is without doubt one of the ablest scholars his race has yet produced. He is an expert on Arabic. is familiar with Hebrew, Greek and Latin, and speaks French, German, Spanish and Italian. He is an A. M. of Hamilton college, a D. D. of Lafayette college, an L. L. D. of Lincoln university, and many of the most distinguished men in the world are his friends. He has corresponded with Gladstone for 35 years and has been entertained by Lord Brongham, the king of Belgium and numerous other men of note. Lord Salisbury, Charles Dickens, Charles Sumner, the Earl of Derty and Herbert Spencer are among those who have written him letters, and some of the foremost magazines have requested and received contributions from his pen. He has published several books which have with a good reception, and one volume, "The African Problem and Other Discourses," fully sets forth his intelligent ideas on the future of the

Dr. Blyden has had a very interesting career. He was born at St. Thomas, one of the Virgin islands, in the West In-



REV. DR. EDWARD WILMOT BLYDEN. dies, and is 68 years of age. His parents were full blooded negroes and were members of the Dutch Reformed church He was baptized in this church, and the paster, Rev. John P. Knox, was so struck with his intelligence that he advised him to enter an American college Blyden arrived at New York in 1850, shortly after the passage of the fugitive slave law, and found the country in such a ferment over the slavery ques tion that no college would admit him.

Undannted, he sailed for the young republic of Liberia and there took a course in classics and mathematics at the Alexander school. In 1858 he be came a teacher in the school and in 1861 was appointed professor of languages in Liberia college. In 1877 he was appointed Liberian minister to Great Britain, an office he at present holds. Unlike Bishop Turner, he be lieves that a great negro exodus to Liberia at present would be an unwise thing both for the southern negroes and for Liberia itself.

"I bear Mrs. Youngwife has doubts of her husband's wanity?"

"For what reason?" "He told her she was a better cook than his mother, "- Detroit Free Press. OUR CASTLE IN SPAIN.

street's bleak and long, and the rain's They eye me with pity, grown weary and old: They fancy I'm out in the wind and rain. Ah, no! I'm at home in our castle in Spain. in the glow of the firelight you stand by use

It flickers and plays on your shadowy hair. Outside, in the city, I seek you in vain, But still you are found in our castle in Spain I hear not the roar of the traffic; I hear

The voice that could bid one forever to remain with you in our castle—our castle in Spain. That eastle's so fair, so enchanted the ground

The springtime shides in it all the year round. There leaves never wither, as hopes never

The lime trees aye bloom by our castle in Yet the winds that blow o'er the whole earth

renew.

And the stream 'neath its rumparts has flowed the world through.

And I read in your eye a love deeper than her, but how could I know she was go-

Wherever you wander, ah, you I love best! When you from our refuge realities wrest, I wender if you are as glad to regain Our fortress, our laven, our castle in Spain. —May Eendall in New York Ledger.

Love stronger than death, in our castle in

#### BENEATH THE ROUGE

A woman sat at her dressing table, in front of the mirror, and dabbed cheeks that were livid with patches to pink color. Her maid folded and put away some drapery that had been flung down on the bed and watched her mistress furtively. Down stairs there were preparations for a big party, and the daylight shone on the silver and orchids on the dinner table much as it shone on the face of the master of the house, with the odd pucker of discontent between his brows, ready and waiting in the pretty drawing room. It shone on those obstinate blotches of color, which had to be renewed so often, in order to hide the wife's ashen skin.

Mrs. Marston had run away from her first husband and been the subject for a famous divorce case. The companion of her flight, Lewis Marston, had married her directly the divorce was made, and a certain less particular section of society consented to overlook her lack of morals so long as she had a good chef

and gave amusing parties. There was one child of her first marriage left in its father's care, and this little girl of ten summers was lying dangerously ill. The glass reflected eyes that were stained and wild. She penciled a black line under the lower lid,

and she thought as she did so: "They ought at least to let me see her. To be turned away from the house was cruel, but Charles was always hard. He will never forgive, and then that other woman will be bending over ber bed, will listen to her poor little weak voice, will nurse her and will make

much of her, will take my place." She blackened one eyebrow, and a tear fell splash on to one of the silver

"Only just to have seen her for on minute-crept in like a stranger and looked at her face. Three years ago! Only three years since she saw me, and yet they will have taught her to forget. My darling little girl, my own little girl! O God, help me!"

She began on the other eyebrow, but her hand shook.

'What a fright I shall look tonight! Marie, bring me all my diamonds. 1 can't do without them, my eyes look so dull. Bother this rouge; it won't stick

She thought as the maid fastened glittering tiara in her hair that if the child died that night she could have no means of hearing, and she suddenly started up and sat down at a writing table. She wrote to an old friend, a man who had stuck to her first husband and cut her dead when she passed him in the street, and the letter ran thus:

DEAR EIR JOHN-For pity's sake, let me know how Daisy is. I am half mad with anx-lety. Please let the pain I am suffering ex-cuse the liberty I take in troubling you. DOROTHY MARSTON.

She sent the maid with the letter at mee, with a command to find Sir John Deane and get an answer if possible. Then, with a walk like a queen, in a dress from Worth, with her bediamonddescended to the drawing room to reonive her guests.

"My dear, you're late," said her hus band. She had long ceased to expect any

companionship or sympathy from him, so she answered carelessly: "Am 1? It doesn't matter, as no one

has arrived." "But it does matter"- be began, when

the door opened to admit a guest. There was a young guardsman with a "good sort" and flirted with her desperately in an elementary fashion. There was a society doctor, with a plausible manner, gray hairs and keen enjoyment of the sympathy and interest of pretty women. He sat next a stout lady with a contented smile and placid blue eyes. She was Mrs. Marston's best friend and a little deaf. Most of the women were fast, and most of the men were horsy, and they all agreed at dinner that they had never seen their bost ess looking so well.

"We shall meet at Hurlingham to morrow," whispered the guardsman. He was a nice boy, and he defended Dorothy Marston when her own sex re

She thought, "To Hurlingham and Daisy perhaps dying." Aloud she said: 'I'll come. I can drive you down, if you like. You had better lunch here first.

"Charmed, of course," he murmured, The man on her right asked her if she had won money on the Derby. She fancied she heard her maid's voice in the hall, and she wondered if she had re

turned with any news as she answered "I made a little. Lewis was horribly unlucky. He insisted on backing som

beastly outsider." Then she laughed, sipped her champagne and glanced at an old admirer, half way down the table. A timid little woman at the other end caught the look and hated her for it. The recipient was the girl's husband.

"And now tell me some delightfully naughty scandal," Mrs. Marston said to the horsy man. "The latest and best you know.

"Mrs Graham?" "Oh, she's an old story." "Give you my honor-new edition"-

"Really! Go on." "Warned off the bookstalls." "Well, I'm not a bookstall." As he paused she thought: "Marie

they have a good nurse. They might have let me see her just for one mo Children rarely take to a stepmother, but Daisy used to love every one.

"So Mrs. Graham has even overstepped the bounds of modernity," she said "Taken the barrier in one stride."

"Bravo, I am always grateful to a

woman who gives me something notori-

ous to talk about. And she thought: "I wonder if she suffers much. I wonder if she is conscious. They said, 'No better.' Could that mean she was worse? How all these people would chatter and whisper if they knew the situation tonight! Not one of them would be sorry—yes, Hilda would, poor, frightened, little woman, because her baby died, although I do flirt with her husband. And my baby-O God, how happy I was over Daisy! and now-it's my own fault for leaving

ing to be ill?" The room, with its brilliant lights. its sound of voices and its laughter, faded from sight. In imagination she was carried far away to the little bedroom next the nursery in the old house. She bent over Daisy, who slept and dreamed of mamma-the real mamma, not her new one—and she said to the cold, stern faces around her: "Have pity; let me kiss her once. I won't disturb her. I won't wake her." Perhaps they might consent and let her creep away, having seen her baby and kissed her, as in the old happy days.

She heard the guardsman ask her a

question and replied at random: Yes, I am going to act as a Greek goddess. It's a queer kind of play, but one can do anything nowadays, and Lady Lane acted in it, so that makes the whole thing so eminently respectable. She died of dullness, poor old dowd. Her husband's a nice boy-he got me into the show."

She stretched out her hand and pulled an orchid to pieces, and the room faded from sight again.

She stood near the little bed. Daisy was awake and knew her. They weren't angry; they were kind; they let her The boy could be hold her close, let her stay to nurse her, tell a wonderful little tale about the let her soothe her only as a mother, even the most degraded, can. Charles away to some Rider Haggard land forgave for the baby's sake and let her stay just till she got well.

She pulled herself together and rose to leave the room. In all her dreams she never saw a sad picture, save that it was sad to see the child suffer. Of course she was certain to get well.

As the footman handed her the coffee when up stairs she asked carelessly: "Has Marie returned?"

"An hour ago, mum," he said. She started. "With no letter for me?" 'No, mum. She said not."

"All right. Mrs. Barker has changed her mind and will take some milk. Hand it-to her, please."

So she couldn't hear that night. The placid friend shouted some gossip in her ears as is the manner of deaf people. The gentlemen joined them, and a singer sat down at the piane. The song over, amid loud applause a footman opened

"Sir John Deane " spoken.

her husband out of the room.

lime pity could have forced him to visit hood, easily adjusted to any position, her again. Daisy dead! She had read it and in sunshine this can be removed in the trouble in his face. Daisy dead, and the baby shaded from heat by an dead! Her own little baby cold and awning of tussore silk, lined to match her arms, to kiss her just once more, to and beautiful lace. Baby cars of a some weep over her, to-

gled back to consciousness, to hear her and Princess Henry of Prussia. say in her loud, blatant voice: "Fancy Sir John coming to visit you again, Dolly! What a triumph for you to-

night has been." The whole roomful of people heard, and they looked at Mrs. Marston. She smiled faintly; the color in her cheeks did not vary, nor were her eyes dim, ed head and the roses on her cheeks, she but her lips, for some strange reason, had turned blue, and her voice when she answered had a ghastly sound:

tonight has been!' '

They took leave of her one by one and left her there face to face with her triumph alone. - Sketch.

The Telephone In Korea. In his work, "Korea," Mr. Henry Savage Landor tells a tale of the tele a fair face who thought Mrs. Marston phone. Some months before he arrived in Seoul a foreigner had visited the king, soliciting orders for installations of telephones. The king, being much astonished and pleased at the wonderful invention, immediately, at great expense, set about connecting by telephone the tomb of the queen dowager with the royal palace. Many hours a day were afterward spent by his majesty and his sait in listening at their end of the telephone, and a watchman was kept all night in case the queen dowager should wake up from her eternal sleep. But not a message, or a sound, or a murmur, even, was heard. The king was disgusted, and the telephone was condemned as a fraud by his majesty of Cho sen.

### Breaking It Gently.

Some time ago a troopship was returning from abroad, and among the passengers was an old lady who had a favorite parrot, which she placed under the especial care of one of the sailors. On going to attend Polly one morning the latter was surprised to find the poor bird dead, and knowing how very much upset the old lady would be to hear of the death of her favorite, and not feeling equal to imparting the sad intelligence, he employed a brother tar, who was famous for his gentleness in matters of that nature. Going up to the old lady with a very sad face, and touching his cap, he said:

"I don't think that 'ere parrot of ours will live long, marm.

"Oh, dear!" said the old lady "Why?" "Why, cos he's dead," was the com

forting reply. -Liverpool Mercury. Thomas Hardy has completed his drama, founded on "Tess of the D'Urber-The play will be produced in villes." London tl s autumn.

and strikes safest. - Overbury. "The City of Pleasure" having proved a failure, Daniel and Charles Frohman have decided to cancel all its time on perfumes, a killing sweetness. - Sewell. can't have found Sir John. I wonder if the road and to consign it to oblivion.

## FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

WRITING WITH FIRE.

A Simple Manner In Which Boys and Girls Can Amuse Their Friends.

Did you ever see any one write his name with flame on a piece of paper without burning anything? The fire scems to travel over the surface until the letters are all outlined, and then it goes out. It looks very weird indeed, especially if the lights have been turned down and the performance has been preceded by a lot of stories about ghosts and other uncanny topics. But, like the wonderful snow, it's nothing but a trick, and any boy or girl can do it. What you need are a few cents' worth of saltpeter, which you can buy at any spothecary's shop, and some pieces of unsized paper. Drop the saltpeter into a bowl of water until no more will dissolve. Then take a wooden toothpick or any other sharpened stick, dip it in the saltpeter and write whatever you like on the paper. A regular little show might be ar-

ranged by a clever boy, or a girl either, for that matter. It might better be both.



way his star conjurer had been spirited where she had learned some of the mysterious rowers over fire known only to the natives of the novelist's strange land. He will then introduce mademotselle the wizardess, who will proceed to do wonderful things with the fire. She will hold the paper and the match in her hand, and after saying the spell in the language of this strange "People of the Mist" the fire will begin to travel over the paper, perhaps spelling a motto or outlining some weird or familiar animal. Of course if you got a good look at the papers you would see a pencil mark indicating where the match should be applied, but otherwise the paper would appear unmarked. The notion made her reckless. Her fair, saltpeter dries quickly, and on unglazed paper will not show.

Prince Edward's Carriage. Prince Edward of York, the royal baby who may in the long future be the the door to admit a gentleman. He had head of the British empire, will shortly asked to see Mr. Marston alone, but the have his first English made carriage. It man had blundered, misunderstood him consists of a perambulator of the highand announced him as one of the even- est class of workmanship, of the Princess Irene barouche pattern, is fitted up with nonvibrating leather hung steel The painted, noisy wife of his old springs and silent cycle wheels, with friend rose to greet him, and she knew hollow rubber tires. The vehicle is upwhy he was there as well as if he had holstered in the finest dark green morocco leather, softly padded with horse-He murmured some excuse and drew hair cushions, so constructed that the infant occupant can recline or ride with The whole place swam before her face or back to the nurse. The child eyes. She was struck numb. Only sub- face is protected from rain by a cowhide dead, and she not there to hold her in the carriage and trimmed with delicate what similar pattern have been built Her friend was speaking. She strug- for the children of the Duchess of Fife

An Amusing Game At a children's party not long ago : simple but amusing game was played which may be new to some of you. Each player was blindfolded in turn. But before the handkerchief was tied over his eyes he was told to look around the room and notice the objects in it and how they were placed. After being blindfolded be turned around three "How funny you are, dear! 'What a times and then said aloud what he extriumph, 'did you say? 'What a triumph pected to touch by walking straight shead. And how the children laughed when the boy, who thought that wasn't any game at all, laid his hand on the steam radiator when he said he was going to touch the china cabinet, which was on the other side of the room! He was given the booby prize, a funny little colored doll with a great many red danuel petticoats that made a penwiper.

A Hero,

Plenty of heroes are found out of books, right in our everyday lives if we will see them. Two or three weeks ago there was a fire in a New York hotel, and every paper had an account of it. There was a brief mention of how the elevator boy-a lad of 14 or 15-kept the elevator running till he had brought down everybody from the upper floors, though the last two trips the flames were almost ready to burst through on two floors as the car dashed through. Just to read this did not sound so very plucky, but a man who was there and saw the boy start the car up twice into what seemed sure death said it was the bravest thing he ever saw and showed a hero if there ever was one.

### A Hearty Salutation.

There is at hand an amusing anecdote about Mr. Tree's little 10-year-old daughter, Viola, who was recently acting before the queen at Balmoral. Her majesty gave the child a lovely pearl and ruby brooch as a souvenir, and, pleased with Viola's dainty grace, held out her hand for the little girl to kiss. Viola, all unsuspecting, grasped the queen's hand and shook it heartily, and there was much amusement among those present -London Lady

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

If your body is erect, your shadow will be straight. - Chinese. A poor man served by thee shall make

thee rich. -Mrs. Browning. A good inclination is but the first rude draft of virtue.-South. The man of thought strikes deepest

Joy is an exchange; joy flies me lists; it calls for two .- Young. Dissembled love is like the poison of THE PRESIDENT'S PROTECTORS.

The Armed Guard Which Keeps Watch For Cranks About the White Ho No president in the history of this country has been so careful in having himself guarded as Mr. Cleveland.

It started with the Coxey craze. Before the commonwealers began their march toward Washington but six policemen of the metropolitan force were detailed to do duty in the White House grounds. Besides these were the regular corps of White House watchmen and had a great inclination for betting, and doorkeepers. But when the common- they had a conventional form of ratifywealers came Marshal Wilson asked ing their contracts, which consisted in Major Moore, chief of the Washington taking from their finger the ring, which police, to detail 12 more of his men for the higher classes invariably wore, and White House duty. Since that time the giving it to the keeping of some third entire force of 18 policemen, besides the party. In the old days some very exregular watchmen and secret service traordinary bets were made. Thomas men, guard over the White House and Hodgson and Samuel Whitehead wagerits occupants.

Three sentry boxes, with lookout windows, have been erected in front and on acter. Umpires were selected, whose either side of the building. In these duty it was to decide upon the comparaarmed guards do duty day and night, tive absurdity of the costumes in which

times he went on horseback, but the buggy idea has been found to attract least attention and to be more preferable. - Atlanta Constitution.

Richard Donovan arrived here on the Umbria on Monday from Black Rock, County Cork, Ireland, and was taken to Ellis island. Later he was led before the board of inquiry, when it was discovered he had only 16 shillings as a starter for a fortune. He is an ingenuous, well built man, with a round, rosy face. During the examination the following dialogue took place:

HIS CREDENTIALS.

Richard Donovan Thought They Ought

Commissioner McSweeney-Donovan, what do you intend to do in America? Donovan-Shure, yer worreship, it's mesilf phat's got a letter to the right honorable Mr. Richard Croker, lord chamberlain of North America.

Donovan produced the letter with a flourish. It was written by Miss Kate Connelly, also of Black Rock, who, it is said, is a distant relative of Mr. Croker, and in it appeared the name and address of "Alderman Kane of 237 East One Hundred and Forty-first and watch his motions. street." After it was read Commissioner McSweeney continued: "What are you going to do?"

"Shure, I intind to worrk." "Have you been bired?" 'No, but I have d-d good letters,

and atween the min as is mintioned in 'em don't you think I kin git on the perlice? And this opened the gates of Uncle

The Arid West.

We must not lose sight of the fact telligent country life will be limited to the immediate vicinity of the water courses and will always be separated by broad areas of irreclaimable lands useful at best for pasturage, and in some regions an absolute desert. There will always be a wild phase to far western life. Our realm of adventure and hardihood-of the cowboy, with his spurs and sombrero, of the big freight wagon, with its six or eight mules, guided by a single jerk rein; of hunt ing expeditions for deer, elk and mountain sheep; of the prospector, with his led horse, loaded with grub stake, blankets, pick and pan; of the pack train winding up the mountain gorge; of camps beneath the stars on lonely plains, or on sage brush wastes, where the dismal howl of the coyote breaks the silence of the night-this realm of romance, of contage and of a rude phys-

ical life is not going to disappear. The sedentary dweller in the rich and populous irrigated valleys will always be brought into close contact with the bold rider, the daring hunter and the venturesome seeker for gold and silver. Let me repeat, in conclusion, the com parison I have already used. The single furrow run across a 20 acre field repre sents all the area that can ever, by the largest enterprise and the most liberal expenditure, be reclaimed for cultivation in the arid region, and the remain der of the field represents the area that will always remain in its present condition of pastoral plains, mountains and deserts. - E. V. Smalley in Forum.

The Famous Bridge to Be.

Steel is the bridge material of the future. Whether it takes on the graceful curves of the suspended cable or the airy balance of the cantalever or the cobweb construction of our Pecos and Kinzua it will have its own beauty The science of bridge building clearly points the way to the art of bridge building, which is simply truth. We are rapidly learning to accept new ideas of the strength of materials. We admirod the Roman arch because it showed mass and strength in a strong material. We are beginning to grasp the idea of lightness and strength combined in the steel cantalever.

The most famous bridge is still on paper. If the Hudson is spanned by a six track railroad bridge, we may have a splendid cantalever of 400 feet longer span than the Forth bridge and quite as litgh above the water. It is possible that the bridge may be another suspension. Whatever form it ultimately assumes it will be the famous bridge of the world. -Chautauquan.

Eyes and Electric Lights Physicians declare that electric lights

will in time work blindness to many people. What the cool, restful green or soft dusks are to one's eyes the tranquil companionship of a rural few which grows to candid friendship, unvexed by distrust, is to one's mental health. Again their manifold fetors fill the night, and are more or less absorbed by the lungs, and must conduce to one's deterioration. The urban monster despoils the man, and the woman, of course, as well -New Orleans Times-Democrat.

ECCENTRIC WAGERS.

CURIOUS BETS MADE BY PROMINENT MEN IN OLD LONDON.

Centest In Masquerading Which Went to the Wrong Man-Bets on Eating and Drinking-But Lord Lorne Wou the Best

of All These Wagers. So far as we can go back into the world's history, we find the rage for making wagers prevalent. The Romans ed in the castle yard, York, as to which should assume the most original char-

while others patrol the grounds. In the the two gentlemen appeared. On the daytime ample guards are about the appointed day Hodgson came before the house and grounds watching for cranks umpires decorated with bank notes of or others who may enter with malicious various value on his coat and waistcoat, a row of 5 guinea notes and a long net-Whether the president personally or ted purse of gold around his head, while his friends insist upon this personal a piece of paper bearing the words guard is not known. Certain it is, how. "John Bull" was attached to his back. ever, that no information can be got Whitehead was dressed like a woman from any of them. They as carefully on one side; one half of his face was expel the camera fiends from the grounds painted, and he wore a silk stocking as they do a crank and have so far pre- and slipper on one leg. The other half vented a snap shot at even a sentry box. of his face was blackened to resemble When the president drives, he is fol- that of a negro. On the corresponding lowed by a well armed secret service side of his body he wore a gaudy long man, who trails along a short distance tailed linen coat, and his leg was cased behind the executive carriage in a bug- with leather breeches, with a boot and spur. Much to the astonishment of the gy driven by a companion. Several crowd, the stakes were awarded to 'John Bull.'

The Duke of Queensbury laid a singular wager with Sir Charles Bunbury about the end of the last century. The former was to produce a man who was to walk from his grace's house in Piccadilly, London, to the ten mile stone beyond Hounslow in the space of three hours, advancing four steps and at every fourth step retiring one step backward. The bet was for £1,000. Most probably the Duke of Queensbury had borrowed the hint from a circumstance recorded in the history of Catherine Medicis. This celebrated and beautiful queen made a vow that if an enterprise of consequence in which she was engaged should terminate successfully she would send a pilgrim to Jerusalem, traveling on foot in the manner described. Having succeeded in her first point, it remained to discover a man with vigor and patience enough to undertake the journey. A citizen of Verberris, Picardy, presented himself and promised most scrupulously to accom plish the vow. He fulfilled his engage ment with great precision, of which the queen was well assured by those whom she had appointed to travel by his side

There was a notorious gambler at the end of the last century who ruined himself finally by a very extraordinary bet. He had been playing with Lord Lorne. Their stakes had been very high, and luck had gone steadily against him. Exasperated at his losses, he jumped up from the card table, and seizing a large punch bowl said: 'For once I'll have a bet when I've got a chance of winning! Sam to Richard Donovan.—New York Odd or even for 15,000 guineas? 'Odd," replied the peer calmly. The bowl was dashed against the wall, and on the pieces being counted there proved other A. F. Montague with an itching

to be an odd one. The rash gambler paid his 15,000 guineas; but, if tradition be correct, it was only by selling the last of his es-

tates that he was enabled to do so. Here is a record of another wager: A member of parliament bet a gentleman well known on the turf that a man should go from London to Edinburgh in any mode he chose while another made a million of dots with a pen and ink upon writing paper.

Eating and drinking have at all time been the subject of bets, and we hear of a courier, by name Aristocratic Tom of | that he has a right to it and that the the Old Lion, London, for the trifling bet of a shilling undertook to drink three gills of lamp oil of the most rancid and nauseous quality that could be procured, which he performed with as much gusto and relish as if it had been the most delicious cerdial. The money he had won was immediately converted into strong beer, which, with a penny loaf soaked in another portion of oil, he likewise swallowed. About two hours after this repast for another wager he swallowed 20 eggs with the shells in 20 minutes, but the last having a young chicken in it he complained it spoiled his stomach. Feats of strength, too, have been a

fruitful source of wagering. In 1792 a wager for £50 was made between a Mr. Hopkins and a Mr. Dalton that the latter could not carry 500 sacks of flour weighing 20 stone 20 yards in 12 hours. Mr. Dalton began the undertaking, but there not being a sufficient number of sacks in the town he used but one weighing 20 stone 8 pounds, which he carried 250 times each way 21 yards, and, notwithstanding he carried above the weight and the distance one yard more than agreed upon, the feat was performed with great case in seven hours and 25 minutes. - Chicago Tribune.

Surprised, but Equal to It.

The marshal in a western town had occasion to arrest four or five ugly citizens, and he called on Mr. William J. Smith, better known as Bill, to act as a posse comitatus. The offenders were found in a saloon, and Mr. Smith went in there with the sheriff very modestly. The sheriff hadn't more than stated his business when he pulled a pistol and the crowd broke for the back door. The sheriff fired and missed, and Mr. Smith tumbled the hindermost man, the others escaping. Then Mr. Smith looked at the sheriff with a look of pain. "H-l, Jim," he said, "why didn't you tell me you was goin to open the meetin with pra'r and I'd 'a' had a full house fer you?"- New York Sun.

Onion Socials.

Onion socials are becoming popular in some parts of the country. Six young ladies stand in a row, one of them bites a piece out of an onion, and the gentlemen pay 10 cents apiece to guess who bit it. The correct guessers kiss the other five girls, while the unsuccessful kiss the one that bit the onion. There are no blanks in this lottery. - Syracuse Post.

A New Trilby.

Trilby is the name just given to a railway station in the sugar swamps of Louisiana, near the gulf coast. - New

NOBLE WOMEN AND THEIR

Two of the best friends



MRS. HIRST. was recently chosen national president of the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic. Mrs. Turner is a native of Windsor, Conn.,

and a resident of Boston. She was married at the age of 17 to Pag Turner and was a widowat 20 % bereft of a field at home where be nevolent spirit could appears setand make life more enjoyable, as a ed her attention to the work of be ing her countrymen. Her ancestbeen soldiers, and the martial size inherited caused her to begin relief for the Federal soldiers when they fired upon in the early days of the war in Baltimore, After the war her interest in Sea

dier continued, and in 1879 de la dier continued, and in 1879 de la dier continued a member of the Woman's Relative five years before it became a body. Her first office was that dretthe most lowly, and her faithful in this and more important of sh caused the corps to unanimously her to the highest place in its gift s is a woman of fine presence and is marked executive ability and greates of character. Like Casar, she man fused the national presidency span ground that she loved the order to than she did her own ambition has Louisville recently she was perma take the place.

Mrs. Hirst enjoys a peculiar dies-tion in these days of third terms. She is the only member of the ladist the Grand Army of the Republica has ever been twice elected to be deof national president. She is a nating New York and is the daughter of CL Drake, who served many years at Scotch soldier. Her hashand was member of the One Hundred and Tes-ty-fourth infantry. Mrs. Hirst is 1818 resident of Louisville, but her named her good work are known to soldend over the country. She has probe given decent burial to more index veterans than any other person, add purse is always open for the relief of any man who fought for the fig. Whe the Louisville Soldiers' home was class several years ago because of late funds, Mrs. Hirst from her own ices supported 30 of the old soldiers and ps vented them from going to their house. She is the mother of sixchilde but always finds time to do charing

Literary Value of a Good Nam. One smiles occasionally at the light of the names that some authors put upon their title pages, but this dight has its advantages. If A. F. Montages is a successful author and there is any for literary fame the latter aver ly to sign his initials, if that is the style of his successful namesake's signatur If, however, the well known substi name is Augustus Florrell Montaga there is not much danger of our ming those authors up. W. H. Bishop is at much annoyed by another W. H. In op, who writes stories of a socialin nature that are erroneously attribut to him. The well known W. H. 1 wants to know what is "the law and morality on this subject." If the obs man's name is W. H. Bishop, I supper is nothing for the author of "The 62" en Justice" to do but to grin and ber

the annoyance. If parents only knew when a dis was born that his name was going tole worth something to him as a trademat. they could name him according Think what a protection Rudyard Ep ling's name has been to him, and Rist Haggard's and Conan Doyle's. I ast believe that if you hunted in the direcories of the world you would find the names duplicated. Parents will do will to bear this fact in mind. It would be an extra precaution if the child, wist he becomes a well developed anter, could write "trademark registered after his name, to protect himself else tually against infringement.-Critic

Lounger.

Quite a sensation was created a week or two ago by Professor Vivin Level informing the members of the gas institute at Edinburgh that a French site tist, M. Denayrouse, had discovered t means of increasing the illumination power of gas something like 15 time Professor Lewes had been made awast of the discovery during a visit to Denayrouse in Paris, and he had obtained permission to experiment with the new method of gas lighting and to mis a communication upon the subject B the Edinburgh meeting.

In the invention M. Denayrous first been struck with the idea of and ing the principle of the blowpipe to burner. He employs a lamp with \$ spherical shaped metallic body and a incandescent mantle. In the bodyd is lamp is placed a very small drams working a ventilator and receiving the current from a couple of small accume lators. The electrical energy required 3 exceedingly small and is said to be only about one-third volt and one-tenth aspere. This is, however, quite sufficient to force a current of air through the mantle and cause the gas to burn with

According to M. Mellet the lamp has a density of 35 to 40 carcels and exsames seven liters of gas per carel Professor Lewes had, however, best shown a lamp of 80 carcels (about 800 candle power), and he was convinced that the light was quite as brilliant as an are lamp.

For Frost Bites.

One application of kerosene, it is said, gives instant relief in case d frost bite and chilled hands and fet without the tenderness and soreness for lowing the use of snow or cold waters the disagreeable pain of thawing out