EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

AN ABRUPT COURTSHIP.

Bow an Hugifale Methodist Preacher Wood and Was Accepted.

"A good story is told of an English minister who lived about 70 years ago, said Uncle Dave. "We may call him Smith, and he was a bachelor. He resisted many persuasions to marry, which his friends were constantly making, un til he had reached a tolerably ripe age, and he himself began to feel the need of or at least began to have new ideas of the comfort of being nursed with woman's gentle care. Shortly after entering one of the circuits a maiden lady, also of ripe years, was strongly recommended to him, and his friends again urged that he would better get married, representing that the lady named would not refuse to accept him, notwithstanding bis eccentricities.

another week?" asked Kathleen. "'Do you think tho?" said the dominie, for he had a very perceptible lisp. Then I'll go and thee her.

"He was as good as his word. His ring at the doorbell was answered by the serving maid. 'Ith Mith P. within?' briskly but calmly asked the lover. Yes, sir. Will you kindly walk in? 'No, I thank you. Be kind enough to thay to Mith P. that I with to threak to her a moment.' Miss P. appeared and repeated the invitation to walk in.

"No, thank you. I'll thoon explain my bithneth. I'm the new Methodist cried Kathleen. "It is rainous to the preacher. I'm unmarried. My friends think I'd better marry. They recommend you for a wife. Have you any objections?"

"'Why, really, Mr. Sm—"
"'There, don't anther now. Will call thith day week for your reply. Good

"On that day he appeared at the door of Miss P. 's residence. It was promptly opened by the lady herself.

"'Walk in, Mr. Smith." "Can't indeed, ma'am. Pleath anther me. Yeth or no?"

"Well, Mr. Smith, it is a very serions matter. I should not like to get out thought you knew better, nurse. Never

of the way of Providence'-"'I perfectly understand you, Mith you. P. We will be married thith day week, I will call at thith hour. Pleath be

the fire, and sipped his tea, while delivering himself of a long and strong disready, ma'am. "He called on that day week at that sertation on the evil of this habit. Kathhour. She was ready. They were marleen and I corroborated every word he ried and lived happily several years."

WAS PARADISE AT THE NORTH POLE!

Many Geologists Contend That the Garden of Eden Was In the Arctic Regions.

In an interesting and highly instructive article Edward S. Martin, in the Ladies' Home Journal, reviews the numerous theories advanced by scientists in the endeavor to solve the perplexing problem as to the exact location of the site of the garden of Eden. After sifting the theories the writer concludes that the question is no nearer answered than it was 2,000 years ago, and that there are no present indications that the matter will ever be definitely settled by any man. To one of the latest and most ingenious theories Mr. Martin thus re-

The north pole will seem at first thought of the average investigator the most unlikely site on earth for paradise spite of the tea." to have occupied. Nevertheless several sober and thoughtful books and pam- coachman and his wife, an old couple phlets have been written in support of You'll have to do everything yourselves, the north pole's pretensions. The north I'm afraid. When can you be ready? pole nowadays is bitter cold, but it has not always been so. Geologists tell us that the earth was excessively hot when it first began its course-much too I held a little celebration in honor of our hot to admit of the presence of any liv- first case. ing creatures, except, perhaps, a salamander. As it grew cooler vegetation noon. The walls were thickly covered began on it, and then it began to be peopled, first with fishes, and then with with ivy and creepers; tall trees surbirds and beasts, finally with man.

The first spot on earth to get cool enough to use was the north pole. In and the chilly afternoon fog was rising the process of time it got too cold, but there must have been a long period ed Kathleen, shivering when the polar region was the most comfortable part of the world. During seemed to come from underground rethis period, many eminent geologists believe, there existed around the north pole a continent now submerged, and that on summons. Then the door was opened that continent our progenitors were suspiciously, and an old woman peered cor fortable in their first home. It is at us out of her spectacles. known with entire certainty that the polar region was once warm enough for bled. tropical vegetation to grow there. There was light enough also for such vegetation-abundant light, indeed, for all uses and plenty for primeval man. Geology tells us that man might have lived at the north pole.

PERSONAL GOSSIP

John Roberts has been the champion of English billiards for over 25 years. It is said that Dr. John Hall, the Presbyterian minister of New York, is

the wealthiest clergyman in the world. The first military order issued by General Grant is in the possession of Colonel Dayrson, late quartermaster of

the Twenty-first Illinois. Canovas iel Castello, the Spanish premier, is 65 years old. He entered

journalism v/hen he became of age and polities three years later. Ex-Senator Jones of Iowa, who is 90 years old, has just undergone a success-

ful operation for the removal of a cataract from one of his eyes. Joseph Nesbitt, once a mining king worth \$1,000,000, died the other day in

a Chicago lodging house. His ruin was due to gambling and morphine. William A. Coffin, a well known

landscape painter and art writer, has been appointed one of the judges in the Fine Arts department of the Atlanta

Stephen Hoyt of Lyndonville, Vt., has in his possession a collection of old coins, among them being an English gninea of 1795 and a shilling of 1856. also a crown of 1726.

The interests of the Rothschilds are represented in the goldfields of Johannesburg, South Africa, by Hamilton Smith, a Kentuckian. He receives an

annual salary of \$40,000. A. B. Clingman of Cornwallis, Or., died the other day at the age of 98. At his funeral was a son 71, another 66, a daughter 68 and a great number of

before you shut the window. When that old hag's lighted our fire, it won't be grandchildren and great-grandchildren. half bad. Herbert Spencer is described as a plain, old fashioned Englishman of meas well light it ourselves if we want one dinm stature, drooping shoulders, a large head (now bald), light complexion, soft gray eyes and curly gray sic and throat whiskers.

So my shy love, ancath her kerchief white,

Holdeth the glamour of the east in fee; Warm Puritan, who fears her own delight, Who trembleth over that she yieldeth me. And now her lips her heart's rich flame have

OUR FIRST CASE.

We were sitting in our little room

private nurses did not seem to be in

much request in this benighted place.

All the doctors knew of us, and had wel-

comed us cordially. With one consent

they had said that we were just what

"Perhaps, one more," I ar vered.

"It's a most interesting experience,"

"And will end in quite an exciting

finale," I added. "The worst of it is the

return home amid the jeers of our

friends, who are expecting us any day.

"We may get a case in the next few days," I said. "Such things occasional-

'Give me another cup of tea, Agnes,'

should read them a lecture they would

"Ah! I was so afraid I should find

"Allow me to give you a cup of tea,"

"Tea? Tea at this time of day!"

shook his head at us. "I should have

drink tea at 11 o'clock. No sugar, thank

He settled himself comfortably before

"Well, now to business," cried Dr.

Puckle. "I came to ask you to undertake

a case, a very painful case. It's old Jo-

year ago if he hadn't happened to-ah-

live. This time he'll go. Meanwhile I

must get a couple of nurses for him, by

hook or by crook. Will you undertake

"Tell us some more about him, doc

"No," said Kathleen, and Dr. Puckle

"It's a trifle lonely, but I suppose you

"Not in the least," said I. "We are

"You'll find no one there but the

We promised to go that afternoon and

when Dr. Puckle left us, Kathleen and

We found ourselves before a low, ram

bling building at 4 o'clock that after

rounded it, which lent an air of mystery

"I hope there's a good fire," whisper

The sound of the bell was muffled and

gions. We had to ring three times be

fore any one thought of answering our

"Oh, be you the nusses?" she mum

"How kind!" said Kathleen in my

She waited till our traps were depos

"One never knows what may hap

pen," she murmured, speaking to her

self. Her candle cast suspicious shadows

round the low, dark hall. We could

smell the dust of ages as we followed

the housekeeper up stairs. She told us

in passing the different rooms and in-

formed us that some of them were

haunted, but she didn't rightly know

Kathleen alond, and her voice echoed

far away and disturbed the brooding si-

lence. I wanted to bush her, for I kept

"That's your room," said our guide

lighted by a single small lamp, with

our bags in our hands and our hearts

"Our room first," said Kathleen

It was not an ideal room which had

been prepared for us, nor overclean; but, as Kathleen said, we were both able to

serub a floor after our hospital training.

the candles on the dressing table and

then declared that it was fit for the

"But horribly cold," I supplemented.

"It strikes me," said I, "that we may

"There seems a superabundance of in-

'Let us keep the best treat till the end.'

feeling as if I were at church. "So cheer

full" rang out her voice."

beating rather rapidly.

tient or to our room?"

Puckie was so very reserved."

"What a delightful house!" said

ited in the hall, then shut and locked

"Don't you feel gratified, Agnes,

"You may come in."

by this gracious permission?"

the door.

to the place. A solemn hush was on it.

neither of us troubled with nerves-in

"He lives in Hartland's Hollow.

suppose you know that part?"

That man would have been dead a

siah Hartland. Ever heard of him?"

'No." I answered.

his case?

looked relieved.

don't mind that?"

Kathleen shuddered.

ly happen."

said L

not forget, but"-

Dr. Puckle barst in upon us.

preent case on this morning."

you out," he cried. He was Irish.

"Do you think we can afford to stay

was wanted here.

now they pale that they have been so bold.

-Ednah Proctor Clarks in Century.

A rose of fire shut in a veil of snow,
An April gleam athwart a misted sky,
A jews!—a soul! Gaze deep if then we
know The flame wrought spell of its pale witchery.
And now each fremulons beauty lies revealed.
And now the drifted snow doth beauty
shield.

'I'm rather fond of spiders. Are you?" 'On the whole," I answered, "I prefer my bedroom free of them."

"That is a pity," said Kathleen. "Let us now go and make the ac quaintance of our patient," I suggested. Our gentle knock was not answered,

so we went in unbidden. Josiah Hartland was lying in bed breathing heavily. He was an old man. His skin was as yellow as a London fog. his eyes were so sunken under shaggy brows that at first sight he seemed to have none. The room was comfortless in the extreme. The fire was nearly out, and an untrimmed lamp smoked upon the table by his bed. He turned and stared at us.

"Two of you!" burst out a sharp, thin voice, startling us. "Two! I don't want two. One's quite enough. I'm not going ooking at each other. A week or two to pay two to do the work for one. ago we had set up independently. We had come here to make our fortunes, but

But one of us has to sit up with you still. at night," said I in a cheerful, soothing

"What do you want with sleep?" he growled. "A great, strapping girl like you ought to be able to do without it. Has James come in?"

"James, he's my coachman, of course. Who else did you think he was? Ring the bell, can't you? I tell you I want James to come up. He's been collecting my rents. I want to see him about

"It's rather late in the day to be doing business." said Kathleen. He turned and stared at her.

Who's that?" he asked, pointing at

her with a bony finger.
"She is your nurse," said L "Send her away, then. One's quite ough. I'm not going to pay two nurses,

nerves, but I must have it If any of my I tell you. I engaged you, but I never patients drank half as much as I do, I engaged her. Send her away!" "Just now," I answered, "I am going

away, and your second nurse will stay with you. I shall sit up with you to-Our landlady flung open the door, and night, so I am going to rest now. Kathleen followed me to the door, looking slightly scared. "We happen to have a holiday," said Kathleen. "At least we have no very

"I wish you joy, dear," said I. "We have a delightful case for our first!" When I awoke from my nap, I found Kathleen by the fire in our room and a nice little meal waiting for me. "Don't thank Mrs. Jones for that,"

said she, "or expect to find such things growing in this house. If you are hungry, you must go and forage about in the larder for something to eat. If you haven't got the genius which distinguishes everything I do, probably you won't find anything. At all events, partake freely now, for you have a long night before you. She was very tired, and I left her to

sleep as best she could in our spider I was simply astonished at the change

Kathleen had wrought in the sickroom. The only thing which seemed the same was our patient, and he looked cleaner. Kathleen afterward told me that she had never found it so difficult to persuade any one to let her wash him. "Has she gone?" asked Josiah.

"Yes; she's gone to bed," said L "Gone to bed! Whose bed? I won't

have her sleeping in one of my beds." "Yes, it's all right," I said, "and now you must let me settle for the

"You aren't going to wash me!" he cried. "The other one has just done it." "No, no, it's all right. I won't wash you again tonight."

When he had taken his medicine and was settled comfortably, I sat by the fire in the darkened room, and strange thoughts came to me. How was it that my life had drifted into this? Five years ago I was a thoughtless girl, with scarcea care beyond dress and pleasure an friendship. My friends thought it eccentric to "waste" my youth like this. They were amused, and could not see through my desire to do something use ful in the world. However it was, here I found myself, a girl who had been shielded from all the roughness and trouble of life, in the very presence of suffering and death, playing an important part in the tragedy which I felt sure would end soon, for I knew the look of death so well that sometimes I saw it with scarcely a shudder. Our patient did not seem conscious of his condition. He lay there in his large and lonely house without one friend or relative beside him. It was a sad case for our first

It grew more and more silent. An ash fell out of the grate, and it sounded as if a thunderbolt had burst. I jumped in my chair and felt a thrill all down my back. Then I began to think of the lonely situation of the house and the distance between the two old caretakers and me if anything should happen. After awhile the silence teemed with count less noises. I heard a long swish, a meer wailing-more like a human cry than the wind-a pitter patter, a buzzing, a faint tapping, a sigh. And there was a long creeping thud every now and

I am not superstitions. I firmly be lieve that superstition is the result of did not understand. ignorance, and that educated people ought to despise it. But I began to feel | ing of my heart. as if perhaps there was more than I had thought in some of those superstitions.

"Go and fetch me my rent book." I nearly screamed. His voice had come o suddenly upon my thoughts. "D'ye hear?" cried the thin,

stopping at the top of the stairs to breathe, "and that's the master's." I tried to persuade him to lie down and go to sleep, but he grew so excited With that she turned and went into the dark regions we had left behind, and we that to quiet him I was obliged to yield. found ourselves standing in a passage

'Where is it?" I asked. It was down stairs in one of those horrible deserted rooms. "Wouldn't you rather wait till the

"I thought there must be something morning?" I asked. queer about it," said Kathleen. "Dr "No, fetch it now, now! Besides, then you can look round and see that "It is charming," I affirmed. "Now, there are no burglars about. They know shall we introduce ourselves to our pa I'm ill, and that I've got a great sum of money here. I'm only waiting till I get

better to take it myself to the bank. His voice grew wilder and wilder. He urged me on, and I went, for nothing else could quiet him. I took a lighted candle with me, and as I found my way down the creaking stairs my heart

She threw open the window, lighted both | thumped against my side. I am sure I heard a low growl at the foot of the stairs. As the flickering light of my candle moved onward in the darkness it seemed to disperse countless shad-"Well, my dear, wait till it's aired ows that had dim shapes. I thought I saw the outlines of a grinning head Mrs. Jones had said some of these rooms were haunted—supposing this one was Something scuttled away. I set my can dle down, afraid I should drop it, my hand was trembling so. Something fell with a thud on the table, and that was sects and crawling things," said Kath- too much for me. Snatching up my canon, examining the corners of the room. dle, I turned and fled. The candle went

up stairs guided me, and I stumbled on, not daring to take a breath till I found myself once more in the sickroom. have since found out that the library was swarming with cockroaches and

Old Josiah had fortunately fallen into a doze, so I settled myself in my chair again, having gently made up the fire. Would this awful night never pass? It was now 2 o'clock, and it seemed like the beginning of eternity.

Tick, tick, tick! What was that?

Tick, tick, tick! I knew-it was the death spider. I had heard of the horrid thing before, and had not believed in its existence. But I had never before spent a night with a dying man in a haunted house. I stole softly to the bedside, but he was sleeping nicely. He had several days to live

"Well, how did you get on? What sort of a night had you?"

Kathleen was like a breeze. Her voic swept off the vapors of the night.
"Beautifully," said L "I have had a
delightful night."

'When shall I get better?'' asked our patient. "What's the good of paying a couple of nurses and a doctor if they can't cure me quicker than this? Why can't you speak, doctor? Answer me. 'Hartland, it is time to prepare your

self for another world. You cannot get better. "I must-I must. I've a great sum of money in the house that ought to be banked. And James hasn't got in all the rents. He's a fool at it. Send him up to

Dr. Puckle told us that this perpetual worrying about his business was hastening the end. He said it could not be far distant now, and Kathleen and I determined to try to get the poor man to think of other things more appropriate at this solemn time.

me at once."

"You cannot take your money with you," I said, "so why worry about it now? You are dying, Mr. Hartland. Surely you can leave your money matters alone. What importance can they possibly be just now?"

"Much you know about business," sneered the old man. "Business is business, whether a man is dying or not.' Then he burst out crying like a child. "All my life," he wailed, "all my life I've spent in getting it, and now I've got to leave it. It isn't fair. Send James up to me at once. I want to know whether he's made that villain Richards pay Why, the fellow owes two quarters It's infamous."

I looked at Kathleen in despair. It was always like that. Sometimes he cried and sobbed, sometimes he railed against the justice of life. His one and only idea was still his money, that money which he had made himself, and which he loved with a concentrated passion. He looked at the cold, useless thing, and never missed the warm, human faces that ought to have been round him now. He had no relations, no friends. His money had come between him and all the softer joys of life, and in dying he cared for nothing except that he had to part with it.

Kathleen started at the little heap of salt she had snilt.

"What's the matter, Kathleen?" "Oh, nothing," she answered, start-"Of course I don't believe in any such nonsense, but I saw a crow this morning-now I've spilt some salt.

"Throw a pinch over your left shoul der," I suggested, laughing at her. 'Goose,' she retorted, 'do you think I'm so silly?"

I stooped to pick up my rerviette, and she made a rapid movement as though inch of space been used at the same rate, throwing something over her shoulder. "Kathleen!" I cried sharply. your knife and fork straight."

"Why? What's wrong with them?" She looked at them, then suddenly matched up the fork and laid it down beside the knife.

"I do not believe you were frightened ecause they were crossed," she sail. "Did you hear the screech owl las night?" I asked.

"No, but I heard a dog howling, and when I got up to see the time I saw a shooting star."

"Superstition is such nonsen_e, said L

"Yes, isn't it?" I was sitting by him, and in the dark ened room I saw his bony hands grop about aimlessly or picking at his sheet When I had washed him, he had fret fully declared that we nurses did noth ing in the world but wash him, and the other one" had done it that very morning. I tried to persuade him that the morning had nothing to do with the evening, but he didn't see it. He was now muttering to himself or lapsing in to unconsciousness. He did not know me. His mind seemed to be wandering into the money getting past, for I could hear snatches of calculations and some thing about the Stock Exchange which I

Then all was silence, but for the beat-

There came a tapping at my window. I sat up straight, clutching the arms of Surely they could not have lived through the chair. Death himself might have centuries if there had been no truth in been knocking for admittance! I know I was sure, that it was but a bird, but I had heard that when a sparrow taps at the window it means death. A few minutes after there sounded a loud crast down stairs, and I sprang up and rushed into our room, having just presence of mind left to see that our patient had not been disturbed. Kathleen was sitting up in bed.

"Did you hear that noise?" I gasped. "Ye-es," said she, through chattering teeth. "Do you think there's a burglar here?"

"Well, perhaps you'd better go and see," said I "I would, but I cannot leave Mr. Hartland."

"Oh," said Kathleen, "I would, but I'm not dressed. What's the matter, Ag-I took her shoes, which she had left

on the table by accident, and threw them down. She started. "I-I tumbled up stairs yesterday. Agnes," she said, seizing my arm.

There was another crash. I had knock ed over a hand glass! Next morning a large picture of Jo siah Hartland was found on its face in the dining room. Mrs. Jones said it had fallen several times before, for the cord was rotten and kept breaking, but Mr. Hartland wouldn't buy a new one. We said it had better not be hung again, as we did not like going to see what was the matter in the middle of the night.

wondered what we were here for. I told Kathleen that she looked pale, and she said I looked ghastly. I asked her whether she thought we could en-

out, but the feeble flicker of the lamp dure another night of it, and she said HE WENT TO A BALL. she could not, but if I liked I might stay, and she would give me all the

profits. There was no need for us to stay. Mr. Hartland insisted on looking a his reutbook to see whether James had collected all the rents. I brought it to him, and he groped about with his hands to feel it.

"I can't quite see," he moaned. "My eyes-they aren't so good as they used to be. Read it to me, you nurse. What are you here for, wasting my money, if you can't read it to me?"

"Let me read something else," I entreated, feeling tears rising in my eyes. Kathleen, bring me a Bible."

'Business is business," gasped the dying man. "Read the last page to me. want to know-whether-that villain -what was I saying?" Kathleen came nearer. We looked at

"What do you know about-business?

He glared at us and struggled with

his breath. His hands wandered over the quilt. They touched the rentbook. A grin crept over the wrinkled face and fixed there. His eyes rolled and shut. "Agnes, now we can go home," whispered Kathleen, creeping to my side.-

All the Year Round. The Preservation of Foods.

ach other.

The great advance in the preservation of foods is perhaps most clearly shown in a recent article in a French magazine. The article discusses the preserving of provisions from the military standpoint. It states that 40,000 rations of vegetables can be stored in a cubic space of 40 inches each way; that millions of rations of solid soups and preserved meats are continually stored in Paris, while the quantity of flour and biscuit is fabulous. Milk during the last siege of Paris was worth its weight in gold. Now the method of "pasteurizing" milk and putting it in hermetically sealed cans is found to preserve milk indefinitely and insures against suffering those classes of the community that suffer most from scarcity of milk-the feeble, aged and infants.

Compressed fodder and the silo system are the safeguards used by the government to protect animals in case of siege, while an enormous cold storage warehouse at La Vilette insures fresh meats for a long period. The application of science to the food problem has reduced the perplexities of families living on small incomes, but it may force a complete change in military maneuvers, starvation of the besieged being made almost impossible.—Outlook.

A Wonder In Minute Writing.

A recent writer on the subject of wave lengths of light, in describing the apparatus used for taking measurements of such lengths, mentions the "Nobert test plates." These plates are made of glass and have the scale thereon so finely graduated that there are often as many as 150,000 lines to the inch. Such infinitesimal magnitudes are totally beyond our powers of conception, yet much more wonderful things in that line have been accomplished. An artist of the name of Webb, a regular manufacturer of these "Nobert test plates," once tried his hand in microscopic writing on glass.

The specimen turned out, which is now in the Army Medical museum at Washington, is the whole of the Lord's Prayer on a piece of glass which is only 1-294 of an inch one way and 1-440 of an inch the other. In the Lord's Prayer there are 227 letters, and, as shown above, they were put on a piece of glass having an area of but 1-129,653 of an inch. Had an entire the engraver would have put no less than 29,431,458 letters upon it. The entire Bible, Old and New Testaments, could have been written on that inch of space eight times over. -St. Louis Republic.

Coccanuts In Florida Quite a number of tropical nuts have recently been introduced into cultivation in this country. Already on the east coast of Florida are growing 250,000 cocoanut trees, 42,000 being in one plantation. It is believed that the first trees of this kind in that state sprouted from nuts brought from Central America and the West Indies by the gulf stream. At Key West and about some of the old forts cocoanuts were planted at an early day, as certain ancient trees now standing bear witness. In 1877 a bark freighted with cocoanuts was caught in a storm off the coast of Florida and beached near Lake Worth. Several thousands of the nuts were saved and planted, the satisfactory growth of the seedlings giving an impetus to cultivation.-New York World.

The Romance Ended.



Gilbert-You led me on, and then giv' me de marble heart. You hav' took Mendez Gonzola 'canse he's a forriner, deny it if you can. (Bitterly) Agnes, why did you giv' me de frigid shook? Agnes (haughtily) - Go thy ways, Gilbert Fitzherbert, or I'll sick my dorg on you!-Truth.

Are Visiting Lists Too Long? Mrs. de Fashion (average society lady making her round of calls owing to werage society friends)—Is Mrs. Wiggins Van Mortlande at home?

Servant-No, madam, she's-Mrs. de Fashion-Please hand her my ard when she returns. Servant-She won't return, madam. he was buried a month ago.—New

York Weekly. Welsh Sand Wastes.

Large tracts of sand wastes are being reclaimed along the Welsh coast. Series of parallel fences are put up seawards. closely interwoven with wires and furze. and spaces between these posts are filled with earth and road scrapings. In these various trees, such as sycamore, willow, pine and alder, are planted, while the ridges are sown with gorse and broom seed and planted with brier.

Consoling Him.

Old Bullion-It galls me to think hat my money goes into your spend-She seemed surprised and evidently thrift hands when I die.

Young Bullion-Never mind, gov. ernor, it won't stay there long.-Indianapolis Journal

OVERCOME BY THE HOSPITALITY OF YOUNG LOUISVILLE MEN.

The Dance Was at a Female Seminary, and It Was Full of Surprises-The Strauger Declared He Would Never Attend Another "Swell" Dance In Kentucky.

"Speaking of practical jokes," said a drummer at one of the hotels the other night, "I was the victim of one of the most embarrassing I have heard of for a most embarrassing I during my first trip tians (who are the greatest sufference to the Chris south, and not being familiar with the that it is not only willing to help people in this part of the country I people in this part of the consistence of the but even disposed to tolerate evils who thought I had found a rearry of the would produce Mussulman insurection place when three young 'swells' of the would produce Mussulman insurection place when three young talking the word there no Christian. place when three young sweathing the town with whom I had been talking the were there no Christians in the son evening before asked me to go with try. There is, however, a great deal of evening before asked had be given at them to a dance that was to be given at latent discontent among the Moham a female seminary a few miles from this medans, and but for the fatalism which city. I had been away from home for Islam engenders, and which has made city. I had been away having had the the masses listless and resigned, on pleasure of being in the delighted at the Christians would suffice to present

go, and after hurried preparation we started. The young men laughed at the idea of my paying anything toward the carriage hire, and I felt that I had never been in the company of a more hospitable set of men.

"When we arrived at the place, the dance had already begun. We left the carriage in care of a negro man and enstrange at first among so many strangers, but my companions seemed to feel quite at home and insisted that I should meet some of the young women at once. One of the young men took me by the arm and led me across the room to where there sat a young woman who was rather pretty and had an extremely neat ap-

"After receiving an introduction to her I sat down and started a conversation. Soon she was talking at an astonishingly rapid rate. I became rather interested in the girl, but was very much surprised to learn that she was the twentieth daughter of a wealthy farmer. At last she began to talk and laugh so loudly that I began to feel a little embarrassed and asked her if she did not want to dance. She was on her feet in an instant, and we had danced a few steps when she suddenly yelled out at the top of her voice: 'Don't! Don't! Oh, don't hold me so tight! I am full of dynamite.' And she uttered a yell that made the cold chills run up and down my

"I turned her loose in an instant and stood simply horrified. I felt like swearing when the other people in the room only laughed and went on dancing. I did not know what to do. I knew I had done nothing I should not have done, intentionally at least, but I started up to her with an apology, when one of my companions came up with a young woman on his arm. He gave me an introduction to her and asked me if I would not dance the next set with her. I did not feel like dancing a bit, but there was no way of getting out of it, so I told him I would. While we were sitting down waiting for the next dance she told me she had been married 14 times and had 1,000 children at home. I thought she was just trying to joke me and asked her where she lived. She said she lived in heaven. I knew something was wrong with her, and I made up my mind right there that I would not dance with her. I asked her to excuse me a moment, and without waiting for a reply rushed Christians in Armenia, but the former across the room toward the door. I have also much to gain by the stabthought to myself that if I once got on the outside I would never attend another 'swell dance' in Kentucky.

"I had got within a few feet of the door when an old woman ran up and threw her arms around my neck. She velled out that I was her lost son, who ran away from home 400 years ago, when I was a mere child. I tried to tear myself away from the woman, and she fainted at my feet. I made a dart for the door, and when I reached the threshold I looked back and saw several persons carrying her off the floor. I was dazed. I expected to be arrested every moment. I saw a man outside and asked him if there was not a train leaving that place soon. He said there would be one going to Louisville in about an hour, and I concluded to wait around the little station until it was ready to leave. I do not remember to have ever heard a more welcome sound than the whistle of that train, after spending an hour in silent misery. I reached my hotel in this city shortly after midnight, but could not sleep. I had learned on the train that I had been to an insane asylum ball, and I was as mad as a hornet.

"The next morning the young men came around to the hotel and apologized, and now they are the best friends I have in this city. "-Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Truth of the Matter.

The Bookman tells a story of Mr. F Cope Whitehouse, who recently spent five years in Europe. He had been long in conflict with both British and Egyptian authorities on the question of irrigating a certain district and found them almost equally conservative. After a time he met Lord Cromer, just arrived in the country, and was received with a chilling coolness.

"I really cannot go into these matters with you," said Lord Cromer, "because I hear that you treated my predecessor with great discourtesy."

"Discourtesy? Discourtesy of what nature?" "Oh, I am informed that you accused him of er-in fact, that you insinuated he was untruthful."

"I? Oh, dear me, no! Not at all. The truth of the matter was just this: I had to characterize his attitude in some way. Now, you see, I couldn't speak of his simplicity, because it would not be exactly complimentary. Of course 1 couldn't speak of his multiplicity, because that we'aldn't be true, you know. So naturally I had to call it duplicity, don't you see? It really was forced upon me, you understand."

Sand as a Filter.

It is well known that the thickness of the layer of fine sand in filtering beds cannot be reduced beyond a certain point without endangering the quality of the water that filters through. Dr. Kurth of Bremen has found in examining water filtered through a layer not sufficiently thick that the number of bacteria was greatly increased, owing to the presence of a special microbe that could not be found in the water before it entered the filter. These microbes must therefore have existed in the filtering material and have been developed by the passage of water through it. - Exchange

MR. BRYCE ON ARMENIA

The English Statesman Dia Be Done With the Turks.

Why does not such a government to to pieces, according to the law of as ture which happily provides that me ruption and weakness bring dissolution their train? There are three reas One is the jealousy of three great Euro pean powers, which has had the effer of preventing two of them from anner ing what remains of Turkish territory Another is the fact that the Mussila population, being in the majority, so fanatically ill disposed to the Chris government to hold the Christians de may doubt whether even jealous d the idea of spending a pleasant evening ontbreaks. The third reason is the engmous advantage which modern weapon give to a government which can raise money to purchase them. Two centuries ago insurrections were far easier and more likely to succeed than now, he cause the insurgents were more on a level with regular troops than they are in these days of swift firing guns and rifles of long range. There is therefore extinction of the Turkish power by nutural causes. If, then, it is going to last some time

longer, can nothing at all be doe, it not to reform it, yet to abate its cub! Experience has shown that there is only one way of reforming an criental goernment, and that is by putting it into leading strings by either superseding the chief officials and putting European in their place or else by giving them European adjutants who shall virtually direct them. This might be done in Turkey if the European powers were willing. But it would be necessary practically to supersede the sultan-that is to say, to prevent him from interfering either with administrative policy or with appointments. And it is a metiod which, though capable of being effciently worked by a directing and protecting power, as England works it in the minor protected states of India, capnot be well applied, at least on a large scale, by three or four powers conjuntly, because each would suspect the other of obtaining some advantage for itself.

Another expedient would be to detach from the rest of the empire these parts of the country where disorders were most frequent, placing them usder a specially constituted administration. This was done in the case of the Lebanon, and with very good results. It has been proposed for Armenia and would probably succeed there. If the powers chiefly concerned were to conpel the sultan to erect Armenia into a distinct province, with a European governor who should be irremovable except with the consent of those powers, who should control the revenues of the province and maintain out of them a strong police and who should be free to introduce administrative and judicial reforms, the country might in ten years' time be brought into the same perfect order and obtain a measure of the same prosperity as has attended the rale of Count Kallay in Bosnia, which was delivered from the Turks in 1878. There are no doubt as many Mussulman a nt of good would welcome it. Russia, however, is unwilling to set up on her borders what she fears might become an Armenian principality, toward which her own Armenian population would gravitate. So it is to be feared that this course, however promising, will not be taken -"The Armenian Question," by James

The Peanut.

Bryce, M. P., in Century.

According to the Atlanta Journal, Edward Atkinson, who is visiting the exposition there, told the directors the other day that the pennut, indigenous to the south, would some time in the future become as great a staple as cotton seed; that the oil of the peanut had been of great commercial value in the oriental nations, and would be in the United States. He reviewed the difficulties attending the introduction of cettonseed oil as a staple of food, and illustrated the strange prejudice existing against it by the following: "When cottonseed oil was under the bane of popular prejudice and the law as well, Chicago lard maker shipped some lard 'adulterated' with cottonseed oil to Europe. It was pronounced excellent lard. It was liked so well that he received a great order for 10,000 tieres But at this juncture he could get no al. and was forced to ship the pure land The consignee pronounced it of anple,' wouldn't have it, and the unit tunate Chicago man lost a large am d

money." Valuable Relies From a Mount. W. K. Moorehead, who had charge of large section of the moundbuilders exhibition in the ethnological department of the Chicago World's fair, made a wonderful discovery upon opening a mound in the Little Miami valley, pest Milford, O., recently. It consisted of an unprecedented number of human skeltons of ancient date, with flints, wesp ons, utensils, religious emblems and the like in great variety and of diverse material, including some ornaments in gold and silver and brone. The find is regarded as rich and wonderful as a mere coriosity and also as a great acquisition for ethnological science.—Chicago Trib

The Cable Code.

One of the curiosities of the cable code method of sending information is shown in a recent message announcing the loss by fire of a ship at sea. The whole message was conveyed in three words of Scott's cable code : "Smoulder ed ; hurrah ; hallelujah !" "Smouldered stands for "the ship has been descreed by fire," "hurrah" for "crew sared by boats" and "hallelujah ' for "all hands saved-inform wives and sweethearts.

-New York Tribune. In a volume of sermons by a well known but turgid preacher the following lines were found written upon the

flyleaf:

If there should be another fixed,
For refuge hither fly.
Though all the world should be submit This book would still be dry.