## EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

From a French Point of View, The Marquis de Castellane's article "Fifteen Days In the United States," occupies 24 pages of The Revue de Paris. Here is an extract:

'This concentration of the American brain on two ideas—the wish to be free and the seeking of a fortune by workhas not failed to impress upon the race certain physical characteristics. Without being of exceptional beauty, the race is vigorous. One feels that it is young.

The women are neither painted nor covered with rice powder, nor are they ansemic. All, or almost all, of them have superb complexions. They are tall, and very few appear in ill health. But in vain one seeks upon their faces the expression of their sensations or sentiments. Certainly, and perhaps happily for them, they have not been initi ated into the refinement of sensibility, into artistic enthusiasms. Their souls too, have only gravitated since their childhood around the two ideas that have animated their fathers and which will animate their husbands-the passion of independence and the passion of work. The characteristics of American beauty are pride and curiosity, as those of the French beauty are grace and sub-

#### Their Trilby Club.

They were a party of gushing young

'Oh, say," began the one in blue ribbons, "I've a splendid idea. Let's organize a Trilby club."

"Oh, yes," chimed in the others, "that would be delightful. How shall we manage?"
"Why," said the first speaker, "we'll

all wear Trilby hats, and Trilby shoes, and Trilby gowns, and we'll sing Trilby songs and jabber Freuch phrases along with our English, the way Trilby did

The prim girl at the edge of the group listened eagerly at first, but as the plan unfolded an expression of disgust and horror crept over her face. She could now contain herself no longer and interrupted with:

'Dress just like Trilby! Indeed won't, and I'm astonished that any of you should propose such a thing. Is it possible that you are all ambitious to become living pictures?"-Buffalo Express.

#### Mrs. E. J. Nicholson.

The women of the south are becoming most active in literary work. Mrs. E. J. Nicholson, the owner of the New Or leans Picayone and its editorial chief, combines in a remarkable way the qualities of a genuine poet and of a success ful business woman. She was Miss Eliza Poitevent, the daughter of an old Hugnenot family, and her childhood was spent on the Pearl river, from which she has taken the rather romantic pseudonym of "Pearl Rivers." While still a young girl, she joined the staff of The Picayune as literary editor, shortly afterward marrying the owner, Colonel Holbrook. Finding herself at his death in passes sion of a political paper heavily burdened with debt, she has succeeded in bringing it to a firm place among the newspapers of the country. Her marriage to Mr Nicholson, who is the business manager of The Picayane, has given her leisure for literary work and for brilliant social

## Resourceful.

There is really nothing the American girl can't do when she tries. For instance, a couple of clever Washington girls have actually made themselves a plano lamp. They have wit, they have the best of breeding, but they haven't A ready made piano lamp was beyond them, so they set to work to manufacture one. First they took three broomsticks and tied them together tripod fashion. These they wrapped lightly with coarse cord and fastened a flowerpot at the top. The whole was covered with innumerable coats of black enamel paint, and when an old brass lamp was fitted into the pot, with an overgrown shade to top off with, you'd have said the lamp was the latest thing in wrought iron. It sounds like a story out of a woman's magazine, but it isn't. It's true. - Washington Post.

## A Typical English Inn.

The inn was set close to the river, and although the highroad ran a mile farther inland the Angel inn had the air of having seen more stirring times. The little inn sitting room was parlor and taproom in one; its chairs opened friendly arms, bits of old silver gleamed on the mantelshelf, and low settles, cup boards and tables of antique make were suggestive of the dead and gone figures that had peopled the cozy room. In the smile of the genial host there was the welcome which imagination lends to mine host of the coaching period. - "A Cruise on the Norfolk Broads" in Cen-

Half a dozen Welshwomen began work lately in the rolling mill of the Monongahela Tin Plate works on the south side. They receive the plates as they come from the rolls and separate the black sheets. This work heretofore

Where Women Earn More Than Men.

has been done wholly by men. It is hard and rough. The women wear great leather shields on their hands, leather aprons and hobnailed shoes to protect them from the heat and metal. The women are paid \$1.50 a day. Men received for the same work \$1.85. The forewoman gets \$1.73. This is the first time women have been employed at such work in this country.—Pittsburg Dis-patch in Chicago Tribune.

## Weariness and Hunger

Never eat when very tired. It is better to refrain—to go hungry, in fact, than to gulp down a lot of food when your stomach is too tired to assimilate what you cat Another equally good precaution is to rest for 10 or 15 minutes anyhow, or longer if possible, after eating. Instinct teaches animals to do this, and good sense ought to teach people to do the same, but it doesn't.—New York Telegram.

## She Knew Him.

"He will turn the tables on you if you are not careful," said one woman to another, who was berating her husband. "Turn nothing!" she exclaimed. "He's so lazy be wouldn't turn a table

if it was on rollers."-Detroit Free

HELPING HIM ALONG.

One time a bashful suitor said

He'd ask the maiden of his choice
If she— Just here his courage fled,
And quavers trembled in his voice.
Bill once sgain he went to work
To indicate his longings vain
And said, "I fear I'm like a cork
That holds some jubilant champagne."
"Ah," laughed the maid with rosy hue,
As passion brought him to a stop,
"I understand you fully. You
Must be drawn out before you'll pop."
—Lippincott's

#### ZETTE.

Upon the posters which hung on the outside of the carriage she was styled Mile. Antonia, Somnambule Extralucide.

Her mother called her Zette-her real name was Suzanne.

She was a pretty girl, not very large, with fair complexion and long black hair that she let float about her during her consultations, though ordinarily she wore it in a loose coil upon the nape of neck that was perfect.

Never having done much work, her hands were delicate and well shaped. She was enough of a coquette to wish to keep them so. She had a finely modeled form, and to have seen her simply dressed in some quiet color, with the gait of a wise little workwoman, one would never have suspected her strange calling.

Her mother, Mme. Floury was as lit tle like others of her class as her daughter. About her there was nothing in common with the shrews who frequent fairs in red dresses and soiled skirts She had the air of a little merchant who was good and proper, with a winning, honest smile, and people stopped before the carriage and even entered there (without thinking of the charlatanism on the posters) in order to see the interior of this small dwelling that smelled so sweet.

The vehicle was painted brown, with a thread of gold running the lengths of the plinths. There was a tiny balcony in front of it, and on this balcony convolvulus and nasturtium vines, planted in boxes, twined about wires up to the roof, where they clustered in bright hued

Along the route persons stared in amazement at this queer coach all covered with garlands of flowers.

The two women were always together but associated very little with their neighbors. They were not proud, and having the best of hearts were the first to offer to care for a sick child or to give to others in distress. Indeed the foreigners who knew them well loved them sincerely, even though they did feel somewhat oppressed by what they termed "their grand manners."

There was, however, some one who was all devotion to Zette and her mother. It was a young gymnast of two and twenty in a large traveling circus that had very nearly the same itinerary as Mme. Floury. His name was Jacques, but on the playbills they spelled it Jack He was exceedingly handsome and of no common type. There was fire in his eyes and much intelligence in his smile. There was, too, much tenderness in this same smile, especially when he spoke to Zette. His love for this pretty brunette -so unlike any other woman he had seen about him in his wandering life-

Near her he felt himself quite another man to what he was in the circus. There was such an atmosphere of honor-rounding Zette that his own manners, when with her, were altogether different from what they had been, and he was astonished at how well they became him.

Then, too, he had dre loved by this sweet girl and of never being separated from her. Their positions accorded admirably. His salary was good, and some day perhaps he might enter one of the great circuses of Lyons or Paris. It would be charming to find so sweet a little wife awaiting

his coming after his work was done. He had often spoken to Zette of these plans. He loved her so dearly that it could not be possible she did not love him at least a little.

Zette always listened silently, visibly touched by what she heard, and he thought each time she would say "Yes," but when he had finished by asking, with such pleading in his eyes, "Will you be my wife, Zette?" she replied very grave ly, "No."

Then Jacques would be astonished. Why not? Could it be that she did not believe him when he said he loved her: that she had no confidence in him; that she did not love him?

"Yes, I love you," Zette answered sweetly, "but I do not wish to marry

And she would never say why. One day, however, Mme. Floury blamed her for refusing the hand of this brave lad.

"Listen, mother," she said. "I adore Jacques, and I believe I shall always remain single because I do not wish to marry him. Do you remember the day when we went together to the circus? 1 saw as we entered how all the women who were there turned their lorguettes toward him, and afterward they smiled and talked about him and tried to attract his attention by applanding him. longht perhaps to have been proud to think that this man whom they all wanted loved me, and that I had only to say the word to be his wife. Ah, well, in my heart there was nothing but jealousy. wanted to tear the lorguettes away from those women. From what I suffered that evening I understood how much more I might suffer if we were married. No, that cannot be. He is too handsome. See? Suppose some day, when he had grown tired of me, one of those women should take him from me. I would die surely. You know now, mother, why I

cannot say yes. But notwithstanding this obstinate refusal, which he could not explain, Jacques came every day. He no longer mentioned the subject to Zette, understanding that he was contending against a fixed resolve, except once when he said to her: "You will not have me, Zette, and I

do not wish any other woman. Some day, though, you may change your mind, and then you need only hold out your hand and say to me, 'Let us be married,

and it will make me happy. So after thus simply settling the affair Jacques was like a brother in the house. It was he who in the springtime planted the seeds in the boxes upon the little Tribune. balcony. It was he who twined the tendrils about the wires, and it was he who at all seasons furnished the gilded porcelain vases that held the flowers.

These flowers were a great luxury to

This state of things did not long con- That's the way to make times, however. The young girl was good.—Somerville Journal.

now 20 and Jacques 20. One evening ne persented his friends with tickets to the circus. It was the last day of a long continued fair, and Zette and her mother had nothing to do. So they decked them

selves in their best and went early. Mme. Floury was much amused with the horses, the rope dancers, the clowns, the trained dogs. Zette thought only of Jacques, whose name on the programme occupied a line to itself, and whose apparatus was hanging up at the top of the high tent. The latter consisted of bars, with copper balls that shone, a maze of trapezes, ropes and pulleys, and the young girl, a little frightened, inquired

if it all was secure. At last the first part of the performance was over, and keeping time to a slow waltz Jacques appeared. He was as beautiful as a god in his silk tights, that displayed to advantage his superbly molded form, and, for the rest, his costume consisted of a black satin calecon, spangled with gold.

After having responded by a bow to smile to Zette's smile, he darted up a rope to his trapeze.

The preliminaries were gone through with amid prolonged bravos, for the handsome gymnast was a favorite, and it was truly a pleasure to see him actthe supple body so pliant, yet so marvelously exact in its movements. Then there came silence-even the or-

chestra was still.

It was to be the hit of the evening and a new feat that was to give an added glory to the circus. He was to leap from one trapeze to another, with his face and head covered, then suddenly drop from this giddy height upon a net stretched below him. The two trapeze were swinging with a regular movement. Jacques, standing on a little board, his head enveloped in a black velvet bag, jump—he had jumped! A piercing cry rent the air.

Missing the second trapeze, which had been badly regulated, Jacques fell to the net, but it proved too frail to support his weight, and striking upon the seats he rolled to the ground, where he lay mo-With a cry of horror, Zette sprang to

her feet, rigid and pale, her eyes fixed upon the spot where the men were now carrying away the apparently lifeless body of her friend. Then suddenly seizing her mother's

women reached the stables, but were re-fused admission. For a long while they remained at the entrance, listening to what was said around them, but no one to the turf in a series of quick jumps. One knew anything. Finally Mme. Floury can see it jump, but it never has a rest saw a clown whom she recognized as one On the average it takes about 30 seconds of Jacques' friends. He was just coming to drive each stake home, and in a few out of the refreshment room when she minutes the whole 250 stakes required for called him. "The net broke the force of the fall."

said the man, whose face looked troubled, even under the paint. "The doctor says he will be lame for life, and that this ends for him his profession as a lifect long, are carried in and arranged gymnast. Poor fellow! But he has some in line, with their upper ends fronting out thing laid up for a rainy day."

Mme. Floury looked at Zette. She was very pale, and her eyes were fixed upon the man as he spoke as though trying to find if he lied. At last she said, 'Let us go.' And thanking the clown by a gesture

she left the circus. they were still silent as they ascended their own little stairway. But when Mme. Floury had lighted the candle she saw Zette sitting beside the bed, with a of poles and stakes. Kelley goes the round ened for her and went to her.

daughter?" she asked, trying to reassure Then Zette laid her head upon her mother's shoulder, with a childlike ges-

"I think-that now I can marry Jacques," she told her.-From the French in Romance.

No Time to Lose, A noted American singer is fond of telling of a little experience she had in Boston once upon a time. She was to sing at an evening concert, and a carriage was to be sent for her. She was staying at the time with a friend who had a suit of rooms in a large apartment house, in which the tube system of communication with the outer world prevailed. It was past the time when the carriage should have appeared and the lady was growing a little nervous. She was sitting with her wraps on, when the bell rang furiously. Hurrying to the tube herself, the prima donna said, "Well?" The reply came in a voice heavily charged with irritation. "I'm a hackman," said the voice, "an I was sent here to get some cussed lady, an I don't know what in time her last name is! I've rung every bell in this house! Are you her?" When informed that the "cussed lady" herself was speaking to him, he coolly replied, "Well, come on; we'll have to lope it all the way to the hall to get there on time."-Argo-

From a Professional Standpoint. Young Mother (whose baby had been weighed by the butcher)-And how much does the little fellow weigh, Mr. Bullwinkle?

Butcher-Twenty pounds, mum. Young Mother-Isn't he a splendid

Butcher (dubiously)-From my point of view, mum, he runs too much to suct. - Tit-Bits.

It Takes Nine of Them. Featherstone-I should think you would make some effort to pay your

tailor bills, old man. Travers (indignantly)-I never owed man for clothes in my life. Featherstone-What do you mean by

Travers-I mean that I have accounts with only eight tailors. - Detroit Free

# "Tommy," whispered his mother as

they sat down to dinner, "you mustn't say anything about that large mole on Dr. Fourthly's chin." And Tommy didn't. He is probably the first boy of the kind of whom history makes any mention. - Chicago

Pickled Oysters and Ice Cream. Mrs. Wiggles-What if they are nnwholesome? My physician tells me to eat anything I like. Mrs. Waggles-Of course he does. That's the way to make his business

PUTTING UP A TENT.

SYSTEM WITH WHICH EACH PART MOVES TO ITS PLACE.

The Canvas Circus House Goes Up With a Celerity Only Possible With Trained Men. Every One Knows His Business, and All Goes Like Clockwork.

So skilled is the chief canvasman of a big circus that when he arrives on the ground where the tents are to be pitched he can tell at a glance just how to dispose of them. It is the usual practice to put up the menageric and horse tents first. This is generally done before breakfast whenever ible, and then after a short rest all hands turn in, and with a rush up goes the main tent. The chief canvasman of the biggest circus in this country is William Kelley. When he determines upon the location of the tent, he sends for a lot of men with Iron plas, to some of which are attached pieces of blue flannel and to others pieces of red flannel. Kelley takes a long the applause of the crowd and by a tape line out of his pocket and fixes the position of his first position of his first pole by a red pin. Then he measures off the required distance for the second pole, and then for the others, until the places for all five poles of the

main tent are fixed.

Next Kelley goes to the end poles, and with a tape swings a half circle beyond each. At regular intervals of about a dozen feet he orders a blue pin stuck in the ground until both ends of the tent plan are marked. Having disposed of each end of the plan, he quickly passes down the straight sides, and at the required places has pins placed for each stake to which the guy ropes are to be attached, and in a few minutes the whole place is thus staked off. All the measurements are in Kelley's memory, whether the tent be big or little.

Then comes probably the most interest-ing part of putting up the tent. Stalwart men have been unloading stout hickory stakes from the three stake wagons, and these are distributed in wheelbarrows over put forth his hand blindly. The crowd the grounds. The sledge gangs then seize held its breath. The man was going to their tools. There are eight men in a gang and nine gangs to do the work. One man In each gang plunges a crowbar into the ground and makes a preparatory hole for the stake. The head sledgeman drives the stake in with one or two smart blows, and the other six gather about in a circle. Then all lift their sledges, and each in turn gives the stake a slight tap, and thus they catch the swing. The next turn around the blow falls harder, and by the time the third blow is struck the whirling sledges rain down on the stake with a speed al most as fast as one can count. One sledge no sooner strikes a stake and slips away than another takes its place. As they g whirling in the air the effect is like th "Come," she said in a hollow arms of a windmill in a brisk breeze, an the sound of the blows is like the rattle of Breaking through the crowd, the two musketry. When nine gangs are at work other's bends off.

the main tent are in the ground. each main pole extra stakes are driven and then the ground is cleared. The work-men carry in on their shoulders the five 50 ward. Then 34 shorter quarter poles are brought in and arranged in the same way but farther away from the main poles. I requires a lot of unloading, but the wagons have been driven to places within easy reach, and every economy in space and time is studied.

Two short stakes are then driven at the foot of each main pole for bearers, against The two woman did - of the fair, and each big pole is pulled to a perpendicular and made fast. A wood or iron ring haben slipped over the foot of the pole be fore it is drawn to the upright position.

The ground now seems a confused mass and then a raid is made on the three can ed for her and went to her.

"Of what are you thinking, little
ughter?" she asked, trying to reassure

vas wagons. Six or eight men carry on
their shoulders a big roil, and by its apparance Kelley or one of his assistants knows exactly where it belongs. The men stagger along until they hear the words, "Drop it," and then it falls to the ground A dozen or 15 men sciec it, unfold it and shake it out. The two curving end pieces are straightened out, and then the four pleces that cross from one side to the other are brought out and placed on the ground. The poles always protrude through the tent where two sections join. The tent being laid out on the ground, the pieces are joined to the hoods about the standing poles, and then the sections are laced together by a series of short loops that link one into the other. Half a dozen men gather under the canvas at each pole to do the pulling, and the rest of the men run to the edge of the tent. They race around and shove 100 small side poles about 15 feet tall under the edge of the tent and slip their tops in the holes made for them. These are the little poles at the very edge of the tent. At a signal the men raise the edge of the tent and bring these little poles to a perpendicular. The tent now looks like an ous flattened white hat with rim turned In a little farther the men dive, and soon they begin to push the quarter poles to an upward position. The men at the main poles pull up, and slowly the tent be-

gins to assume shape.

Teams of horses are soon brought into requisition, and they pull the bases of the quarter poles to their place. The guy ropes which reach from the edge of the tent to the stakes tighten, and soon the big tent is taut and firm. The ropes that held the poles firm while the tent was being pulled up are slackened, and the canvas sways as it feels the flexibility in the ropes. More canvas is brought out, and the "side walls are put on, the workmen using ladders to fasten them at the top. The tent is now practically complete. It is 450 feet long and 190 feet wide, and it is ready for the seats. These are rushed in section by section, and in a twinkling the place seems ready for the show. Of course there is much work yet to be done, such as adjusting flags, bringing in and putting up ap-paratus for athletes, preparing the track and the rings and the lights.

All this work of putting up the main tent and the three large auxiliary tents can be accomplished in good weather in two hours and a half. It requires the services of more than 100 trained men, not one of whom is sluggish. It is a task where the only watchword is "hustle."-Exchange.



Garrulous Barberyou like your hair out, sir? New Customer—In perfect sile (Collapse of barber.)—Pick Me Up. THE NEW ENGLAND SABBATH.

A Powerful League Formed In the Interest of Sunday Observance.

To defend the Sabbath "against the persistent encroachments upon its sacredness by business and pleasure" is the object of the New England Sabbath Protective league, recently formed, which has a membership made up of both Protestant and Catholic leaders, and promises to be a power throughout New England in the near future. The president of the league is Bishop Randolph S. Foster, and among the vice presidents are the Rev. Dr. R. Thomas, for Massachusetts; Neal Dow, for Maine; ex-United States Senator Henry S. Blair, for New Hampshire; ex-Governor Page, for Vermont; Thomas B. Stockwell, for Rhode Island, and possibly United States Senator Joseph R. Hawley, for Connecticut. There is also a board of directors 12 strong, and the executive committee of 50 is headed by Governor Greenhalge of Massachusetts The league expects to accor lish

much through its influence with th rious state legislatures, and in ade to preserving the sanctity of the



BISHOP RANDOLPH & FOSTER,

bath it will endeavor "to prevent the strong from oppressing the weak and the immoral from corrupting the young and inexperienced."

The secretary of the league, the man who will do the most of the work, is Rev. Dr. M. D. Kneeland, late pastor of Roxbury Presbyterian church. He says the league will establish a branch in every New England town, so that there shall be a well defined organized effort throughout the states to procure a better observance of Sunday as a day of rest. An effort will be made to reduce the number of Sunday trains and to limit the running of them between 10 a. m. and 3 p. m., as is done by law in Connecticut. It is not proposed to interfere with trains that carry perishable freight or live stock, but all work not prompted by necessity or mercy will be stopped if

Bishop Foster, the president of the leagne, is 75 years of age and was born Williamsburg, O. He entered the ministry a few weeks before completing his eighteenth year and has consequently devoted 57 years of his life to church work. He was consecrated bishop in 1872, and his episcopal residence is in Boston.

### His Horrible Offense.

Many years ago before Mr. Gladstone was so well known as he is now that eminot very interesting subject. The late Sir Walter Barttelots was in his usual place at the end of a bench when a gentleman, leaning across the passage, inquired:

'Sir, will you permit me to ask you who is the elderly person now addressing the

Sir Walter gazed at the man with horror and amazement and said with scant courtesy, "What do you say?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I do not know the old gentleman."

At this the Sussex blood of the Barttelots was roused. "Sir, are you a member of this house?" Oh, no, sir."

Then what on earth are you doing "Well, I was under the gallery and could not hear very well, so I stepped

Sir Walter Barttelots' face assum expression of judicial severity, but he mixed kindness with judgment. He said to the wretched man: "Don't move. Listen attentively to what I am going to say. You have incurred fearful penalties by doing as you have done, and if the speaker had happened to receive a number of petitions while you were here you would have

to pay £500 for every time he said, 'Is it

your pleasure that this petition do lie on the table? " The stranger turned pale. "Now," said Sir Walter, "attend to me. Get up quietly the moment I have done speaking to you, walk behind me and go out at the little door that you see not far from my left shoulder, go down the division lobby to the door of the house and don't stop for a moment till you get to your abode, and never, under any circumstances, divulge the horrible offense which

you have committed." The man feebly thanked him, with trem alous knees rose to his feet and vanished Having given the stranger ample time to escape, Sir Walter related the incident to his friends with much humor and relish. -Youth's Companion.

## Morning In a Lumber Camp

There is no morning beauty sleep in a lumber camp. The right sort of cook commences to rattle his pots and pans at 3 a m., or even earlier. At 4:30, or at the latest 5 o'clock, the cook gives his clarion cry, a long drawn, wailing note with a peculiar cadence that all professional woods cooks seem to acquire. Heard for the first time in the darkness of a winter morning it will scare the neophyte into wakefulness Five minutes after the cry is sounded the first men are pitching into the coffee and baked beans and in half an hour the whole crew is streaming away into the forest puffing at their pipes, prepared to be in the choppings at the first streak of dawn The cookee lugs dinners to the men, and supper is made a rousing meal with every thing smoking hot.-Lewiston Journal

## "Yes, sir, my son is about to sit for his matriculation, but I must tell you that he is afflicted with a kind of infirmity—ex-

traordinary bashfulness. He knows quite well everything that he may be asked, but he is so shy that-and then"-The examiner, with a smile betraying kindness blended with experience, replied. And what is he particularly shy in! The mother promptly, "In Greek, sir!"

Gaulois. Professional Jealousy.

Mrs. Hammand-Mrs. Hashcroft ragging again today about keeping her boarders so long.

Mrs. Foraweek—She doesn't really kee them long. She keeps them so thin they look longer than they actually are.—Indi

The Island of Tobago was named because of its resemblance in shape to the tobago or pipe used by the natives.

### MANY CLAY EATERS.

VARIOUS PEOPLES WHO HAVE USED THE SOIL AS FOOD.

In Some Places the Custom Is Observed Only as a Ceremonial, but Generally the

Purpose Is to Sustain Life-Indians and Africans Great Clay Esters. Among the extraordinary passions for

eating uncommon things must be reckoned that which some peoples exhibit for cating earth or clay. Of this practice, which would appear to have once prevailed all over the world, numerous examples were cited by Captain J. G. Bourke, United States army, in the ninth annual report of the bureau of ethnology. In some places the custom has degenerated into emonial, while in others the eating of this strange food still prevails as a kind of necessity to the lives of those who are addicted to it.

The Mexican devotees picked up a piece of clay in the temple of Tezcatlipoca and ate it with the greatest reverence, and also ate a piece of earth in swearing by the sun and earth. But the use of clay by the Mexicans was not merely a matter of cere mony, for it seems to have been an escu lent in common use. Edible earth was sold openly in the markets of Mexico and appears in the list of foods given by Go-

Cabeza de Vaca says that the Indians of Florida ate clay, and that the natives offered him many mesquite beans, which they are mixed with earth. Venegas as-serts that the Indians of California ate earth. The traditions of the Indians of San Juan Capistrano and vicinity show that they had fed upon a kind of clay, which they often used upon their heads by way of ornament. The Tatu Indians of California, according to Powers, mix red earth into their acorn bread to make the latfer sweet and cause it to go further.

Sir John Franklin relates that the banks of the Mackenzie river contain layers of a kind of unctuous mud, which the Tinneh Indians use as food during the seasons of famine and even at other times chew as an amusement. It has a milky taste, and the flavor is not disagreeable. The Apache and Navajo branches of the Athabascan family of North American Indians are not unacquainted with the use of clay as a comestible, although among the former it is now rarely used and among the latter is employed only as a condiment to relieve the bitterness of the taste of the wild po-tate. In the same manner it is known to both the Zuni and the Tusayan.

In South America, likewise, the eating of clay prevails among the Indians on the banks of the Orinoco, throughout Brazil and on the mountains of Bolivia and Peru In western Africa the negroes of Guinea have long been known to eat a yellowish earth called by them "caouac," and the flavor and taste of which is very agreeable to them and said to cause them no incon-

venience. Some addict themselves so ex cessively to the use of it that it becomes to them a real necessity, and no punishment is sufficient to restrain them from the practice of consuming it. When the Guinea negroes were in former times carried as slaves to the West India Islands, they were observed to continue the custom of eating clay. But the "cnounc" of the American islands, or the substance which the poor negroes attempted to sub stitute in their new homes for the African earth, was found to injure the health of

the slaves who ate it, and so the practice was long ago forbidden and has possibly

ish tufa was formerly secretly sold in the markets, but the use of it has probably ceased in the French colonies also. In eastern Asia a similar practice pre-vails in various places. In the island of Java, between Sourabaya and Samarang, cakes of earth sold in the village for the purpose of being eaten. These were found by Ehrenberg to consist, for the most part, of the remains of microscopic animals and plants which had lived and been deposited are addicted to the practice of eating earth. Dr. Love, some time ago, published an analysis of a clay which is eaten to a considerable extent by the Ainos. It occurs in a bed several feet thick in the valley of

Tsietonal (Eat Earth valley), on the north coast of Yesso It is light gray in color and of fine structure. The people mix with the clay fragments of the leaf of some plant for the aromatic principle it contains. They eat the earth because they think it contains some beneficial substance, not because it is a necessity with them. They have meat and abundance of vegetable food. The clay is eaten in the form of a soup. Several pounds are boiled with lily roots in a small quantity of water and afterward strained. The Aines pronounce the soup

very palatable. In northern Europe, especially in the renote northern parts of Sweden, a kind of earth known by the name of "bread meal" is yearly consumed by hundreds of cartloads, it is said. A similar earth is com-monly mixed with bread in Finland. In ooth these cases the earth employed consists for the most part of the empty shells of minute infusoria in which there cannot exist any ordinary nourishment.
Some of the Silerian tribes when they

travel carry a small bag of their native earth, the taste of which they suppose will preserve them from all the evils of a for dgn sky We are told that the Tunguses of Siberia eat a clay called "rock marrow. which they use mixed with marrow Near the Ural mountains powdered gypsum commonly called "rock meal," is some times mixed with bread The Jukabiri of northeastern Siberia have an earth of a sweetish and rather stringent taste, to which they ascribe a variety of sanitary properties when eaten

In north Germany on various occasions where famine or necessity has urged it, as in long protracted sieges of fortified places. a substance called "mountain meal, ilar to that used in Sweden and Finland, has been employed as a means of staying hunger. According to Pliny, the Romans had a dish called "alica" or "frumenta, " made of

the grain zea mixed with chalk from the hills of Pulcoil, near Naples According to the myths of the Cinga ese, their Brahmans once fed upon earth for the space of 60,000 years -Philadel

## The Germans in former times were fond

of adorning their persons as well as their houses. The women wore necklaces, brace lets, rings and charms or amulets of gold. silver, brass or amber They had buckles and clasps for their capes. They adorned their clothing with rude embroidery. The men at least and possible the women col ored their hair red, and Pliny speaks of a hair dve much used at Rome which was imported from Germany

I tell you!"-Atlanta Constitution.

"I think," said the editor, "that my paper fills a long felt want.' "It does," replied the old subscriber. 'My wife has stopped up every broken cane in the house with it. Saves glass,

#### In a Boston Restaurant. St. Louis Girl-That's queer. I've

coked this bill of fare all over, and I mn't find baked beans on it anywhere. New York Girl (supercilionsly)-Have you looked under the heating 'Fruit?"-Somerville Journal.

DENOMINATIONAL NAMES

The Basilians have their name from

St. Basil, their founder The Wyclifites took their name from Wyclif, an English reformer, born 1324;

died 1887. The Servites are a religious order

founded by seven Florentine merchants about 1283. The Adamites, a sect of the fourteenth

century, were named from one Picard. who called himself Adam, the Son of God. The Lollards, a seet of reformers, were named from Walter Lollard, or Lorillard, who was burned for heresy,

in 1322. The Benedictine monks had their name from their founder, St. Benedict. who brought the monastic system into Europe about 529.

The faith healers were thus called from the fact that they claimed by th exercise of faith and by prayer to hea all manner of diseases.

The word nun is derived from the Italian word nonna, meaning "grandmother." When nunneries were first instituted, the inmates were all very aged women. The word Catholic means "univer-

sal," and the name Catholic church simply means "universal church," as for many centuries the Catholic church was the only church. The Nonconformists were thus designated from their refusal to conform to the usages and doctrines of the estab-

lished church of England. They were

also called dissenters. The Pharisees mentioned in the New Testament took their name from the Hebrew word meaning separated. They were so called because they considered themselves better than the other people of that time and separated themselves from them. -St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### STAGE GLINTS.

Edwin Gordon Lawrence will return to the stage next season.

Mme. Ponisi, who has permanently retired from the stage, lives now in Washington. Edwin Stevens has left the "Sphinx"

company and will join the Marie Jansen company. Rhea's new play, "Nell Gwynne," by Paul Kester, has proved to be her most successful vehicle.

The new review which is being writ-

ten for the New York Casino will be called "The Kalcidoscope." A daughter of the late Mme. Trebelli is to visit Australia with a concert company, as is also the veteran Sims Reeves. Nat Goodwin has put Sydney Rosenfeld's play, "A House of Cards," in rehearsal. He will produce the play

this season. A new prima donna, described by the critics as wonderful, has just made her debut in St. Petersburg. Her name is Helene Chevrier.

"The Reckoning," a melodrama in four acts, will be-produced at the Park now died out in the West India colonies. In Martinique a species of red earth or yellowtheater, Brooklyn, on Jan. 27 for the first time in this country. The farce comedy upon which Fred

Williams and Benjamin F. Roeder have

been at work for some time is to be called "The Cuban Girl." the Kory of the Hin resignaby and will sing the role of Priscilla in "The Patriots" soon to be done at Atlanta.

"The Gav Parisians" will be pro-

duced in London next spring by Charles Frohman, with a cast including four of the actors now appearing in the comedy. George Leitch is making a success with "The Land of the Mca" in New Zealand. The syndicate backing it is so

#### satisfied that it intends to take the drama to England.

THE FASHION PLATE. Buttons are conspicuous on every gown of fashion this fall.

Toques of braided felt make useful

little hats for every day wear. Watteau bows appear again at the back of half low evening corsages, and never have ribbon trimmings of every description been more fashionable than

Silk or velvet of a light shade of geranium pink, turquoise or a delicate mauve may be worn with the ever useful and economical silk lined black

A heavy guipure sailor collar, with

squared ends, and the Marie Antoinette

ruffled fichu are the two latest novelties in the way of brightening up a somber toilet. The beautiful Cleopatra shades in bronze, tawny brown, chestnut, golden, olive and Havana—a rich russet brown

-and all the deep reds and dahlia dyes are in the highest favor this season. Full medium length evening capes of brocade are preferred by very many women to the elegant enveloping long cloaks, as the former do not crush the dress skirt or its trimmings of lace, rib-

bon, etc. Among the expensive coat basques for special wear are those made of rich Persian patterned ladies' cloth; also those of dark velvet in green, plum, black or olive, nearly covered with brilliant foliage and flower clusters, or

#### English Woman Suffragists. The English woman suffragists have

single blossoms and leaves.

collected and published in the London Echo opinions from many eminent divines, English, Scotch and Irish, in favor of extending full parliamentary suffrage to women. The list includes the bishop of London, the dean of Durham. Dr. James Martineau, Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, Canon Wilberforce, Dr. Newman Hall, the bishop of Edinburgh and many others. The Boston Transcript says, "This does not look as if the 200. 000 women in Great Britain who already possess the municipal suffrage had made a very bad use of it."

#### Food For Thought, He pressed a mad kiss upon her lips. 'How can you?" she exclaimed.

"Ah, love is blind," he answered. And, when, four hours later. his departure, she was still thinking .-Detroit Tribune. To Make Mustard.

Four heaping teaspoonfuls of mustard, a teaspoonful of powdered sugar and shalf a teaspoonful of salt. Mix these ingredients together thoroughly and addibolling water, a little at a time, till it is smooth and thick. Then add a scant teaspoonful of vinegar.—Philadelphia Times