

# EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

## HE GOT A CLERKSHIP

THE SENATOR MADE A BLUNDER BY WHICH THE APPLICANT PROFITED.

When Senator Blank Wanted Anything From Secretary Chandler, He Wanted It Bad—How the Young Man Was Let Down Easy and Remained.

Back in the seventies, when Zach Chandler was at the head of the Interior department, a young man from one of the western states came to Washington to try clerical life in one of the departments. He had been quite a ward politician in his western home and imagined both the senators from his state would be glad to do him a favor. He spent several days taking in the sights of the capital, then went up to the senate one afternoon and sent in his card to Senator Blank. The senator responded promptly, had the visitor shown into the marble room, and for some time they sat on a sofa together, talking of home news and the home crops. Then the young man broke the ice by informing the senator just what kind of a place he wanted—didn't care much what department it was in.

"Well, I don't know," said the senator. "Such places are not to be found every day, and there are hundreds here from about every state in the Union looking for almost anything in the shape of an appointment."

"Come up to my house about 8 o'clock tonight," said the senator, "and we'll talk the matter over."

Promptly at the appointed time he pulled the doorknob and was ushered in to the library, where he found the senator puffing a cigar and looking over The Evening Star.

"Ah, good evening, Mr. — I was just thinking of you," said Senator Blank. "I have written a strong letter to Secretary Chandler, requesting him to give you a position in the interior department"—picking up an unsealed letter from his desk and handing it to the young office seeker—"and I would suggest that you call at his office and present it about 10 o'clock tomorrow morning. I have also mailed the secretary a little personal note, letting him know that when I want anything in his office I want it bad."

The young westerner was bowed out of the room with smiles and a hearty handshake. At his hotel he sat down to think over his good luck. Then he thought of the senator's letter, and pulled it out of his pocket and read:

Dear Chandler—Some time tomorrow morning a young citizen of my great and glorious state will call on you with a strong recommendation from me for a clerkship. I have no earthly interest in him, so I turn him over to your tender mercy. Let him down easy, Yours, BLANK.

The young man dropped the letter, and a big sigh struggled up from under his watch pocket. "I wonder what he said in the little note he mailed to the secretary?" thought the young candidate. Then he realized that the senator had given him the wrong letter, and he at once determined to call at the interior department the next morning and see what the next chapter would bring forth.

About 10 o'clock the next forenoon the colored messenger showed a young man into Secretary Chandler's office.

"Senator Blank told me last night he had written you and advised me to call on you this morning," said the young gentleman.

"Ah, yes," smiled the secretary good naturedly, picking up from his desk an open letter and glancing over it. "The senator speaks of you in the highest terms, and is very urgent in his request for your appointment. Wait a moment." And touching a bell he sent his messenger for the chief clerk. After a moment's conversation with the chief clerk the secretary said:

"You are fortunate. There is a \$1,200 clerkship made vacant by resignation this morning, and I have ordered your appointment to the place."

A month later Senator Blank was walking through the patent office, and in the corridor met the new clerk in his office coat. The senator was surprised and a trifle disconcerted, but he shook hands with his young friend and said he was glad to see him there.

"Well, I'm glad to be here," responded the clerk. "And, senator," putting his hand inside his vest and looking squarely in the other's eye, "right in my inside pocket I keep that little personal note you thought you mailed to Secretary Chandler, telling him when you wanted a thing you wanted it bad."

Explanations were unnecessary. The senator went out of public life and died long ago, but the clerk manages to squeeze along through the hard times on his \$1,800 a year.—Washington Star.

**The First Lesson of an Arab Boy.**  
The very first lesson which an Arab baby learns when he begins to talk is to keep facts to himself. It does not sound very friendly but in that way, but it saves a deal of trouble. Foreigners do not understand Arabs. They ask them pointed questions and receive peculiar answers. They construe the answers to please themselves, and come away to tell the world that the Arabs are a nation of liars. They are not a nation of liars. Perhaps if they should tell the foreigners to mind their own affairs and let them and their alone the foreigners would understand them better.—"Yamond," by Henry Willard French, in St. Nicholas.

**Blenheim.**  
Blenheim is one of the biggest and most beautiful places of the kind in England, and the expenses of keeping it up are enormous. The late Duke of Marlborough used to say that it cost £800 a year in putty, and this may be true, since there is a great deal of glass about the place.—London Tit-Bits.

**Neutrality is no favorite with Providence.** For we are so formed that it is scarcely possible for us to stand neuter in our hearts, although we may do it prudent to appear so in our actions.—Colton.

The word rural at first meant a brook, then was applied to the persons who lived on opposite sides and quarreled about the water, and still later it was understood as applying to contestants for any desired object.

# DUNRAVEN'S CHARGE.

Nothing so serious as foul play was suggested over here. His complaint came simply as the casual crankiness of a bad tempered and exasperated man. As we all know, we raced with Lord Dunraven and he returned home, and since his insolence has reached the point to which it has developed in England, we leave it to The Pall Mall Gazette and all self respecting Englishmen to see that he is properly horsewhipped over there, as he ought to be. They owe it to us.—New York Sun.

Dunraven's charge is a charge of racially against the gentlemen of the Defender syndicate and against the New York Yacht club. The charge that Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Morgan and Mr. Iselin, the syndicate, would stoop to such an act is as insulting as absurd. They and the gentlemen composing the New York Yacht club are safe from injury by allegations of unsportsmanlike action. Dunraven seems determined to compel Americans who sympathize with him in defeat to substitute contempt for sympathy.—Utica Herald.

If he believed that a club of which he was a member had been guilty of robbery and conspiracy, he ought to have promptly uttered his belief and given his substantiating facts without waiting until he had reached the other side of the Atlantic. According to his own statement, Dunraven is a coward. Any further racing with Dunraven is out of the question, for he has barred himself from the society of gentlemen. But the New York Yacht club ought to demand that its "honorary" member, Lord Dunraven, substantiate or withdraw his charges of cheating.—Binghamton Republican.

## A FORMIDABLE YACHT.

Will He Be Built That It Can Be Transformed Into a War Vessel.

F. W. Morgan of Chicago has just let the contract for a steam steel yacht, resembling a modern torpedo boat of the Ericsson type, and so built that it can in a few hours be transformed into a formidable war vessel for service on the great lakes. It will be schooner rigged, with two pole masts, supplied with an outfit of sails, to be used in case of accident to the machinery, which will give the yacht a speed of four or five miles an hour. The vessel will be built of steel, divided by five steel watertight bulkheads into six compartments and its dimensions will be: Length on water line, 140 feet; on deck, 130; beam, on water line, 17 feet 4 inches; on deck, 18 feet 3 inches.

The bow will project six feet beyond the deck, sloping out and down to the water line. From the water line the foremast is cut away, so as to give it the ram shape similar to the bows of the United States cruisers Minneapolis, New York and Columbia. The engine will be of the triple expansion type, with cylinders 13, 19½ and 30 inches diameter by 15 inches stroke. This will turn a bronze screw propeller, 5 feet 6 inches in diameter, 300 revolutions per minute and give the yacht a speed of 18 miles per hour.

In building the vessel special care will be taken to have it conform to the requirements of the navy department, as well as the inland Lloyds. The object is to build a ship that in a few hours can be turned into a war vessel in case of trouble with Canada. It will be built at Racine.—New York Herald.

**Talking Through a Stream of Water.**  
"I have a most remarkable telephone in my house," remarked a resident of the western adobe. "I noticed that at times I could hear very distinctly the conversation in the next house. Suddenly it would be broken off short in the middle of a sentence, and I could not hear another word. It would become audible again just as suddenly."

"By a series of experiments I have found out that the sound is conducted by the water running through the pipes. When the water is turned on in my house, I can hear all the conversation in any of the rooms next door in which there is running water. When I turn off the water, all sounds stop suddenly."

"I told my neighbor of it, and we have put it to practical use. When I wish to speak to him, I tap on the window, he turns on the water in his house and listens while I talk to him over the water pipe in an ordinary tone of voice. When I have finished, he turns off the water in his house and I turn it on in mine and listen. In that way we can carry on long conversations with as much ease as if he were in the room with me. Still our houses are about 20 feet apart."—San Francisco Post.

**Quick Shipbuilding.**  
As specimens of rapid construction the seven gunboats which the Thomsons of Clydebank built for Spain to be used against the Cuban insurgents are noteworthy even among the famous feats of modern British shipbuilding. They range from 100 to 800 tons displacement, with speeds from 12 to 13 knots, and carry maxim rapid fire guns, the largest being the 3 inch. The contract was signed July 11 last, and the first vessel was launched Aug. 24 and ready for delivery Sept. 11, or in exactly two months from the signing of the contract. Indeed the work on her was not really begun. It is said, until July 22, so that she was completed in seven weeks and three days. Meanwhile the other six were going along at the same pace, for it appears that they were all completed by Oct. 1, ten days short of the contract time, although the last of them was launched as late as Sept. 20. The launching of one after another of the enormous new battleships within a year of their laying down is another instance of speed in British shipbuilding, but the finishing of these monsters will be a long task.—New York Sun.

**One of Eugene's Tricks.**  
A story that has been written about Field concerns the trick he played on two crooked Kansas City merchants who went away one time on an excursion. Each car was to go by a different route, and the cars separated at an early hour in the morning when everybody was asleep except Gene Field, who was along to write up the trip. Just before the cars parted company he carried all the shoes from one sleeper into the other and carefully exchanged them. Then he took the shoes from the sleeper that had a double supply and carried them into the sleeper where nobody had any shoes. The next morning there was a blue streak two ways across Kansas. Every man in both sleepers was miles and miles away from his own shoes.

# IT WAS LITTLE CROW

THE BAD INDIAN KILLED BY YOUNG CHAUNCEY LAMPSON.

A Leader of the Sioux Whose Misdemeanors Began With an Act of Base Ingratitude. The Government's Struggles With the Hostiles During the War.

The Sioux or Dakota tribe of Indians has been for a considerable time the most powerful confederation of aborigines on the American continent. They could place today several thousand warriors in the field, and they have given our government much trouble during the past generation. It was the Sioux who were the most actively engaged in war with us, after the discovery of gold in California in 1849 caused such a stream of emigration across the continent; they were the leaders in the destruction of Custer and his command; it was they who perpetrated the terrible massacres of 1862 in Minnesota and who came so near bringing on a general war in 1890-1.

Among the famous leaders of the Sioux was Little Crow, who at the beginning of the outbreak of 1862 was living in a comfortable brick house near one of the agencies, which had been erected by our government as an inducement for the turbulent people. He was counted upon as one of the staunchest friends of the whites and indeed had lost caste with many of his own people because of his support of their measures.

Yet on the fatal day in August when the fierce bucks ran to his house and awoke him from sleep to ask his advice as to what should be done, Little Crow, instead of counseling peace, told them that, inasmuch as trouble must inevitably occur between the whites and his people, it might as well begin then as at any time. He proposed that they should go to the agency and kill the traders and volunteer to act as their leader. Having thus identified himself with the hostiles, he became one of the most bitter and unrelenting of them all. He possessed considerable ability, and he threw himself heart and soul into the fight. He was the leader in several of the most decisive defeats received by detachments of troops; was in command in the attacks on New Ulm, Fort Ridgely and the agencies, struck many big blows, and though he personally did not wish to torture prisoners was too weak to prevent his men from doing so.

It always takes a civilized government a considerable while to shake itself into shape when such a crisis comes. The civil war was then under way, quite a number of armed men were in Minnesota because of the call of President Lincoln for volunteers. By and by Colonel Sibley was able to reach the Indians, with the consequence that they were badly beaten. Not only did the majority surrender, but the leaders in the atrocious butcheries were caught and tried and 38 were hanged at Mankato in February, 1863.

Little Crow, however, fled northward with a large body of warriors and took refuge in the neighborhood of Devil's lake, where, the following year, he renewed his crimes and outrages. He was so defiant that he notified Colonel Sibley where he was, adding that soon he intended to arrive with his men at the Yellow Medicine agency.

The authorities became so incensed against the Sioux because of their atrocities that they organized scouts to hunt them down and offered a reward for every one that was killed. Such was the state of affairs when, on Friday afternoon, July 3, 1863, Chauncey Lampson, a boy, and his father, were walking along the road several miles north of Hutchinson, one of the towns that had suffered severely from the massacre. Each had a gun over his shoulder, and they were walking side by side, talking in low tones, when the son suddenly touched the arm of his father and pointed to a little clearing, opening into the woods ahead. The two halted at sight of a couple of Indians picking berries. Their backs were toward the whites, who softly stepped behind the trees and held a whispered consultation as to what was best to do.

There was no doubt that the Indians were hostiles, and had they seen the others first would have shot them. Mr. Lampson and his boy decided to anticipate them. Taking advantage of the shelter afforded by a poplar surrounded with undergrowth, the father crept near enough to secure a good aim, when he fired at one of the Indians. The savage threw up his arms with a yell and fell to the ground badly wounded. Not knowing how many Indians might be near, Mr. Lampson began a cautious retreat, but was obliged to expose himself in doing so. The wounded Indian had partly risen and aimed at him. At the same instant Chauncey, the son, drew a bead on the wounded savage, while the unwounded one leveled his gun at the boy. Rather singularly, all three fired at the same moment.

Mr. Lampson received a flesh wound in the shoulder, the ball of the unwounded warrior grazed the boy's cheek, while the missile of the youth instantly killed the wounded Indian. Then, fearing a charge from a war party, Chauncey dashed off for help. As it grew dark the father started for home by a circuitous route and safely reached there about midnight. The body of the slain Indian was carried to Hutchinson, where, to the astonishment and relief of all, it was identified as that of the famous chief Little Crow.—Detroit Free Press.

## She Got an Answer.

The son of an English earl, staying in Vienna, was one evening at a dinner table which also had been invited some of the most distinguished ladies and gentlemen of that city. One of the ladies, noted even among her intimate friends for saying shrewd but ungracious things, considered the Englishman worthy of her somewhat embarrassing observations and smilingly asked him how it was that the English people generally spoke French so indifferently.

"Why, my lord," she added, "accustomed by the smiles of some of the others, we Austrians use that tongue with the same freedom as we do our native language."

"Madame," was the biting rejoinder she had little anticipated. "I can only account for it by the fact that you have twice entertained the French army in your capital, and we have never permitted them to enter ours!"

"Salt is like good humor—almost everything is better for a pinch of it."

# He Knew His Own Name.

A witness in Judge Low's department of the police court came near being sent to jail for contempt of court for telling the truth. The witness was called and sworn.

"What is your name?" asked Prosecuting Attorney Madden.  
"I. Denan," repeated the witness.  
"What's that?" demanded the judge.  
"I. Denan," repeated the witness.  
The judge and prosecuting attorney stared at each other in blank amazement.

"Look here, sir," roared the judge, when he had recovered his breath. "You will not be permitted to trifle with this court."

"Well—er—I only know what I have always been told was my name," explained the embarrassed witness. "Of course I can't swear to it, but if it is not my true name, I'd like to know it, your honor."

"That is all any man knows of his name," declared the judge. "What have you been told was your name?"  
"I. Denan, sir."  
"You don't know? Mr. Clerk, enter up an order!"

"I didn't say I didn't know," hastily explained the witness. "I said my name was I. Denan—Ignatz Denan, sir."  
"Oh," said the judge.  
"Oh," echoed the prosecuting attorney.—San Francisco Post.

## Charm of Stevenson's Style.

But the main fact which entitles it to be called a perfect style is its constancy in excellence and charm. It is always firm and complete in texture, and uniform in the sense that, while it varies in spirit to suit the subject in hand, it does not vary in quality from line to line, from page to page. I think that Stevenson himself has really written perfect pages, and at all events his style delights us more as a whole than in any of its parts, striking or exquisite though many of these may still appear when torn away from their context. If you like best to be surprised by unexpected epigrams, by sudden bursts of eloquence, by sudden marvels of expressional felicity, turn to some other writer. Stevenson will not amaze you thus. But except very slightly now and then in his earliest efforts he will never disappoint you or let you down. And this experience ought to seem more amazing than any other could. To do things flawlessly from end to end is a rarer and more satisfying merit than to do portions of them magnificently well. To strike a beautiful key and always maintain it, even when treating of ugly or commonplace things, and yet to keep the thing and its expression in accord—this is the noblest of literary triumphs.—Robert Louis Stevenson and His Writing, by Mrs. M. G. Van Rensselaer, in Century.

## Disappointments of an M. P.

One of the great disappointments in the life of an M. P. is that, though sessions come and sessions go, his little pet scheme of legislation, which he hoped to be able to place on the statute book, never advanced beyond the initiatory stage of first reading. Another cruel disappointment is that, after devoting days and nights to taxing his brain for antitheses, epigrams and other flowers of rhetoric for his speech in a great debate, he patiently sits night after night during the time allotted for the debate, on the pounce to "catch the speaker's eye," but fails to fix the attention of that wandering orb, while he hears his arguments and his illustrations used by other men, who have probably gone to the same source for them, until at last the end comes without an opportunity having been afforded him to relieve his mind of the weighty unspoken speech which oppresses it. Then his constituents complain that he is a useless "silent member" if they do not see his name figuring in the newspaper reports. They are convinced he is neglecting his duty. What consolation is it to him to think of the old saying that "they are the wisest part of parliament who use the greatest silence," or of the opinion of the party leaders—especially the leaders of the party in office—that he is the most useful of members who never takes part in the debates, but is ever at hand to record his vote when the division bells ring out their alarm?—Chambers' Journal.

## Prinet I, a King in Exile.

The Figaro gives, apropos of the Channel Islands, some interesting details of "un roi en exil," but of a king who never reigned and an exile who never wandered. The monarch in question is Prinet I and the last of that dynasty. He reigned over the Erehon islands, a small group lying to the northeast of Jersey. He had, however, only one subject, his wife, and perhaps that is more than all married men can boast of. The royal residence was in Blaque lie, and here the king earned a narrow living, his revenue coming from fish, smuggled brandy and pigeon breeding. The pigeons he generally ate. A high tide from time to time invaded his kitchen, and also the throneroom, which was next to the kitchen.

He held his wife, Queen Philippe, under deepotic control and made her work hard in household avocations. One of her principal tasks must have been repairing the royal wardrobe, as it is recorded that her gracious majesty the queen of England presented him with a vest some 20 years ago, and that he wears it still. Queen Philippe then presented her sister monarch with a piece of embroidery. Prinet I had fallen upon evil days and is now an exile in the hospital at St. Heliers.—Pall Mall Gazette.

## All the Same.

"Have you any flunnces?" asked Tony Pippin, with an abstracted air, as he inserted his legs under a table in one of those quick dispatch restaurants in Park row.

The fluffy haired waitress, blushed down at her plain black skirts, glanced laboriously and said:  
"What was that you wanted?"  
"Flunnces."  
"How'll you have 'em—baked, boiled, steamed or fried?" the girl responded facetiously. She thought Mr. Pippin was given to repartees with bacon.

Tony responded, with some severity.  
"Will you take my order?"  
"Yes, if you call for anything on the bill. This ain't no Chinese laundry."

Struck by a sudden fear, Mr. Pippin grabbed the thumb painted menu, scanned the oyster list for a moment and then said meekly:  
"I made a mistake. It's scallops I want."—New York Journal.

# SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP.

Over the sea a lady came.  
Sleep, sleep, sweetly sleep.  
Night was the beautiful lady's name.  
Sleep, sleep, sleep.  
Her eyes like two stars shone soft and bright.  
Her voice like the breeze's murmur light.  
Kind and gentle and lovely night;  
Sleep, baby, sleep.

How tender her love for each little one.  
Sleep, sleep, sweetly sleep.  
She softly called when the day was done.  
"Sleep, sleep, sleep."  
"Dear little children," I heard her say,  
"You must be tired now. Stop your play  
And come with me to dreamland away."  
Sleep, baby, sleep.

"Shut your eyes if you want to go.  
Sleep, sleep, sweetly sleep.  
Safe in my arms I'll carry you so."  
Sleep, sleep, sleep.  
Over the ocean flying fast  
Earth with its clouds and storm is past.  
Here is the beautiful land at last;  
Sleep, baby, sleep.

"Such a wonderful, happy land,  
Sleep, sleep, sweetly sleep.  
Children laughing on every head,  
Sleep, sleep, sleep.  
Flowers more gay than our beauteous spring  
Music more full than our birds can sing.  
Sunshine and fairness and—every bright thing.  
Sleep, baby, sleep."  
—Josephine Parkman in Youth's Companion.

## A NOVEL INDUSTRY.

How One Man Makes a Living by Buying Canadian Money.

All through that part of the country (northern Ohio) there is a discount of 20 cents on every Canadian dollar. Of course Canadian money is not as much in circulation as is the legal tender of the United States, but there was enough for his purpose. A man advertised in all surrounding country towns that he would redeem Canadian money for 90 cents on the dollar. It was some time before he had any results from this advertising. It was like the man who stood on London bridge at midnight and offered to give away sovereigns. People laughed at him. The farmers were shy. They thought it was a swindling game of some kind and left him severely alone. One day a man came in with \$10 Canadian money. It was of all shapes and sizes from the 5 cent piece that looks like a dime to a dollar bill drawn on the Bank of Montreal. If he had spent it, he could have secured \$8 worth of goods for it. My man gave him nine big silver dollars in United States money for it. Before the week was out he had exchanged United States dollars for \$250 worth of Canadian money. This would give him a profit of \$25 wherever Canadian money is as good as our own.

From that time on the business gradually increased, until today he averages about \$150 a week. Instead of having the farmers come to him he goes to them and buys their accumulated savings of Canada coin. They are all his customers and know him well in the five years they have done business together. "Are you not afraid of competition in your business in case it becomes generally known?" I asked. "No," said he, "you see, it requires a comparatively large amount of money as a starting capital. Then I have to have men in the frontier cities who will give me United States money for my Canadian currency. I generally take a trip twice a year to Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago and Buffalo, where I make these exchanges. All this requires years of preparation, and no outsider could step in and make exchanges with my patrons, as they have all the money they can handle now, even at a 2 per cent commission on the dollar."—Buffalo Express.

## General Miles.

A member of various social organizations, General Miles yet takes much more pleasure in home than in club life. He has the happy art of making strong and loyal friends. He has always enjoyed outdoor sports and athletic exercises and did not miss, you may be sure, being at the America's cup races in September. He is fond of horseback riding and appears to great advantage mounted, and in his daily spins on the wheel his daughter or his son, a lad about to enter his teens, is often his companion. He likes to have pet animals about him, especially good dogs, "and his pets," as a friend once said, "are the pets of the whole family."

In manner the general is quiet and self-controlled, but none the less affable and courteous, and it has been remarked that he never refuses to see anybody who calls upon him. Perhaps it is a systematic method in routine work, with a habit of beginning as soon as possible whatever has to be done, that gives him this abundant leisure for his visitors. The members of his family have access to his library in his working hours and never seem to disturb him. He is free from affectations and presents no eccentricities or angularities with which to point a "character sketch."—George E. Pond in McClure's Magazine.

## Know How It Would Be.

The simplicity of children is sometimes hard to fathom. In the following case, for instance, reported by an exchange, was the boy's innocence real or affected?

He had brought home his monthly school report, which made a poor showing.

"This is very unsatisfactory," said his father as he looked it over. "I am not at all pleased with it."  
"I knew you wouldn't be," answered the little boy. "I told the teacher so, but she said she couldn't change it."  
—Youth's Companion.

## It All Depends.

"So you and Miss Brown have been married," said the St. Paul man pleasantly.

"We have," replied the Minneapolis man, with just a shade of suspicion in his tone.

"Made one, as it were."  
"What?" The Minneapolis man was more suspicious than ever.

"I say you have been legally made one."  
"Not for the purposes of census enumerators, sir," returned the Minneapolis man quickly. "I looked that up myself before I proposed. We count as two in the census, and don't you forget it."  
—Chicago Post.

## Taking No Risks.

"I am not going to take my meals at the Elan restaurant any longer."  
"Why not?"  
"I heard the proprietor tell a delinquent customer to 'pony up!'"  
—Detroit Free Press.

Knave originally signified only a boy then, as most writers and pages were boys. It was applied to male servants, and as not a few of these were of roughish habits, it finally came to mean a rascal.

# YOUNG GASOLINE FIENDS.

Philadelphia Boys Discover an Intoxicant That Is New to Them.

Gasoline as an intoxicant has lately gained much favor among the juveniles of the southeastern section of the city, and the Twenty-fifth district policemen are having their own troubles trying to prevent the boys from securing their tippie or taking care of them after they have secured it.

Some time ago a crowd ofurchins secured an old gasoline barrel, with which they intended making a fire. Previous to igniting it, however, one of the party hid from his companions by jumping inside of it. He rather enjoyed the odor of stale gasoline and inhaled the fumes for some time, until finally when he tried to get out of his hiding place he found his only escape was to roll out. He was almost completely overcome by the fumes and unable to walk straight. When he did recover, he told the others that the sensation was most delightful, and immediately empty gasoline barrels were at a premium.

The great discoverer of the new jag method was one James Dougherty, and soon he, with several others, became confirmed gasoline drunkards. Some days ago two of the boys found a barrel outside a corner grocery, and its removal unseen not being an easy matter they glued their noses to the bung hole and were soon wrapped in as pretty a hand painted, close fitting jag as any of their elders could wish for. While in this condition they were discovered by Policeman Goodchild and sent home, it being supposed that they were sick.

Through the past week other boys, mildly intoxicated, were noticed, but it was not until Friday last that the secret as to the method employed leaked out. Then George Goldthrop, aged 14 years, of 1430 Snyder avenue, was found near Second and Mifflin streets serenely unconscious behind a lumber pile and was sent to the police station. He recovered after several hours, and in the morning the story was learned. It seems that after exhausting the supply of barrels the boys hit on a novel scheme for obtaining their favorite intoxicant.

All through the First ward are numerous gasoline street lamps. The tanks on these were filled daily, and it was an easy matter for the boys to climb up the posts and get at the tank. They saturated old pieces of cloth with the fluid, and with these pressed tight over their noses and mouths inhaled the fumes until the desired stage of intoxication was reached. The police now have orders to watch the lamps and to arrest any one who tampers with them. The parents of the boys known to be addicted to the practice were called up by Lieutenant Turner and lectured on the doings of their children. The surgeons of the district say that the inhalation of the fumes may cause dangerous results.—Philadelphia Record.

## English Judges.

The London Saturday Review declares that inasmuch as judges will not retire when they are too old they ought to be compelled to do so. Beginning with the court of appeals, it points out that Lord Esher, the master of the rolls, is 80; Lord Justice Kay is 73; Lord Justice Lindley is 67, and Lord Justice Lopes is 68. Of the lords of appeal in ordinary, Lord Morris is 68; Lord Watson and Shand are 67. Coming to the high court of justice, Justice Hawkins is 78; Baron Pollock is 72; Justice Day is 69; Justice Chitty and Justice Williams are 67, and Justice North and Justice Mathew are 65. Sir Richard Couch and Lord Hobhouse of the judicial committee of the privy council are 78 and 67 respectively. "Old judges," it adds, "are like other old men, neither better nor worse—that is to say, they are peevish, capricious, callous of the interests and feelings of other men and shirkers of their work. They are not responsible for these defects, which are due to their physical condition, and they would not be human if they did not show them. Lord Esher's irritability in the court of appeal when he has a strange or stupid counsel before him is painful to witness."

## Frattarolo Brothers Not Robbers.

The two well known brigands, the brothers Frattarolo, paid a visit a few days ago to the country house of a rich squire at Vico Garganico, near Foggia. The squire, who happened to be on the point of departure and whose horse was already saddled, was not overjoyed at the sight of the brigands, but dared not offend them. They, however, spoke to him very politely, begging him not to be afraid of them and saying they were the same as other men. After having lunched with the brigands and offered them cigars the squire handed them a note for 100 francs, which, however, they refused, contending that they were not robbers, but that they went about the country trying to avenge themselves on their enemies. When their host took his departure on horseback, the brothers offered to accompany him part of the way, which they did, mounted on their mules. The squire was not sorry, as he may be imagined, to see the last of them.—London News.

## Agricultural Chemistry.

Chemistry as the handmaiden of agriculture has achieved a wonderful success. Fertilizing the fields has not only become a well understood business, but is an exact science. There are methods of recovering waste products and utilizing heretofore useless matter. It is known what is required to produce the best potatoes and other crops, each one having supplied to it the chemical necessities of its existence. Land, sea and the elements are taxed to the furthest the constituents necessary to the best growth of vegetation. It would have been a surprise to our ancestors had they been told that there are common plants which derive a very small portion of their substance from the air and water; therefore, to understand the theories of drainage, rainfall, evaporation and absorption are matters of the utmost importance. To nothing does agriculture owe such a debt as to science, for by its means the waste places of the earth can be made productive, and by the introduction of new chemical elements malarial and unwholesome soils are made fertile and transformed into healthy and agreeable dwelling places.—New York Ledger.

## Acres meant any field.

It is still used with this significance by the Germans, who speak of God's acre, alluding to the cemetery.

The language of a deaf mute is a thing that goes without saying.—Texas Sittings.

# WITH THE TIDE.

I watched him I love going from me (Ah, would to God I had died!)  
And I prayed to the great old Father  
To stay the turn of the tide.

To stay the ebb! And he hearkened,  
And ever the waves rolled on,  
Till meadow and garden and hedgerow  
I could see them never a one.

For I knew that my love was dying;  
At the turn of the tide he must go,  
The soul may not leave its dwelling  
Till betwixt the ebb and the flow.

And the people who all flocked inland,  
They called it a great spring-tide,  
And I listened and joined in their sorrow  
But I love in my heart that I died.

And my love as he watched the water  
Rigged yearly for his rest,  
Then I prayed once more to our Father  
For I saw that his will was best.

As the sea went slowly backward  
The spirit of one who had died  
Was borne on the waste of waters,  
For the soul must go with the tide,  
—Florence Peacock in London Academy.

## HERE IS A MODEL.

Husbands May Fashion Themselves After This