EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL. . . Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

THE GREAT FIREFLY.

One of Nature's Curiosities Found In the West India Islands.

The great firefly—Elater noctilucus—is an inhabitant of the savannahs of most of the warmer parts of America and the West Indian islands. It is said to attain a length of 1½ inches. In the gloom of night these flies are extremely luminous, and the effect is brilliant. The light chiefly proceeds from four parts—viz, from two glandular spots behind the eyes, and one under each wing. They have the power to cut off the light at will, in which case the glandular spots become perfectly opaque. The light of this wonderful insect by itself is such that if the creature be held in the palm of the hand, print or manuscript is as easily read as by a candle. The aboriginal natives cage these creatures and make use of them, it is alleged, as lanterns. Ladies adorn themselves with this electriclike luminary.

It is related of Don Domingo Conde of Colombia that he would appear on the evening promenade with a large firefly ornamenting the buckle of his broad hat, while a band of smaller luminous insects surrounded it. The same Spaniard lighted his palace with fireflies in silver cages. The display must have been enchanting, for at one time the light is ruddy, at another the tinge is greenish, then there is a change to golden yellow. It is stated that when the Spaniards were about to land one of their expeditions against Mexico a panic was caused by these luminaries. The host of flitting lights on land was supposed to be an indication of the enemy arousing their camp to resist the attack.

When the English were attacking the West India islands, the fireflies were taken to be a Spanish army advancing with burning matches against them, and the upshot was a hasty retreat to the ships.—All the Year Round.

MOCK WINE RUINED HIM.

Fate of an Actor Who Guzzled Imitation Liquor on the Stage.

Down at —— the other evening I met a ruined actor. Of course it was not the first one by any means, but it was the first one whose pathway from munificence to misery had been along so strange a course.

"I once had a fine baritone voice," he coughed, when I had consented to listen to him. "I sang Devilshoof in 'Bohemian Girl' and had to drink about a quart of colored water in the count's apartments night after night, and the venetian red or madder, or whatever it was they used to stain the water, sapped the wells of my vocalism, and I couldn't sing any better than Jim Gurville does now.

"Then I went to the comedy stage, and drank at fetes and fairs, and felt my art slipping from me with each potation. But it was down in the books and what could I do? I tried melodrama, and swallowed half a gallon of 'booze' in 'The Stowaway,' and that sent me to the concert rooms, where I was supplied with cinnamon brown stuff in common tumblers, and was expected to swallow the whole of it, and even then act drunk, when the effect was enough to sober three blocks of the Bowery. After that I went from bad to worse, always being cast in plays where there was mock 'booze' to be drunk, and now I can't sing, I can't act, I can't dance and what the—well, since you insist, I can drink, though it's seldom enough I get the chance. Here's to you! And may you never put an enemy into your mouth that comes from the property man."

So saying, the ruined actor, true to his training, swallowed the genuine draft, and simulated intoxication—so baleful are the influences of the stage.—New York Herald.

French and English Manners.

Gigoux, the painter, who died recently at the age of 90, left souvenirs, but they are not to be printed until the next century is middle aged. He had many aristocratic English friends, pupils and patrons. One of them was an Earl of Essex, to whose sister Gigoux was engaged to be married. The match fell through from an accidental cause. Gigoux did the portrait of the Marquis of Londonderry, who was a Waterloo veteran. Castlereagh, "a charming man," often dropped in to take pot luck at the painter's house in Paris. He was fond of Burgundy wine and thought Gigoux's the best he ever drank.

When the artist went on a visit to him to England, he said he must give him a lesson in English manners. "You are never to take the slightest notice of any of my friends with whom you are not acquainted when I meet them with you. If you so much as touch your hat, you will be considered a poor devil of inferior birth." One day they were going to see a painting at the Duke of Somerset's. On the way Castlereagh fell in with Somerset, whom he named before he came up to him. Gigoux instinctively, as the noblemen accosted each other, was about to raise his hat, when Castlereagh, taking his hand, gave it a downward jerk. He then presented him to the duke. Gigoux was during 40 years a trusted friend of the Princess Mathilde.—Paris Cor. London Truth.

Man as an Agriculturist.

M. Felix Alcan, in his "Conquest of the Vegetable World," shows man's progress when he became an agriculturist. At first man was a hunter, afterward he reared cattle and lastly cultivated the soil. If he had been able to domesticate animals, that helped him in tillage. The want of proper animals may have, in a certain measure, retarded the advance of particular races or minimized agricultural efforts. Agriculture called on a higher degree of intelligence when a field was plowed. There was even requisite a new mental element, the exercise of patience. The man might exist on the deer he killed, for at once the effort supplied the food. But when he plowed, sowed and garnered a season elapsed before he had the reward of his toil.

"The profession of agriculture was much more toilsome than that of herdsman, and man, averse to hard work, recoiled long before the fatigue of the task." When the first field was plowed, then the true resources of mankind were found, and his progress was assured. The distinguishing race of cultivators of the soil were the Aryans, and so the name Aryan comes from the Latin arare, to plow.

Pat Agreed.

A story is told by one of Lord Zetland's party, that was making inquiries into the condition of a distressed district in Ireland. They were crossing a lake. A gale was blowing and waves were dashing over the boat. The gentleman referred to had been assured that an Irish peasant, if treated well, will always agree with what is said to him, rather than appear disagreeable. It struck the gentleman that here was a good chance to put the assertion to the proof. "There is very little wind, Pat," he said to one of the boatmen. The answer came through the howling of the elements, "Very little indade, yer honor, but fwhat there is, is moighty sthrong."

During the days when armor was heaviest the cavalry was the slow moving army of the service, all movements requiring celerity being executed by infantry.

A LOVE SONG.

My little leaves, why are you glad?
  Answer, quivering little leaves,
Small clapping leaves, so freshly clad
  In a green world that never grieves.
Answer me, for my heart is sad!
  Love God, love God! they sing,
  Gay as the birds a-wing.

My little flowers, what's your delight?
  Now answer, for my soul believes
In your sweet petals, pure and white,
  Sweet purity no man deceives.
Answer, my flow'rets fair and bright.
  Love God, love God! they sing,
  Gay as the birds a-wing.

Fresh blades of grass, you cheerful seem.
  What is it that all grief relieves?
Thick ye upspring, a fair sunbeam
  In your low stems its brightness weaves
How do you keep that sunny gleam?
  Love God, love God! they sing,
  Gay as the birds a-wing.

The flowers and grass make their reply,
  With all the merry clapping leaves,
And echoing the holy cry
  The drooping heart its joy retrieves.
All voices to their Maker fly.
  Love God, love God! they sing,
  Gay as the birds a-wing.
—Constance Hope in Good Words.

FIRST LOVE.

I have for years led a roving life and am most at home in railway carriages, waiting rooms, hotels and restaurants. On this account my reading has been of all kinds, and I have given up wishing to be dainty in my literary diet. Only German and French romances and novels by authors unknown to me, or writers whose style I do not enjoy, inspire me with an unconquerable respect.

Books by these authors I never venture to open, even in the greatest dearth of reading matter. Besides I eagerly welcome everything published by the latest journals and look through each weekly and monthly periodical that I come across in dining or waiting room.

That is why I have a succession of fragments of a considerable number of stories in my head, and as their classification does not especially interest me it thus happens that I occasionally join the end of one to the beginning of the other. Some of these dovetailed stories please me quite as well as the noted novels of famous authors.

This is a matter of taste, and I allow myself no criticism. Sometimes I finish for myself a story, the beginning of which I have read, or invent the first chapter for the conclusion of a romance which has fallen into my hands. Then, after a time, it is difficult to distinguish between what is mine and what is not mine. In most cases indeed I have of a morning when I leave a city forgotten what I have read there on the preceding evening. But when a story has pleased me I enjoy repeating it to myself in the railway carriage, and then it becomes fixed in my memory and recurs later, at irregular intervals, as something personally experienced or again invented by myself.

The following narrative is one of these tales. I have forgotten where I read it for the first time. Whether the tale was exactly as I now have it in my mind I do not any longer know. But the idea is not mine. I believe I found it in a Paris review. Then it must have been many years since, for several omnivorous readers among my French acquaintances, of whom I made inquiry regarding that easily recognized sketch, could not remember to have read it. It is also possible that I found it in Berlin or London. Should the owner at any time reclaim it, I will return his property with thanks. Here is the story as it has shaped itself little by little in my head:

The numerous guests of the countess had been slowly retiring since 11 o'clock, and about 12 there were only some half dozen people assembled in the salon, the very intimate friends of the house. The handsome Palamede had pronounced his verdict upon the notable toilets of the evening. Rene had recounted the last duel, Edmond the last steeplechase. The scandal of the day had been commented upon in the usual philanthropic fashion, and for the first time for half an hour the conversation had languished.

The countess turned to her neighbor, the quiet Gaston.

"You are making more noise than usual this evening," said she. "You have been sleeping this half hour with open eyes." The gentleman addressed, who had been sitting upon a low chair, earnestly engaged in keeping up a fire in the chimney, in which he had displayed the ability that, according to a French proverb, is a privilege of lovers and philosophers, turned slowly and made answer, "I am thinking of my first love."

"Gratitude does honor to the receiver and to the giver alike," said the countess. "Tell us the story of the first love that still makes you dream today."

Gaston slowly rubbed his thin hands, as was his habit, and without waiting for further urging began as follows:

"When I say my first love, I do not mean the very first. This indeed caused me in its time much pain and anxious joy, but that is long since forgotten. Many a time, when I now recall it, it seems as though I thought of another's love tale and not my own. I was at the time perhaps 12 or 13 years old, and she was the sister of my schoolfellow Jacques.

"I saw her for the first time upon our playground, where she appeared with her mother, during an intermission, to see her brother. It was winter. The yard was full of snow, and a fierce battle waged between the opposing factions into which the school was divided. At the moment when I saw her at the entrance to the playground, a harder snowball hit me on the head, so that I fell down unconscious. A few minutes after, when I again came to myself, I was sitting upon a chair in the porter's room, and both ladies, the mother and sister of my friend, stood near and regarded me anxiously.

"The next morning she caused inquiry to be made after my health through Jacques, and on the following Sunday I called upon her. I spoke no word. I ventured scarcely to raise my eyes, but I would willingly have thrown myself a thousand times into fire or water to again draw upon me the solicitous glance of the beautiful maiden.

"In the evening I invented for myself the most marvelous heroic deeds wherewith I would fain have aroused her astonishment and compelled her admiration. Anything else I neither desired nor expected. The unconscious dawn of love in the heart of youth belongs with its peculiarities only to pure childhood.

"The young heart is foolishly happy in sacrifice, quietly content and blindly conceited and vain. It cannot yet love, it needs but to be loved and admired; to bestow happiness is not its object, and the only joy it knows is a blissful unrest; its only need, to receive love without bestowing it. In after years one gives without receiving and is very well off with that. So everything in the world is arranged in the best manner, where there are people who find their joy in giving, and others who are happiest in receiving.

"But how short and sweet is the one time when one gives and receives, when one loves and is beloved! I have known it, but she who then made me so inexpressibly happy has now left me. How beautiful was the world when I saw it with her; how blue the heaven; how soft the air! We hastened, hand in hand, from place to place, and wherever we went, laughingly joy stepped forth to greet us, begging us to linger. We went laughing, singing, rejoicing along, assured of our good fortune everywhere.

"Sometimes our riotous delight, overstepping all bounds, startled sober people. But the stern glance softened when it rested upon us: 'They are young. Let them enjoy themselves,' said the old, and went along sorrowfully smiling. She clung so tightly to my arm, she nestled so closely to my side, that I thought I could never lose her. The idea of a possible change never came to me, never troubled me. Thus I lived a long time. Weeks, months, years flew by, and I heeded them not.

"One evening, after we had spent the day yet more madly and merrily than usual, she suddenly appeared to me discontented and cold. A terrible fear which I am not able to describe fell upon me. An icy coldness crept over me. 'She will leave you,' said I to myself, 'certainly, surely, she will leave you.' It occurred to me how little I had really concerned myself about her, how I perhaps had expected too much of her truth and constancy. For the first time I felt my trust in myself and in her waver, and anxiously I gazed into her eyes. But her glance turned wearily from me and gave me no answer.

"My rest was gone, my life no more the same. It is true she still pressed me impetuously to her bosom again and again, but the sweetness of her kiss had vanished. Often she pushed me coldly away, and I saw to my unutterable sorrow that my love wearied her. And when I once at a later hour returned home, tired and dejected, I found the room dark, cold and empty. She, my joy, my light, my all, had vanished.

"Now began a miserable existence for me. The loss that I had suffered gnawed at my heart, but my care was to conceal this loss from the world. I endeavored to show a cheerful, happy countenance. I sought the society of gay young people. I bestowed great and hitherto unknown and ridiculed care upon my person and toilet. My enemies said of me that I had for a long time rouged in order to hide the paleness of my cheeks. That is not true, but I may as well confess that I bought a little flask of newly invented tincture that was to restore the color of youth to my whitening hair.

"This hypocritical farce did not long continue. I was soon tired of the strife, and today the opinion of the world troubles me no more. I know that my darling has left me; that nothing will bring her back, and every one who knows me may perceive and recognize in my appearance the loss which I suffered. But I ever lament the lost one. She is wanting everywhere. Nothing, nothing can take her place to me, and I would willingly give everything I possess and every joy and happiness that is prepared for me to once again call her mine, to once more live through that beautiful, fleeting time, during which alone I was happy."

Gaston ceased, and stared fixedly into the dying fire, and fell to the characteristic, slow rubbing of his emaciated hands.

"What is the name of this wonderful being?" asked the countess.

"My youth," answered Gaston, without turning his eyes from the fire.—From the German For Short Stories.

Chinese Money.

It is held by some that the coinage of China was invented especially for the confusion of the foreigner. At any rate, two market villages 20 miles apart are quite certain to have a different rate of exchange, and—but this may be only a coincidence—the foreigner is not the one who profits thereby. Thus, suppose you tender $1 at Stone Umbrella mart, and after much weighing and testing thereof are given in exchange 1,030 brass coins strung on a string, of varying weight and thickness.

Arrived at the Plain of Peace, you buy $1 worth of fowls, and put down your 1,030 coins, only to be told that the exchange is 1,160, and you have to find the balance. Next day, having invested all your savings in cash, you return to Stone Umbrella, intending to buy up all the silver in circulation at the lower rate of exchange.

Alas, for your hopes! You are met with a chilling, "These cash are ten parts—i. e., 100 per cent—worthless," and in corroboration of his statement your would be victim points out, or pretends to point out, the absence of certain blurs on the horrid little rings of brass.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Shirt Waists and Deuteronomy.

One of the most significant signs of summer is the reappearance of the shirt waist. It is worn by all classes and conditions of women.

Age or size is no bar to it. Comeliness or homeliness are equally susceptible to its attractions. It has come with bigger sleeves, brighter colors and more extreme styles. In its latest form it is an exact copy of a man's shirt except that it has a drawing string around the belt and is endowed with the privilege of separating from the garment that supplements it.

This prevalence of the shirt waist is a token of the religious laxity of the times. Its hold upon feminine favor shows that the Bible is not read or heeded as in the days of our grandmothers. In Deuteronomy xxii., 5, are these words: "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment. For all that do so are an abomination."

As the women are putting on not only the shirt waist, but the collar button, the studs and the four in hand ties, which pertain unto a man, it is very evident they do not take Scriptural injunctions very much to heart.—Denver Times.

Brazilian Morning Glory.

The Brazilian morning glory will prove a pleasant surprise to those who have not yet grown it. It is as easy of cultivation as the old fashioned morning glory. Its flowers are rose colored and very large, while its leaves are often 9 and 10 inches across. It makes a beautiful screen for a window or piazza.

TO FLORENCE.

Within an old Italian book I read
  These words, which I have still remembrance of:
"Who reads this book when I perchance am dead
  Should worship Florence as his only love."

He only wrote of that most fairy town,
  The City of the Flowers, as she is named:
I have an easier task to win renown
  In one who's fairer faced and fairer famed.

For you are fairer than Firenza's flowers,
  Sweeter is your smile than all its sun,
And I would give my life and all its towers
  If the rose petals of your lips I won.

Here at your feet I lay my meed of song:
  Take it and kiss it, though you hardly look.
I shall have readers through the whole year long
  If all who love you, Florence, read my book.
—Fay Durham in Home and Country.

CYCLOMANIA.

The Scientific Name of the Craze For Wheeling In France.

"Le Velocipediste" is the title of an amusing little essay in the Paris Figaro, in which that familiar division of the human family, the cyclist, is discussed from a naturalist's point of view.

"Like the June bugs, which skim buzzingly over the flower beds," says The Figaro, "the 'Velox communis' flies along the surface of our streets with disquieting rapidity, frequently grazing in its course the careless pedestrian who loves to cross crowded thoroughfares while reading his newspaper. Of all the animals of the Parisian fauna it is by far the most prolific and multiplies with startling rapidity. The male, of a grayish yellow color, is generally homely. The female, on the other hand, offers in the harmonious and opulent beauty of her outlines a veritable treat for our charmed eyes. She is tamed without difficulty.

"The number of 'velocipedistes' has so augmented during the last few years that it has become a public danger. The Academy of Medicine is justly alarmed at the progress of cyclomania, as is called this circular madness, which was studied for the first time by the celebrated Esquirou, who himself at last fell a victim to the same terrible malady.

"It is dangerous to get in the way of the 'Velox communis,' this animal not being accustomed to diverge from the straight line which it follows imperturbably. The frequency with which it runs down and maims whatever happens to be in its path is too well known to be dwelt on here. Sometimes the 'cyclist migrator' travels in troops, and even in single file, like the wild duck. The augurs of antiquity—a verse of Ovid seems to prove it at least—would have drawn good or bad omens according as they perceived the flight of the 'veloces' in odd or even numbers.

"M. de Lacaze-Duthiers believes that these animals have among themselves contests of speed analogous to our horse races. He has even been able to observe a 'velox' of large frame which moved incessantly about a circular track without taking the least repose or absorbing the slightest nourishment. He concludes from this that this insect possesses a crop like that of the turkey, which permits it to store a certain quantity of nourishment, a portion of which it lets fall from time to time into its stomach.

"The cry of the 'velox' is frightful. Its terrifying discordance is sometimes augmented by an apparatus which reminds one of the cow bells of Switzerland, or the horns used on our tram cars."

Travel In Spain.

One of the greatest charms of Spain to a reflective mind is the entire absence of anything like an atmosphere of labor. There is none of the fretting energy of breadwinning, and the traveler in her provinces seems to himself to have stepped out of the nineteenth century and crossed the magical portal into the sixteenth for anything he can discover that bespeaks what we term the "spirit of the age." No one is in a hurry; even the beggars whine lazily. Toiling and spinning and harvesting is not a part of their code of life.

There is no planning or thought for the morrow, for they know the prodigal Ceres will care for her children, and the sun-browned idlers fall asleep on the cool marble steps of the cathedral or by the roadside in the shade of the olive woods, and no one thinks to question their privilege or right to do so. They live for the sole enjoyment of each day by itself. Now and again the air is stirred by the sounds of preparation for some picturesque procession or festival in honor of a favorite saint or for some royal tournament or bull fight, but it is all a mere matter of pleasurable enjoyment, and the thought or anxiety of their daily bread does not enter into the question of the hour.—Art Interchange.

LETTER CARRIERS IN THE ALPS.

Their Terrible Hardships In Winter and Heroic Devotion to Duty.

Among letter carriers the world over probably there are few who undergo for so small a pittance such terrible hardships as those who carry the mails in the high Alps in winter. They are paid but 28 cents per day and frequently lose their lives in the performance of their duty. The world at large hears of them but rarely, and then only from some chance traveler who has been snowbound in a hospice in those high altitudes.

The postman at Villar d'Arene, in the Alpes Maritimes, was badly frost bitten last winter while making his rounds. A Parisian journalist happened to be in the village when the mail arrived and said to him, "You have a good excuse for not going over your route today, because you are ill and more than three feet of new snow fell last night."

"Yes, monsieur," the carrier replied, "I know all that very well, but—que voulez-vous? There is in the bag a letter from Louis Jousset, which comes from Tonquin. You cannot understand how impatiently his parents are awaiting that letter from their son. Every day they ask me, 'Is there nothing from him yet?' They are anxious about him. He is so far away. And now a letter has come, shall I make them wait? Oh, no. I have not the courage, though I fear from the pain I suffer that neither the postman nor the letter will reach their destination."

On the way from Abries, on the French side, to Bobbio, in Italy, some miles before reaching the Col de la Croix, separating the two countries, there is a house of refuge, which was built nearly 100 years ago by the French government. For some time previous to last winter it was kept by a cantonnier and his wife, but through carelessness or complacence they allowed Italian soldiers to come there and spy across the border. Last winter, therefore, two gendarmes were stationed there, and the place was furnished with a telephone to the village below. They were supplied with provisions every two days by a postman named Blanc, from Abries, some miles distant. The snow fell so deeply one night in February that it filled the steep pass which led to the house where the two soldiers were stationed. Blanc, nevertheless, knowing that they would soon be without provisions, set out to relieve them. He did not return, and the next day his body was found. The two gendarmes, meanwhile, were starving, and it was only at the risk of their lives that some hardy villagers rescued them two days later.—New York World.

Now Comes the Sleeve Extender.

The sleeve extender is the latest invention to be used instead of stiffening each separate pair of sleeves with the various linings sold for the purpose. The "extenders" resemble small bustles and are sold at a little less than $1 a pair.

VENEZUELA'S GREAT STATESMAN.

Senor Andrade, Lawyer and Diplomat, His Country's Only Foreign Minister.

Like Ah Sin, Senor Andrade, Venezuela's minister to the United States, is childlike and bland, but the impression is rapidly gaining ground in Washington that he is one of the shrewdest and

SENOR ANDRADE.

ablest diplomats at the capital. He is the only minister his government maintains at the capital of another country, and the success of his mission is of vital importance to Venezuela. Venezuela's diplomatic relations with England have been broken off since 1887, when that great absorber of little nations took possession of the territory within the old Schomburgk line, declaring it to be British ground. Then the Venezuelan minister at London, Dr. Rojas, was recalled.

For three generations the Andrade family has been prominent in the political and military life of Venezuela, and the minister comes naturally by his talent for statecraft. He is a scholar, a profound thinker and a shrewd student of men and public affairs. For many years he has been a leader in the politics of his country and has served in the senate and house and as president of the state of Zulia. For 12 years he lived in the United States of Colombia and studied law. He then visited the various republics of North and South America and the different countries of Europe, studying the people and institutions until he knew them well. He speaks English, French, German, Italian, Spanish and modern Greek fluently, and his rich experience in different parts of the globe has well fitted him for intricate diplomatic work. He is courteous, gentle and a model listener and makes friends wherever he goes. He first attracted attention in this country as a member of the Venezuelan and marine commissions and as a delegate to the pan-American congress.

As minister he has made no effort to excite popular sympathy with his cause and his courtesy, tact, discretion, erudition and diplomatic skill have made a most favorable impression at the state department, it is said. In the opinion of Washington officials Venezuela's momentous mission could not be in better hands.

COUNTRY HOUSE TABLE.

A Useful and Pretty Article That Can Be Made In Many Styles at Small Cost.

A charitable woman, who uses her artistic talents for the benefit of others, utilized her Lenten leisure this year in making tables for country houses, which she has placed for sale at the woman's exchanges, and which are so pretty and dainty that a description may be welcome. They are of various shapes and colors and are entirely covered with linen. The blue denim ones, trimmed with white braid, resembling the blue and white delft which is the latest popular fad in china, are perhaps the prettiest, although the rose or yellow duck are lovely with certain colorings.

All white ones are also very effective, trimmed with blue and white braid and tassels, also touched with blue, with blue nails, the latter being covered with fine Bolton cloth. The white linen braid and tassels may be made to match the material by working in cotton of the same color as the covering. The sketch represents a tall table for a palm pot. The low tea tables may be made after the same design; the legs may be either round or square. Old rose linen, white linen braid, white buttons of Bolton cloth and a design embroidered in white cotton on top are the materials used in this table.

ENGINEERING BY A MOUSE.

The Skillful Plan by Which He Got Himself Out of a Deep Hole.

"While digging holes for telegraph poles at Byron, Me.," said a Western Union man, "I became interested in watching the ingenuity and perseverance of a mouse. He fell into one of the holes, which was 4½ feet deep and 20 inches across. The first day he ran around the bottom of the hole, trying to find some means of escape, but could not climb out. The second day he settled down to business. He began steadily and systematically to dig a spiral groove round and round the inner surface of the hole with a uniformly ascending grade. He worked night and day, and as he got farther from the bottom he dug little pockets where he could either lie or sit and rest. Interested witnesses threw in food.

"At the end of two weeks the mouse struck a rock. This puzzled him. For nearly a day he tried to get under, around or over the obstruction, but without success. With unflinching patience he reversed his spiral and went on tunneling his way in the opposite direction. At the end of four weeks he reached the top and probably sped away to enjoy his well earned freedom. His escape was not seen. When his food was put in in the morning, he was near the surface, but at night the work was seen to be complete, and the little engineer, whose pluck and skill had saved his life, had left."—New York Sun.

Too Personal.

"Knickerbockers?" she said. "Why not? I have a perfect right."

"And the left?" one asked her hesitatingly. But she preserved a dignified silence, deeming the question in the nature of a personality.—Indianapolis Journal.

DOUBLE BARRELED NAMES.

The Agony Was Started by English Peers and Landed Proprietors.

Double barreled surnames, of course, have long ceased to be a novelty. Anybody who is anybody has insisted for the last 30 years on giving his friends the unnecessary trouble of directing their letters with a pair of surnames, where one would seem to answer every reasonable purpose. It was the peers and landed proprietors who began this little game of spelling your patronymic with a decorative hyphen. They chose to marry heiresses or inherit property from distant branches of their families, and to advertise the fact by assuming both names, their own and their wives', or their own and their benefactors', as if by dint of acquiring a couple of estates they had duplicated their personality and went about thenceforth as living Januses, like the Siamese twins or the two headed nightingale. They were all of them Pelham-Clintons and Curzon-Howes and Ashley-Coopers; they rejoiced in their duality as Agar-Ellises and Bootle-Wilbrahams; they blossomed forth with delight into tandem pairs of Leveson-Gowers and Knatchbull-Hugessens.

Some of them indeed even went a step further, and appeared, like Mrs. Malaprop's Cerebus, as "three gentlemen rolled into one," dazzling our eyes with such superb designations as Cochrane-Wishart-Baillie, or Buller-Fuller-Elphinstone. After this was it any wonder that mere ordinary commoners should feel they would stand no chance in the struggle for existence unless they aspired incontinently to be Robinson-Smiths and Higgins-Bakers? You may see nowadays Gwendoline Montgomery-Mullins keeping a suburban sweetshop, and Adolphus Cecil-Jones at the receipt of custom in a metropolitan railway station. When things have reached this length, what can our old nobility do but "go them one better" by assuming a quadruplet? Surnames are now threatening to be no longer double barreled, but positively to develop into perfect six shooters.

Montagu-Douglas Scott and Twistleton Wykeham-Fiennes won't satisfy the ambition of our newest creations. I believe I am right in saying that at one time the member for Westminister was correctly described as Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett Burdett-Coutts-Bartlett Burdett-Coutts, though he has since sloughed off some portion of this reckless superfluity, and everybody must remember the stirring line, "Long may Long-Wellesley Long-Pole-Wellesley live," which dates back as far toward the beginning of the "movement" as the days when Horace Smith wrote "Rejected Addresses."—Cornhill Magazine.

THE FAT CAPTAIN.

His Order, Its Method of Execution and the Boy's Comment.

"Join the militia, if you wish, my boy," said the old man in his kindly way, "but don't get in a company that has a fat captain."

"I don't see what difference that can make," returned the boy. "Do you mean to contend that a fat man can't be a good soldier?"

"Well, not exactly that, my boy," explained the old man; "but in some ways you will find the thin man or the man of medium build preferable. Didn't I ever tell you of my experience?"

"Never."

"Ah, that explains your doubts, then. You see, I once had an ambition to wear a uniform and march behind a band, just like you, and I joined a company that unfortunately had a fat captain. No one thought of the captain particularly at the time the company was organized, but we all learned to look out for such trifles later. While we were in the armory it was all right and everything always passed off satisfactorily, but when we began to drill out of doors—ah, then we found how serious a matter drilling with a fat captain was."

"But why?" asked the boy. "You haven't told me that yet."

"He'd lose his breath just at critical moments. He'd start us out at double time and then get so winded himself that he couldn't stop us. Of course we would have to go on. We were too well drilled to stop until we received the order to do so. I remember once he started us out, lost his breath, was unable to order a halt or to keep up with the column and we ran three miles before we stopped."

"What made you stop then?" inquired the boy.

"We ran into a stone wall," replied the old man promptly.

"Pooh! Why didn't you scale it? You were a nice kind of soldiers, you were. If I'd been your captain, I'd have court martialed the whole lot of you for disobedience of orders."

Then the old man looked at the boy, and the boy looked at the man, and a chasm seemed to open up between them. They were no longer friends.—Chicago Post.

THE DEVIL'S CODE.

Legend of a Monk, the Devil and a Quick Night's Work.

Stockholm's public library contains a wonderful work which is called "The Devil's Code" and which in addition to its extraordinary name is said to be the biggest manuscript in the world. Every letter is most beautifully drawn and the magnitude of the work is so great that it seems impossible for any single monk to have done it.

The story of the origin of the manuscript, however, not only gives it as the work of one man, but also states it to be the work of a single night. The story runs as follows:

"A poor monk had been condemned to death, but was told mockingly by his judges that if he was able to copy the whole 'Code' between darkness and dawn he would be saved. Relying upon the impossibility of the task, those who sentenced him furnished him with the original copy of the 'Code,' with pen, ink and parchment and left him.

"Death must have been as little liked in the middle ages as it is now, for the monk, forgetting the hopelessness of his task, commenced it. Before long, however, he saw that he could not save his own life by such weak exertions, and fearing a cruel and horrible death he invoked the aid of the prince of darkness, promising to surrender his soul if he were assisted in the task.

"The devil kindly obliged by appearing on the spot, accepted the contract and sat down to the work, and next morning 'The Devil's Code' was finished, the monk being found dead. The copying clerk from the infernal regions presumably fled away with the poor man's soul as soon as the wicked compact was finished."—Pearson's Weekly.

Real Enjoyment.

Simmons—You laughed at that dreary old yarn of Mudge's as if you really enjoyed it.

Timmins—I did really enjoy it. It is one of my own jokes.—Indianapolis Journal.

HIS DETECTIVE W

STORY OF HOW RICHARD VA
DOWN A FAMOUS COUNTERFE

Colonel Monroe Edwards' Threat the Recorder, Which Was Not Out—A Noted Duel Which Gre the Trial—Evarts Was In the C

Richard Vaux was not only fam jurist and statesman, but over hal tury ago achieved widespread fa detective in the case of Colonel Mo wards in Philadelphia, in Octob Edwards, who was a native of Ro Ky., astounded the world by the and success of his operations as his last offense realizing $40,0 was secured by a series of forge and cotton warehouse receipts.

Judge Loundes, a famous crim yer, was engaged to hunt down prit. He was located in Philadel Richard Vaux, then recorder of by shrewd detective work, disc forger's stopping place. On the house the recorder rang the bell Judge Loundes and Mr. Hart one side from the door. A servant swered to the bell.

"I want to see Colonel Mo wards," said the recorder. "Is he

She replied that he was, and immediately walked into the pa tween the parlor and the back r was a door, and it was evident rattle of the knives and forks th within the other apartment were in a meal. There was no one in the and the girl went through the door something. A moment later a ing man came into the parlor. about 5 feet 9 inches in height, proportioned, with hair as black ven's wing and dark eyes that sho ing glance from under dark eyebr was dressed with scrupulous exac wore a large amount of fine jew dently paying a great deal of att his personal appearance. The re proached him and said:

"Good evening, Colonel Mo wards. I believe you are Colonel Edwards, if I recollect aright?"

"I am that person," was the re am very glad to see you."

The identity ascertained, the gave the preconcerted signal, and Loundes, Mr. Hart, Captain Y the police entered the room. Mr. V rected Captain Young to put the b on Edwards, which was done. T oner made no remarks of any k said not a word. The recorder completed his duties in the aff about to leave the room, when a ve slim, light colored mulatto boy of years rushed at the official with knife in his hand, and made a l him with the weapon. So quick movement that there was nothing recorder to do but knock his down and take the knife from hi he did. Two or three persons, boarders, came into the room at ment, and the mulatto disappe was never afterward seen in though "he" was afterward foun woman who traveled with Edw male attire.

The forger's trunks were sear Recorder Vaux gathered the evide peculiar detective ability.

The trial came off in the city York before Judge William Kent, Chancellor Kent. Thomas Fran shall of Kentucky, Mr. Edmund young gentleman named Evarts w sel for the accused. Mr. Vaux, nition of the judicial functions o fice, was invited to take a seat b judge on the bench. The appear demeanor of the young lawyer Evarts attracting his attention, Judge Kent, "Who is that young man?"

"His name is Evarts," replied "and I think he has the making yer in him."

It was the famous William M since then admittedly at the head American bar.

Edwards was convicted and sen ten years' imprisonment, mainly testimony of Recorder Vaux. At of the trial the prisoner, with liteness, looked Mr. Vaux piercing eyes. "I am glad to have this op ty of speaking to you," he said. to say one thing to you that is for you to remember. I am goi you the moment I come out of S I give you this notice as from on man to another."

"I am very thankful to you, Col wards," replied the recorder, same politeness, "for giving me th ly notice. It is very gentlemanly to do so. I will give you the opp at any time you desire. I have my duty and am prepared to take sequences. I only ask of you th you make the attempt you will lo the face."

As Mr. Vaux said these words fixedly into the forger's face. turned white and trembled, for his captor's countenance the justi termination to kill him should he to face him after his release. No word was spoken between them, moment the officers led the prisone He never attempted to carry his to effect, for he died in prison in 1847.

As a sequel to the trial came between Tom Marshall and Colon Watson Webb. Marshall was a m congress at the time of the Edwa and for defending the brilliant cri the same time that he was a repres of the American people in Washin was severely criticised by Colon Watson Webb in the columns of York Courier and Enquirer, of wh nal that gentleman was the editor address to the jury Marshall answ newspaper criticism in that bitter invective of which he was the mast led to a challenge and a meeting called "field of honor." The con shot the famous editor in the k lamed him for life.—Cincinnati E

Where Love Is Secondary.

A conspicuous difference betwe English and Chinese dramas is ex by the fact that, whereas in the love holds a leading part, in the lat relegated to a secondary place. In land it is a passion, in China a sen only; hence the thousand intrigu gives rise to are, in the latter coun ther thrown into the shade or tabo tirely. Without their ardent passion of our theatrical productions wo their interest and most of their mer English, or, to use a wider term, A pean playgoer, requires a due quan love.

In China, on the other hand, th mand finds little echo, since love not the chief theme of bard and p Convention and the strength of p authority have crushed in a great m those amorous longings which exist human heart, and as love, courtsh matrimony are even more prosaic far east than in our part of the wo first of these feelings, if handled as sion, cannot powerfully arrest the tion of the multitude.—Nineteenth tury.

A Dainty Sprinkler.

O'Kief—Doesn't Miss Flipsley m pretty picture as she sprinkles her

McEll—Yes, and judging by the she is holding her skirt she seems to let the neighbors see that she uses ing but the best quality of hose.—lyn Eagle.