EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

Once all things on earth Wore for pleasure and mirth. Each morn I awoke to new joy. I loved all God gave And had nothing to crave, In those days when I was a boy.

For in those sweet days I knew mught of the crare hat money has made in my brain. I loved the things pure That will always endure And cared not for losses or gain

The song of the bees, Of the birds in the trees, f the brook that murmured in gles, All entered my heart And were there made a part Of the authems that life sang to me.

By measure of time I am new in my prime, With cares of life's hurry and strife, And I know that the joy That I felt when a boy fill never more enter my life

When time hids me go From the world here below To the land of eternity's joys, To the land of everyone
I hope God above
In his infinite love
Will make me just one of his boys.

—Buffalo Express.

## A DIVORCE SUIT.

Little Dick stopped short, executed a sort of pigeon wing, snorted, bumped his back a little as though about to buck, then he stood still, puffing nervously, and with head high in air and his tawny ears cocked forward indicated "danger" as plainly as a well trained hird dog shows the near presence of game in the covert.

A sharp thrill shot through Boston's frame as for a fleeting second he thought "Indians!" But very brief reflection told him that under present circumstances-the reds having been very recently thrashed and sent back to their reservation as children spanked and sent to bed-was impossible, yet he pulled his winchester from its scabbard with some celerity, and his voice was not quite clear as he asked:

What is it. Dick?" The caynee snorted again and trembled slightly, and then his rider saw what alarmed him. A big black bear was just coming from behind a sharp turn in the canyon, at a place known as "the Elbow," "the Elbow," some 50 yards from where Dick had halted. He was not such a very big bear, comparatively speaking, but there are circumstances under which even a small bear assumes alarming proportions, and this one, appearing suddenly as he did, seemed about as big as an ox. He was about as much surprised, however, as Boston was, so much so that in his astonishment be forgot all discretion, and rearing up on his hind feet ambled toward the horseman. with the obvious intention of hugging

Boston was a bit "rattled," for he had never before encountered a bear alone, but his nerve did not desert him. "Steady, Dicky boy, steady!" he said gently as he sprang from the saddle and rested his rifle across its pemmel. In a trice he had bruin covered where he wanted him, just under the left shoulder, and then he began pumping lead. At the first shot the bear saw his error and came down on all fours for the sake of speed, but he was too late. Boston had his range, and at the third shot Mr Bear fell into the road in a heap and began kicking the dust and biting himself in his death struggle.

Presently, as his slayer leaned over him and congratulated himself on his marksmanship, there came a fresh surprise that caused Boston to whirl on his heel and stand panting, peering all about to see whence had come that trembling, unmistakably feminine voice in the query:

"Oh, sir, are you sure he's quite dead ?"

Boston rubbed his eyes and looked gain. There she was, the owner of the voice, standing with clasped hands on he highest point of "the Elbow" and ooking down at him appealingly.

'Tenderfoot. Pretty, too, by Jove!' thought Boston. But he said very sharply, for he did not like sudden

"What on earth are you doing up there?"

"Are you sure he's quite dead?" the

fair tenderfoot responded irrelevantly.
"To be sure he is," was the short reply as the bear slayer gave his fallen foe a vicious kick.

The stranger disappeared, coming again into view just where bruin had first shown himself to Boston's startled eyes. The latter had somewhat recovered himself and repented his seeming rudeness, and as he advanced to meet her, his handsome head uncovered, the lady could not help noting what a romantie appearance he had."

"I-I'm so glad you came," she faltered as he came up to where she had stopped and was leaning against the "I've been up there ever since about 11 o'clock, and it must be quite 5 by now.

'But-er-how''-

"Oh, I went up there to sketch, and when I started to come down there was that horrid bear, right at the bottom of the rock! Ugh!"

'Did he see you?" "No; if he had just looked at me, I should have died, I know! I shan't dare go out again in that way, all alone."

'You don't seem to have lost your nerve very badly," said Boston, looking at her admiringly. How pretty she was, and what a figure, to be sure! "Erpardon me, but where are you stopping?" he queried.

"Over at Mr. Wheatley's. I am Mrs. Harlan," answered the fair rescued. "Yea? I am-or was, back in the States-Mr. Bendixon. Out here," and he smiled grimly, "I am Boston, because probably I do not come from there. By the way, where is your horse? I am going to Mr. Wheatley's to get a wagon to bring in Mr. Bear, and I will see you safely home, although there's probably not another bear within 50 miles of

But Mrs. Harlan had come out afoot, the Wisatley ranch house being only about a mole distant, so they wanted over together, Dick ambling along in the rear with his usual meckness

When they returned for the bear, Mrs. Harlan mounted a horse, and nothing daunted rode back to the scene of her scare, despite the protestations of Mrs.

Wheatley, who had been worrying about her ever since she had failed to appear at the luncheon hour. If she was charming on foot, she was doubly so on horseback, Boston thought, as he compared this tenderfoot with the Gila girls, who all rode splendidly in their way, but were not, as a rule, particularly graceful in the saddle, or out of it, for that

Fred Bendixon was still thinking of the charming tenderfoot as, after taking dinner with the Wheatley's, he rode slowly homeward through the gathering darkness. He had been in New Mexico three years now, and she was the only civilized being, as he told himself, that he had talked with in all that time. She was really delightful, he decided. Were it not for her vivacity, she would

be much like-"Bah!" said Bendixon, so viciously that Dick gave a little jump. "I wish

she weren't. For the last year he had given less thought to her-that proud, stately girl who had ruined his life; that creature with the Madonna face and the deep, serious eyes that gazed steadily into his and protested passionate devotion while their owner's lips lied straightforwardly and solemnly declared her love for him. That was before his father's failure and the loss of most of his fortune. Then-

"Bah! D-n her!" said her self exiled victim as he dug a spur into poor Dick and turned the unwilling little beast off the home trail and on to the one that led to the little mining camp, three miles away. "We'll forget her, Dick," he added gently, feeling a pang of remorse for hurting his pet.

He entered the camp saloon quietly, merely nodding to two or three miners and a couple of his own cowboys who spoke to him. Fred Bendixon was not a 'sociable" chap, according to the southwestern acceptance of the term, until he had had a few drinks and forgot what had brought him where he was.

One of the Three Line outfit's men was talking to the bartender, and Boston listened to him, carelessly at first, but presently with interest.

'Seen that tendahfoot beifer th't's stayin ovah t' Wheatley's t'day, Danan say, boy, she's a sho' rampageous beant, she is. I was ridin through Wind canyon, an jes' comin out intuh th' valley, w'en all of a suddint I meets up with 'er, an her afoot. She says, 'Good mornin, sir!' by gad, an smiled 's sweet 's ef I was th' Dook o' Bilgewater, an I was that rattled I most f'rgot I had m' hat on an e'd ha'dly say 'Mornin!' an, say, my heart beat fast f'r a hour.' "Who is she, Pete?" asked the bar-

boy, with languid interest. "Cousin 'r somethin o' Mis' Wheat ley. Come out yere f'r t' git a de-vorce fr'm 'er ole man. Wheatley tole Pel Hynes, an Pel tole me. Guess Mis' Wheatley 'd ruin Wheat's face of she

knowed he piped it." So this fresh faced girl, hardly more than 20, had had her sorrows too! From that moment Fred Bendixon felt drawn to her. She was braver than he, he reflected, for she concealed her griefs un der the cloak of well assumed cheerfulhess, while he-well, every one knew that, as one citizen phrased it, "Boston had a sho' nough kick comin, of 'e nevah does le' go of it-likely some heifer done kicked him. '

Bendixon called upon his new acquaintance the next day, and they had a long ride together on the Silver City trail, Boston showing her the points of interest-that is, where this or that person had been murdered by Indians or Mexicans, or where Jones or Smith had held up once upon a time. There was little else, beyond an occasional view at a distance of some spot made historical by the Jesuits, with whom the history of the country began. It was late when they returned to the ranch.

"Let me thank you for a very, very pleasant day," said Mrs. Harlan softly, as Bendixon, declining her invitation to join the group in the gallery, bade her "good night" at the gate. "It is so pleasant to meet some one-that is"-

"The obligation is on my side, Mrs. Harlan," answered Bendixon, with the glamour of the southern moon, if he had only known it, hovering about his uncovered head. "Do you know what three years without the pale of civilization nean to one who-good night, Mrs. Harlan."

"Good night." And she stood watching his retreating figure, noting how superbly he sat his horse, but forgetful of the abruptness of his departure.

"Divinely handsome," she thought complacently, "and delightful company. Since he has so little to do, I dou't think it will be such a dull time, after all "

"Harlan must be a brute," thought the one time unsusceptible Bendixon as Dick galloped up the trail, "or else he's a fool. Probably he's both, for an intelligent brute couldn't fail to come under the influence of a woman like that."

She had asked him to call the next day, and he had promised to do sogladly at the time. As he rode home, however, he asked himself: "Why? To what end?" But his hungry soul answered, "For the sake of intelligent companionship while you may have it. " And of course he went, not only that day, but the next, and thereafter there were few days during the next two months that they did not see each other.

The rains had been very light that eason, and hardly a cattleman, or, for that matter, any one else, but was well nigh in despair. Cattle by scores lay dead on the plains and in the valleysdead for want of food and water. Not so many of Bendixon's. His were unusually well provided for, but hardly an outfit in the county but counted its loss by hundreds, and even thousands.

"It'll come heavily, though, when it does come." said Boston to Mrs. Har-lan, as teacther they rode one hot afternoon through Wind canyon on their way to call upon a sick man at the Two Bar X ranch. "You never saw a storm in this country, did you? Well, it is something worth seeing and keeping out of the way of. It comes up suddenly-very -and the rain falls in chunks for a little while, then it suddenly ceases, and one thinks that's the end of it, but it isn't. Presently the canyons and ravines become flooded with water, and each had a good ranch up country a piece an one becomes the bed of a torrent. And was well fixed. Well, he got stuck on a the waterways on the lower levels-I have seen rocks weighing tens carried o' th' neighbors, an I recken they had down through them by the wall of wa- it all fixed up when along comes a sho ter. As a matter of fact-by Jove!" he

they had to seek what shelter was afforded by the lee of a rock that partially overhong the trail. The storm was over presently, the clouds, apparently without any impelling breeze, passing over quickly and leaving the clarified atmosphere and a dim rainbow as reminders of their visitation.

"Come," said Bendixon, "we must hurry and get back to where we can strike the hills. Hurry!"

Mrs. Harlan looked at him quizzically, The idea!" she said. "I do believe you're guying me." And unassisted she mounted her horse and was off up the canyon before her companion could pro-

In a moment he was after her. saw him coming as she glanced behind her, but she only laughed merrily and preed her horse the faster. But little Dick had other accomplishments besides docility and intelligence. He could run, and he ran now, so that presently he pen?" was alongside Mrs. Harlan's mount.

"Come!" cried Bendixon hoarsely. 'There is no time. Turn your horse!' Mrs. Harlan, seeing the look in his eyes, tried to obey, but her horse had his turned a white, scared face toward closer to the gray, reached out his arm, grasped the slight form firmly, then time. We know he wer'n't very safe." 'Back, Dicky, back!" - and Dick, wheeling like lightning, was running like an antelope, despite his double load, down the canyon.

"How silly we are!" ejaculated Mrs. Harlan as they reached the top of one of the hills back near the canyon's mouth, and Bendixon released her. "I think you're tryling to frighten me. Really"-"Hush!" said her companion solemn-

"Do you hear that?" The rocks of the canyon echoed a low, terrible roar, now loud, now more subdued, as the great body of water found two." a narrow or a wide passage. It came rapidly nearer. Mrs. Harlan, alive now to the possible danger she had escaped, sat with ears and eyes alect wondering

Just then her horse came in sight, turning a bend a quarter of a mile above, racing for his life, and behind him, not 100 yards, came a rolling, tumbling wall of water 40 feet high. Tensely they watched the unequal race, but not for long. In a few seconds the flood overtook the poor animal, and presently, a shapeless mass, he was rolled by them in the torrent, along with tator. all the rocks and debris at the forefront of the watery avalanche.

began Bendixon, "you "Now." But his companion did not see. She

was crying. It was too much for Bendixon. In a cond he was beside her, his arms were about her, and she finished her cry on his shoulder. And that afternoon they told their stories to each other-just enough for each to know that the other had suffered-as, the woman awkwardly sitting sidewise on Dick, and the the Wheatley place together.

"Some duck gives it out t' me," said Dan, the bartender, to one of Bendixon's men who dropped in one quiet evening, "th't Boston's got a riv'l over t' Wheatleys.

Boston's men were loyal, and this one merely gave the bartender an inquisi-

"Ya-as," continued Dan, setting up the whisky bottle, "I gits it straight th't this bloke is th' same one th't her an 'er ol man splits up on, an th't she's go'n t' marry 'im soon's she gits er de-

Mr. Bendixon's cowhand merely vouchsafed noncommitally, "Th'hell!" and went out to where his cavuse was tied, mentally resolving, however, to learn more about the matter.

Boston had met the distinguished looking stranger two or three times, but tonight he noticed, or thought he no ticed, for the first time a certain constraint in the manner of his sweetheart toward himself, and a vague, wondering jealousy took possession of him. was this fellow Bement anyway -this gray haired, blase man of the world? What was he doing at the Wheatleys? He had not thought to ask

-rather he had had no opportunity. It was late when he started homward and began wondering over these things, and there came a sudden pang as he remembered that he had not had a chance to say his lover's good night to

"She might have made an opportunity," he said to himself. Then, sudden ly halting Dick: "Poor little girl! She has to be careful, of course. That fellow may be her-that is, Harlan's lawyer. And wondering why he had not thought of this before he wheeled Dick and rode quietly back toward the ranch. He would see the light in her window at

He saw his arm about her-that man Bement's. He could see them plainly as they walked slowly toward him-him. her dupe, who was supposed to be nearly home by now. They came directly on. They would pass close by the clump of brush where he and his horse were concealed. He heard the woman say:

"How shocked Consin Mattle and Horace will be when they find we're gone! And Bendixon-poor fellow, he'll be awfully cut up! He's tried to make it so pleasant for me this summer.

A rush of horse's hoofs-a whirring, sinuous something that clasped them both-and a frightened, frantic pony, with a frenzied rider, dashed across the valley and up a rocky canyon, dragging at the end of a lariat a squirming, scream ing mass, whose cries were soon stilled.

"Let 'em go?' said old man Wheatley. who rode over to eamp next morning to see if he could get any trace of the sup posed fugitives. "Good riddance, I says when we finds her note this mornin, but why'n thunder didn't they take no baggage, an why'd they go afoot? I wouldn't 'a' keered f'r a couple o' hosses. '

In a little mining camp in New Mex. eo the landlord of the hotel pointed out to me a dirty, dejected looking specimen of the genus bam. "That there feller's got a hist'ry. Few years back 'e grass widder th't was stayin with one star lookin jay fr'm back east, an him interrupted himself suddenly, "that an th' grass widder turns up missin. storm we noticed over in the Burro Ever'body thought they'd skipped, but mountains awhile ago is coming this the'r bodies-what was left of 'emwas found in a ol' d'serted shaft a few He was right. Inside of five minutes months later. An Boston he h'ain't nevthe storm had broken over them, and er be'n right sence. He's tried raughin

an minin an gamblin, but it don't do no good. Poor ol' Boston! He's a sho 'nough all time loser, "-Lester Ketchom in San Francisco Argonant.

I was walking up the village, when I saw, to my dismay, that the entire gable end of one of the cottages had fallen bodily out, of course exposing the rooms, both up stairs and down stairs. My first thought was naturally for the safety of the family, a young agricultural laborer and his wife. But there were my friends just returning from an errand, and this was the conversation which followed:

"O. B., what has happened to your cottage?

"It's only the end have a-fallen out, cheerfully. "Only the end, but when did it hap-

"Last night about 1 o'clock. misses and I were sleepin in one of those bedrooms, when she suddenly heard a noise. I do sleep very hard, sir, but at last she woke me and said, 'What be head and she could not stop him. She that, Bill? Oh, says I, 'it be this 'ere blessed end of t'house have a-fallen Bendixon, and he, nudging Dick a bit out.' And, sure enough, so 'twere. But then we'd been expectin of it some

"But what did you do?" "Well, I tried to light a candle, but 'twere blowin and rainin very hard, and the wind blew her out every time I lighted 'im. So we just lay quiet till 5 o'clock, and then we got up, for 'twere gettin a bit publiclike.

"Weren't you frightened?" "Oh, no, sir. You see we'd been expectin of it."

"But what are you going to do?" "Oh, Mr. - will send some bricks, and he'll be built up again in a day or

"But you're surely not going to stay here tonight?" "Oh, yes, sir (from the woman). Bill says he don't want to move. I could go

down to my father's, but I may just as well sleep along with Bill.' And so they did. A friendly neighbor nailed up a sailcloth to make their rooms a little less "publiclike" and to afford some protection from the weather, and there they staid one more night at least,

their home was rebuilt.-London Spec-

after which some of us succeeded in in-

ducing them to move until the wall of

Legend of the Pansy. A pretty fable about the pansy is cur rent among French and German children. The flower has five petals and five sepals. In most pansies, especially of the earlier and less highly developed varieties, two of the petals are plain in color and three are gay. The two plain petals have a single sepal, two of the gray petals have a sepal each, and the third, which is the largest of all, has two sepals.

The fable is that the pansy represents man walking beside, they went back to a family, consisting of husband and wife and four daughters, two of the latter being stepchildren of the wife. The plain petals are the stepchildren, with only one chair; the two small, gay petals are the daughters, with a chair each, and the large gay petal is the wife, with two chairs.

To find the father one must strip away the petals until the stamens and pistils are bare. They have a fanciful resemblance to an old man, with a flannel wrap about his neck, his shoulders upraised and his feet in a bathtub. The story is probably of French origin, because the French call the pansy the stepmother. - Household Magazin

Child Language. Does anybody know of children who today use a language apart in the communication of their thoughts, a language that puzzles linguists, and yet is understood thoroughly by the youngsters? There was a remarkable case some years ago in Albany. Two boys of a well known family-the father was a celebrated politician-whenever they talked together used invariably-that is, in the presence of other members of the family -a language that was not to be discovered among pagan or Christian people. The boys never gave an explanation after they reached the age of 15 or 16. Up to that age they chattered with volubility in this singular tongue. Here is an instance that points toward the sanits of the theory advanced by Charles God frey Leland in "Gypsy Sorcery:" "I beeve that a company of children left entirely to themselves would form and grow up with a language which in a very few years would be spoken fluenty. '-Boston Journal

Whittier Saw Little of the World.

Whittler was the only one of the leading American authors who never crossed th Not only did he never go to Europe, he never went south of the Poto-mac or west of the Alleghanies. When the farm at Haverhill was sold in 1836, part of the price was used to buy a small place at Amesbury, and that bouse was Whit tier's home for more than half a century. After his return from Philadelphia in 1839 he was rarely absent from Amesbury for more than a month or two at a time although he did once reside the better part of a year in Lowell. He made visits to on often and sometimes even to New York, and frequently he spent his sun ners elsewhere, but until his death his home was the little house at Amesbury.— Professor Brander Matthews in St. Nicho

Unkind.

Young Wife-I wonder why the birds don't come here any more. I used to throw them bits of the cake I made, and-Young Husband-That accounts for it.

-London Tit-Bits Masses as Lottery Prizes.

The latest and most ingenious application of the lottery principle is that devised by some of the reverend clergy, who have introduced the scheme of selling to the faithful tickets at 10 cents each in a lottery that has some marvelous prizes-nothing less than masses for the souls of the dead. In one church the other day 7,000 tickets were sold at 10 cents each, netting \$700.

The prizes were four principal ones and there were 20 minor ones. The first prize was 30 masses, which the lucky winner could apply to the extraction from purgatorial torment of some relative, or, lacking that, of some friend -Mexican Herald.

The trouble with a great many of our politicians is that they are on the retired list and don't know it.-Washington Post.

None Has Yet Appeared However, we expect still to hear of What's In a Name? somebody who is a candidate in the ordinary sense. - Detroit Tribuna

THE END OF A DESPOT

THE RULE OF THE UNSPEAKABLE TURK IN EUROPE WILL SOON END.

A Resume of the Rise and Decadence of his eyes tightly bandaged and wearing This Mohammedan Dynasty In Europe. on his head an enormous straw hat trim-Constantinople No Longer the Key to med with old ropes, onions and two decoy ducks. The crowd that followed the Asia-What It May Become. fantastic figure grew so large a police-

All the signs indicate that the Turkish empire as one of the powers of the world has reached its end. Whether it is to be partitioned among the European powers or is to be kept in nominal life under a government to be constituted by those powers, as one of the latest reports indicates, the result will be the same. The great Mohammedan empire, which at one time threatened all Europe, has existed for the past 40 years only by the toleration of Christendom, and is now reaching the end, and will be practically buried by its own corruption and vices. It is instructive to recall the rise and

fall of this Mohammedan power. Recruiting its strength from the wild and fierce tribes of Asia, it overthrew the effete and decaying Greek empire and wiped it out by the taking of Constantinople eight centuries ago. For many generations after that it was the impending threat of Christendom. reached its high tide at the siege of Vienna in 1683, nearly a century after the last of the Saracens had been expelled from Spain, and when the kingdom left by Ferdinand and Isabella was already falling into weakness. Since then its power has been slowly ebbing, until now it is on the verge of disintegration. At the same time the process of decay has afflicted Mohammedanism nearly everywhere. The two exceptions indicate the extremes of the scale. In the Sudan the pristine fanaticism and sayagery which gave it the original vigor is still extant. In India the spectacle of more Mohammedan subjects than Turkey ever had living under the same government with Christians and Buddhists shows the possibility of the reconciliation with civilized government of that ancient enemy of Christendom.

Exactly what will become of the countries included within the Turkish empire is a puzzle. But it is possible that the charm which has for centuries hung about Constantinople may be dissolved by actual experience. From the time of Constantine to that of Alexander II the possession of that city where Europe and Asia touch has seemed to imply the ownership of the capital of the world. This may have been sounder under former conditions. But the age of steam and electricity has made great changes. The water route to India is through the Suez canal, and Alexandria is the commanding point of that line of communication. The land routes from Europe to Asia will pass through Russia more easily than through Constantinople. Under civilized rule Constantinople may be a great resort, a charming place for rulers and diplomats to carry on their negotiations and intrigues, but it is not likely to become a seat of power to compare with London, Paris, Berlin or St. Petersburg.

Still the change that is coming will terminate an epoch in history. If the European powers can dispose of Turkey without quarreling among themselves, the empire whose term connects us with the decay of Rome will be finally wiped conventional operations, for the photooff the map of the world .- Pittsburg graph is made simply to be recognized. Dispatch

Greenland Delicacies.

Among the Greenlander's principal dainties is the skin of different kinds of whales. They call it matak and look upon it as the some of deliciousness. It is taken off .with the layer of blubber next to it and is eaten raw without ceremony. Mr. Nansen declares that he must offer the Eskimos his sincerest congratulations on the invention of this

1 can assure the reader that now as I of adjustment. The light is thrown into write of it my mouth waters at the the face. The result is hard on the subvery thought of matak, with its indeject. One does not care to display his scribably delicate taste of nots and oysters mingled. And then it has this advantage over oysters, that the skin is as tough as india rubber to masticate, so that the enjoyment can be protracted to any extent.

Of vegetable food the primitive Greenlanders used several sorts. I may mention angelica, dandelions, sorrel, crowberries, bilberries and different kinds of seaweed.

One of their greatest delicacies is the sent to jail for three years for stealing contents of a reindeer's stomach. If a two tame rabbits. He then got seven Greenlander kills a reindeer and is unyears for stealing 5 shillings and a able to convey much of it home with shawl, then ten years, with seven years' him, he will, I believe, secure the police supervision, for stealing three stomach first of all, and the last thing an Eskimo lady enjoins upon her lover of five years each on three charges of when he sets off reindeer hunting is that stealing a coat, a pair of reins and a he must reserve for her the stomach of shovel, with another seven years' police his prey. servitude for six thefts of objects whose

It is no doubt because they stand in need of vegetable food that they prize this so highly, and also because it is in reality a very choice collection of the finest moss and grasses which that gourmet, the reindeer, picks out for himself. It has undergone a sort of stewing in the process of semidigestion, while the gastric juice provides a somewhat sharp and aromatic sauce.

Many will no doubt make a wry face at the thought of this dish, but they really need not do so. I have tasted it and found it not uneatable, though somewhat sour, like fermented milk. As a dish for very special occasions it is served up with pieces of blubber and crowberries. - Youth's Companion.

Left Till Called For.

An elderly doctor, who was as peppery as a cayenne pod, was from time to time sprung upon by the practical joker.

On one occasion a well dressed young fellow called and asked the doctor to prescribe for a breaking out and rash on his left arm. The doctor examined the limb and prenounced it to be a bad case of psoriasis and eczema.

'I suppose, doctor, you can cure it?" said the patient. "Why, certainly," replied the doc-

"How long will it take to get well?" "Oh, I should say about two months," said the doctor.

"Quite sure? Is it a had case?" "Positively the worst I've seen." "Then I will leave it with you and

call for it again when cured," solemnly said the patient, slowly unfastening his arm, which was an artificial one and painted for the occasion .- London

As things go, syndicate should be spelled sindicate. - New York Recorder.

"NOT THAT KIND OF A BOY." ucer Antics of a Candidate For Admit

sion to a College Fraternity.

man finally stepped up and said:

I'm not that kind of a boy."

I am not that kind of a boy."

started to the theater after asking Bailey

if he would like to go.
"Yes-that is, no," said the young

man from Montana. "I am not that

TO FIGHT THE CIGARETTE.

Against the Evil.

man, he who challenged Sullivan and

was used as a model by Gerome, the

great French painter, is about to inau-

gurate a war on cigarettes. Professor

Laffin has always been a deadly enemy

of the eigarette, but now he has taken

his coat off and is going to work to fight

would frighten any cigarette smoker who had a particle of sense remaining.

These include authentic records of cases

all over the Union of boys and young

men who have been brought to an un-

They also include facts and figures

which physicians and college professors

have compiled on the subject, based up-

matter will go to form a book which

He also aims to hand together the

vast anticigarette league that will strike

Photographing French Criminals.

The system of photography in use is

peculiar to the service and is the result

of its experiments. It is free from all

The poses chosen are: A perfect profile,

since that gives a sort of anatomical

cut of the face; then a full face view,

since there one has the habitual expres-

sion and the pose of the head. The pic-

ture is never retouched, since scars,

moles and spots are such infallible

means of identification. Absolute nni-

formity is sought in the size, form and

style of the different photographs. In

order that the distance may be invaria-

ble the chair and camera are screwed to

the floor, and there is a perfect system

judicial photograph, but for the purpose

they are admirably, brutally exact .-

Thirty-five Years For a Few Dollars.

prison for four months for petty steal

ing whose record, the judge who sen-

tenced him said, "is one of the most

awful, pieces of reading that has ever

come to my notice." In 1863 he was

ducks, and finally consecutive sentences

supervision. In all 35 years of penal

value amounted to a few dollars.-New

No Bond Issue Contemplated.

loss of gold, it is still asserted at the

treasury department that there is no

immediate prospect of a bond issue, and

that such action will not be considered

while the balance remains above the

\$75,000,000 limit, and not even in case

it should fall to that figure unless con-

gress fails to take cognizance of the

situation at least to the extent of provid-

ing some other method of maintaining

the national credit by the protection of

Different Styles of Advertising.

in New York is fitted up with two cyl-

inders which keep revolving, giving a

momentary view of various business an

nouncements. There are people who

would rather spend \$10 to catch the eye

of two or three thousand people with a

contraction of this kind than invest 50

cents to reach a hundred thousand read-

ers in a good newspaper.—St. Louis

Step up and Register, wentlemen.

established a precedent which is likely

to increase the candidate list to a large

extent. They are putting him forward

as willing to become secretary of war.

Now let everybody who is not a candi-

date for the presidential nomination an-

nonnce his preferment of cabinet port-

folio.-Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Start at the Root.

The new French university declares

The friends of General Alger have

Globe-Democrat.

A new advertising wagon introduced

the gold balance. - Washington Star.

Notwithstanding the continued steady

York Sun.

An old man in England was sent to

McClure's Magazine.

Professor Laffin is writing.

York World.

timely end by indulging the habit.

He is compiling statistics which

the evil in earnest.

Professor John M. Laffin, the strong

kind of a boy."-Chicago Tribune.

"Look here, my man, are you crazy?"

"No," softly replied Mr. Bailey.

This did not satisfy the policeman

and he was about to take Bailey to the

LIFE OF THE HEAL FRANCIS SCHLATTER AS HIS LONG A. B. Bailey, a young man from Helena, walked down State street, Chi-

LAND NEIGHBORS SAW HIN cago, at 8 o'clock the other night with Fireman on a Pishing Steamer and ful Shoemaker—Used to Study Med. Little Queer"—Handkerchiefs Seg

Old Friends Haven't Worked Care Francis Schlatter, the healer, lay known in Jamesport, L. L. The dents now talk of little else same townsman. They say he is rather a fellow, but a little queer, and amused at the story of the shorma-cures. The village is much excited

station when four young men, who had the Denver healer. been walking on each side of the blind-At Jamesport some interesting folded man, rushed up and said Bailey were learned by a reporter who to the village. Whatever may be to the cures of the healer in the wa was simply being initiated into the mysteries of the Delta Sigma Delta fraternity of the Chicago College of Dental prescriptions do not work on his port friends, who have common with Schlatter in Denver. The n The explanation was sufficient, and the dental students and their victim interviewed a number of people, the promise of their names being held was told how they had in wended on. On every corner a stop was made and Bailey plied with questions, to all of which he had to answer, in handkerchiefs and other articles Schlatter with directions how to be the words of a placard on his hat, "No, new in health and body. The good The last seen of Bailey was when he tried his cures with all the faith is was sitting patiently in a dark stairway nable, but their ailments did not a on Dearborn street. His companions had Dear.

Some of Schlatter's friends and

off," while many residents saying

er was quite right in his head. Bes

er showed any particular preferen

regards religious faith. He was been up a Catholic, so he told his free He had been known to walk to Catholic church at Riverhead, as tance of six miles. He occasionally a to the village churches, Congregati and Methodist, but Schlatter was a regular churchgoer. He went to lin port in 1890 with William Ryan, son of Thomas Ryan. Ryan was n gineer and Schlatter had been emplo as his fireman on a fishing steam Schlatter boarded with the Ryan to ily. He went fishing for two sen Then he tired of the work and sen himself at his trade. He hired half the house of Aunt Sally Corwins began making shoes. He kept hous himself then. He was well up in trade, and acted as finisher of fine in made shoes, the parts of which we sent him from New York. Everyla agrees that Schlatter was the finest a

maker they ever saw, and he made on experience and experiment. This Schlatter while at Jamesportis scribed as a tall, robust fellow of & complexion. He did not wear white but had a becoming black muster He was apparently between 35 mi Sunday schools of the country in one years of age. He went to Long his a harder blow at the cigarette trust than from New York city, and littled in

any of its competitors. Clergymen are family record is known. to be interested in the new movements. Daniel A. Young, justice of the pur at South Jamesport, says Schlattern and there are to be branch clubs in every state and city of the country. No a trifle insane, but always firmin better exhibit could be found for the convictions. Mr. Young says a Schlatter was always a great Repub an until 1892, when he suddenly chu ed and became a Socialist. He believ lecture platform than Professor Laffin himself, who has been called "the perfeet man" physically, and who never smoked a cigarette in his life.-New that the Socialist Labor party wei win that year. During the latter pe of his stay Schlatter told his friends his strange dreams, when beautiful is

ages appeared before his eyes. Schlatter, when he went to Juport, had some money. His hobbyfa long time was silver mines and west, where he said he intends make his future home. At the homestead they spoke well of the er. He was a great student. D night until a late hour the light in room was burning and Schlatter

there studying something. Schlatter boarded for a year will Mrs. S. Bartlett. Mrs. Bartlett says was an excellent boarder. Her son be is says he seldom if ever went cut i the house of an evening. He noted nothing strange about Schlatter, bemi

Schlatter invested his money in sen lating in a western silver mine on pany. He went away from Jameset in 1893 to take charge of his mining stock and to make his fortune, as said. These hopes were blasted when Schlatter reached New Mexico, and the Jamesport people believe that it was this great disappointment that affects his mind and made him the figure by today. - Brooklyn Eagle.

## A SCHLATTER CURE.

Eyesight Said to Have Been Restored 2 John James of Texas.

Matter of fact observers of the six gular craze in Denver over the healt Schlatter have said that it was almost impossible to trace in a satisfactor manner any of the alleged cures. Do ens of cases were talked of every doy but when reporters or medical invest gators attempted to find the people a leged to have been cured of diversal ments their hunt ended he failure Somebody had been told of the case!

somebody else, and so on indefinitely Circumstantial details of one allege cure are, however, reported in seven Texas and other southern newspapers It is affirmed that John James of Altr rado, Tex., chuirman of the Johns county free silver Democratic executive committee, returned recently from Dever, where he had been completely hear ed of partial blindness by Schlatter. According to these reports, James had been almost blind for over 30 years from scute granulation of the eyelids.

and for several years had been unable to read. He heard of Schlatter and went to Denver to see him. He took his place in the line and shook hands with Schlatter and was treated by him, and declares that straightway his affliction began to leave him and his eyesight to improve. In a few days he could see as well as before the disease affected his eyes and says that to prove this he went to the office of the Denver News and read a column of matter set in solid agate type. When seen a fevr days ago.
Mr. James declared that the cure of his blindness was due cutirely to Schlatter's influence. Among those who have seen and investigated Mr. James' story is a correspondent of the New Orleans Times Democrat, who was apparently

convinced of the truth of the man's story and the genuineness of the cure-Reeping It From the Children. A romantic feature of the celebrated

Maybrick poisoning case is not generally known. The two children, a boy and girl, who were 8 and 5 years of age at the time of their mother's conviction, have been its intention to thoroughly purify par- one of the English provinces remote placed in charge of a worthy couple is liament and the press. As the press is from the scene of the tragedy, and are necessarily a reflex of the times to a being brought up as the children of this great extent, a good way would be to pair, in the hope that their real parent age may never be made known to them