

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

The lined oil trust is talking of reducing its capital stock from \$18,000,000 to \$9,000,000. Has there been a shrinkage in its stock of grease?

Why should not Brooklyn be annexed to the metropolis? She is merely New York's kitchen.—Boston Post. Brooklyn can stand this, but she objects to being considered New York's Bridge it.

A New York firm is trying to get a contract to supply the policemen of that city with pocket stoves to keep their hands warm during the winter; and thus we learn there are some people who believe a policeman has to carry hot stuff in his pocket instead of striking the first saloon on his beat.

A Kansas man who has taken out a patent for a paving brick made of straw says that the wheat straw which annually goes to waste in the West is sufficient to pave the streets of every city on the continent. And, perhaps, after the soil has been robbed and impoverished long enough to do that it will be as barren as the paved streets.

It is notable as illustrating the heroism of to-day that the three men buried to death in the terrible fire at the home of James R. Armiger, in Baltimore, all lost their lives while attempting to save others. Mr. Armiger himself was overcome by the smoke and flames after dashing up-stairs to arouse the other inmates of the house. His son-in-law, W. B. Riley, was found dead with his two children clasped in his arms, and Horace Manuel, a guest, lay with a child in his arm.

A bill now before the Bay State Legislature provides for a State Corn Commission to keep watch over the chiroptidists. Corn cutting, it seems, is one of the chief branches of surgical operation in Massachusetts. It is said that from 100,000 to 200,000 Bostonians have to have their corns trimmed or excised every year. If this is so, why is this so? Why should Boston, once the home of poetry, have such afflicted feet? Science, with pale lips, repeats the shocked inquiry: Why is Boston full of corns?

Lombars is the name of a Brooklyn young man who, being offered a position provided he was married, proceeded in a business like way to get a wife by advertising for one. He has read 649 answers, and they are still coming in, although he has already made his choice and married her, after careful examination of her merits. He admits that his getting married was wholly a business matter, but he wanted a loving little wife, nevertheless, and he says he has got her and the position, too.

A committee appointed by the last New York Legislature to look into the subject of good roads has made a valuable report, filling 117 pages of printed matter. The average cost of taking produce to market in New York at present is \$1.56 per ton for each six miles, the average haul, or 20 cents per mile. The estimate per ton per mile on a good macadam road is 7 cents, and if all the roads of the State were of this description the annual saving in the haul, without regard to wear and tear, would be about \$10,000,000. As matters stand, the farmers pay an annual road assessment of \$3,000,000. It is the opinion of the committee that the State should at once begin the work of road improvement, by agreeing to pay one-third of the cost, the counties to pay the other two-thirds.

The failure of one of the oldest horse dealers in New York and the collapse of an established riding academy are laid severally to the trolley and bicycle, both in the first instance doubtless working woe to the unfortunate horseman. Such incidents as these are more or less common factors of life, since the routing of the horse is accepted as a foregone conclusion. Even the winter does not deter one from the pleasures of cycling, especially such an open winter as this of '95-'96. It will not be long, however, before the horse dealers will have accommodated themselves to the lack of demand for car horses and pleasure "mounts," and their business then should rest on a comparatively secure level for years until the horseless carriage assumes more formidable importance than it does now. But they will have to reckon on a continual growth of the bicycle fever. This is a sport that is still moving forward.

A prominent mechanical engineering firm in London, England, are reported to be making exhaustive tests of the use of powdered coal for steam boilers of all types. The results of the experiments, shortly to be made public, will be important, showing the heat balance, analyses of gases and the evaporation and general efficacy of coal dust as compared with ordinary fuel. The system used is a new process, the invention of a German named Wegener. By it the coal is ground to a dust by pulverizers. To insure complete combustion a current of air is produced by a fan, and the powdered coal is mixed with it before going into the boiler. This method has been tested by the North German Lloyd Steamship Company and others, and the results obtained are said to have been sufficiently satisfactory to encourage its further development. It is stated that the chimney draft is sufficient to provide a current for drawing the dust automatically into the firebox. Thus no stoking is needed and no fire bars are required, combustion being almost complete. The saving of fuel by this system is claimed to be as much as 20 per cent.

The expulsion of the Earl of Dunraven from the New York Yacht Club by a practically unanimous vote calls for applause on this side of the Atlantic and will cause no tears to fall on the other. England's first impulse to support Lord Dunraven in his foolish and ill-mannered conduct has since given way to a juster appreciation of the facts in the case and of the character of the man who made the absurd

charges against the gentlemen who happened to own a better boat than his own. For this loss of the esteem of his own countrymen Dunraven has himself to blame. They were willing at first to believe there might be some basis of truth in his charges. When the ridiculousness of the accusation of

fraud against gentlemen of the highest personal and business integrity manifested itself they tried to palliate his lordship's offense by ascribing it to an ebullience of temper. Of course he would apologize. His lordship did nothing of the kind. His ill-temper developed into churlishness, and the amazement with which his subsequent conduct has been regarded on both sides of the Atlantic has been tempered only by involuntary pity for one with soul so mean and narrow, who, having grievously wronged gentlemen of his acquaintance, refused to make the slenderest apology therefor. It is to be hoped the Dunraven incident is over and done with. It will remain in history as another instance of American principles prevailing over English assertions. But it is not a pleasant memory for either nation or for the people personally concerned in it, and should be allowed to follow its author into retirement.

If there be any one field of human activity which has been thought completely covered, it is that of life insurance. It has attracted millions upon millions of capital and millions of busy operatives from the brainiest men of business to the poor fellow who is crowded to the shoals, and takes his last chance at self-support by fishing for insurance commissions. It is carried on in every country with the slightest pretensions to civilization, and has aroused an international competition sufficient to give the great companies a clientele throughout the world and to strain the present relations between this country and Germany. It has benefited by the knowledge and ingenuity of some of the shrewdest workers in any line of enterprise, and suffered from some of the most brilliant rascals that ever attempted to gain riches without giving anything by way of equivalent. That there should be new methods to be devised and new ideas to be applied appears almost incredible; yet a distinct departure is announced from abroad. The scheme is being put in operation by a French company. Under its provisions the amount which the beneficiary of a policy is to receive diminishes the longer the insured lives. The theory on which the plan is based is that in the event of a man dying young he will leave his wife and children with enough to keep them or the adequate means of support; while if he lives to an advanced age the wife is likely to be dead, and in case she is not the children will have become able to earn a living for themselves and the mother. The poor man gets his insurance cheap because the final obligation of the company decreases as he lives, and he is assured of his getting the most money should his death occur while those dependent upon him are most in need. It is yet to be determined whether the plan is founded upon logical principles, and whether it will stand the test of practical experience; but it has been adopted, it is simply backed by capital, and the inducements it holds out are such as are likely to attract the great working class in France.

There were times when the elder Mrs. Chatterton wept a little that she was denied the daily vision of her son's joy, but she said nothing and kept her tears to herself. Ned was very faithful and dutiful, but she did not go often to the house, because her presence always seemed to put Adelaide in a mood of defense almost bordering on aggression. The young woman meant to be understood, and plainly understood, that she would tolerate the interference in her affairs of no mother-in-law.

And so the months passed. In the first glow of connubial joy Ned had neglected his club, but as time went on and the household began to move in the accustomed routine he began occasionally to drop in and spend a social hour with his man friends. At first it was but once in two or three weeks and only an hour or two then. Then he went more frequently and staid later.

Some evenings Adelaide was very lonesome, and after awhile, when he staid late, would cry to herself, but she always tried to welcome his return with an unclouded face. She believed that it was only thoughtlessness, and that after awhile, when he came to realize how very lonely she was, he would not stay away from her so long.

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Once, when she was very lonesome, Mrs. Chatterton came in and sat with her. They talked together and bustled themselves with some needlework, and the hours did not seem so long. And when Ned came that night they walked home with his mother and all were light hearted and happy.

But other evenings passed when nobody came in, or when her mother or Nell dropped in to find her alone, and he thought that Ned was neglecting her. They would look at her strangely, as if they pitied her, and wondered if she were happy. Somehow this pained her.

Ned was good. She loved him and knew that he loved her; he was only thoughtless. She said this over and over to herself, and she could not bear to see in the eyes of her relatives the look that accused him.

One night when he had been later than usual and when her heart was overfull she tried to tell him how he was paining her, but broke down and burst into tears.

His face was flushed and he answered her impatiently: "Nonsense, Addy; don't act like a baby; you must remember that you are a woman. You oughtn't to expect a man to stick in the house all the time."

UNDER THE DAISIES.

I've just been learning the lesson of life. The sad, sad lesson of loving. And all this for pleasure or pain. Been slowly and sadly proving. And all that's left of the bright, bright dream. With its thousand brilliant phases. Is a handful of dust in a coffin lid. A coffin under the daisies. The beautiful, beautiful daisies.

And thus forever throughout this wide world is love a sorrow proving; There are still many sorrowful things in life. But the saddest of all is loving. The life of some is worse than death. For fate a high wall will raise. And far better than life with two hearts estranged. Is a low grave starr'd with daisies. The beautiful, beautiful daisies. —Harrison Millard in Philadelphia Times.

HER MOTHER-IN-LAW

Ned Chatterton was a good deal of a mother's boy—that is to say, such a warm affection existed between mother and son that it was remarkable in this day of filial laxity.

So when it became known that Adelaide Westcott was engaged to him, her many friends grew solicitous in warning her as to the course she should pursue in regard to her future mother-in-law.

"When a mother has always had such complete ascendancy over a son, it is always a hard matter to make her recognize a wife's right, and if this is to be done, positive measures must be employed from the first." So her friends said, and her own mother gave her some good advice in the same line, while her sister Nell deplored the necessity of having mother-in-law and reviewed all the traditions in regard to those very undesirable personages.

With so much instruction Adelaide became also imbued with very positive notions on the subject. Of course, he was an only son and his mother a widow, but she could never consent to live in the same house with the elder woman. It was all ways to go well, she was to begin right. Of course, Ned loved his mother, but matrimony would put him under new obligations. At her first opportunity she explained it all to him and insisted that they should keep a separate establishment.

Ned looked pained, but he said: "I shall do as you say in the matter, Adelaide, though I had looked forward to a very happy companionship between you and my little mother. She is not hard to get along with, I know, and she could have helped you so much with her advice and counsel in the household affairs."

But Adelaide showed him how a mother-in-law, by her very love and preference for her son, might cause disunion between husband and wife. Perhaps he was not convinced, but he yielded the point and they were married. All of Adelaide's friends congratulated her upon her good sense, and banded his back praised Ned for his consideration in sparing his wife the presence of a mother-in-law. But he gave himself the satisfaction of setting up housekeeping within a block of the mother he loved.

Sometimes at night, when he and Adelaide sat lonely by the fire, he thought of his mother and wished that she might be with them, but on the whole they were happy and no morbid thoughts entered his brain, for he believed that in time Adelaide's own good sense would triumph over the prejudices aroused by officious friends. But this was his mother's wisdom.

Far into the night, after Mrs. Chatterton had gone to bed, Ned and Adelaide talked. They made plans for future pleasure, and their youthful joy seemed the revival of the honeymoon enthusiasm.

"We shall have such glorious times," said Ned. "Mother is right here near us."

"She must be nearer, Ned," said Adelaide. "I want her to live right here with us."

"But, Adelaide—"

"Ned, I desire it. Don't say no. I've got over some foolish notions of mine and I just begin to find how much I need a mother-in-law."

Her friends said: "It is strange that after starting out so well she would let him bring that mother-in-law in on her, but I suppose he compelled her; that's the way with men."—St. Louis Republic.

IN THE HEATER PIPE.

The retired burglar relates his most singular experience.

He had an elegant lay out of wedding presents at his mercy when He Made an Unfortunate Step—in the End He Made a Contribution to the Collection.

"In a house that I was looking over in a town up the state one night," said the retired burglar, "I came across something that I never struck but that once in all my experience, strange as it may seem, and that was a lot of wedding presents, all just as they were arranged for display. When I turned my lamp into the room, I wished I had brought a horse and wagon; there was a good deal of it that wouldn't have been of any earthly use to me, but it seemed a pity to leave any of it behind. But if I couldn't carry it all off, I started to look the things over. They were arranged on tables and chairs and on the floor around on three sides of the room; on the side opposite to the side that I had come in at, and on the sides to the right and left; running around those three sides in a sort of irregular order. On the side where I was there were a few chairs. I thought I'd start in on the left and work around to the right, and I started from the door and went about three steps when I went down through the floor, as it seemed to me, but what I had really done was to step down through an open register. I suppose somebody must have dropped something down through it and have taken it out to get it and forgot to put it back."

"There was a wire screen under the register over the pipe opening to keep things from dropping down the pipe, but it was very fine light wire, and it didn't stop me at all; I just slid under the pipe, pushing that along under my feet. When I dropped into the pipe, I was facing to the left; in some way as I went down I got fished around so that when I got down as far as I did go I was facing to the front; that is, toward the center of the room. The pipe didn't go straight down, but with a curve. I had thrown up my hands as I went down, and I suppose I might have gone plumb to the furnace if I hadn't clutched at the edge of the register opening and hung on. A minute before I was going to take my pick of a roomful; now where was I?"

"I had started across the room carrying my toolbox in one hand and my lamp in the other. The shock when I went down had shaken the bag out of my hand, but I had held on to my lamp, though it was lying on its side now with my fingers clutching through the handle. The falling of the toolbox and the striking of the lamp on the floor and the scraping of the wire gauze made all together a good deal of noise, and I expected every minute to hear somebody moving about up stairs and coming down to haul me out, but nobody did come, and I set my lamp up straight, and after I'd waited a minute or two more I started to see if I could haul myself out."

"As I lay in the pipe my head was below the level of the floor; by a great effort I could raise myself so that the upper half of my head was above the opening, but no higher; there was no room for play; when I got that high, I found myself with my elbows close to my body and fairly wedged into the pipe; I couldn't get any higher."

"I let myself down again, and after awhile I pulled myself up again, and held on by one hand and held up the lamp and swung it round on the things. Then I let myself down again, and wondered what I was going to do. It wasn't only uncomfortable in the position I was in, it was mighty hot and unpleasant every way. If I let go, I didn't know but that I'd slide down against the furnace, and, of course, I couldn't stand it for an indefinite length of time, and when I'd been in the pipe I should imagine about two hours, I made up my mind that I wouldn't try to stand it any longer; I'd got to come out some time, and I might just as well come out then; in fact, better, for while the chances of my getting away at all were mighty small, they would be better at night than they would be in the daytime."

"So I made up my mind to kick on the pipe and wake up the house and have the thing settled. So I kicked once, twice, and then I kicked again; and by snakes! I kicked the pipe open at my feet. There was a joint there, and I'd kicked it apart, and the sections I was in sagged down with my weight, and I slid out on the cellar floor, and sagged down that part of the pipe detached it from the part above and it fell on the cellar floor alongside of me. That made noise enough to wake everybody up; there couldn't be any doubt about that."

"I went out by the same cellar window that I came in by. It was the first and only such lot of stuff that I ever struck, and I never got a thing out of it; in fact, I added something to it myself—a set of tools and a dark lantern." —New York Sun.

"The Pyramid Limp," as it has come to be called, is that state of body which falls upon one for two or three days after making the ascent of the pyramids. One is so much pulled and pushed at the time that little or no inconvenience is felt. There is no sign of soreness of joint or muscle until after one has slept, and then the trouble begins to brew; the second day of that man or woman is worse than the first; the climax is reached at the end of the second or beginning of the third day, and from that time the patient begins slowly to recover.—Cairo Correspondent.

What Cross Examination Can Do. Magistrate—Your name? Basilful Maiden—Anna Lang. "Religion?" "Protestant." "Age?" "No answer." "When were your parents married?" "In 1868." "When was the first christening?" "In 1864." "How many brothers and sisters have you?" "Five."

"Are you the oldest?" "Yes."

"Then you are 31 years of age." "Yes. (Sotto voce) I have given my age away. I am surprised." —Dorchester.

It Stimulates Them. Berlin seems to have a stimulating effect on American genius. United States Consul General De Kay has just finished a poem entitled "Nimrod's Vision," a German translation of which is being made. Mrs. Hoskin, daughter of Ambassador Runyon, has completed at Berlin a society novel entitled "Richard Forest." It will appear as a serial in this country, and a German translation will be published in Berlin.

This Would Please Ruskin. Stonecutters among the students at Parkville college are getting out the material during their leisure time this winter for the new observatory building which is to be erected there in the spring.—Kansas City Star.

Can't Fool This Bear. John Bull hasn't succeeded in hypnotizing the Russian bear as yet, and the chances are he never will succeed.—Indianapolis News.

Governor Jones Has Cancer. It is discovered that Governor Jones of Nevada has cancer of the stomach, and his physicians say he cannot recover.

An Old Love Affair. Though Cuba, beautiful brunette. The Spaniard bold may claim. With vows that he will never let Her bear another's name.

Some subtle witticisms still we see Across the southern brine. That Uncle Samuel will be Her only valentine.

—Washington Star.

A PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA.

She was Recently Thrashed by Her Leige Lord for Going Skating. If Prince Frederick Leopold were just a common man instead of a prince, his wife, who is a princess of Prussia and a sister to the German Emperor, would have had him arraigned in a police court for beating her. The fact is that he was arraigned by Em-

peror William, who tried him, sentenced him to imprisonment in his room and placed guards at the door to see that his brother-in-law served out the term. The Princess is a cavalry colonel and not long ago told his wife to stay in her room all day. The wife didn't like that sort of thing, or, at all events, did like skating, and with a young woman of her household left the room for an hour's whirl on the ice. The ice broke, the Princess got wet and was rubbed down and put to bed. When the Prince returned and heard the tale he sought out his lady and gave her a thorough drubbing, like a plain blunt man, with his riding whip. He went to his study, fell in a fit and ground his teeth and groaned. But his servants refused to give him smelling salts or to throw cold water on him until the doctor arrived. The Kaiser and his wife were furious when they heard the story, and the Emperor decided to teach his high-handed relative a lesson. The severe punishment meted out to Prince Frederick mightily pleased all the ladies of the German court.

TEN-YEAR-OLD KING. Maharajah Krisnarajah Is the Ruling Sovereign of Mysore. Maharajah Krisnarajah Wagayar Bahadur are the official titles of a Hindu boy not yet 10 years of age, who is the King of Mysore. He is one of the chief native princes of India, and his

late father, whom he has succeeded to the throne, was known as the "model prince of India." The young Rajah is being prepared for the lofty position he will occupy with great solicitude. He has English and native tutors, who will turn out a prince and a pundit at the same time. During his minority the affairs of the province are conducted by his mother and his late father's minister, Sir K. Sheshdhar Iyer, as co-regents. The youthful maharajah was recently visited by Lord Elgin, viceroy of India, and the occasion was celebrated with much eclat. The little fellow is an adopt scholar and speaks English as fluently as any boy of his age. In his studies he is as far advanced as boys four or five years his senior would be in this country. He is modest, but realizes well that he is a trifle more important than anybody else in his neighborhood.

One of the most interesting cases of the army—the more interesting because it has aroused so much comment among officers of the army itself—is that of Second Lieutenant H. M. C. Schofield, a son of Lieut. General Schofield. He recently appeared before an examining board in San Francisco for promotion, and the medical board refused to pass him upon the ground of defective hearing. Then came the question whether or not his deafness constituted "incapacity to perform duty" in his present rank. The next step was to examine the records of his first examination, upon his original entry into the service, to learn whether or not deafness was then observed; but they were found to be clear on that point. On the other hand, some officers have said that Lieut. Schofield was slightly deaf before he entered the service, and if this fact is proved a complication may arise which will not only affect the military status of Lieut. Schofield but also the officers on his first board. If it is found that his deafness originated in the line of duty then he will be entitled to be retired with the rank of First Lieutenant.

A Missouri New Woman. Mrs. Virginia B. Todd, confined in the New London jail on the charge of murder, was offered the liberty of the sheriff's house if she would assist in household duties. She promptly refused to be a domestic and said she would content herself in a cell.—Kansas City Star.

Possibly. Possibly a good woman like Clara Barton is regarded by the sultan as a harem scarem person.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

TO MAKE MEN OF BOYS

CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY FINDING HOMES FOR STREET ARABS. They Start For Florida and the West—How the Society Gives a Helping Hand to Our Future Citizens—One Has a Father, and One Confesses to a Mother.

Forty boys were gathered the other day in the offices of the Children's Aid society in New York. There was nothing remarkable about these boys except their clothes. Each one wore a new suit of warm clothes. And each one looked in it as awkward as a clothier's dummy. The oldest boy was about 14; the youngest 6 or 7. They behaved themselves like any 40 boys under an eye of authority—that is, they whispered and giggled and slyly punched each other and twisted and turned uneasily on the benches where they sat.

Being only boys, they did not know how important the day was to them. It was vastly more important than the day of their birth. Without cant they were born again that day, for the agents of the Children's Aid society were about to take them to homes—to give them an upward start in life. The day of their birth gave them a downward start. Down, down they went, the impetus of their birth increased by the death or desertion of those who gave them life, until the society found them in the gutter.

But, after all, these boys have to thank themselves for their acquaintance with the society. They first sought the society's lodging houses. That proved that they instinctively preferred a nest to a corner of Theater alley, a dormitory to a doorstep; that they would rather save their pennies than beg for pennies; that, in a word, they more esteemed cleanliness than craps.

Given that to start with, the society saw the making of men in these boys. They were put on probation. They were sent to the society's farm training school at Kensico, Westchester county, N. Y. There are 125 acres in that farm, which owes its existence to the generosity of Mrs. T. M. White. The boys are under no restraint there. The doors are open; a girl could climb the fence. Each of these 40 boys had been on the farm for four, five or six months. He had proved he was worthy of a home.

The homes for these boys are chosen with great care, and until they are 12 years old they and their young charge they are constantly watched by the society's agents all over the country. Even were this not so, how inestimable the benefit of a change from a tenement to a farm, from a gutter to a craze grove!

One division of these 40 boys started at 2 o'clock for Unionville, Me., in charge of R. N. Brace. Another set out at the same time for Garnett, Kan., with B. W. Tico in care of them. The third division remained in the society's offices until evening. E. Trott looked after them. He has been in the society's employ for 23 years, and he has stored 250 companies of homeless boys on the way to useful citizenship. Fifteen thousand boys have started on the road to be president of the United States under the guidance of old gentleman Trott. But they never know the society or Trott these boys might have been thugs or murderers or even professional politicians or patriots for revenue aid.

Before they went Mr. Trott called them around him and put some questions to them for the information of the reporter.

"How many of you boys have less newshirts?"

"Four hands went up in answer. "How many bootblacks?" One hand. "How many messenger boys?" Three hands. "How many boys have a mother?" One hand was raised, and the answer of it, heaven help him, looked very sheepish indeed.

"She was a kisser in him here this morning," said a redheaded boy, and the others giggled.

"Ah, I remember," whispered Mr. Trott. "That boy's mother is a nurse. She is too poor to support him." They nodded.

"How many boys have a father?" One hand.

"Have you a father?" asked Mr. Trott, surprised.

"Yes, sir," said the boy to whom the hand was attached. "But I ain't seen him for a long time. He don't like me." The boy spoke proudly. He was proud. He had a father.

"How long since you saw him?" asked Mr. Trott, smiling.

"About—about six months," said the boy.

"Why, my boy, you've been with us six months," said Mr. Trott.

"I mean six—six years," said the boy.

"He's 7 years old," said Mr. Trott.—New York World.

A VALUABLE GOOSE.

Bought For \$1.50 and Contained a \$100 Diamond. Mrs. Robert Rosenthal of 219 East Thirty-second street, New York, bought a goose some days ago from her family butcher and paid \$1.50 for it. Both Mrs. Rosenthal and the butcher considered the price a fair one.

But when Mrs. Rosenthal got home and began to pluck the feathers and examine the goose in detail she found that it was almost as valuable as the good old bird in the fairy tale that had a pleasant habit of laying golden eggs. For, while preparing the bird for the dinner, she felt a hard substance in the interior which, upon examination, appeared to her to be very much like a diamond with a small fragment of gold attached to it, as though it had been set in a ring.

A knowing friend to whom Mrs. Rosenthal took the stone next day told her that the gem was a diamond of very high quality, worth probably \$150.

Mrs. Rosenthal has been buying geese ever since, and she always takes charge of the preparation and cooking herself. The butcher has raised his prices.

Speaker Reed Has Been There. Speaker Reed is credited with saying the other day to a man who was glorifying the climate of Arizona: "Tut, tut, man! I have been to Fort Yuma and I know your climate. When a bad man dies down there, he does not notice the transition."

"Look at Nordica," said a keen observer. "Look at that Plymouth Rock law! No wonder she is on top to-day! Will power is written all over her intelligent and sweet mug."—Musical Courier.



PRINCESS FREDERICK LEOPOLD.



TEN-YEAR-OLD KING OF MYSORE.