

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. I. CAMPBELL, Proprietor. EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

As the world revolves at present, whenever anything turns up England gets turned down.

Why is it that war is always breaking out in countries that are full of unpronounceable names?

Ex-Secretary Foster says that Mrs. I. Hugg Chang has at least 1,000 dresses. And yet at times her husband has to worry along without even a yellow jacket.

Nineteen counties in South Carolina are using their convicts to improve the roads. It is not often that so valuable a hint for the rest of the country comes from the Palmetto region.

Chicago thieves stole a model the other night which was to demonstrate the theory of perpetual motion. If they don't run better than the model the chances of escaping punishment are against them.

It is a French paper that says the United States is commercially a great and powerful rival for all Europe combined. This is ahead of time, but Americans will try to live up to it within the next century.

The new President of the Orange Free State expresses the hope that the Africaner will never forget his Bible and his gun. It is a combination England has hated to run against ever since the days of Cromwell.

The Derivatives have generally been regarded as mere howling and whirling mendicants, but the news now coming from Egypt indicates that this view will have to be modified on account of the warlike attributes that they are displaying.

The sentiment in favor of the election of Senators by a direct vote of the people has grown very rapidly in the last few months, and a proposition of that kind would probably receive a majority of the popular vote in every State as the case now stands.

Tramps applying heretofore for relief in Manchester, England, will be required to perform one full day's work before continuing on their journey. On the second application four days' work will be exacted. Tramps are likely to become scarce in that corner of England.

There is a touch of irony in the fact that the spread of civilization has placed modern weapons of war in the hands of uncivilized races, and thus enabled them to defeat the armies of enlightened nations, as was recently illustrated in the signal triumph of the Abyssinians over the Italians.

Between the years 1885 and 1895 England's increase in naval strength was 37 per cent., that of France 42 per cent., Russia's 71 per cent., and Germany doubled the number of its warships. Not a shot was fired at sea in that decade, but it is evident that the time will come when there will be such a thundering on the deep as Neptune never heard before.

A British ship which has been taking soundings in the South Pacific reports a depth in three places near the Tonga Islands of over 30,000 feet, which breaks the record by 4,000 feet. The deepest holes are not in the middle of the ocean, but within 100 miles of land. Their depth is greater than the height of any known mountain. Specimens of the bottom at 30,000 feet proved to be the usual red clay found in all the deepest parts of the ocean.

The Congressional committee report in favor of the metric system of weights and measures presents some curious examples of confusion. For instance, a bushel of rye in Louisiana is 32 pounds, and it is 56 pounds in Ohio; a bushel of salt is only 50 pounds in Virginia, while it is 70 pounds in Massachusetts; a bushel of potatoes is 50 pounds in Washington, 56 pounds in Pennsylvania, and 60 pounds in Ohio. Uniformity is certainly desirable in this matter, and a bill for this purpose has been introduced in the House.

News comes from Boston that all the companies of importance engaged in the manufacture of electric heating apparatus in the United States have been absorbed in a combine called the American Electric Heating Corporation. While this announcement is an unwelcome indication of a modern tendency, it will not spread consternation throughout the land. Electric heating has not yet come to be one of the necessities of life. It is not yet for the masses, and those who use it can easily fall back upon coal, even upon soft coal, if the combiners have a clench on all the anthracite. The electric heat combine is not likely of itself to become a monopoly of extreme voracity. There is more to be feared from the coal combiners, upon whom even the electric heaters are in no small degree dependent.

Mr. James Ellsworth, of Chicago, an intimate friend of Paderewski, gave him a dinner a short time ago, and each person who came was obliged to perform some feat by which he could earn his living, provided his natural resources were taken away. Paderewski had many card tricks handy. Theodore Thomas, with his hands tied behind his back, by some miraculous management unbuttoned his waistcoat and took it off with his hands still tightly fastened. The guests then asked for autographs, and Mr. Ellsworth remarked: "I have Paderewski's autograph, which he wrote on my shirt front some time ago," and thereupon the valet brought the garment into the room, and behold! the shirt bosom bore the signature of the maestro written across the front. At once each manly chest was presented to Paderewski, who, with pencil in hand, signed his name on the starched linen. As a result, eleven shirts have been permanently retired from circulation, so to speak.

THE REALLY "GOOD INJUN."

Old Indian Summer has just come to town (Tom, tom and a tontom). In rose tinted blanket and leggings of brown (Tom, tom and a tontom). He comes in his warpaint on Square Winter's trail (Tom, tom and a tontom). And rides a wild mustang with straw colored tail (Tom, tom and a tontom). That "hacks" at a shadow and takes every rail (Tom, tom and a tontom). By these you may know 'tis the friendly old chief— (Tom, tom and a tontom). The whir of the partridge, the fall of the leaf (Tom, tom and a tontom). The chirp of the cricket when song birds are rare, (Tom, tom and a tontom). The smoke of the signal fires tingeing the air, (Tom, tom and a tontom). The smiles of abundance and peace every where (Tom, tom and a tontom). This dusky old chieftain has come to the aid (Tom, tom and a tontom). Of pale faced marauders who're "out on a raid" (Tom, tom and a tontom). At eye of the eagle each fop's slight, (Tom, tom and a tontom). The flames 'neath the caldrons leap high with delight, (Tom, tom and a tontom). While shadowlike speeters stalk forth with the night (Tom, tom and a tontom). The "dark of the moon" and the drone of a drum (Tom, tom and a tontom). The tomahawk is brandish'd, the full hour is come (Tom, tom and a tontom). These ghoulish despoilers take scalp lock and head (Tom, tom and a tontom). And gloat o'er the bodies made toothsome with bread (Tom, tom and a tontom). While poultrydom rageth, deploring its dead (Tom, tom and a tontom). Suppose, with his trophy, at Thanksgiving time (Tom, tom and a tontom). Each red handed raider were forced into line (Tom, tom and a tontom). And now, if you please, add the guests at the feast (Tom, tom and a tontom). From north and from south, from the west and the east (Tom, tom and a tontom). Their name would be legion, I fancy, at least! (Tom, tom and a tontom). Old Indian Summer is off to the plains (Tom, tom and a tontom). And only the ghost of his presence remains (Tom, tom and a tontom). A flash through the dawn of a mane wildly tossed, (Tom, tom and a tontom). A glimpse of a moccasin leashed with frost, (Tom, tom and a tontom). A sound in the distance like that of the ho— (Tom, tom and a tontom). —Linnie Hawley Drake.

VENUS ANNODOMINI.

She had nothing to do with No. 18 in the Braccio Nuovo of the Vatican, between Visconti's "Ceres" and "The God of the Nile." She was purely an Indian deity—an Anglo-Indian deity, that is to say—and we called her the Venus Annodomini, to distinguish her from other Annodomini of the same everlasting order. There was a legend among the hills that she had once been young, but no living man was prepared to come forward and say boldly that the legend was true.

Men rode up to Simla and staid and went away, and made their staid and did their life's work, and returned again to find the Venus Annodomini exactly as they left her. She was as imitable as the hills, but not quite so green. All that a girl of 18 could do in the way of riding, walking, dancing, picnicking and overexertion generally, the Venus Annodomini did, and showed no sign of fatigue or trace of weariness.

Besides perpetual youth, she had discovered, men said, the secret of perpetual health, and her fame spread about the land. From a mere woman she grew to be an institution, inasmuch that no young man could be said to be properly formed who had not at some time or another worshipped at the shrine of the Venus Annodomini.

There was no one like her, though there were many imitations. Six years in her eyes were no more than six months to ordinary women, and ten made less visible impression on her than a week's fever on an ordinary woman. Every one adored her, and in return she was pleasant and courteous to nearly every one. Youth had been a habit of hers for so long that she could not part with it—never realized, in fact, the necessity of parting with it—and took for her more chosen associates young people.

Among the worshippers of the Venus Annodomini was "Young" Gayerson. "Very Young" Gayerson, he was called to distinguish him from his father "Young" Gayerson, a Bengal civilian, who had affected the customs—as he had the heart—of youth. "Very Young" Gayerson was not content to worship placidly and for form's sake, as the other young men did, or to accept a ride or a dance, or a talk from the Venus Annodomini in a properly humble and thankful spirit. He was exacting, and therefore the Venus Annodomini repressed him.

He worried himself nearly sick in a futile sort of way over her, and his devotion and earnestness made him appear either shy or boisterous or rude, as his mood might vary, by the side of the older men who with him bowed before the Venus Annodomini. She was sorry for him. He reminded her of a lad who, three and twenty years ago, had professed a boundless devotion for her, and for whom in return she had felt something more than a week's weakness. But that had fallen away and married another woman less than a year after he had worshipped her, and the Venus Annodomini had almost—not quite—forgotten his name.

"Very Young" Gayerson had the same big blue eyes and the same way of putting his under lip when he was excited or troubled. But the Venus Annodomini checked him sternly none the less. Too much zeal was a thing that she did not approve of, preferring instead a tempered and sober tenderness.

"Very Young" Gayerson was miserable, and took no trouble to conceal his wretchedness. He was in the army—a line regiment, it is true, but an not certain—and since his face was a looking glass and his forehead an open book, by reason of his innocence, his brothers in arms made his life a burden to him and inhibited his naturally sweet disposition.

No one except "Very Young" Gayerson, and he never told his views, knew how old "Very Young" Gayerson believed the Venus Annodomini to be. Perhaps he thought her five and twenty, or perhaps she told him that she was this age. "Very Young" Gayerson would have forced the Gagger in food to carry her lightest word, and had implicit faith in her. Every one liked him, and every one was sorry when they saw him so bound a slave of the Venus Annodomini.

Every one, too, admitted that it was not her fault, for the Venus Annodomini differed from Mrs. Hauksbee and Mrs. Reiver in this particular—she never moved a finger to attract any one, but, like Nipon de l'Enclis, all men were attracted to her. One could admire and

MILLENNIUM OF YOUTH.

Had Boys and Girls to Be Made Good by Hypnotic Suggestion. Away with your prisons and reformatories! Out upon dark cells, cat o' nine tails, bread and water and all the other old time methods of teaching the naughty young idea how to shoot into the bulseye of reform. A new genius has arisen, the royal road to reformation had been discovered, and henceforth had boys and girls will be made good while you wait, like old time.

In a recent number of a metaphysical magazine a new genius tells how to do it. "Mental suggestion" is the coming method. Hypnotism succeeds the dark cell. All you have got to do is to take a young rascal and mentally suggest to him to be good, and the thing is done in a jiffy. The writer says that he has tried it and that it works. He would be willing to tackle Jesse Pomeroy, or the Boy Firebug, or any other youthful offender against the laws, and sooner or later convert him into an estimable citizen. "Some cases of moral infirmity are reached in ten minutes," he says. "Others may take ten days, weeks or even longer. But we must not be discouraged."

Never give a negative suggestion, cries this learned pundit, always a positive one. Suggest to a boy that he is going to be honest and industrious. That will fetch him. To suggest the negative is repellent. It does not catch on. That is the great fault with teachers and parents. They do not take the right side of the matter. They should lead, not attempt to drive.

Just as soon as the hypnotists have a chance to get in their fine work there will be a millennium among the growing generation. Elmiras will go broke for want of custom, and Randall's island can be turned into a public park. Three cheers!—New York World.

A \$3,000 CIGAR.

That's What This Smoke Cost a Philadelphia Dealer in Diamonds. A cigar that cost \$3,000 is rather an expensive luxury. That is what Theodore Kaempff, a jeweler of 46 South Third street, Philadelphia, paid for one the other day. The payment was not in money, either, but in diamonds.

A man entered his store, and, after making a purchase, stood talking with the proprietor. The customer invited Mr. Kaempff out to have a cigar. Mr. Kaempff accepted the invitation. They repaired to a nearby cigar store, leaving the jewelry shop in charge of Thomas Coffey, a boy of 10. The jeweler and his customer had just about reached the cigar store when a man entered Mr. Kaempff's place.

"How much are those diamonds?" he inquired of the boy. Tommy did not know, but told the prospective purchaser that he would find out. The boy went in search of Mr. Kaempff. He was absent about half a minute and returned with Mr. Kaempff. When they were about five yards from the door, they saw the stranger leave the shop.

When Mr. Kaempff and Coffey entered the store, the boy said that the door of the case on the counter was open, and a tray of diamond rings valued at \$3,000 was missing.

"After You, Gentlemen."

The French at Fontenoy, sheltered by the ridge, could scarcely believe their eyes at the sight of the English gunners slewing round their pieces to cover them. When they at length realized that it was one of the enemy's and not one of their own batteries, the officers of the Gardes Francais rushed to the head of their men, shouting to them to deploy and charge the cannon. Almost at the same moment the grenadiers cleared the hilltop, and began to descend upon him. It was then that there occurred that wonderful meeting which has charmed so many generations of readers.

Every one knows the description of the scene for which Voltaire was indebted to D'Argenson. How the French officers, in their blue and silver coats and their long scarlet vests and stockings, waited the approach of the grenadiers, hat in hand. How the redcoats doffed their marvelous shield fronted caps, while Lord Charles Hay bowed to the opposing line, with the words, "Gentlemen of the French guard, please to fire first." To which the Comte d'Anteroche replied: "Gentlemen, we never fire first. Fire yourselves!" Such was a battle of the grand age as pictured by the aristocrat who saw the picture reflected in the mirrors of the Chateau de Bouff, but in the Lorrain papers there is a yellow letter, written by Hay, in hospital after action, which gives a ruder, and, it is to be feared, more natural version of the story.—Temple Bar.

Mrs. Isham of 1658.

Mrs. Isham suffered from an eruption on the skin, for which Sir Ralph Verney sends her a homemade lotion, with the following directions (March 23, 1658): "Apply this to your face every night after you are in bed. Let it lie on all night, and wipe it gently off in the morning with a piece of store new Black Cloth, but wash not your face. If you see no company for a day or two, or three, it is better, for then you may lay it on fresh in the morning, and let it continue on all day and wipe it gently off at night again with the Black cloth. I had almost forgot to tell you, you must not lay it on clear, but shake it very well together, till it is as thick as candle, then pour out a little quickly into this china box, and, lying on your back, take a piece of sponge, pat it upon your face thick and thin together. If you like it you may have as much of it as you please at a Weekes warning. When it is dry, she is to attend to her own. "If my dear Fanny is well, I shall soon make use of it. I do but think with my Blake face and the Blake cloth what a Blackmer I shall be." Blindness had perchance its compensations for her husband.—Longman's Magazine.

Hit and Miss Mind Reading.

It is told of a young man in this city that he called on his best girl the other evening. As conversation became dull they sat on the sofa at opposite ends, and, after a silence of considerable duration, evidently spent by both in hard thought, she mused up courage enough to ask him what he was thinking about. He, hoping to please her, replied: "I was thinking of the same thing you were."

Enthusiastic Realist.

Enthusiastic Realist.—Do you know I painted a picture of a lion so naturally that it had to be placed behind bars. Enthusiastic Author.—That's nothing. I wrote a novel so full of burning emotion that it had to be printed on asbestos paper for fear of consuming them.—London Tit-Bits.

Science Making War More Costly.

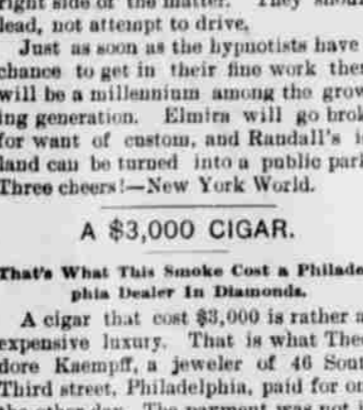
Germany has been prominent of late in the field of invention and discovery. To the Roentgen photographic light, Zeppel's airship must be added the Breda rifle, operated by explosive gas and firing 3,500 shots from one charge. In these times an army with rifles a year old finds itself out of date.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

The Great Lawyer and Silver-Tongued Prince of Agnostics.

That was a strange spectacle which was presented in Chicago on a recent Sunday, when Robert G. Ingersoll, who for more than a score of years has consecrated the flower of his surpassing eloquence to ridicule, satirization and denunciation of preachers and churches and the Bible, spoke from a Christian pulpit, at the invitation of a preacher and of a church, to 3,000 followers of the Christian banner. For once the animosities engendered by bitter words were laid aside. The great audience bowed its head in silent sympathy with an orthodox Christian invocation to God and petition for the blessing of Christ; then listened for two hours to the eloquent dealer of all that is called supernatural or divine, of all that is unknowable, except by faith, in religion. And Ingersoll was as magnificent as his audience. Not once did he utter a word to wound the sensibilities of his hearers. Orator and auditors met on the common ground of considering what can be done and should be done to uplift humanity. That was his theme; on that he dwelt. There was no scoffing at religion, no jeering at simple faith, and when the logic of the speaker's thought roused an echo in the hearts of his hearers, they gave him generous meed of applause. These bursts of approval were anything but infrequent. The audience of Chris-

tians heard from the infidel thoughts both old and new, but all clothed in beautiful language. The address was given in the place of worship of the Church Militant, of which Dr. John Rusk is pastor. Ingersoll, the silver-tongued prince of agnostics and greatest of orators, was born in Dresden, N. Y., Aug. 11, 1833. His father was a Congregational preacher, of such liberal views that he was persecuted for them, and in his early life Robert G. Ingersoll imbibed an intense hatred of Calvinism which grew with his growth and finally made him the enemy of all forms of religion. His boyhood was spent in Wisconsin and Illinois and at the age of 21 he took up the practice of law at Peoria, Ill. During the war he was colonel of the Eleventh Illinois Cavalry and after the war his ability as an orator and Republican campaign speaker gave him a reputation in the West, which was made national by his famous "plumed-knight" speech in the Republican National Convention of 1870, by which he placed James G. Blaine in nomination. Since that time he has lived in Washington and New York. He has been connected with the most famous modern law cases, for his legal ability is extraordinary. His lectures and law practice have made him wealthy.



ROBT. G. INGERSOLL.

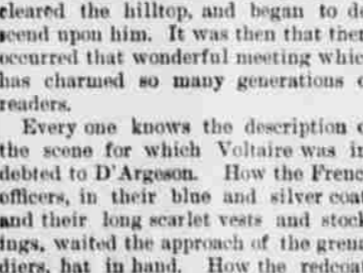
FATIMA II. BORN.

A Water Baby that Some Time Will Weigh Tons. A baby hippopotamus is a new arrival at the menagerie in Central Park, New York. "Mrs. Fatima," the mother, weighs 4,465 pounds, and cherishes her baby as much as a human mother does. Fatima II, judging from the noise that she makes, is composed of nothing but lumps. During the first day the babe kept up a howl that would have drowned out the roar of Niagara Falls. The first thing baby did was to get out of the water. It looked like a new-born calf, and it walked like a seal.

While baby was waddling around, Grandma Murphy—who has been with Fatima all through her illness, and had been forcibly ejected by the aid of three battering rams, peeped through a crack from the adjoining cage, and, thinking her grandchild was getting gay, she roared loud disapproval. But Fatima the second wasn't fazed. She was having lots of fun finding out what her legs were made for. From the way she used them she probably thought they were wings.

When mamma started to shove baby back into the tank baby went for

THE BABY HIPPOPOTAMUS.



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mamma. That settled it. Mamma rolled over, squeezed herself together until she did not take up much more room than an ordinary horse and pretended to be asleep and out of sight.

The Difference.

A little boy, who in the course of some conversation of his elders heard a good deal of talk about the progress of civilization, approached his grandfather, who was taking no part in the talk. "Grandpa," said the child, "what is the difference between civilization and barbarism?"

"Barbarism, my boy," answered the old man, "is killing your enemy with a hatchet at a distance of a step, and civilization is killing him with a bombshell 13 miles away!"

This cynical answer applies well enough, without doubt, to the difference between civilized warfare and that of a period when the world was less advanced than now, but the complete civilization looks forward the abolition of warfare forever.—Youth's Companion.

Have you ever observed how suddenly a useful man dies, and how long a worthless one holds out?

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IT IS A GRAVEYARD.

Ponce City's Mayor Made an Awful Threat and Kept His Word.

The city council of Ponce City, O., has purchased the town site of Cross for a city cemetery. This is the dramatic ending to one of the most noted town site fights in the west. When the Cherokee strip was opened to settlement two years ago, two towns were started within a mile of each other, one called Ponce City and the other Cross. Both aspired to be the county seat, and the war between them waxed so warm that several men bit the dust. Finally the mayor of Ponce City called a public meeting one night and urged the citizens to keep up the fight until they made Cross a cemetery.

It is thought by his remark the mayor actually advised the destruction of the city and the people of Cross by Winchester rifles, but if so his threat was not executed in that manner. Captain Stiles, an ex-officer of the United States army, was sent to Washington on a secret mission that lasted eight months, during which time he succeeded in getting the interior department to recognize Ponce City as the legitimate town site and county seat.

Through other parties the influence of the Santa Fe railroad was taken away from Cross, and it began to dwindle from a city of 3,000 inhabitants, built in a day—the famous Sept. 16, 1892—until only a few houses were left. Ponce City gave a town lot to every owner of a house in Cross and paid for the moving, and in this way stampeded the residents of the rival town.

Nothing being left but the town site and schoolhouse, the bluff of the pioneer mayor of Ponce was made good a few days since when the council bought the town site for a cemetery and made the schoolhouse the residence of the sexton. The center circle of the cemetery will be decided to the war mayor of Ponce as a family burying lot in recognition of his prediction to reduce Cross to a cemetery.

A plot will be made in the shape of a cross, and the bodies of the citizens of Ponce who lost their lives in the town site trouble will be reinterred with honors.—New York Recorder.

A BRAND NEW SNAKE STORY.

Relatives Reunited by the Printing of One Which Is of the Not Kind.

A snake story published in a local paper a short time ago was the means of bringing together a family that had been separated for more than 40 years, neither member knowing what had become of the other. Fifty years ago the family of Mordecai Ellis lived on the banks of Rattlesnake creek near its confluence with the Washah river, a few miles from Lockport, Ind. One day a little daughter, Alice, now Mrs. W. H. Wilson of Kokomo, while on her way to the spring after a pail of water, fell into a rattlesnake den up to her shoulders, and on being pulled out a dozen or more of the reptiles clung to her garments. Ellis, assisted by neighbors, raided the cave, and at the close of the battle 21 rattlesnakes lay in a pile dead.

The story, as retold at a family gathering recently, was printed in a home paper. A day or two since Mrs. Wilson received a letter from St. Joseph, Mo., conveying the information that two cousins lived at that place that had been missing for 40 years, one being the wife of John Felling of the metropolitan police force, the other William G. Brooks, who in early times lived near the Ellis family in the Rattlesnake creek neighborhood. They read the story, recalled the snake slaughter and added many forgotten particulars. By the same means other relatives were located in Nebraska.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

IN MEMORY OF LINCOLN.

Gavel For the St. Louis Convention From His Log Cabin.

Lincoln's memory will not be allowed to wane at the Republican national convention. Every time the chairman raps for order he will bring down on his table a gavel made from a log hewn by the immortal statesman president. When Lincoln lived at New Salem, Ill., in 1832, he built a log cabin for a home. He was working out of hours to raise the house. It is from one of the logs in this house the gavel is being made. One end of it will be mounted with silver and engraved as follows:

"Made by W. H. Bartells, Carthage, Ill., from a log of the cabin built by Abraham Lincoln, 1832, at New Salem, Ill."

The inscription on the gold medal of the mallet will read: "National Republican convention, held at St. Louis, June 16, 1896, nominating ——— for president."

Making Gratifying Growth.

The report of President Irvine of Wellesley college for 1894-5 has just been issued. The registry of the college shows 780 students entered for 1894-5 against 768 for the previous year. They represent 36 states, the District of Columbia, Canada and four foreign countries.

The report notes the opening of Fiske Cottage in 1894, of the new chemistry laboratory in February, 1895, and of the emergency ward last October; also the introduction of electric lights into the two halls, the three larger cottages, the art building and the grounds. An appeal is made for more dormitories to accommodate the rapidly increasing number of students, who are now compelled to lodge in the village during their freshman year. The pressing need of a new chapel is emphasized.

To Prevent Betting by Wire.

Representative Gillett of Massachusetts has introduced a bill in the house providing that any person who is a party to the transmission by telegraph, telephone, mail, express or otherwise from one state or territory to another of any gambling bet or report of such bet on any race, prize fight or other event shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, punishable for the first offense by fine or imprisonment, and for subsequent offenses by imprisonment only.

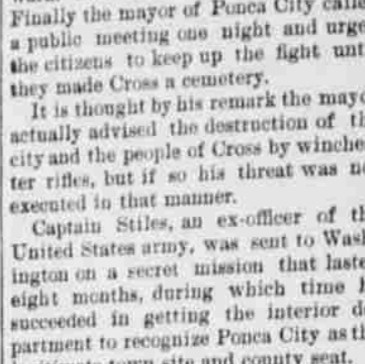
Tuskegee Conference.

The annual Tuskegee colored conference will be held at Tuskegee, Ala., March 5, 1896, under the auspices of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, in the black belt of the south. On March 6 there will be a workers' conference composed of representatives from the different religious organizations or institutions in the south devoted to the interests of the colored people.

THE POKE BONNET.

A Fashion in Millinery that is Coming to Young Faces.

Apparently the Salvation army lassies will not be alone this season in wearing poke bonnets. The daring, old-fashioned brim, forming an almost complete frame for the face, is a prominent feature among late millinery importers. Though the poke shape, espe-



EFFECT OF THE POKE BONNET.

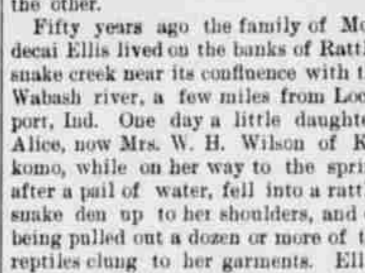
cially when the brim is lined with soft rushes or flowers, is particularly becoming to a young face, its use is by no means limited to the headgear designed for the younger women. Its popularity has all the strength of an obsolete fashion suddenly revived, and both gray-haired women and toddling children are to appear in it this season. This newest oddity of fashion displays many variations. The hat may have a comparatively flat crown or the tall cylindrical one. In back the rim may come down over the hair, but more often it is narrow and is turned up and covered with a mass of flowers that fit in above the coils of hair. The front brim varies considerably in width in different shapes, but the prettiest of the hats are the most pronounced in style. The one indispensable feature of all the spring pokes is the strings, which are usually wide and fluffy and tied in a broad bow under the chin. When flowers are used for decorations roses are usually chosen.

FALL OF THE FETISH.

Destruction of the Sacrificial Grove of Ashanti by the English.

Although the Ashanti war waged by the English against King Prempeh is a thing of the past and other African events are rapidly crowding it out of mind, there is one incident connected with the demolition of Prempeh's kingdom that is worthy of reference. This was the destruction of the sacred grove of the Ashanti, situated outside the capital, Coomassie. Here thousands upon thousands of human beings have been sacrificed to

KING PREMPEH'S CHOWS.



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the fetishes of the Ashanti, and everywhere among the trees of the grove English on their arrival found the white and ghastly bones of the dead scattered around. The destruction of the trees by the English was accomplished by means of gun cotton. Holes were bored into the trees and filled with the explosive, and the charges were set off by means of electricity until the sacred grove was obliterated. Our illustration is that of the crown worn by King Prempeh, and which is now in England and destined to find a resting place in Windsor Castle. The crown is made of thin hide, lined with silk and surmounted by two golden horns. Around the side are fixed models in solid gold of lions' heads, together with human heads and jaw bones.

British Development of India.

India is a wonderful example of the energy and enterprise of the British race, says Pearson's Weekly, an English publication. At the beginning of the last century, before the British became the ruling power, the country did not produce \$5,000,000 a year of staples for exportation. During the first three-quarters of a century of our rule exports slowly rose to about \$50,000,000 in 1834. Since that date the old inland duties and other restrictions on Indian trade have been abolished. Exports have multiplied six-fold. In 1880 India sold to foreign nations \$230,000,000 worth of strictly Indian produce, which the Indian husbandman had raised, and for which he was paid, and in that year the total trade of India, including exports and imports, exceeded \$610,000,000.

Great Men Fun-Makers.

At the recent centennial celebration of the Hasty Pudding Club at Harvard, Lloyd McK. Garrison read an historical sketch which was received with great applause, especially his allusion to past members of the Hasty Pudding Club who are now before the public eye. "We have laughed," says Mr. Garrison, "at the stage pranks and frolics of Senator Lodge, Minister Lincoln, Prof. Lane, James C. Carter and other great personages. We have seen the famous surgeon, Dr. McBride, black with cork, dance a jig on a clog, and Aqueduct Commissioner George Walton Green in a tin hat and blue gauze. Thou may'st recall, but once thou wast a breech-clouted peasant in the chorus."

Preparations.

Willie—I knew you were coming to night. Castleton—Why, Willie? Willie—Sister has been asleep all the afternoon.—Truth.

The process of beating, cutting and grinding rags into paper pulp occupies from three to four hours.

There are 11 cable lines across the Atlantic ocean, and these have cost \$70,000,000.