

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

We attract hearts by the qualities we display; we retain them by the qualities we possess.

Rome formerly sat on seven hills, but just at present Crisp seems to have been substituted for the hills.

A Washington letter says that "Miss Reed, the Speaker's daughter, is reserved." Who reserved her? And how long?

What difference does it make whether Nansen has discovered the north pole or not, unless somebody now discovers Nansen?

A New York merchant offers \$1,000,000 to any one who can save him from becoming blind. As an offer that certainly is out of sight.

Spain is kept busy nowadays putting in new names in the United States consulates. She might save money by putting a few palus into the heads of her hoodlums.

In New York the other day a medical expert testified that "love has no symptoms." That witness may be an expert in medicine, but he doesn't know much about love.

The freshness of feeling which is both surprised and pained at evil-doing is far more influential in banishing it than any amount of cool reprobation; and he who has it is not deprived of a powerful instrument for good.

The young woman who edits the "fashions column" of a city contemporary, devotes space to a discussion of "How to Dress Properly in the Street." That's no place to dress, except in case of fire.

A French count confined at the Chicago Detention Hospital is thought to be insane because he chews paper into wads and throws the wads at imaginary adversaries. Perhaps he is merely practicing for a typical French duel.

The shouts of playful childhood are eloquent of the heart's sweet music. There are no sounds that gush forth so full of the active, springing, overleaping joy that knows no boundary; and the associations with their gleeful melody are the purest of pleasures.

A young lady in New Jersey heard a man in her wardrobe and after neatly turning the key sent for a policeman. But it was a pity not to send first for a Crookes tube. A beautiful opportunity was lost to secure an interesting series of views of a caged burglar.

Though its first house was built in 1636 Brooklyn was but a village at the beginning of the century, with a population of only 2,378. Now it contains 125,000 houses and a population of 1,100,000. It is good policy for New York to consolidate before its suburb passes it in the race.

How unreasonably some wives are. Here is the wife of a resident of Cadiz, Ohio, who has sued for a divorce merely because her husband knocked her down, blinded her in one eye, incarcerated her in an insane asylum and burned her home for the insurance money.

The imports of shoddy into the United States increased from 4,170,941 pounds in 1894 to 20,718,108 pounds in 1895. Just where this shoddy and often filthy stuff has gone is not disclosed, but the American people are using it in some shape, and paying for it a great deal more than it is worth.

The G. A. R. posts are giving their endorsement to the scheme of international arbitration. Such action on the part of men who have performed military service is significant, and will surely have a pronounced effect. They know what war means, and do not care to see any more of it, so long as it can be honorably avoided.

D. O. Mills, the millionaire, has given orders for the erection in New York of a ten-story hotel for men, to cost \$700,000. Each one of its 1,500 rooms will be well lighted and ventilated, furnished with clean, comfortable beds and let at the low rate of 20 cents a day. There will be reading-rooms and lavatories on the first floor and a restaurant where fragrant, well-cooked meals will be served for 5 and 10 cents. The hotel, its projector says, is not intended to make money. He expects it to be run rather at a loss than at a profit. This new departure of Mr. Mills is not charity. It is better. It gives the self-respecting poor man an opportunity to live in a great city amidst clean and cheerful surroundings, without exhausting all his scant earnings. To men who come to the city in search of employment and whose store of coin is small, it will offer an asylum while looking for work. Indiscriminate alms-giving is not charity. It is rather a lazy compromise with conscience. To prevent the poor and the struggling from reaching the condition of receiving alms is nobler, wiser, more humane than alms-giving. This will be one of the aims of Mr. Mills' new hotel. Those rich men who bestow their millions upon universities to perpetuate their names and feed their vanity could learn from Mr. Mills a lesson in practical philanthropy. Only those who have the means to purchase leisure have time for university training. To help young men and women willing to work to earn food, clothing and shelter and to put aside their little savings by the way is more humanizing, more Christ-like than the endowment of universities or the erection of libraries and art galleries. The need of the hour is more practical philanthropists like D. O. Mills.

Mrs. Louise Catherine Coulton indulges in a rather costly fad of collecting autograph paintings by celebrated artists abroad. She has a large and interesting collection.

LONGING.

The hills slope down to the valley, the streams run down to the sea. And my heart, my heart, oh, far one, sets and strains toward thee.

But only the feet of the mountain are felt by the rain on the plain. And the source and soul of the hurrying stream reach not the calling main.

The dawn is pale for the daylight, the morning years for the noon. And the twilight sighs for the evening star and the rising of the moon.

And the dawn and the daylight never were seen in the selfsame skies. And the gloaming dies of its own desire when the moon and the stars arise.

The springtime calls to the summer, "Oh, mingle your life with mine." And summer to autumn, "plainest low, 'Must the harvest be only thine!'"

But the nightingale goes when the swallow comes, and the leaf in the blossom bed. And when autumn sits on her golden shawl then the reign of the rose is dead.

And hunger and thirst, and wail and want, are lost in the empty air. And the heavenly spirit vainly pines for the touch of the earthly fair.

And the hills slope down to the valley, the streams run down to the sea. And my heart, my heart, oh, far one, sets and strains toward thee. —Alfred Austin.

BISARA OF PURI.

Some natives say that it came from the other side of Kulu, where the 11 inch temple sapphire is; others that it was made at the devil shrine of Ao Chung, in Tibet, stolen by a Kathi, from him by a Gurkha, from him again by a Labouli, from him by a Khatmatgar, and by his latter sold to an Englishman, so all its virtue was lost, because, to work properly, the Bisara of Puri must be stolen—with bloodshed if possible, but at any rate stolen.

These stories of the coming into India are all false. It was made at Puri ages since—the manner of its making would fill a small book—was stolen by one of the temple dancing girls there for her own purposes, and then passed on from hand to hand, steadily northward, till it reached Hania, always bearing the same name, the Bisara of Puri. In shape it is a tiny square box of silver, studded outside with eight small balas rubies. Inside the box, which opens with a spring, is a little eyeless fish, carved from some sort of dark, shiny nut and wrapped in a shroud of faded gold cloth. That is the Bisara of Puri, and it was better for a man to take a king cobra in his hand than to touch the Bisara of Puri.

All kinds of magic are out of date, and done away with except in India, where nothing changes in spite of the shiny, toy-coin stuff that people call "civilization." Any man who knows about the Bisara of Puri will tell you what its powers are, always supposing that it has been honestly stolen. It is the only regularly working, trustworthy love charm in the country, with one exception.

The other charm is in the hands of a trooper of the Nizam's Horse, at a place called Tuprani, one north of Hyderabad. This can be depended upon for a fact. Some one else may explain it. If the Bisara be not stolen, but given or bought or found, it turns against its owner in three years, and leads to ruin or death. This is another fact which you may explain when you have time. Meanwhile you can laugh at it. At present the Bisara is safe on an akka pony's neck, inside the blue bead necklace that keeps off the evil eye. If the akka driver ever finds it and wears it or gives it to his wife, I am sorry for him.

A very dirty hill coolly woman, with goiter, owned it at Theog in 1884. It came into Simla from the north before Churton's khitmatgar bought it and sold it for three times its silver value to Churton, who collected curiosities. The servant knew no more what he had bought than the master, but a man looking over Churton's collection of curiosities—Churton was an assistant commissioner, by the way—saw and held his tongue. He was an Englishman, but he knew how to believe—which shows that he was different from most Englishmen. He knew that it was dangerous to have any share in the little box when working or dormant, for unsought love is a terrible gift.

Pack—"Grubby" Pack, as we used to call him—was in every way a nasty little man who must have crawled into the army by mistake. He was three inches taller than his sword, but not half so strong. And the sword was a 50 shilling, tailor-made one. Nobody liked him, and I suppose it was his wizenness and worthlessness that made him fall so hopelessly in love with Miss Hollis, who was good and sweet, and five foot seven in her tennis shoes. He was not content with falling in love quietly, but brought all the strength of his miserable little nature into the business. If he had not been so objectionable, one might have pitied him. He vapored and fretted and fumed and trotted up and down and tried to make himself pleasing in Miss Hollis' big, quiet, gray eyes, and failed. It was one of the cases that you sometimes meet, even in the country where we marry by code, of a really blind attachment all on one side, without the faintest possibility of return.

Miss Hollis looked on Pack as some sort of vermin running about the road. He had no prospects beyond captain's pay, and no wife to help that out by one anna. In a large-sized man like her he would have been touching. In a good man it would have been grand. He being what he was, it was only a nuisance. You will believe this much. What you will not believe is what follows: Churton, and the man who knew what the Bisara was, were lunching at the Simla club together. Churton was complaining of life in general. His best man had rolled out of the stable down the hill and had broken her back. His decisions were being reversed by the upper courts more than an assistant commissioner of eight years' standing has a right to expect. He knew liver and fever, and for weeks past had felt out of sorts. Altogether he was disgusted and disheartened.

Simla club dining room is built, as all the world knows, in two sections. With 45, 27th, arrangement dividing 10-27. 11-27, 12-27, 13-27, 14-27, 15-27, 16-27, 17-27, 18-27, 19-27, 20-27, 21-27, 22-27, 23-27, 24-27, 25-27, 26-27, 27-27, 28-27, 29-27, 30-27, 31-27, 32-27, 33-27, 34-27, 35-27, 36-27, 37-27, 38-27, 39-27, 40-27, 41-27, 42-27, 43-27, 44-27, 45-27, 46-27, 47-27, 48-27, 49-27, 50-27, 51-27, 52-27, 53-27, 54-27, 55-27, 56-27, 57-27, 58-27, 59-27, 60-27, 61-27, 62-27, 63-27, 64-27, 65-27, 66-27, 67-27, 68-27, 69-27, 70-27, 71-27, 72-27, 73-27, 74-27, 75-27, 76-27, 77-27, 78-27, 79-27, 80-27, 81-27, 82-27, 83-27, 84-27, 85-27, 86-27, 87-27, 88-27, 89-27, 90-27, 91-27, 92-27, 93-27, 94-27, 95-27, 96-27, 97-27, 98-27, 99-27, 100-27.

to you in this place, winding up with a suggestion that Churton might as well throw the little box down the hill and see whether all his troubles would go with it. In ordinary ears—English ears—the tale was only an interesting bit of folklore. Churton laughed, said that he felt better for his breakfast, and went out. Pack had been breakfasting by himself to the right of the arch, and had heard everything. He was nearly mad with his absurd infatuation for Miss Hollis, that all Simla had been laughing about.

It is a curious thing that when a man hates or loves beyond reason he is ready to go beyond reason to gratify his feelings—which he would not do for money or power merely. Depend upon it Solomon would never have built altars to Ashteroth and all those ladies with queer names if there had not been too some of kind in his zealous and nowhere else. But this is beside the story. The facts of the case are these: Pack called on Churton next day when Churton was out, left his card and stole the Bisara of Puri from its place under the clock on the mantelpiece! Stole it like the thief he was by nature. Three days later all Simla was electrified by the news that Miss Hollis had accepted Pack—the shivered rat, Pack! Do you desire clearer evidence than this? The Bisara of Puri had been stolen, and it worked as it had always done when won by foul means.

There are three or four times in a man's life when he is justified in meddling with other people's affairs to play Providence. The man who knew felt that he was justified, but believing and acting on a belief are quite different things. The insolent satisfaction of Pack as he ambled by the side of Miss Hollis and Churton's striking release from liver as soon as the Bisara of Puri had gone, decided the man. He explained to Churton, and Churton laughed, because he was not brought up to believe that men on the government house list steal—at least little things. But the miraculous acceptance by Miss Hollis of that tailor, Pack, decided him to take steps on suspicion. He vowed that he only wanted to find out where his ruby studded silver box had vanished to. You cannot accuse a man of the government house list of stealing. And if you rifle his room you are a thief yourself. Churton, prompted by the man who knew, decided on burglary. If he found nothing in Pack's room, * * * it is not nice to think of what would have happened in that case.

Pack went to a dance at Beumore—Beumore was Beumore in those days, and not an office—and danced 15 waltzes and 22 with Miss Hollis. Churton and the man took all the keys that they could lay hands on and went to Pack's room in the hotel, certain that his servants would be away. Pack was a cheap soul. He had not purchased a decent cash box to keep his papers in, but one of those native imitations that you buy for 10 rupees. It opened to any sort of key, and there at the bottom, under Pack's insurance policy, lay the Bisara of Puri!

Churton called Pack names, put the Bisara of Puri in his pocket, and went to the dance with the man—at least he came in time for supper and saw the beginning of the end in Miss Hollis' eyes. She was hysterical after supper, and was taken away by her mamma.

At the dance, with the abominable Bisara in his pocket, Churton twisted his foot on one of the steps leading down to the old rink, and had to be sent home in a rickshaw grumbling. He did not believe in the Bisara of Puri any more for this manifestation, but he sought out Pack and called him some ugly names, and "thief" was the mildest of them. Pack took the names with the nervous smile of a little man who wants both soul and body to resent an insult, and went his way. There was no public scandal.

A week later Pack got his definite dismissal from Miss Hollis. There had been a mistake in the placing of her affections she said. So he went away to Madras, where he can do no great harm even if he lives to be a colonel.

Churton insisted upon the man who knew taking the Bisara of Puri as a gift. The man took it, went down to the cart road at once, found an akka pony with a blue bead necklace, fastened the Bisara of Puri inside the necklace with a piece of shoestring and thanked heaven that he was rid of a danger. Remember, in case you ever find it, that you must not destroy the Bisara of Puri. I have not time to explain why you will not.

You will say that all this story is made up. Very well. If ever you come across a little silver, ruby studded box, seven-eighths of an inch long by three-quarters wide, with a dark brown wooden fish, wrapped in gold cloth, inside it, keep it. Keep it for three years, and then you will discover for yourself whether my story is true or false.

Better still, steal it, as Pack did, and you will be sorry that you had not killed yourself in the beginning. —Rudyard Kipling.

Wage Earners as Wives.
In a recent competition in the New York World for the best answer to the question "Does Wage Earning Unfit a Woman For Domestic Life?" Mayor Strong awarded the prize to the writer of the following letter: "The best and most contented wife is one who has marched in line with wage earners through every stage of mental and physical tiredness; who, from the severely practical standpoint of experience in earning a dollar, has learned the value of it; whose contact with the outside world has broadened her sympathy and general knowledge; who has been denied care and consideration, and who, through earning enough of a salary, perhaps, to partially satisfy her tastes for the beautiful in life, in art or study, is allowed no time for anything but an insatiable longing for the same. To such a woman the care and protection of a husband, the shelter of a home, is a heaven. Any womanly woman from out the ranks of the business world will prove by a lifetime of devotion and helpfulness her appreciation of and her fitness for domestic life if her husband be half worthy."

A Fair Question.
He—Why do they call women the fair sex?
She—To distinguish them from the unfair sex no doubt. —Roxbury Gazette.

THE CLEVER WOMAN.

Two Kinds of Cleverness, but Only One That Really Pays.

"I wish I were clever." The woman was charmingly dimpled, wore a Felix gown, was the mistress of a luxurious establishment, and was dispensing tea to afternoon callers in caps of priceless faience. "Women who write" had been the subject on the tapis, and the remark was a delicate compliment to the woman to whom she handed the tea. She was a successful writer—successful to the extent of making a good income as the frugal of unwearied industry. She had never known the delights of diamonds or her own carriage or a box at the opera. She sometimes spent a hard earned \$5 for a drive, but there was neither luxury in the carriage nor swiftness in the steeds, and she was conscientious all through the drive she would write something about the country in spring or the flossom of fall foliage and flowers with which the suburban resident could decorate his house and table.

If she took a \$2 seat in the opera house she rarely lost herself completely in the music, as she would have liked to do, because skeletons of paragraphs on theater hats and theater manners, or lovers who make love in the stalls as well as on the stage, and a thousand other things for the next day's paper flitted through her mind. She never had a Felix gown; on the contrary, she walked ten blocks and climbed seven stories to find a dressmaker who would make, though at the same time mar, her one gown for \$10. Her modest house was pretty, and she was even quite famous for her petticoats, at which one sometimes met eminent and always delightful people, but only herself and her one maid knew at what cost of perspiring brow and smudged fingers and aching back those dainty little dishes were evolved.

So there was almost reverence in her tones as she replied: "My dear, you are the clever woman; you are far more clever than George Eliot. The really smart woman is not the one who makes her own dill bread, even though there be a Nesselrode pudding therein in now and then. It is she who, without raising her hand, can cause all this luxury to be laid at her pretty satin shod feet. It is like eating a Delmonico dinner and lamenting that you are not the chef who cooked it. Not the woman who works, but the woman who gets all this in life without working, is the really clever woman." "May there not be two kinds of cleverness?" said the woman who came to make her adieu. —New York Herald.

MEN WITH POOR MEMORIES.

Names of Friends and Even Servants Suddenly Forgotten.

An amusing instance of aphasia was that of an old country gentleman, who retained in his employ a large number of servants, most of whom he had known since childhood. Wishing one day to suddenly summon his butler, he found that the man's name had for the moment, as he thought, escaped him. He determined to call his footman, but to his surprise he discovered that he could no more remember the man's name than the butler's.

He had also forgotten the names of his most intimate acquaintances, and so set about providing substitutes. Every man was known by his peculiarities; certain persons of rank in the neighborhood he called the "king" or the "queen" or the "grand vizier"; his butler and footman were respectively "old waiter" and "young waiter."

Another curious instance of aphasia was that of a famous Berlin physician. He was sitting in his study one morning, writing a receipt for a bill, when suddenly, after having written two words, he lost all sense of their meaning.

He tried to write on, but found he could think of no word. He threw down his pen in despair, and attempted to speak, but was equally unsuccessful. This was one of those cases, however, which soon pass off, and in a short time he was able to finish the receipt. —Odds and Ends.

Japanese Singing.
Japanese music is crude. There are no written notes to go by in playing, but the singer may "Do, Re, Mi" to play by observation, imitation and practice. Instrumental and vocal music are always taught together, and by the same instructor, who is either a lady or a blind man, who has received a musical degree.

The singular method of practicing by a young lady intent upon cultivating her voice is thus described: During the winter the girl training clothes herself comfortably, takes a samisen—a banjo with a square body, played with a plectrum of horse—and ascends every cold night to scaffold erected on the roof of the house for drying purposes.

There she sits for hours sitting and hanging away, until she an endure it no longer. Upon coming down she is so hoarse as to be unable to utter a word. This training is persisted in until her natural voice has left or a new clear voice has been acquired, which can be heard in a stern, hoarse scream, her worthless voice or and away. —Pearson's Weekly.

To Keep Store Windows From Freezing.
Storekeepers were apoplectic when assured a year ago that an electrical fan, kept in constant motion in a show window, would prevent the formation of frost on the windows, thus rendering useless the elaborate displays of goods, which they were set at great expense to make. A singular proof that the device was effective, and during the recent cold weather the little fans were noted buzzing luxuriously in the clear windows of my Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third street and Broadway stores. —New York Journal.

Lincoln's Height.
The admiring speech of Hon. Thomas B. Reed (read paper of Feb. 9 contains one to which I would like to correct. Mr. Reed says Mr. Lincoln was 6 feet 4 inches in height. Mr. Lincoln told my father that he was exactly 6 feet 3 inches only a short time before his tragic death. Mr. Lincoln was very fond of 11 men, and generally knew their exact height and never hesitated to say, "I'm exactly 6 feet 3." —Emma Gurley claims in New York Press.

MERRY MEDICINE WAR.

Chicago Druggists to Make Patent Cases of Their Own.

A factory for making remedies similar in nature to the proprietary medicines now on the market is to be started in Chicago by retail druggists. A large number of the pharmacists are interested, and they hope to drive the medicine makers from the field. The retail druggists have formed the United States Pharmaceutical company and have issued stock to the amount of \$20,000. Almost all of this has been taken up by prominent pharmacists. The formation of the company was the outgrowth of a recommendation made by the Illinois Pharmacists' association. The members of that association check the cutting of prices, and that druggists must enter the field as manufacturers. As a result 250 of the retailers of Chicago met and formed a company. In two weeks more than 250 Chicago names have been added to those of the organizers, and from the state at large 100 more have come.

Their object is to fight in a practical way the cutting of prices of drugs and medicines handled by department stores and wholesale dealers to the detriment of the druggist. Hereafter when a person wants a dose to cure a headache or a druggist will advise him to take something not only "justas good," but scientifically better, because it has been compounded by a committee of physicians and druggists of the highest reputation. The same thing will be told the man who wants a blood purifier or a plaster.

CHANGES AT HARVARD.

Vote by the Faculty to Reduce Length of Study in the College.

For two weeks there has been a sharp debate in the Harvard faculty on the proposition to reduce the course of study in the college from four to three years. The Sun reporter learned on the best authority that some action was taken at the last faculty meeting, and President Eliot, when asked concerning the matter, admitted that fact. He said the faculty had voted by a small majority to reduce the number of courses required for a degree from 15 to 12, and that the idea was that any man who had passed 12 of the 15 courses with credit should receive his degree.

This means a "three years' course" for the college and a dissolution of all the class lines and class feeling. The majority in favor of the motion, however, was so small that the vote was not considered final. The scheme will have to be approved by the corporation and board of overseers before it can go into effect. Members of the faculty who opposed the plan think that the action would be a mistake and predict that if it passes favorably it will bring on a storm of indignation from graduates. —New York Sun.

SAVED BY THE GIRLS.

New Jersey Skater Rescued by Female Heroism and Originality.

John Mitchell, a well known young man, broke through the ice while skating on Spedwell lake near Morristown, N. J. The water was deep and cold, and Mitchell screamed for help as he struggled for life. Several young women who witnessed the accident went to his assistance and by prompt and original plans saved a scheme to rescue him.

Several excited young men skated up intention brave deeds, full of suggestions, but devoid of plans. The young women pushed them out of the way without ceremony and set about to work out Mitchell's salvation by their own methods. Two of the girls lay down on the ice and the others held on their dresses while they reached into the water and seized the drowning man by the arms. Considerable vigorous pulling resulted in bringing Mitchell out upon the stronger ice, where he soon recovered his breath and went home to thaw out. —New York Recorder.

RICHES FOR LORD SHOLTO.

Young Douglas Reported to Have Fallen Heir to \$3,000,000.

Mrs. Addis Mooney, mother-in-law of Lord Sholto Douglas, says that by the death of an uncle, Rev. Archibald Douglas, in London, Sholto will come into about \$3,000,000. "We received the good news by cable yesterday," she said. "I merely announced the death of Rev. Archibald Douglas and said that there was money for Sholto, but I know all about it. His uncle was a very wealthy aristocrat, and Sholto is his sole heir. Sholto is now in the southern part of the state, but will be here in a few days. He knows nothing about his good fortune. The cablegram came to our home in Oakland, and Lady Douglas, who is now with me, opened it. We will telegraph to Sholto tomorrow. Of course Sholto and his wife will now give up the stage. Though they have made a big success, it would be foolish for them to work when they can live without working." —New York World.

The Private Secretary.

A Texas congressman is afflicted with a brand new private secretary. A short time ago the congressman received an application from a constituent for an "enology on Vance," meaning the late Senator Vance. The congressman imparted the information to his secretary, who sent to the proper officials for the document. Later the congressman received notice that no such document could be found. On examination he ascertained that the private secretary had requested an "enology on aunts." —Washington Star.

New Soles For Shoes.

The latest thing in the line of soles for shoes—the invention, probably, of a health crank—is made of asbestos wool pressed into thin sheets by hydraulic pressure. It is used for the middle soles of boots.

The asbestos sheets are rendered waterproof on one side by the application of a special solution. It is claimed that this combination of nonconducting and waterproof material is equal protection from heat, cold or moisture.

ENGINEERS OF THE FUTURE.

Electric Locomotives Will Enable Them to Dress Like Dudes.

The Baldwin-Westinghouse electric locomotive, just completed, is the first of the kind in the world, and, besides the fact that it is expected to make 75 miles an hour, it has other claims to attention. Not the least of these is the revolution that it will doubtless create in the lives of locomotive engineers, and they belong to one of the most important classes of citizens in this country. Shielded behind the glass windows that frame them in, with no smoke, soot, grime or grease, there is no reason why the engineers of the future should not dress exactly as the president of the road does, unless a uniform be deemed desirable.

In that case it may be gold laced and as handsome as that of a captain on an ocean liner. The new locomotive is 38 feet long by 9 feet wide. It is mounted on 8 wheels, 43 inches in diameter. The wheels are of wrought iron, spoke centered, with heavy steel tires. The machine, without the motor, weighs 30 tons. The electric equipment will add 30 tons. A compartment 8 feet square is all that will be required to operate the mechanism, and the remaining space may be utilized in any way that is desired.

The electric equipment consists of four 250 horsepower motors, geared so as to regulate the speed. In appearance these motors are like those used on trolley cars, but they are much larger. One man will run them. He will be called the driver. He will view the track from a window directly in front and above a powerful searchlight. Airbrakes will be operated just as on the steam engines. There will be an electric air pump, and it is claimed that it will be possible to stop a train in perhaps half the space of time that is now required.

In about two weeks the new machine will be tested on the Turtle Creek branch of the Pennsylvania railroad. The power will be taken from an overhead trolley or from the wheelless underground system. The new locomotive costs \$10,000. —New York World.

FAITH IN VERHOEF.

His Yale Classmates Think He May Have Climbed the Pole.

Some of his classmates and intimate friends at New Haven are inclined to think that if the north pole has been reached by any one John N. Verhoef, the missing member of Lieutenant Peary's first expedition, is just the sort of man to accomplish that feat. Verhoef's relatives have always declined to believe that he was lost in a Greenland crevasse, and, acting under this belief, have never had the young man's estate probated. It is even said that his sister contemplates the organization of an expedition to search for Verhoef.

While at Yale Verhoef was looked upon as an eccentric and unique character. Some profess to believe that he joined Peary's party with the express idea of abandoning it and setting out on his own account to make "the farthest north."

It is said that he frequently stated aboard Peary's vessel that he could live as the Eskimos do—on blubber—and some believe he left the party with the determination to make this experiment. Lieutenant Peary has believed from the first that Verhoef lost his life in a crevasse. —New York Recorder.

"INCLOSED FIND CHECK."

So Mr. Rockefeller Begins All His Letters to President Harper.

President William R. Harper of Chicago university addressed the Baptist ministers in the Bowdoin Square Tabernacle, Chicago, the other forenoon, on the university. In closing Mr. Harper spoke of Mr. Rockefeller, who, he said, had no desire to perpetuate his name, but to establish a great university, and that for Chicago.

"Mr. Rockefeller has never been to the university," said Dr. Harper. "He has never written us any letters except those which have begun, 'Inclosed find check.' He has never attempted to dictate to the faculty in any matter, nor to exercise any control over the institution, and there was never a more false or harmful thing said than that Mr. Rockefeller had interposed in the affairs of the university, and that as a result a professor had been dropped from the faculty. Mr. Rockefeller never heard that man's name until after he was dropped."

Cold Feet Versus Mentality.
You will never be in good health and never do your best work if your feet are constantly cold. Grave diseases of the throat and lungs are caused by cold feet alone, and these troubles are always aggravated by a frigid condition of the lower extremities. If proper footwear does not give relief, consult a physician, for the chances are the system is "run down" and radical measures are necessary. For cold weather leather should always be lined with woolen cloth, or better, wool felt. In fact, for all climates and for winter wear in all climates where there is any winter a foot-gear made of all wool felt approaches the ideal.

Lord Wolsley.
Some one has just pointed out that an early incident in Lord Wolsley's career was characteristic of the spirit of the man. At the end of 1854, in recognition of his services in the Crimean war, he was gazetted captain. When it was discovered, however, that Wolsley was little more than 21 years old, the captaincy was canceled. But the young man protested so vigorously against this injustice to youth that by the direction of some higher authority the cancellation itself was canceled and the captaincy restored.

Inevitable Fate.
"You seem to me a very stupid person," observed the heroine of the society novel.
"And you," rejoined the hero, "like-wise seem to me stupid."
"Then we shall be dramatized."
"Frequently."
At that they yawned. —Detroit Tribune.

HILL AND NETHERSOLE.

The Statesman Said to Be Engaged to Great Kissing Actress.

If Dame Rumor is correct in her deductions, David B. Hill has really put his mind to give society another talk about it. In other words, it is on good authority that the statesman from the Empire State is engaged to marry Miss Olga Nethersole.



MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE.

who, you know, is the tall and looking English woman who is earning fame and a fair amount of dollars in a dramatic tour of this country. Miss Nethersole is a very charming actress, and I understand that she has been paying her more or less devoted attentions ever since she met him, which was a year ago in New York. The wedding is said to be for June and will be celebrated at the bride's home in one of the suburbs of London.

I give you this news for what it is worth, but it was given to me by a man who both from a social and official point of view is in a position to know the senator's plans are, for his present and the future. —Washington Town Talk.

NO WOMEN SINGERS.

Barred Out of Catholic Church by a cent Vatican Order.

Women are no longer to be permitted to take any official part either as soloists or as ordinary chorists in the services of the Catholic church, an exception, however, being made in favor of the chaplains of the army and navy, and of the