EUGENE CITY .....OREGON

The steamboat T. B. Leathers, which sunk in the Mississippi River the other day, should have been called the T. B. rubbers for safety.

It is said that Alfred Austin, laureate. will write a poem on Armenia as soon as Salisbury takes action. No wonder the premier is silent.

At last the secret of Paderewski's weird manipulation of the plane is explained. Advices from New York say the musician is insane.

Undoubtedly the most notable in stance of a superfluous contribution by the elements for a long while was the washing ashore of a jawbone at Chicago the other day.

Miss Collins announced that she wouldn't marry Chancey Depew, and Depew at once announced that he would write a play. He might have made his revenge less general.

A contemporary scores a good point against a popular newspaper misuse of words. It is just as ungrammatical and sounds just as harshly to the educated ear to say uniquer as to say more unique or most unique.

Despite innumerable explanations and demonstrations, the question continues to be asked whether 1899 or 1900 will be the closing year of the century, Reference to the rule by which the Gregorian calendar was established should be sufficient to settle the matter. It states explicitly that the number in a date is the number of the current year. The nineteenth century, therefore, will end with Dec. 31, 1900, and the twentieth century will begin with Jan. 1, 1901.

Rev. Dr. Halsey Knapp, of Brooklyn left a will that surprised his friends. He bequeathed something like two hundred thousand dollars, and when this became known, there was much speculation as to how a Baptist clergyman had been able to accumulate so much of this world's goods. But it was discovered that Dr. Knapp was of pure New England descent, and was senior partner in a thriving poultry firm, wherein he labored diligently six days out of the seven.

Dr. Calmette, the director of the Pasteur Institute at Lille, France, and discoverer of the anti-venomous serum treatment for snake bites, seems to have demonstrated that in their essential toxicity, all snake tenoms are identical, whether taken from viperine or colubrine snakes. All are equally destroyed by alkaline hypochlorites and by chloride of gold. And finally, which is, perhaps, most important of all in lated with graduated venom from a inoculations will prove a specific against all snake bites.

It was not without a due sense of the fitness of things that President Cleveland declined the honor of the degree of LL, D., offered him by Princeton University at the sesquicentennial celebration. There was a long list of scholars of eminence to whom degrees were given as an honor befitting their special attainments and services. It would have come to Mr. Cleveland simply as a recognition of his political office and as a sort of memento of his participation in the celebration, it used to be the custom for the American colleges to decorate with a doctorate any public man whose official position brought him into contact with the institution in any way; but the larger colleges at least are becoming more sparing of their honorary degrees, and thereby making them of greater valuea part, doubtless, of the tendency to make all degrees more significant of actual achievement. It was a proper civility for Princeton to offer to include the chief magistrate in her list of birthday honors; but it was an eminently appropriate thing for him to decline the proffered degree, to which he has no particular claim in scholarship,

The flerce competition for speed in warships still goes on. Last year a torpedo-boat built in England created a sensation by making more than thirty knots an hour. Early this year the French turned out one that made nearly thirty-one knots. Now England has built another, the Desperate, which makes more than thirty-one knots, or about thirty-six miles, an hour. Nor will the strife stop there. What France will do is not known, but the British Admiralty is now making contracts for boats that will make thirty-three knots, or thirty-eight miles. That means a spurt of thirty-four or thirty-five knots or fully forty miles an hour, on trial trips, a speed not many railroad trains surpass. Of course the limit will be reached at some point. Where that will be may perhaps be reckoned from the fact that while the Cunard champion, the Lucania, is of 12,950 tons dis placement and developed on her trial trip 32,000 horse-power, these thirtythree knot boats will be of only 300 tons displacement, but fully 8,000 horse power. The former, therefore, is fortythree times as big, but only four times as powerful as the latter. It is, of course, impossible to go on increasing the ratio of horse-power to size indefinitely, and when that can no longer be done, the limit of speed will be near

Woodsmen are a wealthy class as a rule, lead a healthful life, and seldom have need of a doctor's services; but when a poor fellow succumbs to sickness in the depths of the Maine forest, his prospects are rather dismal. Recently an aged man was taken violently Ill in the Moosehend region. His disease was typhoid fever, but they called it dysentry and dosed him with Jamaica ginger-the only medicine at Finally, as the patient grew steadily worse, a faithful friend started

to haul him out of the woods on a common "Jumper," a rough sled used in the lumbering regions. Three hours after leaving camp the poor sufferet died, and then it was a Journey more mournful than ever-drawing a corpse through the wilderness, building fires at night to keep prowling beasts away from a feast of human flesh, toll and terror together! When they reached the lake, a steamboat captain was too much concerned about towing a raft to take the woodsman's body, and there was a long walt for another steamer. Then, at Greenville, there was no one to provide casket or even a box, and the corpse, wound in a common blanket, was tossed into the baggage car among the enreases of venison. At some rural station, perhaps, kind and pitying bands gave more gentle attention to the old fellow's bones, perhaps there were tears, maybe a prayer.

Even the government organs in France no longer assert that the trouble in Madagascar consists of isolated cases of Hovas revolts, but all journals now unite in saying that a formidable rebellion menaces the Colonial Govern. Trot! Gallop! Charge! "Twas a ringing ment of France in the Island. The last advices were that the wandering bands of armed natives were mobilizing before Antanapariyo, the capital, where there are only 2,000 French troops to defend the place, the remainder of the army of occupation being scattered throughout the interior, where the small commands are in daily conflict with the rebels. General Gallleni has received orders from Paris to put down the rebellion with all possible speecd, and, moreover, to make intrigues at the Hoves court in Antananarivo impossible. It is reported in the war office that 12,000 troops of the regular army will soon be sent to reinforce those in Madagascar, and that preparations are already under way in Toulon for their transportation. The new expedition will cost in the neighborhood of 20. 000,000 francs, and the government will ask credits for that sum when Parliament shall come together next week. The affair of Madagascar simply offers another illustration of the failure of the Latin races in seeking to maintain, by force of arms, conquered colonies. It forms a strong contrast to the British procedure, which respects to a wonderful extent the ancient institutions of the conquered, governing in sympathy -New York Sun. with them for many years.

more famed for plety than for profan-

ity, and of late one of its most exemplary deacons has been arraigned before the authorities of his church for his imported bull in a severe thunderstorm upset all his beehives, one after another, and was in turn stung to death by the infurlated insects as soon as the weather cleared off. It was evicommandment, despite the fact that he cribes an ex post facto operation to even age. particularly deadly snake, such as the the most energetic and unrestrained cobra, is perfectly antitoxic against the profanity. If he had sworn before the venom of all other snakes and also of event it might have been judged to be scorpions. Some indubitable cures of in some way connected with the pro- as a very inky schoolboy of phenomenal this trouble?" cobra bites are reported, and there is duction of the thunder and its extreme- lung power and unprepossessing aply unusual effect upon the bull, but no omous serum obtained through cobra | evidence of this sort was adduced, and the general record of the deacon was against it. Some years ago, in the Hungarian hamlet of laszbeveney, notice was given to the populace with sound of drum and trumpet that "as oaths and blasphemies are the real cause of earthquakes, every one, no matter who, is forbidden to swear or to use bad language under a penalty of receiving twenty-five stripes with rod or paying a fine of 25 florins." The same sort of speech is quite as likely to be the cause of New Jersey's thunderstorms, and a like decree might not be amiss there. It really had no effect on the earthquakes of Inszbeveney, and might not have on the meteorological conditions of New Jersey, but its moral influence on the blasphemous Huns was no doubt considerable, and it might be equally great on the profane inhabitants of our sandy sister common wealth, at any rate on that portion of them which adorns the

What to Say About the Baby.

One is always expected to say some thing when looking for the first time on a new baby, and, as it is neither kind nor safe to tell the truth and say that the little, red, podgy creature doesn't look like anything, an English magazine gives a list of unpatented and uncopyrighted remarks to be used on such occasions:

"Isn't he sweet. He looks like you!" "I think he is going to look like his

"Hasn't be dear little fingers? Do let me see his dear little toes!"

"Isn't he large?" "Isn't he a tiny darling?"

"How bright he seems!" "Did you ever see such a sweet little

mouth? "Isn't be just too sweet for any-

thing?" "The dear little darling! I never saw so young a baby look so intelligent!"

"Do, please let me hold him just a minute!" Any and all of these remarks are

warranted to give satisfaction, Just as they have been giving satisfaction from time immemorial until the present day.

Mr. and Mrs. Pigeon. "There is one very admirable trait

about pigeons," said A. B. Mather, of Cincinnati. "I have always had a penchant for birds, and since I was a small boy have owned a number of pigeons. When pigeons mate they do so for life, and the average constancy among them is as great as among human beings. I have watched them carefully and never saw one of them desert its mate. I had a very handsome bachelor pigeon that was quite attentive to one that was mated. When the mate returned home he found this hovering around the cote, and, taking in the siluation at a glance, attacked the gay bird and nearly killed him. After that there was no attempt upon his part to break up the little home. They have no divorces among them, and altogether valuable lessons in domestic happiness can be learned from pigeons."-Washington Star.

A Coke Pamine There is a virtual coke famine in the Midlands of Penusylvania.

WIND IN THE MOON.

We had slept with our horses grazing all through a blistering day:

Boots and saddles had sounded, we waited for horse and awas:

The sun was down and over the grass dew had begun to fall, And shrill across the dusking world we

heard the whip-poor-will call. knew what the moon was doing, the leering moon in the east.

Calling, calling the master winds, luring them as to a feast, Prisoning them in her halo ring till the

wildest gust grew tame, And the stars were blown all out of the sky, like a flickering candle flame.

eldritch moon, all gibbous, gray, in a haze of heat and dew. Although it was June we shivered there,

as loud the bugle blew; home in stirrup, hand on hilt, we thundered down the glade,

And up the hill, where the brave bluecoats stood massed to check our raid.

rode but a scant five hundred; they waited a thousand there.

we laughed as though 'twas the view hallos at the trumpet's snarling blare:

run, with the dogs of death in cry. Under the leering gibbous moon, aslant in the windy sky.

er a check when the gun fire broke as lightning from a cloud; Never a stay when screaming shell

through front and rear rank plowed. up, over the bristling slope, a wedge of fire and steel, cleft a way through the tough blue ranks till we saw the captain reel. Then we broke, and the leering gibbous

moon unleashed the winds of heaven. In writhing riot they leaped to earth, the peace of night was riven, smitten of lightning's sword and the thunder's hammer clang.

the riotous winds a Marseillaise wreck and ruin sang.

With crash of forest and sweep of grass the storm chant rose and fell. The earth was thrashed with a flail of cloud, affame like the mouth of heli,

we, who had fought so wild a fight, bare breast against bare blade, Fell, gray or blue, into kneeling ranks, cked hands and as wildly prayed,

We had fought like men for honor, we prayed like men for life. friend nor foe, but brothers all, there on the field of strife;

Perhaps God heard, the storm was hushed, the moon rode high and white, a ruffling wind blew from the south, soft as it blows to-night.

## New York Tribune: New Jersey is not TOO YOUNG TO MARRY

Johnnie Madison dwelt in Norman's inn when he first came to London He the violence of his language, because was the only son of his mother, and she was a canon's widow. It was at her desire that he set up his household goods under the time-worn gables of Norman's inn; for there also dwelt a kinsman of the late canon's, Arkwright dently the opinion of the council having by name, who was always alluded to in the matter under consideration that the the family as "a steady, plodding young misfortunes which befell the deacon man," and was supposed to live amid a were a judgment for his violation of the picturesque litter of briefs and books; and the canon's widow hoped he might did not swear at all till after their oc- exercise a mildly restraining influence practice, the serum of animals inocu- currence, and that no church canon as- over Johnnie, being nearly twice his

> Now the steady, plodding young man looked forward to his arrival without posing-Blake is my informant-a cerenthusiasm. He remembered Johnnie pearance, and felt assured that by now aunt is awfully decent to me." he should have developed into a rakish young man with a taste for small dogs and large neckties, and greatly given to entertaining noisy company; wellknowing that the chastened atmosphere of a cathedral town does not necessarily induce an affection for quiet living in the youthful breast.

Johnnie, however, proved to be a fresh-colored, amiable youth of 22, more plentifully endowed with muscle than with brain power, and with no apparent tendency to come immediately to grief amid what Arkwright would have called-he sometimes wrote for the papers-the shoals and quicksands of London life. He neither gambled nor drank, nor gave his mind too entirely to the lightly clad allurements of light opera. On the contrary, he read with industry as though already covetous of the woolsack, he danced and dined assiduously at houses of irreproachable respectability; and, in Arkwright's company, when he did not

talk cricket he talked shop. Then by degrees, when returned from nocturnal adventures, he began to favor Arkwright with many confidences regarding his attitude toward various members of the other sex; for Johnnie's affairs of the heart became at last alarmingly numerous. Not that he aimed at playing the part of Den Juan; but, being of highly inflammable material, his heart was successively ignited by a pleasing variety of dam-

Fate brought him face to face with the one and inevitable damsel at last, however. Audrey St. Clair was a darkeved girl of 20; Johnnie thought her charmingly fresh and natural. Mrs. Leverson's ball was a rapturous occasion to him, and Mrs. Leverson's niece Audrey entirely dispossessed all other idols, from that date, of the pedestal upon which Johnnie had successively

Of Mrs. Leverson herself her enemies said that she had been pretty; elderly gentlemen had been known to call her a fine woman, while young ones thought her "not halfbad fun." She possessed an abundance of obviously dyed hair. a somewhat effusive manner and a faultless taste in dress. The late lamented Captain Leverson had indulged a taste for speculation, with disastrous results, and hence the few people who remembered her were surprised to find the widow when she returned from a long absence abroad so comfortably in stalled as she was in her house at Chel-

Johnnie she seemed to hold in high favor. He was allowed to take her and her plece through the polite mobs of the picture galleries; he never failed to appear at her "at homes," and he frequently made one at her theater parties. But, although he thought Mrs. Leverson "aw'fly kind, and all that sort of thing," she would have preferred to see her niece subject to less worldly influences than those brought to bear

lp accordance with the fitness of things, he vaguely imagined she should that quality, so Mrs. Leverson was always be dressed in white, wandering through sheltered rose gardens and indulging an amiable solicitude for birds and dogs and poor old cottagersa village Lady Bountiful, in short. And

would infinitely have preferred a more natural way of life, and her happiest moments were spent on her mare in the park, where Johnnie, leaning against the railing, watched her wistfully. He could not afford a horse.

He never told Arkward anything about this particular flame of his. It was Tommy Blake who posted up the plodding young man in his youthful kinsman's affairs one afternoon at the club. "And both women seem dead nuts on your young friend," he said incidentally. "Pretty well off, I sup-

"He's worth precisely twopence halfpenny a year," said Arkwright, with more figure of speech than he usually permitted to himself.

Tommy raised his eyebrows as high as nature permitted and said it was uncommon queer.

"And there was a sort of Indian prince-no end of a nabob, I'm toldwanted to marry the girl, and Mrs. Leverson sent him to the right about in double-quick time. And she is not the sort to feel shy about bowing down to the golden calf, either. Can't make her

out. "Perhaps she thinks her niece too young to marry yet," said the plodding young man. "She may be acting merely from a proper regard for her happi-

"A proper regard for fiddlesticks,"

said cynical Mr. Blake. Arkwright was sitting up late night to finish an erudite paper upon "The Ethics of Modern Drama," when Johnnie stole noiselessly into the room and sank into the easiest chair. Arkwright wrote to the bottom of the page and threw down his pen, thinking he had found an intelligent audience for a reading for his valuable essay But it was no such matter. Johnnie was occupied with the drama of real life, and, to Judge by his aspect, seemed to imagine that he was cast to play principal tragedian in that enthralling piece.

"Off color, Johnnie?" said the elder man, tentatively. "No." he said, smoking savagely.

"Feel doubtful about your 'call?" "No, I think I'm pretty safe,"

Arkwright stretched out his hand to rench his pipe. By the way, here's a letter for you,

Johnnie, from your mother; I have just received one from her myself." Johnnie, however, made no attempt

to take it, or he might have spared his friend the opinions he expressed concerning the station in life to which it had pleased Providence to call him

"It's beastly, you know," he explained "I may hang on for years and never be nearer marrying than I am at the present moment. As for proposing to her now-as the mater said-it's decidedly low to get a girl to bind herself to any promise until one has decent

Arkwright reflected with a flickering smile that Johnnie had probably caught | query. rather the spirit than the letter of his mamma's admonitions. However, it was a sign of grace that he remembered them at all, and he felt sorry for the woebegone youth.

"You're young to think of marrying yet, you know," he said. "Am I right," he continued, after a pause, "in suptain Miss St. Clair has occasioned all

"Oh, if Blake has told you. And the

"But you are not proposing to marry I knew he was involved in debt-evithe aunt. Is Miss St. Clair herself-is

"Oh, well, a fellow never knows that sort of thing, you know, till he tries launch her in London. I was not his chances," said Johnnie in a manner | aware that it was any part of the agreewhich betrayed that he thought he ment that she could call Miss St. Clairknew quite well that his affections were returned, as, indeed, they were, and Audrey St. Clair was far too frank to take any great pains to conceal it, account you gave me of Mrs. Lever-"Oh, Arkwright, what am I to do?" he said, pathetically.

"Open your letter, Johnnie," he re plied, and the tone in which he said it caused the wondering youth to obey promptly.

He looked seraphically happy till he remembered that he ought to look be reaved. Johnnie's ship had come home just in the nick of time. He had all ways had shadowy expectations from his tincle, but he had been to pessimistle to count too much upon him. However, gout had claimed a victim, and the canon's widow hinted to her son that he had to some extent benefited by the event.

The vanity of riches was exemplified to Johnnie, when, after a decent interval, he returned to town the riche by \$22,000 a year, but, as he speedlly found, minus Mrs. Leverson's good graces.

Another was reigning favorite with her now, Lester, a picturesque but not very talented painter, who was deep in converse with Audrey when he made

his reappearance. Mrs. Leverson greeted Johnnie with out effusion. Audrey was more friendly, but inopportunely asked him if he

had seen Lester's latest picture. Johnnie's soul was already green with

jenlousy. "Who's Lester?" he said, "that fellow with the untidy hair?" Audrey reproachfully changed the conversation, out Johnnie was out of humor and continued to sulk.

This lasted for some days, and it was noticed that Mrs. Leverson continued to treat him with as much indifference as she becomingly could.

"Why does she quarrel with a chap for coming into a fortune?" said Tommy Blake, the close observer of human nature. "And why does he hang back when he must see that that little girl is over her ears in love with him?" But he found no solution to these problems

Johnnie sulked for a month. Then one afternoon he jumped into a cab drove down to Chelsen, and Mrs. Leverson being alone, presently found himself blunderingly declaring that he would like to bestow his hand upon her

The good lady looked very grave. "You are both young, you know, Mr. Madison," she sald. "Her mother married very young and very unhappily. Perhaps that has set me against early marriages."

said Johnnie, reproachfully. "Nonsense, that is only your imagination." But Johnnie was not strong in probably misstating the case.

Audrey was, on this occasion, ill and

But what has set you against me

invisible. "She is too fatigued to bear any excitement just now. Come in three days'

over the advisability of sounding her on the subject in the meantime."

Three days later Johnnie came to Arkwright in a state of great perturbation. Mrs. Leverson had left her house, and Chelsea knew her so more. It was only by bribery and corruption that Johnnie discovered that she had gone to Scarborough, but probably would not stay there, her plans being unsettled.

"She'll surely write to you," said Arkwright.

But no letter came within twentyfour hours. "We'd better go to Scarborough," said

Johnnie's counselor. The truant lady was discovered by Johnnie in a stationer's shop on the very day of his arrival. "Audrey was so ill the doctor advised

Instant change. In the flurry I forgot to write to you," she said, after a gasp of surprise. Johnnie decided in his baste that all

women were llars, and asked when he might hope to see Audrey. "You may come and call to-morrow morning-she may be better then. But I think it most undesirable, most undesirable that you should make any proposal to her yet, or entertain hopes that may be disappointed." Mrs. Leverson spoke with conviction, but deferred ex-

planation, and Johnnie mid the matter

before Arkwright. The latter privately debated whether there was insanity or some other cupboard skeleton in the girl's family, rendering matrimony inadvisable, or whether Johnnie had been committing enormities that had come to Mrs. Leverson's ears but not to his. And he was the more mystified when, next morning, the unhappy lover came to him, pale and blaspheming, and told him that Mrs. Leverson had again fled before him, had left her hotel and a brief note to say that she was bound for the

"What is Mrs. Leverson?" said Arkwright. "You never told me her credentials."

continent

"Widow of a man in the Carchester regiment; that's all I know," said Johnnie.

"Then we can consult Major Bagshaw, who is an old friend of mine. Look up the trains to Carchester, and don't pace about the room like that."

Major Bagshaw, who was a bachelor, greeted his visitors cordially, when, on the following morning, they called at his quarters.

He listened gravely while Arkwright told him the strange story of Mrs. Leverson. Then he cleared his throat and asked impressively, "Have you heard of Snnggs' cure for corns?" he looked from one to another for an answer.

As no one who has ever traveled by rall or opened a newspaper can have failed to have heard of that famous specific, neither thought it worth while to reply to this apparently irrelevant

"I know Snaggs," continued the Major, deliberately: "He's a very rich man, but a self-made one and one who has sufficient sense to know that his education has therefore been deficient. So he determined to give his only daughter every advantage that money can buy, and two years ago consulted me as to the advisability of intrusting her

to a lady of position. "To Mrs. Leverson?" gasped Johnnie, "For the sake of poor Dandy Leverson, I mentioned her name to him, and dently she is still. She was to receive £100 a' month and all expense to take the young lady through Europe and to Spages changed his name-her plece, but that's a detail! I should not have betrayed confidence but for the strange son's behavior. Of course, she's in no hurry to see her niece married; £100 a month is not to be lightly lost; but she must be desperately hard up to play her cards like that."

"And what do you advise?" asked

"Your feeling in the matter are not changed by my revelations?" "Of course not." "Then with your permission I shall

call on my fellow townsman, Mr. Snnggs, who is, of course, in constant, communication with his daughter and put the facts before him. And I have no doubt we shall see the young lady here in a few days; but possibly her preceptress will prefer to remain away."

The canon's widow thought corn curing rather a plebelan trade, but was mollified when her future daughter-inlaw was brought to her house.

And a lady of good position advertises that she is prepared to take charge of a young lady desiring an entree to those exalted circules wherein she herself habitually moves. A confidential interview can be arranged.-Pick-Me-

## Musical African Warriors August 5.-Kisawa volunteered to

send two men with me to Kasembi's. Did not suggest any pay; told off two of his young warriors, and gave them instructions; they clapped their hands after each sentence to signify their acceptance of his instructions. Two others have come of their own accord; the only baggage of one is two sticks, upon each of which are threaded four dry rows of fruit, which rattle. The youth owning this property has long hair plaited into ropes, which fall to his neck, and form a screen to his eyes. He is constantly keeping the rattle going. and singing (principally about me) in other use for his hands, which carry two baskets full of manioc flour, a banghi pipe, and spare rattles. For the first hour they stayed at my heels. All the time kept up the rattling and singfor, and that they would thus enteror five days off. I spoke to them firmly, but kindly, told them their music was excellent, but must be heard at a distance to be properly enjoyed. The distance I pointed out was about ten the hint good-naturedly, but at times fly! they break out into their boisterous entertainment.-Century.

Countesses for the Variety Stage. Three young Hungarian countesses, daughters of Count Basque, of Buda-Pesth, aged 15, 16 and 17, are fitting to tell the truth the unconscious maiden | time," said her sunt, "and I will think | themselves for the variety stage.

A GARRULOUS MAN CURED.

The Ingenious Device of a Tortured Landlady.

He thought he was infallible, and would argue for hours with any one who had the impunity to contradict him. Everything about him indicated the man of Iron will and unchangeable disposition. His features bore traces of the Indian warrior, while his towering form and grim mustache increased his resemblance to the man who knows it all. His name is Smith. He is a bachelor and lives in Ravenswood. But he has been cured of his aliment, and the good suburbanites wonder who caused the change. He does not argue any longer, but walks about with a dejected air, showing that his spirit has

been broken. The miracle was accomplished by his landlady, and this is the story of how she did it.

After the banks closed it was Mr. Smith's custom to sit each evening on the porch of his Ravenswood home for immediate influence of the spin of hours. Visitors would come and go, but Mr. Smith would hold the fort. He when it is keyed up to its natural place. had opinions of his own and woe to him who dared to dispute them. Any oppo- ist, Boston, Mass. sition to his views would be met with a flood of oratory which would cower the dissenter into obedience,

One evening he argued the folly of expensive dresses with his landlady. She laughed at him, and he became furious. "Now, don't excite yourself," she said, "for I have heard the doctor say you -re subject to spasms, and we will

let the matter rest for the night." Mr. Smith, flushed with victory easily won, retired from the scene. Imagine his surprise, however, the following evening, when he was gaged in conversation with an old

Smith's views. "But why do you agree to everything?" asked Smith, after a pause.

"Well, confidentially, between you and me," whispered his friend, "I have heard you are subject to fits and that arguments of a violent sort are apt to bring them about."

Smith said nothing that night and went home. Several nights later a young woman came up to him and he began to talk to her. She appeared to be afraid of him and only nodded to his assertions. She kept a respectful distance all the time, and when he asked her if she was afraid of him she asked him somewhat pityingly:

"Have you had them to-day?" "Have I had what?" blurted Smith.

"Why, fits, of course. I heard you had them every time you were contra-

dicted; isn't it true?" Smith turned on his heel and left the young woman standing and wondering. She does not know if the rumor is true, but Mr. Smith's landlady finds no The sun shines and the land smiles. trouble with her boarder. He does not God near to each is the final templeargue any more, and now believes that Rev. John Rusk, Militant Church Chiothers know just as much as he does .-Chicago Chronicle.

## The French Boy. Our boys do not take the social polish

until much later. I have heard Americans express surprise at the childishness of big boys whom they saw playing at marbles or with tops at an age when their boys play foot-ball. It is because these boys allow themselves to be watched, restrained, and reprimanded by timid mothers much longer than Love for God.-We should love 6sd theirs, and the boys themselves are not above all things, because he is the sugenerally inclined to the daring undertakings that tempt young Americans. thor of everything that exists except Their affection for Robinson Crusoe is sin. Our soul is the image of God; very Platonic; they do not long to run and this is why the devil hates the away to sea, nor even to get on the roof soul and tries to destroy it. The to learn their lessons, like a little fel- enemy of the soul holds high carnival low I met in the country out West while visiting his parents, and who, when I expressed my surprise at his perch, said, "Well, if I slip, I can hold on to the chimney by my legs!" And saying this, he made the gesture of clasping the big chimney between his bare and extremely short legs, more scratched than words can tell, under edy for the ills of society. That sthe their torn knickerbockers. Our boys gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, the

are evidently girlish in comparison. On the other hand, a French youth of tion by sacrifice. The gold a rule eighteen is stupefied, on making the must be applied, and when generally acquaintance of English or American applied we will find that godiness has youths of his age, to meet with something that seems to him another kind as of that which is to come.-Rev. 1. of childishness; I mean that boyishness B. Westcott, Methodist, Philadelphia, waich, up to a certain point, lasts for Pa. life in all Anglo-Saxons. He finds himself much more of a man, because he mere ornamental fringe on the social really has a greater intellectual fund. more general information, a more highly developed critical sense, a riper mind that produces a priceless harvest to the already much refined, and quite en- soul. The true artist, be his language franchised from the simple instruction architecture, sculpture, poetry, must given at the lyeee.-Century.

## Novel Punishment for Theft.

Yesterday happened the first act of theft on the trip. We camped within a quarter of a mile of the village; groups of natives brought meal, peanuts, eggs, etc., and traded with my men with the greatest confidence. One of my men was bathing in a pool near by, and left his cloth and knife near the trail; a party of natives passing selzed the knife and ran away; hearing of this, I quietly took from a man in the boma a very fine spear, and refused to return It till the knife was brought back. The natives saw the justice of this, and trading went on as if nothing had happened. This morning the knife was re-

Hygienic. "Every one should know that to eat when tired is to place upon the digestive organs a burden which they are wholly unable to carry," says Modern Medicine. "When the body is in a a most flattering manner, in which per- state of fatigue, the digestive organs formance his friend joins; but the latter are unable to perform their natural confines himself to singing; he has functions; the glands of the stomach will not form gastric juice; the saliva is deficient in quantity; and the whole digestive apparatus is incapable of doing efficient work. When exhausted, one should rest before eating. If a ing, and told me it was what they came faint or 'all-gone' sensation is experienced, relief may be obtained by drinktain me until we reached Kasembl, four ing a glass of hot water or diluted fruit juice of some sort."

What a great deal we have to be thankful for at this time of the year that we haven't a sense of smell so fine miles away. My musical friends took that we can detect the odor in a dead

The women's idea of a successful reception is one where the crowd is so great that they can get into the dining room five times without detection.

Every woman exaggerates a man's income when she marries him, and when she sues for allmony.



Miracles.—There is no greater miracle in the world than that which every man carries under his own hat-lier George T. Dowling, Episcopalian, T.

ledo, Ohlo, Hate.—The breach between caping and labor is wide enough already, and he is a dangerous man who seeks h make it more so. Hate heals no women Hate builds no bridges.—Rev. I. L. Scott, Presbyterian, Philadelphia.

Poetry.-Poetry seems to be the ast. ural language of the soul under to God: the natural language of the -Rev. R. A. Thomas, Congregational The Christian Life.-A Christian Life.

does not consist in believing a bar creed or a long list of doctrines man might believe in these, might know the creed by heart, may read the Bible every day, and yet not be a Christian, or lead a Christian life-Rev. R. G. McNied, Presbyterian, Salt Lake City, Utah. Self-Love.-It is man's duty to loss

himself. So self-preservation is the first law of life. To take my own life. is as much murder as to take the life of my fellowman. But self-love is different from selfishness. Self-love is a friend, who assented to all of Mr. duty; selfishness is a sin.-Rev. W. G. Partridge, Baptist, Cincinnati, Ohia. Equality.-What makes a man is not circumstances, but self; not the acri-

dental but the essential; and beneath mankind there is a strong, solid substratum. All men are alike in their origin. The Lord is maker of then all, rich and poor, great and small, Christian and pagan.-Rev K. B. Tusper, Baptist, Philadelphia, Nature.-Nature is full of our own human heart; is a reflection of our own

nature, and the beauty we admire h It is the sympathetic expression of the beauty of our spirit. We act upon it. and it reacts upon us. Thus the beanty, the grandeur of nature is a part of our own being.-Rev. M. G. Linton, Universalist, Charles City, Iowa. Creed .- Let us not think too much of form. God can educate the world and redeem it without the church if be

wishes. At the last we have him and

need no temple, as the plants which

have the summer sun need no bothouse. cago. Death.-Death in the country seems always attended with a deep and peculiar pathos. In the city life is so compact and eager that its noise and hurry close in quickly, even rulely, upon the loss of death. It is as it is in battle, the break in the ranks is in-

stantly filled, and the pushing column marches on.-Rev. J. H. Cobb, Congregationalist, Denver, Col. preme God, and because he is the auwhen he takes a soul from God. The world would have gone on without is had we never been born, and it would be impossible for us to exist were God to withdraw from us a single mo-

ment.-Mgr. Thorp, Roman Catholic, Cleveland, Ohio. The Remedy.-There is but one remgreat thought of which is reconcilispromise of the life that now is, as well

Art .- Art is something more than a garment. It continually opens new windows to reality, and does a werk or painting, is ordained for the strengthening and enrichment of human life.-Rev. D. Dorchester, Methodist, Pitts

burg. Pa. Labor.-The noblest thing in the unverse is honest labor. It is the preservetive principle of the world. raises cities, adorns the earth and heavtifies with works of art; whitens the sea with wings of commerce; binds continents together by means of the telegraph; extinguishes barbarism and plants civilization upon its ruins. Thank God for a nation of workingmen.-Res. G. O. Bacchus, Methodist, Washington D. C.

Feed Your Bamboo Chairs The pretty and inexpensive banks turned, and so I handed back the spear. furniture, so much used now, require to be treated differently from the st dinary wooden furniture. As bumbee is liable to crack and come apart it must be fed so as to counteract the ill effects of dryness in the room. furniture should be exposed to the air whenever possible. Do not place too near a fire, and it should be rubbed regularly with equal parts of linsed of and turpentine applied with a dame and then rubbed in with a soft cloth An occasional wash in cold water, to lowed by a thorough drying, is good for bamboo furniture.

Not a Bicycle Enthusiast He is one of the men who refuse to become enthusiastic over the bicycle "Have you learned to brake jost wheel with your foot yet?" asked his "No," was the reply. "I haven't 200 friend.

ten any further than learning to break my foot with my wheel."-Washington Star. Most Likely.

"Oh, dear," sighed Mrs. Bloombump er, "I've made another mistake." "Never mind," said her husband. "If mistakes were haystacks every one would keep a cow."-Harlem Life.

If you insist upon having your rights you will never be popular.