

# EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON

The Kansas City Star is of the opinion that Russell Sage has probably more money and less fun than any man of his class in America.

If it be true that diamonds can be manufactured inexpensively, what is to hinder the average citizen of the future from rising to the supreme level of the hotel clerk.

In Lexington, Ky., there is a club the youngest member of which is 89 years old. All the others are over 90. The club meets regularly for purposes of mutual improvement and social pleasure.

Florists and gardeners have found a simple and what is said to be an effective means of ridding their greenhouses of devastating insects. Tobacco stems are placed on the heating pipes, and the heat brings out the odor of the tobacco, which destroys the pests.

Street cars can be ventilated by means of a new device consisting of a rotary fan run by the motion of the car, placed in the car roof and connected with an exhaust fan placed in the end of a pipe running to the interior of the car, the intention being to exhaust the foul air in the upper part of the car, so that pure air can enter from the outside.

A quick piece of engineering work was carried out one Saturday night recently on the Great Eastern Railway near Ely. An old bridge of one hundred and thirty feet span over the River Ouse was taken down in six hours, and a new single span bridge that had been erected alongside was lifted up on a set of trolleys and put in its place in two hours more, only one regular Sunday train having been delayed.

In the heart of San Francisco is the city's principal cemetery, where are buried the bodies of her famous dead, and where loom up in the sky the grand mausoleums of her millionaire mining and railroad kings. A movement to bisect this cemetery with a new street has aroused much opposition, yet it is by no means certain that sooner or later the whole cemetery will not be moved to a quarter where the dead would cost less in real estate and taxes.

As surely as bread is the staff of life, so surely is America feeding the world. From the wheat fields of the West three streams of grain are flowing—one toward the Pacific coast for shipment to India and the far East, one down the Mississippi to New Orleans, and another toward the Atlantic seaboard, the last two for transportation to Europe. This demand is a factor in producing the better times that are dawning for the United States.

Once, and not very long ago, the public letterwriters of Paris made comfortable livings by inditing epistles, sentimental or businesslike, as the case might require, for people to whom the mysteries of the spellingbook had never been explained. Compulsory education has ruined the craft, and the few representatives of it that survive only avoid starvation by getting occasionally the task of correcting the grammar and heightening the eloquence of some Socialist Deputy whose ability to write is not backed up by the possession of very much to write about.

A blacksmith in Kansas has hit upon a novel plan to induce his debtors to pay up. He has published in the local papers the following card: "As I am obliged to meet the payment of a note I am compelled to call upon all of those who are indebted to me to help me out as much as they can. I have decided to select a day. I request your presence at my shop to pay the amount herein stated. You will receive a special treat. Lunch and refreshments will be served from 1 p. m. to 6 p. m. in my basement, and a very good time is assured. Please present this card when you call and show the amount of your account, which is — dollars and — cents."

Mark Twain is between 50 and 60, thin, medium height, with prominent features. His face is Jewish and generally wears a wrinkled and grave expression. His small, sparkling eyes are almost entirely hidden in great bushy eyebrows. A lawyer was once talking to him with his hands in his pockets. "Isn't it a strange sight," cried Twain, "to see a lawyer put his hands into his pockets—his own?" On another occasion he was making a speech at a dinner in New York. "I myself have fought a little," he said, "for a fortnight. I was on the stronger side and I retired—to make the sides equal."

A San Francisco carpenter who used to be a miner has discovered in one of the streets of that city a vein of quartz containing both gold and silver in quantities that indicate the presence of a large deposit of rich ore. He refuses to reveal the position of this ledge, because the only outcropping of it about which he knows is on municipal property, and, as all the land in the vicinity is covered with houses, he does not see how he is going to get any profit out of his find. He has, however, obtained a few specimens from the vein, and has had them assayed, with the result of showing that the ore, if it runs as well, contains \$12.40 in gold and \$2.00 in silver to the ton. The carpenter is trying to think out some method of deriving advantage from his inconveniently situated mine, and meantime is worrying because people are walking over it every day and somebody with more money than himself may notice the quartz vein, buy the adjacent property and make a fortune.

A novel case in the law of habeas corpus has recently been decided by the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. The writ was applied for by a prisoner who had been sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor for two years and six months. The sentence was erroneous in that it did not go further and direct that the imprisonment should be solitary. For this reason the petitioner claimed that he was entitled to be discharged; but the full bench

of the Supreme Court denied the motion, saying that the judgment was correct as far as it went, and there was nothing to prevent an amendment of the sentence, which would add the further penalty which the prisoner said should have been imposed upon him.

George W. Smalley has been comparing the postal service of London to that of New York, to the decided disadvantage of the latter city. He is now living in 75th street, near Fifth avenue, and letters are delivered there four times a day, between the hours of 8 in the morning and 8 at night. This is better than the service in San Francisco, but it is not what Mr. Smalley has been used to. In London, occupying a house in a similar location, Mr. Smalley got his first letters at ten minutes to 8 in the morning, and from 10 in the morning till 10 at night the deliveries were hourly. He says that it is no uncommon thing in London to post a letter and get an answer by mail within three or four hours.

Daniel Mayer, the English musical agent, says America is the only country besides England where "great money" is made by musicians. On the continent charges for admission are small, and there are not so many big halls, consequently artists have to be content with lesser receipts. A fee of £50 is considered as something very high indeed for a single performance "across the water." The musical life is a very uncertain one, it seems. Only those who have made really big names make big incomes. A great many "big" vocalists and instrumentalists receive pupils, even while at the height of their popularity. Musical suits are apt to set very suddenly. Singers go out of fashion quickly and do not get into fashion again.

Ex-Cabinet Minister Balaout, recently liberated at the conclusion of the term of imprisonment for which he was sentenced for fraud and corruption, of which he had, while Minister of Public Works, rendered himself guilty in connection with the defunct Panama Company, has, to the astonishment of everybody, just been rearrested. It appears that he is still liable to the Government to the extent of 891,000 francs for fines, costs, and legal expenses. The courts recently decided that the unfortunate man, who is completely ruined, should either pay this sum at once or be imprisoned for another year. Naturally, he chose the latter, and has now the consolation of knowing that every minute spent in the penitentiary is wiping off, roughly speaking, about three cents of his debt to the state.

The last piece of property owned by ex-Senator Tabor, of Denver, was foreclosed a few days ago under a mortgage for \$800,000. Fifteen years ago he possessed a fortune of over \$6,000,000. The year 1877 found him with his family on the site where Leadville now stands. Here, with two other men, Tabor began mining in a small way and on an apparently poor prospect. In the course of a few months he sold his half interest for \$1,000,000. Encouraged by this unexpected success, he went on selling and investing in new mining property until in 1880 he had a daily income greater than that of any man between New York City and Nevada. He built a residence that cost \$1,000,000. Unfortunate investments, betrayed friendship, and political ambition, united with the stringency of the times, have wrought the ex-Senator's financial ruin. Though past his prime and deserted by summer friends, who owe all they have to him, he has, with true American pluck, set about retrieving his lost fortunes.

Chicago Tribune: Edward Stanley, of Williamsburg, has tired of doing housework and seeks a respite from taking care of the children. This entirely commendable desire, however, has landed Mr. Stanley in jail, because he so far forgot his customary meekness as to inform Mrs. Stanley that he would cut her throat. It appears that Mr. Stanley had no intention of committing any act of violence and referred to Mrs. Stanley's throat entirely in a Pickwickian sense, merely "to have something to say." He had reached the "last feather" stage and chose an infelicitous method of expressing his declaration of independence. There was something pathetic in his explanation to the judge. "Other married men go around with the boys," said he, "but I've been compelled to mind my own children. I've washed and dressed them; kept them always looking neat. Then I've done all the cooking for the whole family, besides the cleaning. Not until everything was finished, everything looking trim and neat, and the children having their afternoon nap, did I get a chance to read a novel and smoke my pipe." Mr. Stanley does not ask for much. All he wants is a chance to work in a manner befitting his sex and his aspirations to renew his convivial association with "the boys."

Great Ice Avalanche. A mass of ice comprising 4,000,000 cubic feet broke away on the 11th of September, 1890, from the lower part of the Allona Glacier on the Geminal Pass, in Switzerland. With the velocity acquired in its descent this river of ice rushed across the pasture and up the western slope of the valley to a height of 1,300 feet along the rocky wall of the Weisstaigat. Not being able to completely surmount this barrier, the main mass came surging back—like a vast sea-wave receding from the cliffs—with such force that some of it returned to a height of 100 feet up the eastern side. Isolated blocks of ice were hurled clear over the ridge into the adjoining valley. This avalanche was preceded by a terrific blast of wind, which swept away chalets, trees, men and cattle, as though they had been feathers. These sudden avalanches of ice or snow form one of the special dangers of Alpine climbing.

Curious Marriage Custom. A very peculiar custom is prevalent in Lithuania. On the occasion of the celebration of a marriage the mother of the bride, in the presence of numerous witnesses, administers to her daughter a vigorous box on the ears. In case of dispute between the husband and wife at any later period this blow may be cited as a plea for divorce, each contending that she was constrained to enter the bonds of matrimony by physical force.

## COUNTING THE APPLE SEEDS.

Made rosy by the great log's light, Beside the hearth one winter night That flaming up the chimney dark. His every craney, every nook, Upon the rug a little maid Sat curled, in pose demure and staid.

In pensive mood, with dreamy eyes She sits, while up the chimney flies A thought with every fery spark Gliming and flashing through the dark. Till with a sigh profound and deep She moves, as one moves in her sleep.

A rosy apple in her hand A weight of thought seems to demand, She taps it with a fery light, Then carefully she takes a bite, Another bite, now one, now two—The core is thus exposed to view.

Another sigh! what can it be, My little maid, that aileth thee? Ah! what is this? Some incantation? Muttered with such reiteration? Hark! as each seed her bright eyes see, These are the words that come to me:

"One I love, two I love, Three I love, I say! Four I love with all my heart, Five I cast away."

Here a tear rolls brightly down. What the secret she has won, Who can say? But just behind Sounds a voice so soft and kind: "Look again! Thou must indeed Find for me another seed!"

Bosier her bright cheeks glow In the firelight's ruddy glow. With cheeks glowing like the rose, But here we'll let the curtain fall, For thy lips I fain would hear. "What the sixth one means, my dear."

"Six he loves," she murmured low, And the firelight's flickering glow Two happy faces now disclose With cheeks glowing like the rose, But here we'll let the curtain fall, For the end is best of all. —Sacramento Union.

## DEVAL'S ESCAPE

It was a red-letter day in my life when I was first put in charge of a "passenger." I'd worked my way up by successive stages from the post of cleaner in the sheds, and, being a cleaner in the sheds, I was a steady-going yellow fellow, had reached the topmost rung of the ladder sooner than most. There was, perhaps, an extra incentive in my case, as she had told me, only waiting till I earned enough to make me the happiest of men.

To be sure, I had a rival, Ernest Deval by name, who was "something in the city" and possessed the showy attractiveness and the art of insidious flattery which sometimes lure fickle-minded women to forsake the true merit for the glittering dross. I must own he occasioned me some slight cause for jealousy, still, secure in the knowledge of our mutual love and knowing Alice to be a sensible little girl, I was on the whole as happy as most chaps who see their sweethearts but once or twice a week.

She had told me on more than one occasion that she wanted nothing to do with him, but in spite of her obvious dislike he persisted in persecuting her with his attentions, and only the day before the incidents happened which I am about to relate I had found it necessary myself to display the finger of Alice to him with my ring upon it, to his ill-concealed chagrin and evident mortification.

On the next night I was, as usual, ordered to take on the sleeping saloon express to the north. My mate had secured the couplings, the old engine was panting and snorting like a thing of life, as if eager for the coming journey, and the bustle on the platform had subsided. The signals were right and I had my hand on the throttle only waiting for the "right away" when, just as the green light was displayed, a cab rattled into the station, from which an excited man hastily jumped. Flinging some money to the driver, he rushed along the platform and sprang into the first compartment of the train, the next one to the engine, just as I pressed the lever and my dream had loosened the brake.

We had hardly begun to move when another man, who had been waiting on the station, in the shadow of a pillar, and I knew as Deval's jobson, of Scotland Yard, sprang to the carriage and ejaculating, "Thought I should mub you here, my beauty?" endeavored to enter. I was busy getting under way, but my mate told me that the man in the carriage struck the detective in the face and forced him off the footboard. His hat flew in the struggle and fell between the platform and the moving train, but the other, determined not to lose his quarry, was up again in an instant, and though the carriages were flying past him, he sprang upon the footboard of the last coach, heaving not the cries of the excited porters and terrified onlookers; and just as the train cleared the platform he saw the guard lean forward from the open door, and grasping the man by the arms, assist him into the van.

The fugitive in the first coach saw the detective's disappearance also, and his bloodless face blanched a shade paler. "Great snakes!" exclaimed the fireman, drawing in his breath with a sharp hiss, "that was a narrow shave. Jobson means to have that chap smothered, and have him well. I wonder what he's wanted for. He'll never reach the landing stage this journey, that's a dead cert!" "No," said I; "they'll have him at Crew's right enough. Poor beggar! He made a desperate fight for it, anyhow!" The "steep," as we called it, was "tuned straight" through to Crew's within a stop, doing the 128 miles in three hours and five minutes. There we left it to another engine which would be in waiting to take it "up" express later in the morning. I knew that as soon as we reached Crew's there would be a crowd of policemen waiting to search the train from end to end. Jobson was up to his work, and the telegram would be clicking its warning message a moment or two after we had passed through the first station. It was not the only capture, by any means. I had witnessed this astute officer make, and the despairing faces of the men, robbed of the last hope of escape, the shadow of the criminal's cell already upon them, came into my mind as we dashed past Willenden, and look-

ing backward for a moment in the fitful light I saw the fateful piece of paper flutter from the detective's hand. The officials would understand the significance of that scribbled message, and unless Providence miraculously interposed the man was doomed. To leave the train as it flew through the night at the rate of fifty miles an hour was impossible. One man had done so once, but his body was found mangled beyond recognition on the track in the morning. There was no escape, and with such passing thoughts I dismissed the matter and concentrated my attention on the work in hand.

Suddenly I was startled by an ejaculation of horror from my mate. "Look, Ben!" he shouted, his eyes starting out from his head as he gazed into the dim light which surrounded the train like a haze, "the fool will kill himself!"

I turned, and though I prided myself on my steady nerves, the sight that met my eyes sent a cold thrill down my back and made me lean against the brake for support. The man had swung himself out of the end of the carriage and was endeavoring to work his way, in face of the terrific back draught, toward us. Every moment I expected to see him torn from his precarious hold and dashed to pieces on the lines, but with the tenacity of a leech he clung to the handle of the door while he leaned forward to grasp some new support. Suddenly a distant roar burst on our terrified ears. My mate turned, his face as white as milk, and the perspiration standing on his forehead.

"Merciful powers!" he screamed in a harsh, discordant voice, "the 'up' mail! Heaven have mercy on him!" and he hid his face in his hands, as with a deafening shriek we flew toward each other and crashed past in the darkness, but above the din I fancied I heard the wild scream of terror as the wretched man realized his horrible peril. It was a full minute before I could turn my throbbing head behind.

With a feeling of sickness that was new to me I peered through the glass. "Thank God!" I ejaculated fervently, as the blood rushed through the veins once more. There, with his body pressed flat against the oscillating surface, still stood the man who had been so near to an awful death. Slowly he moved his head in our direction and with an expression of grim resolution he pulled himself together. With bated breath we wondered what he would do next. As far as we could see his way was stopped, but, undeterred, he steadied himself, and, reaching forward, felt around the corner of the coach.

Unexpectedly his hand encountered one of the steps by which the men mount to the roof, and though we could not see his face distinctly, we fancied he set his lips in a terrible smile of accomplished purpose, as he clutched it and with a desperate effort pulled himself to the end of the footboard and round into comparative safety on to the couplings between the tender and the coach.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, when at last the tension removed from his nerves, he could speak. "He's a good plucked 'un, an' no mistake. But what's his game, I wonder?" "The madman is coming on the engine," I burst out excitedly, divining his intention as I saw his head appear for a brief instant above the coal.

"Anyhow, we can't see him commit suicide without raising a hand to stop him," he returned, and began to scramble over the coal, where I saw him stoop down and grasp the man, dragging him with an almost superhuman effort on to the tender, where he sank down utterly exhausted.

Coming forward my mate threw open the stoke hole with the intention of replenishing the fire and the ruddy glow from the racing furnace within lit up the tender from end to end. "Good heavens!" I ejaculated, as my eyes met the laggard face of the rescued delinquent, "Ernest Deval!" and my nerveless hand fell from the polished lever.

"Ben!" he gasped, wonderingly, his wild eyes encountering mine, as he struggled toward us. My lips refused to frame the questions that tumultuously arose to them and my mate silently handed me his can.

"Take a drink," he said, curtly, "and pull yourself together." I complied readily. The cool draught brought me round somewhat and I resumed control of the engine. "Now, Mr. Deval," I shouted, hotly, "perhaps you will be good enough to explain the meaning of the little game you've been playing to-night, but let me tell you, if you think you've furthered your chances of escape you're wrong."

"Yes, mate," Bill sternly remarked, "you haven't done a bit for yourself by coming here."

"Ben!" he at last jerked forth, gasping for breath, his bloodshot eyes wandering round the cab and into the darkness as we flew along. "Ben, I've been a fool—you saw the detective on my track—he's in the train now—I've been betting—and you know—the books at the office—found out this morning—I've fled for my life—but you'll help me to give them the slip, Ben? and the shivering wretch fell down helpless and clasped my knees. "Don't talk nonsense, man," I answered, roughly; "what you ask is an impossibility. My duty as a servant of the company is to hand you over to the authorities who will be waiting for you at Crew's; beside, your own sense should tell you there is no place to hide a child here."

"Oh, yes," added my mate, grimly, "you're every bit as bad off as if you were sitting on them comfortable cushions in the carriage there. I wouldn't give much for your chance."

him proffer a handful of gold. My first man turned his back and bustled himself with his duties. "It's no use, mate," I heard him say, "if Ben says it can't be done it can't, and that's the end of it. I'm sorry for yer, for you're a rattling good-plucked 'un."

The despairing creature detected the tone of commiseration in Bill's voice, and rebuffed his entreaties. "If it could be done I'd do it," Bill murmured. "I've got a wife and six kids to look after at home, and that brass would come in useful, but there, and he cast his eyes around the tender, suddenly they lit up with a peculiar light, and, turning to me, he said apologetically: "Ben, I don't ask you to have any hand in this at all. You know nothing about it. If the worst comes to the worst, we enforced you to silence, and all I says is this: Will you give me a chance to get the beggar off? I think I can do it without danger to you or me. All I asks yer to do is to know nothing about it. What say now?"

"Well, Bill," I remarked, "I hear the fellow no love, as you can see, but if by keeping silent I can do you a good turn on me, though I must say I don't see how you can possibly do the trick."

"You put your money on me," he returned smilingly, as he gripped my hand, and retired to the end of the tender with Deval.

We had left Stafford behind some time since, and if nothing happened should run into Crew's in another twenty-five minutes or so. Having to do Bill's work as well as control the engine, I had my hands pretty full and occupied. At the end of that time Bill rejoined me, and threw open the furnace doors once more. I looked around the engine. Deval had disappeared. Not a vestige or sign of his visit remained, but Bill's pocket bulged considerably, and his grimy face was expanded in a broad grin.

A few minutes later we slowed up at our destination for the night. There they were, just as I had expected. One policeman at the station gates and five or six stationed along the platform.

Before we had quite stopped our jumps Jobson and rushes up the train. As the sergeant threw open the door of the compartment Deval had occupied we saw an expression of consternation cross the face of the bewildered detective, but, quickly regaining his composure, he superintended the examination with a practiced eye. My mate had unfastened the couplings, and we were just off to the sheds when Jobson approached the engine.

"Ben," he queried anxiously, "did you see anything extraordinary on the way down? I've been sold nicely, and no mistake."

"I don't have time to see anything except signals ahead when I'm in charge of an express," I returned, unceremoniously. "Did you see anything, Bill?" "Can't say as I did," Bill answered artlessly. "Have you lost your man, Mr. Jobson?"

"I have so," replied the officer. "I expect he dropped off somewhere." "If he did he's a goner for certain," said Bill. "We were never under fifty since we left Willenden."

"I'll look along the track for him going back," I remarked. "Are you going on or back with the morning mail?" "I hardly know," he returned, disappointedly. "Well, thank you, anyhow, 'Good-night, or, rather, good-morning.'" We returned his salutation and steamed off to the sheds.

"What did I tell yer?" said Bill, joyously. "We drop him outside and let him take his chance."

"Then he is on the engine?" I asked, as we pulled up. For answer Bill got off and went to see if the coast was clear. Returning in five minutes, he proceeded to the rear of the tender and carefully lifted up a large piece of coal. Underneath was the head of Deval! Bill had artfully walled him in against the side, and in such a manner as to defy suspicion, little bits being scattered about in the most natural way possible. Quickly he was rescued from his uncomfortable position, and stood up as black as a sweep. Bill gave him a drink from his pannikin, and then conducted him off the engine and round the back of the sheds.

Did I ever hear from him again? Oh, yes. About two years afterward a letter reached me one morning from Colombia, enclosing a Bank of England note for £100. It was from Deval, and in it he told how he had succeeded in doubling his tracks to Birmingham, and thence had worked down to Southampton, in disguises, and got clear away. He expressed the hope that Alice and myself were happily wedded, and begged us to keep the note and give it as a present to our first-born child.—London Tit-Bits.

Blown Away in a Box Car. "Awful experience? Yes," said the tramp as he sat at a Holland street kitchen table on Thursday morning and cut into the second piece of custard pie. "I was sleeping soundly in a box car out in Iowa one night last summer, and the wind was blowing like thunder across the plains. Suddenly that car got loose—the brakes broke or suthin'—and it began to crawl along out of the siding and onto the main track. It was nuts for me. I thought the wind wouldn't blow me far and so I kept on. I stood in the door and saw the houses and fences go by faster and faster, till all of a sudden I realized that I was going too fast to get off, and no way of stopping it. Half an hour after we—the car and I—dashed through a little station and I had just time to see the telegraph operator run out and look after us and then run back to telegraph down the line to clear the track. We were going more than a mile a minute and my hair was standing on end. Forty miles down the line we went through another station, and on a siding I caught sight of a man with a rope on the cowcatcher. That engine chased us twenty miles down the track. The man with the rope threw it around the brake wheel on top of our car and gradually stopped it, while all the time the wind was blowing a gale. We had just got headed back toward the depot when an express train showed up where we should have met it kerchunk—that's Lewiston Journal.

## ROBBERS IN CLOVER.

United States Mail Affords Great Opportunity for Their Talent.

One-fourth of the money transmitted about the United States is sent through the mails. What richer harvest could the train robber want than this? It is the train robber that robs a mail car when it is loaded with more than two or three men, and these are absolutely without any means of defense. Their work is so arduous and throwing the mail is so arduous that they have no time to think of robbers, and are never prepared for a visit from them.

The consequence is that every effort to rob a mail car is successful, and in many cases the railway postal clerk is the sufferer for his valia and foolish endeavor to protect himself and the property in his charge. Then train robbery have become more frequent of late years, and the reason therefor is that the desperadoes, who, by the way, have increased in number, have ascertained how much money is actually sent through the mails and how little trouble it is to confiscate the contents of a mail car. In only one or two cases have robbers been foiled in their efforts to rob the mail car, for they seldom find a postal clerk prepared for them, and in a postal car prepared for ten not a clerk in the nine cases out of ten on his person. It is as easy to surprise a postal clerk in the dead car as the ordinary citizen in the dead car at night at his home. As it is to-day, no one knows when the mail train leaves at night where the mail will wind up, or what will become of the men who have it in charge.

Of late years the amount of money sent by mail has increased to a remarkable extent. The desperate method around the country have kept track of the trend of events, and they are all aware how very easy it is to stop a train and confiscate the sacks of mail. All they have to do is to stop the train, take out the bags and rip them open, and when the train has passed on, and if any resistance is offered it invariably follows the clerks are the ones to fall. It is a great wonder that the government has not long ago taken some steps to remedy this great evil, and yet there appears to be no movement of any kind looking to protection of the mail and postal clerk, and the robberies occur with charming regularity at different parts of the country.

Not a single train that traverses the country to-day is without large sums of bank notes forwarded through the mails. Sometimes these sums go away up into the thousands, and yet there is not so much as a good stout lock to guard the treasure from the depredations of the desperado, who, armed with a gun and a mask, finds no difficulty in getting what he wants. In the mail cars there is not even a safe in which these valuable packages may be placed. The car is fitted with only pouches or cupboards, and the mail lies there open and unprotected. The New York and Chicago postoffices forward every day in the year from \$1 to \$500,000 through the mails. Money goes through the mails on every train leaving those cities, and, in fact, every other city in the country, going in all directions.

The government, in forwarding this money of the people, does not seem to care what becomes of it or what becomes of the lives of the men who are employed to take care of it. On the other hand, it takes risks for banks and insurance companies by burdening the mails with large sums of bank bills at so much per pound. The fact that the government is thorough in hunting down criminals and relentless when it comes to disposing of or punishing them will not deter the desperate men, of whom there are so many in the country to-day, from going right on with this style of robbery. The fear of punishment has not deterred men from train robbery in the past, although on many occasions they have been hunted down and killed off swiftly and mercilessly.

Express officials are equally persistent in following these robbers to the bitter end, and it is no less dangerous to rob an express car than the railway mail car, as the robbers in robbing an express car take chances of being shot to death by the express messengers, and the further chance of not getting anything for their pains, inasmuch as the express cars carry burglar-proof safes, and the robbers had them difficult articles to handle successfully. Now that it has become generally known what great sums of money are being forwarded through the mails, the way of the robber is made clear and easy. In fact, he has not had such a soft snap since the beginning of robbery, and any mail car in the country can be robbed with little or no risk to the robber. The postal clerks are in no wise protected, and they are not paid for caring for the mail. They are not paid for standing guard over the property and running the chance of losing their lives, and when it comes right down to the pinch, when a mail clerk is given the alternative of giving up what he has or never seeing his wife and children again, it is safe to assume that the strained martyr of "duty" becomes odious, and the robber gets what he wants.

Let the mail clerk sacrifice his life in the vain endeavor to save the government property. What does he get for it? Six feet of earth and a nameless tombstone. What do his wife and children get for his life? Nothing, unless the man has an insurance policy, and that never compensates for the loss of husband and father. The government has never been known in such cases to provide for the family, and so the clerk throws his life away for nothing, and his family does not get a red cent for his risk.—St. Paul Dispatch.

A Great African Lake. The region of Lake Rudolf in the "dark continent" will soon become well known to the geographers and colonizers of Africa. Two new explorers have supplemented Dr. Donaldson Smith's travels in that part of the world. A brother Englishman, A. H. Neumann, has followed the track of the original lake, while an Italian, Captain Botte, is now on his way to Mombasa, Lake Rudolf was discovered by Count Teleki in 1888. It has no visible outlet. The present researchers around this equatorial sea bid fair to add considerably in the development of British East Africa.

There are days in every man's life when he feels he owes himself a drink, and he unpaid debt causes more uneasiness. A size in collars is 1 inch.



Christ.—Christ was a simple man who had never read Homer or Ovid or knew how to paint or carve. Still he is the ideal Christian.—H. Parkhurst, Presbyterian, New York City.

Punishment.—God punishes a righteous parent must ever punish the benefit of the one punished, and improvement is brought about.—F. A. Bibeau, Universalist, Philadelphia, Pa.

Saloons and Churches.—The man who is out of a job finds the saloon shut, but the saloons open, and the poor man there sometimes seems to find brotherhood in the saloon that he cannot find in the church.—Rev. W. D. Bliss, Church, Boston, Mass.

Benevolence.—When a Gould goes to a party, it is but a tardy and tardy return for what a Gould took from a party. A little less in benevolence, a little more in just dealings, and the praise would be more deserved.—Rev. R. A. White, Universalist, Chicago, Ill.

Charity.—The charity that gives a check to help the poor, knowing nothing of the life of the helped is not Christian charity. It is more of the philanthropy that is needed more of the philanthropy that is needed at Calvary by him who gave his life.—Miss Jessie Ackerman, Baptist, Chicago, Ill.

Companionship.—A man who keeps the company he keeps, if you want a man who drinks, a man who steals, and a man who lies, you are liable to get a man who keeps good company, but might keep good company all his life and not be saved.—Rev. Sam J. Evangelist.

Recreation.—Amusement is necessary to mankind as is food, and light. It tones up the individual, cheers his wearisome road through life, and lightens the monotonous toils of labor of the matter-of-fact and one-day world. Every one of us needs recreation, the indulging in some recreation.—Rev. Joseph S. Mann, Independent, New York City.

The Fear of God.—If we would have a more civilized and moral culture we would keep society from anarchy and barbarism, if we would step aside of animal passion, which is constantly striving to flow over the dam, we must make God known to men. Society must be built upon that foundation, the knowledge and the love of God.—Archbishop Ireland, Catholic, St. Paul, Minn.

Spiritual Help.—Every impeding sinner is like a disabled ship in need of assistance is impertinent immediately, or loss is imminent and irremediable. Every human soul has its peculiar cargo, and eternity alone can produce its priceless value. The hands of our disabled fellows can never reach the celestial harbor without some moral tow.—Rev. W. G. Peck, Baptist, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Pity.—There is nothing more tedious to the sensibilities than the failure to translate pity into action. Charity is practical. We are told that had compassion on the hungry multitude, and the immediate result of this was how many loaves had been. This is how many loaves had been. Christ's whole nature moved at it and in union.—Rev. George D. Baird, Presbyterian, Philadelphia, Pa.

Where Sound Travels. Eighteen miles is the longest distance on record at which a man's voice has been heard. This occurred in the canyon off the Colorado, where a shouting the name of Bob at one end, his voice was plainly heard at the other, which is eighteen miles away.

Lieut. Foster, on Peary's third expedition, found that he could converse with a man across the barrier Port Bowen, a distance of 3,000 feet, one mile and a quarter.

Sir John Franklin said he could converse with ease at a distance of more than one mile.

Dr. Young records that at Ghent the human voice has been heard at a distance of ten miles.

Sound has remarkable force in water. Colladon, by experiments made in Lake Geneva, estimated that a submerged in the sea might be heard at a distance of more than sixty miles. Franklin says he heard the striking together of two stones in the water at a mile away. Over water or a surface of ice sound is propagated with great clearness and strength.

Dr. Hutton relates that on a spot part of the Thames, near Chelsea, he could hear a person read distinctly at a distance of 140 feet, while a way from the water the same could only be heard at 70 feet.