

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor. EUGENE CITY..... OREGON Mr. Carnegie, it appears, has iron to burn. Frozen dynamite is the latest ammunition. It's the sudden thaw that worries the other fellows. Farmers are hunting wolves in the suburbs of Chicago. Why don't they move right down Clark street? The nut and bolt trust, which has been hanging together by a mere thread, as it were, has at last gone to pieces. There is something really pitiable about the ignorance of a clever trust representative when he is brought before a legislative investigating committee. A New York court has decided that baby shows are illegal. This tendency of the judiciary to interfere in domestic affairs is one of the crying evils of the times. As still further exemplifying the truth of the proverb that there is nothing new under the sun, it is pointed out that there was a horseless wagon as early as 1861. The horse ran away. Another attempt is being made to prescribe exactly the kind of food that children shall eat, but as long as the pantry door is left ajar the old-fashioned kinds of cake and jam will be able to hold their own. The appearance of the Hon. Col. Stratton, at the recent Maj. Maitland-Brown wedding at Nashville, clad in full Highland costume, with sporn, pillbox, and sturdy bare legs, almost paralyzed the nerve centers of the elite of that ancient town. Senator-elect Harris of Kansas is not only a classical scholar, but a hog raiser as well. He has six prize porkers on his farm, which he has named, according to an esteemed contemporary, Acostories, Basterfish, Callastagoras, Pachnamunus, Pythagoras, and Aristides. Mr. Harris contemplates sending them to Greece about next killing time. Milton has left his testimony of the need that men have of intellectual capacity and cultivation in a wife. "Without it," he says, "there must come the unspoken weariness and despair of all such delight, which turns the blessed ordinance of God into a sore evil under the sun; or at least to a familiar mischance, a drooping and disconsolate household,—captivity without refuge or reputation. A recent issue of the Pueblo (Colo.) Chieftain contained the following interesting advertisement: "Wanted—By a competent woman, a place to work for her husband's board." This sounds like a Western echo of the "new woman" movement, but it probably is the work of the same "old" woman who has been doing just that thing every where, since the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. In our early youth, while yet we live only among those we love, we love without restraint, and our hearts overflow in every look, word and action. But when we enter the world, and are repulsed by strangers, forgotten by friends, we grow more and more timid in our approaches even to those we love best. How delightful to us, then, are the caresses of little children! All sincerity, all affection, they fly into our arms; and then, and then only, we feel our first confidence, our first pleasure. A worse blow to China than the exclusion law is about to fall upon that empire. The denizens of Colorado and Western Kansas have learned that a good quality of tea can be made from alfalfa leaves and they are proposing to build up a great home industry and keep the millions of teals we send to the Flowery Kingdom each year for tea at home. Perhaps it will be long before chests of Maverick Oolong Chop are on the market or Colorado Corn Chow, or Cinnaron Young Hyson. A Baltimore husband consulted an astrologer as to the cause of his wife's death, and found out that "a scheme of the heavens taken for that time shows the moon afflicted by the opposition of the fiery planet Mars. The planet Venus, indicating the lady, ruled the ascendant, and was applying to the evil sept-square of Jupiter, lord of the eighth house, that of death. The moon had the evil sept-square of the sun, who was lord of the fourth house, denoting the grave. The sixth house always shows the illness, and in this case Venus ruled the sixth as well as the first, indicating that the lady was the cause of her own illness." The family doctor said it was canned lobster. In the latest "Echoes from the Oxford Magazine," one of the humorous verse-writers suggests that in the summer term, when the University is given over to young lady teachers attending the University Extension lectures, it should be called a "School of Filtration." The examiners in it should then prepare their questions in the following fashion: "If A be good-looking and 20; If B be divine and 18; If C be well—30, with plenty Of wit preternaturally keen; Can you show by what use of quadratics The squaring of C may be done? And when by applied mathematics Will 18 and 20 be 1?" "Some time ago," says the Philadelphia Record, "a well-dressed young woman was taken ill in the street, and was removed in a supposed dying condition to a hospital uptown. The woman recovered shortly after admission, and it was then that a peculiar bleeding of her gums was noticed. As the doctors at the hospital had never seen a similar case, the woman was requested to remain that it might be examined. After several weeks they gave up in disgust, and the woman was discharged. This program had been carried out time and time again by the

woman until she had visited nearly every hospital in town. Several physicians became suspicious and laid a plot, which the unsuspecting woman walked into. Strict watch was kept from over a tramsom, and just before time for the doctor's visit she was noticed sticking a large needle in various parts of her gums. By the time the doctor arrived her mouth was in a frightful condition. Candidates for the dishonor of being the meanest husband in the States, but abundant in the United States, but occasionally they enter the lists. One Kentucky benedict gave his wife on the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding four yards of "domestic," out of which she was to make him a shirt, this being the only gift from him in the quarter of a century. A strong competitor is the Ohio man who gave his wife but \$10 in four years. Out of this she had to expend \$5 to replace a parrot for her sister, which the man had lost, and he borrowed the remaining \$5 of her to pay his trunk out of pawn and forget to get it. The only money he ever spent for her in any way was a nickel paid for a sack of peanuts, of which he took the lion's share. The wife was forced to clothe herself and pay for her own board. An electric car going at full speed collides with a railway train, also going at full speed. As a result three persons are dead, one fatally injured and several others badly hurt. The gates were closed and the accident was caused by the motor car, which is one belonging to the Calumet Electric Street Railway Company, Chicago, becoming unmanageable, bursting through the guards and rushing upon the track in front of the express train. It is said that this same motor performed the same trick at the same place the prior Sunday, happily without fatality at that time. The officials of the company deny this, and say that it was another motor which gave the Sunday performance. The company had, then, two unmanageable motors instead of one and kept them running over this dangerous crossing. One naturally asks how many more wild trains the company owns, and what assurance passengers have that a trip over its lines may be made with safety to life and limb. There occurred in Chicago recently a six-day bicycle race which seems to have been merely a contest to see how much pain and fatigue the riders could stand. The spectacle of a number of men, dizzy with pain, morphine and fatigue, struggling through the cruelty of a protracted physical strain, sleepless and but lightly fed, for six days and six nights, ought to bring a vigorous protest from all sane riders of the wheel and from the public in general. The modern prize fight, with its short, quick "knock-out," may be brutalizing, but it is all over in an hour or so, and the contestants' punishment is trifling compared with the six-day torture of the racing wheelmen. There was about as much "sport" in the bicycle race as there would be in a public exhibition of human vivisection, the prize to go to the man who could endure the most pain without screaming. The race is not defensible on any grounds whatsoever. It proves nothing; it is no fair test of riding powers, and, as exercise, it is immensely damaging to the health. Bicycle riding is a good thing. Bicycle racing, when conducted fairly and sanely, as other athletic contests, may be commended. But this six-day torture exhibition has injured both.

The students of the University of Rochester in New York State have not obtained much notoriety for "hazing," but this appears to have been due to accident rather than to lack of energy. An episode of student playfulness which has just been made public shows that these young men at Rochester are worthy of high rank in the college world for their ingenuity in devising methods for torturing each other. A freshman was the victim, and when he had been "hitched" he was a "raving maniac." He was beaten by some seniors as severely that although he did not lose his life he lost his mind. This must have been a college sport. One can picture the zest with which these young men entered into the game of tormenting their fellow student until his physical endurance and then his mind gave way under the strain. It must have been a spectacle something like that in the cell of Dr. Ruiz in Cuba when Spanish brutes were beating out his life. Now let the police department of Rochester show the world how fast they can arrange this outrage. Four the entire detective machinery of the city, if necessary, into this college and hunt out those demons who are masquerading as students. It is time an example should be made of such brutes as these, and few opportunities could be better than this.

An exchange tells a story of a well-known judge who is noted for his fondness for conveying in his charges to jurors, his own opinions in regard to the merits of the case in hand. Recently, in giving such a charge, he expressed in views very plain, but to his amazement the jury remained out for some hours. The judge inquired of the officer what was the matter, and learned from him that one juror was holding out against the other eleven. He sent for the juror at once, and stating to the jurors that he had plainly intimated how the case should be decided, said he understood that one juror was standing out against the other eleven. He proceeded to rebuke the juror sharply. The obstinate juror, as it happened, was a nervous little man, and as soon as the judge was done, he arose and said: "Your honor, may I say a word?" "Yes, sir," said the indignant judge; "what have you to say?" "Well, what I wanted to say is, I am the only fellow that's on your side."

The Real Styles. "I was downtown today looking at the new styles." "But isn't it rather early, my dear, for the spring goods to be in?" "Who is talking about spring goods? I mean wheels."—Cleveland Plain Dealer. There is one thing about a dollar: you can always trade it. But sometimes you can't give a horse or a house away.

TO A SOUTHERN GIRL. Her eyes Would match the Southern skies When Southern skies were bluest Her heart Will always take its part Where Southern hearts are truest; Bright pearls The gems of Southern girls, Her winning smile discloses: Her cheeks When admiration speaks, Were only Southern roses Her voice By nature and by choice, Even those who know her slightest Will find As soft as Southern wind When Southern winds are lightest. Her laugh As light as wine or chaff, Breaks clear at witty sallies, As brooks Run bubbling through the nooks Of all her Southern valleys. Such youth, With all its charms, forsooth— Alas, too well I know it!— Will claim A song of love and fame Sung by some Southern poet; But she In future years maybe These verses will discover, Some time May read this little rhyme Sung by a Northern lover —Buffalo Commercial.

BY MUTUAL CONSENT. She was seated on the grass, with her shoulders propped up against a camp stool, there were two or three garden benches standing about, but she said she preferred to sit on the grass—it made her feel more "country." To intensify this feeling she had clothed her fresh young beauty in a marvelous organy, so sheer that her arms gleamed through it like alabaster, and had pinned on her bright head a great hat drooping with roses. By her side leaned a white parrot edged with lace. Her companion, a young man in tennis flannels, who was stretched at her feet, had commented earnestly upon her "rustic attire," and a hot discussion had ensued, a discussion happily interrupted by the arrival of a servant with a tray of iced lemonade. "Ah!" said Miss Gresham, helping herself to one of the frosted glasses, "if there is one person for whom I entertain an undying affection it is Betty! I know we are indebted to her for this. She is one of those rare people who always do the correct thing." "Betty," repeated Markland, lazily, sipping his lemonade, "and who is Betty?" "She has forgotten Betty!" cried the girl, "and has no more shame than to confess it! Betty, who was always his sworn champion and who has helped him out of it, I do not know how many scraps. This is the effect, I suppose, of college travel and society." "Betty," again repeated Markland. "Ah!" a sudden light springing to his eyes—"your old nurse, of course. Why, certainly I remember her—dear companion of my youth! But I did not recognize her by so common a title. To me she always seemed a beneficent genius, a good angel, rather than an ordinary mortal." He lifted his glass—"To Betty," he said; "may her shadow never grow less." "Betty was asking me about you the other day," said the girl; "she wanted to know if you still rode and boated and swam like you used to do. I told her you had given up dancing because of the exertion." She looked at him innocently. "Did she ask you anything about your own life?" said Markland, sitting up—"a resume of how you put in your time during the winter season in town might be interesting to her, and certainly profitable."

"Anything I do is interesting to her," she responded, coldly. "Do you know," he said, "I have been marvelling over you ever since I came. I cannot quite realize that you have been ten days in the country without being bored. How have you accomplished it? I thought that the day of miracles was past."

"My good Tony," remarked Miss Gresham, patronizingly, "you must not judge other people by yourself; it is a very foolish and narrow-minded way of doing. Because you cannot exist happily without your clubs and theaters is no reason why I can't."

has weakened all the old feeling. I am tired to death of society, the exertion of dancing—smiling—and the bother of being agreeable to people that one doesn't care a rap about, so I have half made up my mind to marry and settle down in the country; that is, I—I—

"I thought the best thing to do was to come and talk over the matter with you," she said, after a somewhat awkward pause; "you always help a fellow so with your advice."

"I suppose so," doubtfully—"one can not go through life with one's eyes shut; that is, if anyone has any brains, and yet, somehow or other, I don't quite like the description. You are such a good fellow, Tony, for all your affection, that you ought to marry somebody very much above the average."

"And so I shall." "You always said," she went on, "that I might choose a wife for you. Don't you remember just before you went to college that last ride we took?" "Assuredly."

"How we agreed to ask each other's advice about the people we should marry, and how we promised that neither of us would get engaged without the other's consent?"

"Of course I remember. I am quite willing to abide by the old contract. I shall never marry without your permission."

"Oh, Tony, really?" "Really."

"She gazed at him with parted lips and shining eyes. 'You are very trusting—how do you know that I shall not take a base advantage of your implicit confidence and refuse my consent altogether? You don't know how lonesome it will be going out next winter without you. I have got so used to having you around that I don't believe I'll enjoy myself in the least unless you are there.'"

"Come," she said, "I will compromise. I won't forbid the bans altogether, but you must not think of marrying until I am tired of society and ready to take the fatal step myself. How will that suit you?"

"Perfectly, if you don't put it off too long."

"Oh, well, that I don't know. I have about decided to be a spinster. 'Come, now, that isn't fair. Suppose we agreed to be married the same day. That means with your approval? Well, to keep that promise fresh in your memory—reaching over and taking her hand—'went this for my sake.'"

He drew her glove off very gently and slipped a loop of diamonds on her finger. "The blood flashed to her cheeks. 'Tony,' she cried, the full meaning of his action breaking over her, 'Tony, I don't understand it!—'

"Oh, yes, you do," he answered, drawing a reassuring arm about her, "but for fear you might make a mistake and go off and marry another fellow, I will make my meaning clearer. I love you—I have always loved you. I have never dreamed of asking anyone else to marry me. I would have told you so before, but you are such a dreadful little snit that I was afraid to test my fate. What say you, sweetheart? Shall we marry and settle down at the old place?"

"And it was I all the time," she murmured, "and I thought you meant—"

unlike he should have. In the thirteenth century Pope Honorius III, had a hare-lip, and to conceal the deformity allowed his mustache and beard to grow, and permitted the clergy to do the same, so that whiskers came again into fashion. In the reign of Francis I. of France, pointed beards became popular among the Italy; the right of the clergy to wear whiskers of any kind was disputed. Francis proceeded to the extent of imposing a heavy tax upon the beard of the Sorbonne, at Paris, decided that a beard was contrary to sacerdotal modesty. The deity was galled by the Pope, and all priests were commanded to shave, the practice continuing to the present day. In the Eastern Church beards have always been worn and a shaven priest of the Greek faith is as much of a curiosity as a bearded priest of the Roman Catholic Church. It is said that for special reasons, involving health, comfort, or the concealment of some deformity of countenance, dispensations are granted to Roman priests to wear a beard, but such cases are rare.

Kossuth as an Orator. "In appearance Kossuth was taller than Americans had been led to suppose. His face had an expression of penetrating intellect," writes Parke Godwin, recalling the American visit in 1851, of the great Hungarian patriot, in a paper of the "Great Personal Events" series in the Ladies' Home Journal. "It was long, the forehead broad, but not excessively high, though a slight baldness made it seem so, and the chin narrow, but square in its form. His hair was thin in front, and dark brown, as was his beard, which was quite long, but not very thick, and arranged with neatness and taste. His mustache was heavy and rather long. His eyes were very large and of a light blue; his complexion was pale. As a speaker his manner was at once incomparably dignified and graceful. His posture and appearance in repose were imposing, not only from their essential grace and dignity, but from a sense of power they impressed upon the beholder."

"He spoke as if with little preparation, and with that peculiar freshness which belongs to extemporaneous speaking, and the wonderful compactness and art of his argument were not felt until you reflected upon it afterward. He gesticulated freely, equally well with both arms. Nothing could be more beautiful in its way than was the sweep of his right hand, as it was raised to heaven when he spoke of the Deity; nothing sweeter than the smile which at times mantled his face. Beyond a doubt he was the greatest of orators then living."

Russian Civil Service. The Commission of the Imperial Council which was appointed some time ago to revise the regulations of the Russian civil service has made its report. They advise that the service shall be open to all applicants having a certain minimum of education without reference to the class to which they belong. Private patronage in the form of nomination will, however, still be required. The higher the education received, the higher the post to which the applicant may be appointed. Hitherto all have had to begin on the lowest rung of the ladder, the fourteenth class of Peter the Great's "Table of Ranks." This "table" was taken bodily from German usage. A mere copying clerk bears the dignified title of a "collegiate registrar." If the holder of this office live long enough, and be not summarily dismissed without reason assigned, he will in time become a "titular counselor," and, with good fortune, may attain to the highest dignities. There are three thousand persons in the civil service who are entitled to be called "excellencies," and are known as "Generals," civil Generals, that is, equal in rank to military Generals. To attain the highest ranks, without "good fortune," requires sixty-seven years of service. It is now proposed to do away with the power of summary dismissal, without assigned reason, and with promotion according to length of service without reference to merit.—Boston Transcript.

Secret Sessions Upheld. In view of the frequent discussions that have arisen, from time to time, as to the wisdom and propriety of secret sessions of the United States Senate, ex-President Harrison's deliverance upon the subject in the Ladies' Home Journal is of value and interest. "In the Senate," he says, "the use of the secret session is frequent and familiar. The Senate rules provide that on a motion made and seconded to close the doors on the discussion of any matter the doors shall be closed and remain closed during such discussion. So when Executive nominations or treaties are under consideration the galleries are cleared and the doors closed—only Senators and certain necessary officers who are sworn to secrecy being allowed in the chamber. There has been an earnest attempt made to abolish the secret sessions of the Senate, but it has been ineffectual. These sessions are called 'executive sessions,' because they are almost wholly devoted to Executive business—namely, the consideration of appointments to office and foreign treaties. It seems to me that it is quite as necessary and appropriate that the consultations in the Senate as to appointments, and especially as to treaties, should be confidential as that the conferences between the President and his Cabinet, or between the President and others whom he may consult about the same matters, should be so."

An Effective Touch. The shade of King Midas inclined his head in acknowledgment of the compliment. "Yes," he rejoined, "I could touch quite effectively."

How Does He Know? Rudyard Kipling was asked recently whether he enjoyed writing poetry or prose most. He remarked that the pleasure of creating a poem was the highest intellectual delight he had ever experienced. Some one asks what a "Kettlington" is. It is a party to which a woman invites those who think it (Kettlington) (Kettlington) (Kettlington) and who consequently bring their sewing and gossip.

Common Sense.—Too many Christians drop their common sense when they read the Bible. J. T. Dixby, Unitarian, Yonkers, N. Y. Evil.—Evil, under the cover of benevolent gauze, is more insidious and demoralizing than when it flares its discovered nakedness.—Rev. J. D. Stanley, Episcopalian, Cincinnati, Ohio. Extravagance.—Two hundred and fifty thousand people in want of food and coal, and \$250,000 squandered on a single society ball finds excuse and applause only in hell.—Rev. C. P. Myers, Baptist, Brooklyn, N. Y. Newspapers.—Our I glibly arrogate per is our public arena; it is our safety valve; it is the artillery that threatens revolution into needed reforms. It is our public conscience.—Rev. Joseph Krauskopf, Hebrew Philadelphian. Determination.—The man who openly antagonistic has at least determination, and that is something. Determination is what you need, and the best capital a man can have is determination right through.—San Jose, Evangelist, at Boston, Mass. The Use of Money.—Rightly gotten wealth is a legitimate and honorable possession; if it ministers only display, it becomes a yoke and a burden; if it pampers the children and shuts them away from their fellows, it is a failure.—Rev. W. H. P. Forman, Baptist, New York City. Christian Living.—Christians wonder why it is that men will sell their souls, in office, sell their honor. It is simply because they are not Christians; because they have not been brought under the reign of the Christ principle of living.—Rev. F. A. Biber, Unitarian, Philadelphia. Charity.—The conditions in which thousands of fellows live and die are a disgrace to society to put away for a while frivility and gaiety. Our present duty is to consider soberly how we can help the cause of the poor. Philanthropy alone will not suffice.—Rev. G. R. Bauer, Unitarian, Cincinnati, Ohio. Suicide.—The present life is only a stepping stone to a higher and a nobler one. No matter how lowly you may be and what your troubles are, you should remember that there is nothing less in suicide, which is either an ignominious act of cowardice or one of madness.—Rev. Joseph Silverman, Hebrew New York City. Goodness.—The noblest thing left to a good man, Pity is helpful, but pity is supreme. Human life is a cruelly pressed thing, to be disinfected of a poison, but a wonderful seed to be studied, nurtured, given right soil and grown to its native perfection.—Rev. L. S. McColister, Universalist, Boston, Mass. Trait, Misch. Equality.—Our greatest peril is a concentration of wealth, our greatest need an equitable distribution of wealth. Political economists say that the benefits of the present civilization are not impartially distributed, and it is not strange that workmen should agree to be restless.—Rev. A. J. White, Unitarian, San Francisco, Cal. Heaven and Hell.—Intellectual people will only believe in a heaven and hell that is purely spiritual. Familiar to us are with this idea, it is one that we never lose its power over us, and we may hope to escape all else but from ourselves never. It is that which we fear, it is that to which we look forward.—Rev. E. Worcester, Episcopalian, Philadelphia, Pa.

OLD SCHOOLHOUSE It's in Kentucky, and is Erected by the Alleghees. On a hillside, near the border that divides Woodford from Fayette County, in Kentucky, stands a dilapidated stone building that was the educational institution erected west of the Allegheny mountains. It is considerably more than 100 years old, the school conducted within its walls was an original branch of the Transylvania University. Two Presidents—George Washington and John Adams—made liberal contributions toward building and maintaining this school. Among the famous men who, as boys, received the rudiments of an education in this stone schoolhouse were Governor Clark of Ohio, Governor Clark of Kentucky, J. Cabell Breckinridge, father of General John C. Breckinridge; Dr. Robert Breckinridge and Dr. John Breckinridge; Thomas F. Marshall, Kentucky's famous orator, and Dr. L. W. Gooden, president of Hampden-Sydney College. For the past ten years the building has been utilized as a schoolhouse for plunder.

One Little Difficulty. It takes a mechanical mind to understand a machine, and mechanical men often amused at the ready ingenuity of some people that they fully comprehend an apparatus of which they have not grasped the first principle. Such a person was lately heard explaining a motorcycle, or self-propelling carriage, to what admiring party. He told them what everything was "for," and then he added, frankly, "The only thing about it that bothers me is the question how it goes without a horse."

Ministers' wives are to be pitied; they can't tell their husbands what good men their ministers are.

SERMONS OF THE WEEK

Common Sense.—Too many Christians drop their common sense when they read the Bible. J. T. Dixby, Unitarian, Yonkers, N. Y. Evil.—Evil, under the cover of benevolent gauze, is more insidious and demoralizing than when it flares its discovered nakedness.—Rev. J. D. Stanley, Episcopalian, Cincinnati, Ohio. Extravagance.—Two hundred and fifty thousand people in want of food and coal, and \$250,000 squandered on a single society ball finds excuse and applause only in hell.—Rev. C. P. Myers, Baptist, Brooklyn, N. Y. Newspapers.—Our I glibly arrogate per is our public arena; it is our safety valve; it is the artillery that threatens revolution into needed reforms. It is our public conscience.—Rev. Joseph Krauskopf, Hebrew Philadelphian. Determination.—The man who openly antagonistic has at least determination, and that is something. Determination is what you need, and the best capital a man can have is determination right through.—San Jose, Evangelist, at Boston, Mass. The Use of Money.—Rightly gotten wealth is a legitimate and honorable possession; if it ministers only display, it becomes a yoke and a burden; if it pampers the children and shuts them away from their fellows, it is a failure.—Rev. W. H. P. Forman, Baptist, New York City. Christian Living.—Christians wonder why it is that men will sell their souls, in office, sell their honor. It is simply because they are not Christians; because they have not been brought under the reign of the Christ principle of living.—Rev. F. A. Biber, Unitarian, Philadelphia. Charity.—The conditions in which thousands of fellows live and die are a disgrace to society to put away for a while frivility and gaiety. Our present duty is to consider soberly how we can help the cause of the poor. Philanthropy alone will not suffice.—Rev. G. R. Bauer, Unitarian, Cincinnati, Ohio. Suicide.—The present life is only a stepping stone to a higher and a nobler one. No matter how lowly you may be and what your troubles are, you should remember that there is nothing less in suicide, which is either an ignominious act of cowardice or one of madness.—Rev. Joseph Silverman, Hebrew New York City. Goodness.—The noblest thing left to a good man, Pity is helpful, but pity is supreme. Human life is a cruelly pressed thing, to be disinfected of a poison, but a wonderful seed to be studied, nurtured, given right soil and grown to its native perfection.—Rev. L. S. McColister, Universalist, Boston, Mass. Trait, Misch. Equality.—Our greatest peril is a concentration of wealth, our greatest need an equitable distribution of wealth. Political economists say that the benefits of the present civilization are not impartially distributed, and it is not strange that workmen should agree to be restless.—Rev. A. J. White, Unitarian, San Francisco, Cal. Heaven and Hell.—Intellectual people will only believe in a heaven and hell that is purely spiritual. Familiar to us are with this idea, it is one that we never lose its power over us, and we may hope to escape all else but from ourselves never. It is that which we fear, it is that to which we look forward.—Rev. E. Worcester, Episcopalian, Philadelphia, Pa.

OLD SCHOOLHOUSE It's in Kentucky, and is Erected by the Alleghees. On a hillside, near the border that divides Woodford from Fayette County, in Kentucky, stands a dilapidated stone building that was the educational institution erected west of the Allegheny mountains. It is considerably more than 100 years old, the school conducted within its walls was an original branch of the Transylvania University. Two Presidents—George Washington and John Adams—made liberal contributions toward building and maintaining this school. Among the famous men who, as boys, received the rudiments of an education in this stone schoolhouse were Governor Clark of Ohio, Governor Clark of Kentucky, J. Cabell Breckinridge, father of General John C. Breckinridge; Dr. Robert Breckinridge and Dr. John Breckinridge; Thomas F. Marshall, Kentucky's famous orator, and Dr. L. W. Gooden, president of Hampden-Sydney College. For the past ten years the building has been utilized as a schoolhouse for plunder.

One Little Difficulty. It takes a mechanical mind to understand a machine, and mechanical men often amused at the ready ingenuity of some people that they fully comprehend an apparatus of which they have not grasped the first principle. Such a person was lately heard explaining a motorcycle, or self-propelling carriage, to what admiring party. He told them what everything was "for," and then he added, frankly, "The only thing about it that bothers me is the question how it goes without a horse."

Ministers' wives are to be pitied; they can't tell their husbands what good men their ministers are.



OLD SCHOOLHOUSE It's in Kentucky, and is Erected by the Alleghees. On a hillside, near the border that divides Woodford from Fayette County, in Kentucky, stands a dilapidated stone building that was the educational institution erected west of the Allegheny mountains. It is considerably more than 100 years old, the school conducted within its walls was an original branch of the Transylvania University. Two Presidents—George Washington and John Adams—made liberal contributions toward building and maintaining this school. Among the famous men who, as boys, received the rudiments of an education in this stone schoolhouse were Governor Clark of Ohio, Governor Clark of Kentucky, J. Cabell Breckinridge, father of General John C. Breckinridge; Dr. Robert Breckinridge and Dr. John Breckinridge; Thomas F. Marshall, Kentucky's famous orator, and Dr. L. W. Gooden, president of Hampden-Sydney College. For the past ten years the building has been utilized as a schoolhouse for plunder.

One Little Difficulty. It takes a mechanical mind to understand a machine, and mechanical men often amused at the ready ingenuity of some people that they fully comprehend an apparatus of which they have not grasped the first principle. Such a person was lately heard explaining a motorcycle, or self-propelling carriage, to what admiring party. He told them what everything was "for," and then he added, frankly, "The only thing about it that bothers me is the question how it goes without a horse."