

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON

Among the mistakes of this world are duces.

Isn't it queer that a brutal prize fight in Nevada becomes a scientific athletic exhibition just as soon as it reaches New York?

A St. Louis paper jubilantly exclaims: "Three dozen fresh eggs for 25 cents in open market nowadays; what more do you want?" The 25 cents.

A Chicago preacher has just delivered a sermon on coal. This is as near to heat as many of the clergy of our day allow themselves to approach.

It is announced that the Crown Prince of Corea has been kidnapped. This is the first intimation we have had that the young man has had any designs on comic opera.

We see nothing whatsoever to hinder the New York paper which shelled Havana with American gunboats from sinking the whole island of Cuba now whenever it chooses to do so.

The Baltimore American calls attention to the peculiar fact that Indians never are bald. It is also a peculiar fact that they sometimes evince a desire to raise the hair of white men.

The Washington Times says: "We shall know all about everything in a day or two." There's an editor who evidently has received an invitation to attend an afternoon session of a sewing circle.

The Massachusetts Cremation Society has decided to advertise in all the daily papers of the New England section. Hard times seem to have affected the printing capacity of that concern like all others.

A New York woman is advertising the establishment in that city of a general matrimonial bureau. The inference is, we suppose, that the "personal" columns of the New York newspapers are no longer strictly an fait.

It appears that an American girl has captured the son of Lord Tweedmouth, Archibald John Marjoribanks. It is to be hoped that if the young woman expects to be called "Mrs. Marshbanks" after marriage she will teach her husband how to spell his name.

King Khama's visit to England last summer, when he obtained promises that his subjects would be fairly treated and not plied with liquor by the British traders, has probably been rendered useless by the discovery of rich beds of coal in his country. The coal lies only seventy feet below the surface and is close to the line of the railroad to Bulawayo.

Not long since a bolt of lightning struck a barrel of water in front of a Kentucky colonel's residence, tearing it all to pieces and knocking the inmates of the house senseless. Now a court martial has been called by all the other colonels in the neighborhood and a thorough investigation will be made as to why there was water in the barrel.

A movement has been started by a club in London to furnish nurses with bicycles. They are supplied with neat uniforms and have to report for an outing once a week. Many of them are engaged in wheeling most of the time, but they enjoy the change from trundling a baby perambulator to gliding swiftly along on the silent steed, and the new movement is having a great run.

The young men who will not succeed," said Russell Sage recently, giving a negative answer to a young inquirer, "are those who might after night may be found at the city club-houses, dressed in swallow-tailed coats, drinking a little, playing cards a little, and eating expensive dinners." They are sometimes called the drones of society. This is a misnomer. Like some small insects that sport for a day in the summer sunshine, they are minute destructives. Their lives in the economy of social life make one of the petty agencies of degeneration.

Barrie, the novelist, took a dislike to the American parlor, and in the course of some remarks in Washington about it he said: "The idea of having the largest and best furnished room in the house reserved for infrequent callers, instead of allowing the children of the household to enjoy it, was never a pleasant one to me. It was once told by a bright boy that he seldom was allowed to enter the parlor of his home unless it was during a funeral ceremony or something like that." This may have described the situation too strongly, but it was much nearer to the truth than otherwise.

A St. Louis police judge recently dismissed a purse snatcher and reprimanded the woman complainant, saying that women who carried fat purses in their hands offered a temptation to starving men to steal. Whereupon another magistrate went to the other extreme and advised women to carry revolvers and shoot down such thieves. Wrong as the first judge undoubtedly was, the second was still further from the right. The habit women have of carrying purses in the hands instead of in the pockets is a silly and dangerous one, but the offense of the thief is as great as though it were committed under other circumstances, but the advice of the other magistrate is bloody-minded and monstrous.

The Philadelphia Public Ledger raises a timely protest against the nefarious operations of the tree pruner, whose annual arboreal butchery is now in full headway all over the country. Armed with chisel and saw, it is his delight to mutilate the trees. The graceful elm, the tender maple, and other shade trees are chopped and lopped without mercy until the natural habit of the tree is utterly changed, and its waving crown of verdure made to

resemble a cabbage head stuck on the top of a pole. The pruning habit is utterly vicious. It is very seldom that a tree needs it. They should be left to grow as nature intended them to grow. Let their limbs run riot in the summer air, and their plant branches, untouched by knife or saw, wave their verdant banners in the bright sunshine. Trees, in their natural, unrestricted growth, with their infinite variety in form, leaf, and blossom, are a delight to the eye, and they give peace and satisfaction to the mind. But a tree pruned out of its natural shape is an abomination.

One of the good results of the use of the bicycle by women is that it checks that dreaded scourge, pthisis pulmonalis. It has been shown that a uniform rate of reduction in the death rate from consumption has taken place during the last five years in Massachusetts, or from the time when the use of the wheel became general among women. In 1851 the ratio was 1,451 females to 1,000 males; in 1890 it was 1,055 females to 1,000 males; last year it was only 974 females to 1,000 males, when for the first time in the history of the State the number of deaths from consumption in women was less than among the men. There is good reason for the belief that the wheel has brought about this gratifying result. Its use insures an abundant supply of the health-giving ozone; it brings into play every muscle of the body; the lungs are expanded, the mind is rested by the ever-changing scenery, and eventually the roses of health replace the hectic flush of disease.

Boston Globe: It looks as if the treasury of Spain were going down for the third and last time. The "popular" loan of \$50,000,000 raised last fall has been exhausted, and where is the next lift coming from? The last much-heralded offering of patriotism was largely wrung from the banks and bankers by processes that are not likely to be repeated. Since the insurrection began money has been raised in Cuba by devices in the way of forced loans that even the most firmly entrenched despots have seldom dared to resort to. Weyler issued \$10,000,000 in paper money under the threat that whoever refused to take it should be temporarily locked up and kept in prison. Forcing the people to take "green goods" in payment for solid values can be made to go at prison doors and at the point of the bayonet, but the limit must finally be reached. Spain has gone ashore financially, and it is most unlikely that she can ever again score a "popular outburst" or pad Cuban credit with any more worthless paper. No wonder her rulers, who understand the desperate financial straits in which the kingdom finds itself, are adopting a conciliatory course. They have no relish for more war, particularly war with the United States. What could that mean to Spain but financial ruin and national humiliation?

In this late day, when so little of the earth's surface remains unexplored, the problem of the world's gold supply has been canvassed as something which must one day vex civilization. In view of this, one of the most striking features of modern prospecting for this mineral is that rich finds have been made and are still making in territory once tramped over by the prospector and abandoned as worthless. In a great measure gold mining has settled down to a prosaic business of drilling, blasting, stamping and smelting ores of such low grade that the miner of twenty years ago would not have found even "color" in the rock. Cripple Creek is fresh in mind as illustrating the case for gold digging, and now the new discoveries in the Black Hills have set a strong tide of adventurers drifting back to a section which is old and scarred by the pick and drill of 10,000 prospectors. And just where these picks and drills have been busiest the new camp of Ragged Top is growing as only a Western gold camp can grow. The first assay showing the richness of the field came from rock which the miner of the '70s would not consider as of gold-bearing possibilities. At Cripple Creek and in other Colorado fields shafts long since abandoned as unprofitable have been sunk deeper or diverged from their old courses, thus uncovering very rich ores. In the light of some of these discoveries discouragements had come to the pathfinders just when they had been on the eve of success. The one thing which promises excitement to the gold miner in old territories and incidentally the thing which indicates a continuance of the supply of gold is the fact of nature's deviations from the rule once laid down by miners as natural law. Two years ago gold was found in Utah in a sandstone formation; now it is taken from the Huestonite of the Black Hills. Either proposition would have been scouted five years ago. Thus it is that in the absence of new geography the gold fever does not promise to die out, and in like measure science may be expected to conserve more and more the scattered gold deposits of the world.

The Lawless Missouri.
The Missouri River is one of the most lawless of the great rivers of the world. It cuts dikes, ruins farms and demoralizes whole communities along its banks. By a change in the river's course about 9,000 acres of land have been transferred from Nebraska to Iowa. The owners of the land along the old channel claimed the disputed acres as accretions, and the lower courts sustained them. Meanwhile the Government surveyed it and sold it as Government land. The Supreme Court ruled that gradual accretions belong to the owners of the property to which they add, but that in case of a sudden change of course the territory involved goes to the Government. But the muddy, murky stream goes right on shipping land to neighboring States or sending it down to the Eads Jetty and the Gulf. —Chicago Inter Ocean.

Polite Neighbors.
"Our new neighbors are very polite," said Mrs. Perkiss to her husband when he came home at night.
"Are they?"
"Yes; I sent to borrow their step-ladder and they told me they hadn't one, but if I'd wait a while they'd send and buy me one." —Harper's Bazar.

Some very harsh things have been said of the sin of loating, but no one can successfully dispute that loating is very pleasant.

THE CHAFING DISH.

Oh, ye bashfuls, a-winging maidens fair and Suptain's maid.
After dance and dim distraction and the proper promenade,
If her heart you vain would capture and secure your dearest wish,
Just display your lordly knowledge of the mystic chafing dish.

Gently hint that you're a gourmet of a palate hard to suit,
And disparage old Lucullus and some other chaps to boot,
Then prepare a dainty rarebit with an air of unconcern,
And there may be millions in it—if you've done it to a turn.

Love hath naught of sweet persuasion that can beat the art of dining,
And the maiden will surrender to your epicure designing,
And I'll initiate a motto, when you've caught this gentle fish,
Quite an up-to-date ecutcheon—"Heaven bless our chafing dish."
—Judge.

ROMANCE OF A HOSPITAL NURSE.

"And so," I observed to Miss Wreford-Brown, "you like your new life?"
"I am delighted with it," she said.
"Ah!" I said, "I rejoice to hear that you have altered your mind. A month ago, if I recollect right, your mother informed me that the duties you had to perform were injuring your health to such a degree that you seriously thought of leaving St. Matthew's hospital. However, the lapse of another month seems to have altered the complexion of matters."
"A little," murmured Miss Wreford, gently stirring her coffee.

"I noticed that she smiled as she made this reply."
"In my opinion," I said, "nursing is the noblest of all professions legitimately open to women. I cannot imagine anything grander than the death-bed scene of an aged sister—the lens nurse of each ward is called sister, is she not?—who, drawing her last feeble breath, murmurs to those around her: 'For fifty years I have been tending the sick, and keeping an eye on the more giddy of the probationers when medical students were present. I have done my work, requiescat in pace!' Ah! what a glorious demise is there!"
If you believe me, Miss Wreford actually giggled.

"I am not," I said sternly, "jesting to you. I am sorry that I have not aroused your sense of the ridiculous. You do not appreciate such pathetic moments—you are but 19."
"Twenty, Mr. Wormholt, please."
"Well," I returned, "twenty, then. But," I continued, "I was about to observe—as touching the career which, in opposition to the wishes of your family, you have seen fit to adopt—that a hospital has endless claims upon the sympathy of all, is worthy of our fullest gratitude and esteem. For think—does she not give up the world? Does she not relegate herself to an atmosphere of suffering—to the depressing surroundings of the sickroom? Does she not cut herself off from all the pleasures—such as they are—that a social life offers to those who care to sojourn? Is not nursing a life of self-denial of wearing vigils? A trying tax on the patience? A sure test of courage? Yes! it is all these and more."
Miss Wreford, I honor you and your truly noble profession!"

"Thank you," said Miss Wreford. "It was the after-dinner period. We were sitting in a dim corner. Mrs. Wreford-Brown was chattering, in some way raised tones, to her neighbor, a retired Anglo-Indian colonel. Pausing in my rhetoric, Mrs. Wreford-Brown's words came plainly to my ear. She was evidently discussing her daughter. The one by my side—for there were three others.

"The poor child," the good lady was saying, "is worked dreadfully hard. She hardly ever gets out for even half a day. Indeed, this is the first night she has been off duty for a month."
The Anglo-Indian glared fiercely in our direction. He glared me leading back in a cheerfully meditative mood. Miss Wreford put down her cap and took up a volume of political cartoons which was lying conveniently at hand. Perhaps she overheard her mother's speech. Perhaps she fancied I did. At any rate she began to draw my attention to the first cartoon most assiduously.

"Do look at this, Mr. Wormholt," she said, laughing in a patently forced way—"isn't it funny?"
"A drawing," I said, "which represents a distinguished cabinet minister in the costume of a lady of the ballet cannot very well help being—funny. But I was speaking of hospitals—the confined and restricted life which the nurses live, and of the unfeeling manner in which the authorities deter the nurses from enjoying even the simplest pleasures—judging, that is to say, from the representations which the ladies themselves make to their own families!" I concluded, shooting a keen glance at Miss Wreford's by no means unattractive profile.

"It is comforting to know," I heard Mrs. Wreford-Brown say, "that the child is absolutely trustworthy. At hospitals, you know, there are—"
"Oh, Mr. Wormholt, just look at this!" exclaimed Miss Wreford.
"The undignified attitude in which the premier is represented," I said, "does not amuse me in the least. I have no objections to comic draughtsmanship." I went on, "but when a right honorable gentleman is drawn in the guise of a monkey dancing on the top of a barrel organ, I think it is time for a censor of cartoons to be appointed."
For reasons of my own, however, I had to turn my face away from Miss Wreford's inquiring gaze. I remembered, then, that I had brought the volume of cartoons to the house and explained them to Miss Wreford-Brown herself (mine—I mean the one I was conversing with now).
"And if—" came from Mrs. Wreford-Brown's part of the room, "the nurses allow attentions to be paid to them—"
The conclusion of this utterance was drowned by the general buzz of conversation.
"The other night," I said to Miss Wreford, "I went to Rosemary."
"Indeed," she replied, and turned over the cartoons more rapidly than ever.
"A very well written and attractive piece," I continued.

"Yes," said Miss Wreford, "I've heard—"
"Agatha," said Mrs. Wreford-Brown to her eldest daughter, "won't you sing?"
"Oh, do, Agatha," said the second girl (rather wickedly as it struck me).
"Give us 'Resignation.'"
"Oh, I can accompany that!" exclaimed Miss Wreford, starting up.
"Thank you," said Miss Agatha, coldly, "but I prefer to accompany myself."
So Miss Wreford was obliged to resume her seat by my side, and Miss Agatha proceeded to oblige us with the dirge in question. When the polite applause which greeted in very proper expression its conclusion had ceased, I said to Miss Wreford:
"I sat in the dress circle."
Miss Wreford turned her eyes with the cartoons.
"In the dress circle," I went on, "at the back—"
"Who is this meant to be—"
"Where I had an excellent view not only of the stage, but also of the other occupants—I divert on the words—of the seats in that part of the house." I waited for her remark, but there came only a rustle of heaven.

"Yes," I said, "the profession of nursing is an honorable profession—a profession of self-denial—a calling which debars its followers from enjoying many pleasures of life. We enjoyed 'Rosemary' very much."
"But," said Miss Wreford, looking up from the cartoons, "I thought you went by yourself."
"Who told you I did?" I asked, suspiciously.
"Nice, gentlemanly fellows, many of them, but of course—" came from Mrs. Wreford-Brown. I did not hear the rest of the sentence.
"Who told you I did?" I repeated.
"Oh, I—I always thought you went alone," was Miss Wreford's weak rejoinder.

"I see. Well, you are right. I was alone. But 'we' refers to myself and all the other people in the dress circle. I like to speak of my fellow beings in a broad, kindly, unselfish sense like that. And I felt—I felt grieved!"
"What about?" asked Miss Wreford.
"Grieved," I said, "to think that you, Miss Wreford, only get one night off in a month. I felt that it was selfish of me to enjoy 'Rosemary' when you were watching by the sick and dying—"
"Perfectly straightforward, truthful girl," came from Mrs. Wreford-Brown, "in whom I have the utmost confidence. Some girls placed in her position would—"
"Is this meant to be the chancellor of the exchequer?" asked Miss Wreford, quickly.

"The man," I said, "selling the dreadful commodity known as—excuse me for mentioning it—dried haddock, is the first lord of the treasury, but the cat which is rubbing itself against his legs is, as you suppose, that great statesman, the—"
"Think for a moment that a dear child allowed even a house surgeon to pay her—"
"I was wifed from the maternal lips over to our corner."
"Chancellor of the exchequer?" I concluded with disgust.

One of the other girls—the third, I fancy—sat down at the piano and began to play dreary selections from Beethoven. Mrs. Wreford-Brown lowered her tones to a polite murmur. Miss Wreford shimmered with quite assumed pleasure over another picture.
"I saw a man there that I knew," I whispered to Miss Wreford. She nodded and, I think, breathed more freely.
"I have reason to believe," I whispered, still more confidentially, "that he is a member of the medical profession. I think he is at some—"
Crash, went the last notes. Whisk! went the leaves of the cartoon book.

"Mamma," cried Miss Wreford, jumping up, "it does not like to say bounding up, 'it's time for me to be—"
"Sh-h-h!" came from the eldest Miss Wreford-Brown, in a vicious hiss.
Miss Wreford sat down again—reluctantly. Once more she buried herself in the cartoons.
"I have heard," I continued, "that he is on the Indian staff."
"Is this Morley?" demanded Miss Wreford, quite loudly.
"Wreford," came from the eldest Miss Wreford-Brown, in an angry snap.

"That," I whispered, "is Mr. Morley. The master who is flogging him is the minister of agriculture."
The music went on. I beat time for a minute with my hand, and then, bending close to Miss Wreford's ear again, observed:
"He was with two members of the honorable profession of which I have been speaking. The member sitting by him—the less repulsive-looking of the two, that is—"
The pianist was playing the last chords. Miss Wreford shut the cartoon book with a bang.

"Had," I concluded, speaking very hurriedly, "brown eyes, darkish hair, rather dimpled chin—"
"Crash!!" and the musical operation had been brought to a gratifying termination.
"And so, colonel, you see," came in Mrs. Wreford-Brown's voice, clear as a bell, through the silence which followed the finishing of the music, "I have every confidence in my dear child. Thank you, Miranda. Time for you to go. Wreford? You seem to have been having a very entertaining time, you and Mr. Wormholt, with that book of cartoons."
"Extremely entertaining," I said. But of course I spoke only for myself.—Westminster Gazette.

Not a Matter of Health.
They were discussing the construction of a new gown.
"From a hygienic point of view, and merely as a matter of health," suggested the dressmaker, "I think it should be made—"
The haughty beauty stopped her by a gesture.
"Hygienic point of view?" she exclaimed. "Matter of health? What has that to do with it? When I want health I will go to a doctor. When I want style I come to you. We will now eliminate all absurdities and discuss this purely from a common sense standpoint. Will it be fashionable and becoming?"—Chicago Post.

First E Pluribus Unum Money.
The "Brasier \$16 gold piece," which was struck at Newburg, N. Y., in 1788, was the first upon which "E Pluribus Unum" appeared.

VICTORIA'S JUBILEE.

The Extraordinary Event Will Be Celebrated Magnificently.
The sixtieth anniversary of the coronation of Queen Victoria will be celebrated in a magnificent manner in London. It will be a stupendous affair beyond question—something unmatched in the history of Christendom. The great sovereign, in whose honor all will be done, is worthy the homage which her subjects will pay her. It will be paid gladly and with complete national unanimity, in spite of substantial sacrifices which it will involve.

It is not a very alluring prospect which London holds out to strangers who think of seeing this town in June next. It is distinctly a home festival which the British empire will hold in its capital city. Strangers are not invited, not even the rulers of other nations. Of course strangers will go, but they must not complain if they find the accommodations scanty and that preference has been given to members of the British family who come from the distant parts of the empire. The din of every human being in London on Tuesday, June 22, will be so seen the Queen and the royal procession. The number of persons who will be possessed by that purpose on that day cannot be estimated at less than six millions. It will probably be more. It will undoubtedly be the largest number of men and women ever assembled in the history of the world. This massing of humanity will be the marvel, the memorable event of this memorable day. The spectators themselves will be the great spectacle. The most impressive sight ever witnessed was the silent multitude, three millions in number, who lined the Champs Elysees



QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1875.

and the Bois de Boulogne last October waiting for the entrance of the Czare into Paris. One who drove the whole length of the route just before the procession passed over it describes it as if like riding along the dry bed of a river, with all humanity for its banks. A crowd of 10,000 or even 100,000 is without one's comprehension; it is an assemblage made up of units. Where the number mounts into the millions it is no longer a crowd, it is no longer human. It is a new and mighty creature having attributes like unto no other. In its presence is almost awe. There is revealed the meaning of the words: "The voice of the people is the voice of God." Such a sight will Queen Victoria witness on her great fête day. She and her escort will be the great spectators. Their eyes will see and their ears will hear the face and the voice of Great Britain. That, indeed, is a mighty privilege. It will be interesting and memorable no doubt—a spectacle which the children's children of the household will read about, but the children much more valuable would be the



QUEEN VICTORIA.

place of a private soldier in the procession itself. A fortune by comparison should be the price of that privilege if money could buy it. The people-to-day and history in future will, however, make chief account of the jubilee procession in its movements in London. The route is six miles, and the crack troops of the British army will be used instead of police to keep the line of march. In all about 25,000 military will be employed during the day to line the streets and keep order, besides forming guards of honor and firing salutes. Cavalry in the arrangement forms a very important element, and it is officially stated that there will be ten cavalry regiments employed. The navy will be represented by large contingents of blue jackets and royal marines. The procession will be a mile long. It will comprise four regi-

ments of cavalry, eight squadrons of the Household Guards and other infantry, seven bands and three batteries of artillery. These will lead the line and be followed by the troops from India and from the colonies. Then will come the Duke of Connaught and his staff, Lord Wolseley, the commander-in-chief of the army, and the headquarters staff. Following this brilliant cortege will come the Queen's carriage, escorted by the Prince of Wales and other British and foreign princes on horseback. The procession will close with other carriages containing the princesses and ladies of the court, members of the colonial governments and more military. The demand for reserved seats to see the parade is great. The lowest price at which one will be sold is \$25. Ten thousand dollars has already been paid by speculators for a day's rent of one building facing St. Paul's Churchyard.

CHAS. A. DANA, "THE DEAN OF AMERICAN JOURNALISM."



CHARLES A. DANA, editor of the New York Sun, and president of the United Press, the news-gathering organization which recently assigned to him the title "the dean of American journalism," and it may be truly said that he was the man who lifted journalism to the dignity of a profession. There are those who attribute to his influence the fact that newspaper writers have been enabled to earn salaries more or less commensurate with the intelligence and ability which they possess. Mr. Dana is now 78 years old, and most of his long life has been spent in work connected with the writing and editing of newspapers. He was one of the early editors of the Tribune and was paid \$20 a week for work which afterwards availed worth four times the money. It was these early months that determined his career. He was not impressed with the newspaper life of the early days, and he set to work to teach newspaper men the real meaning of their calling and to establish a code of journalistic ethics which will long remain his. He had the pleasure of repaying Greeley's roughness by supporting him in the Presidency of the United States. The date of his real greatness in the newspaper field is that on which he became the editor of the Sun, which has ever since been the favorite journal of newspaper men generally in America. For many years Mr. Dana has not been active in the management of his paper, although his conduct is dominated by his ideas. He is a benevolent man, fond of encouraging Utopian dreamers even if he does not believe in their philosophy, and, what is perhaps the most picturesque figure in newspaper literature of America, standing, as he does, between the old orthodox ideas and the new journalism of the

ments of cavalry, eight squadrons of the Household Guards and other infantry, seven bands and three batteries of artillery. These will lead the line and be followed by the troops from India and from the colonies. Then will come the Duke of Connaught and his staff, Lord Wolseley, the commander-in-chief of the army, and the headquarters staff. Following this brilliant cortege will come the Queen's carriage, escorted by the Prince of Wales and other British and foreign princes on horseback. The procession will close with other carriages containing the princesses and ladies of the court, members of the colonial governments and more military. The demand for reserved seats to see the parade is great. The lowest price at which one will be sold is \$25. Ten thousand dollars has already been paid by speculators for a day's rent of one building facing St. Paul's Churchyard.

HOSPITAL CARS.
Austria has a complete system of railway hospital cars for use in the event of an accident. Railway acci-

has emanated from Vienna, a new idea the practice of affording aid to the wounded" is carried out to perfection. Improved goods that were formerly used for this purpose—large ambulance cars, however, have been of late specially constructed by the Floridsdorf Works of the Northern Railway Co., and are now stationed singly at busy centers along the main line. They each contain ten beds, the interior of the car is as roomy, complete and comfortable as any hospital ward. The new cars possess many advantages, affording shelter as a temporary hospital in the event of serious accidents occurring to local railway workers.

STICKY FLY PAPER.
It Has About Run Folsom Five-Out of the Market.
The manufacture of sticky fly paper had its origin in Grand Rapids, Mich., about a dozen years ago, and since that time it has nearly become a household name. The sticky paper on the pillowcase, the paper on the pocket, the sticky paper on the window, no means dangerous, whereas the sticky paper on the pillowcase has caused a great deal of trouble and has been the cause of a few deaths in some instances. As how the fly-paper is made, and the dimensions of the business, but little is known to those who are not directly interested in it. The sticky preparation is not protected by patents or copyright, for to secure such protection would be necessary to make public the formula, and none of the manufacturers used is patented for the same reason.

From 300 to 500 girls are employed in the manufacture of the sticky paper. The principal feature of the paper is that it possesses the quality of staying sticky to the end without drying up when exposed to the air and sunlight. It flows smooth and even and does not "strike through" the paper upon which it is spread. The paper is a quality of cheap manilla, printed on one side and covered with the sticky stuff on the other.

Around the edge is a strip of paraffin to prevent the balsam from oozing out.



INSPECTING FLY PAPER.
and inside of this wax frame is fastened to flies.
The wax strip and the sticky stuff are put upon the paper in one operation by a machine which was made in sections in different machine shops, so as to keep its construction a profound secret.

The Trouble.
"I'm surprised that she is opposed to the wheel. She is a broad-minded woman."
"Her broadness is not all in her mind, however."—Detroit Journal.

The difference between what people seem to be, and what they are, is about the same as the difference between a picture on a tomato can, and the tomato.