

# EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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EUGENE CITY.....OREGON

The man who consults a thermometer nowadays is a foolish borrower of trouble.

Way down in Maine four young men were fined \$5 apiece for chewing gum in church. Wad, by gum!

Life is a short day, but it is a working day. Activity may lead to evil, but inactivity cannot be good.

A cablegram says that the latest trouble in India was caused by the Mullah of Pavaladah. What was the Mullah of Pavaladah doing?

The Buffalo Times remarks, significantly: "Powdered borax will drive them away." We don't believe it; but, if so, that's much cheaper than the gold cure.

It seems almost incredible that a New York yellow journal has been wrestling with the "Is Marriage a Failure?" question for two weeks without settling the matter.

The other day Lars Anderson married \$17,500.00 in Boston. Unfortunately the name of the young woman in the case seems to have been overlooked by the newspaper correspondent.

Sunshine of the heart is beneficent not only to the possessor, but to every one within reach of its influence. Indifference breeds indifference. Who shuts love out in turn shall be shut out from love.

A Georgetown (Texas) correspondent reminds a St. Louis paper that "nine years ago hail destroyed the crops on June 29 and was replanted and made a yield." But nowadays Texas doesn't find it necessary to replant hail.

Australia's rabbit plague bids fair to come to an end, owing to the large exportation of frozen rabbits for the London market. From Victoria alone twelve thousand rabbits a day, or over four million a year, are shipped now.

A San Francisco paper says that Miss Alice Thompson of that city had a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles fitted for her pet Maltese cat. All of which more fully shows that the effete East has no monopoly of picturesque preparation.

That Boston bank clerk who stole \$30,000 the other day and left for Canada explains that he took the money "because he wanted to buy a bicycle." That youngster evidently wanted all the latest bicycle improvements on his wheel.

Long association with danger makes some of those Western editors fool-hardy. The Atchison Globe says: "We intend to buy a linen suit and wear it in hot weather. It will look like the devil, but it will look as well as a shirt waist."

A woman in San Bernardino, Cal., has been declared insane because she says she would like to kiss every good-looking young man she meets. If that test is accepted as an evidence of insanity California can easily look up about 90 per cent. of her male population.

The Acworth (Ga.) Post claims to have seen "a strange looking figure, which resembled a woman with long floating hair, flying through the air three or four hundred feet over the hotel." If this had been seen over a saloon it would have been much easier to diagnose the case.

In St. Louis the other day surgeons performed an operation upon a dime museum performer known as "the human ostrich" and removed from his stomach several pounds of nails, tacks, knife-blades, stones, glass and screws. The man died, of course, but the operation was very successful.

Probably there is no other city in the world but Chicago where a railroad bridge over a river would be so imperfectly guarded that a train could run into the open draw and fall into the river. Perhaps, too, that is the only river not sufficiently liquid to engulf the passengers in a watery grave.

By the birth of the Duchess of York's little girl, the number of Queen Victoria's descendants rises to eighty, seventy of whom are alive. She has had nine children—four sons and five daughters—forty-one grandchildren, and thirty-five great-grandchildren. Two of her children and eight grandchildren have died.

It is so difficult to reach corruption by ordinary means that the framers of the new constitution of Delaware deny trial by jury to persons accused of bribery. Under this constitution bribery can be sent to the penitentiary by a commission of judges. This looks like an extreme measure, but there has been great provocation for it in Delaware.

While the opportunities for making wealth are not so great on the farm as in the city, there are other advantages in rural life that are completely offset that questionable privilege. The work is healthy, independent and free from the harassing care that besets the toiler in the crowded, rushing tide of metropolitan life. "Back to the farm" should be the cry of hundreds of men.

Boston is justly proud of its new public library building, which is said to be one of the finest of the kind in the world, but it has just discovered that so much money has been expended upon the building and its artistic appointments that there is not sufficient funds left for the purchase of books. Chicago too is putting up a magnificent home for its public reading matter. It might profit by Boston's unfortunate example. A city can do with a less ornate structure than run short of books.

Naval regulations have triumphed, and the leader of the Marine band has been dismissed from the service for refusing to play the flinky tunes ordered

by a lieutenant of the Marine corps. The band is really a social organization nominally under the control of the Navy Department, and used by the officers and the Government generally to add to the pleasure of the semi-official entertainments given at the capital. The position of leader would be considered a "snag" by almost any musician, and the man who has just lost it was very foolish to cut off his official head for the alleged sake of art.

A Florida newspaper, commenting upon the intention of Virginia to erect a statue to Edgar Allan Poe, makes the trite remark that Poe has builded for himself a monument more enduring than brass in the poems which he left as a legacy for the world. That is no argument against the statue. All our great writers have left behind them monuments of that sort, but aside from one or two poems, not considered by good judges to be his best, Poe is a sealed book to millions of the people of this country. It is no rash statement to say that he is far better known and understood in France and England than he is in the land of his birth.

A piano on an entirely new principle is announced from Germany. The strings are stretched across the sounding-board as in the ordinary piano, but the entire hammer mechanism is absent. Instead, the depressing of the keys puts in action a magnet, which automatically attracts and releases the wire, thus producing vibrations without the metallic stroke which accompanies the sound in the common type. The resulting effect upon the tones is said to be very remarkable. The high notes resemble those of an Aeolian harp. The middle and lower notes are like those of a cello or an organ. It responds readily to every variation in power and expression. A note can be sounded for several minutes without varying in quality. So radically different from all existing instruments are the effects that a new style of music is needed to bring out its capabilities.

About three weeks ago, according to the London Economist, there was on deposit in the joint stock banks of England and Wales the sum of £550,000,000 of the people's savings. Before Americans become too much astonished at these enormous figures it should be added that they show a falling off as compared with the figures of the previous half year. Otherwise they represent a steady increase from 1880, when the total was £323,000,000. Besides this there is in the banks of Ireland and Scotland £141,000,000 and £2,500,000 hoarded up in the banks on the Isle of Man and the Channel Islands. Foreign and colonial houses having London offices show the sum of £245,000,000 on their books, and private bankers are estimated to have £50,000,000 on hand. Therefore, there is on hand the sum of £987,000,000 of uninvested wealth in the British islands. This is a showing which probably cannot be exceeded, unless it is in thirty France.

The report of the State geologist of Indiana for the past year has just been published, and it forebodes the failure of the natural gas fields at no distant day. The territory that now produces natural gas includes a region of about 2,500 square miles, and no new discoveries have been made or are now likely to be made. A decrease in the pressure was first noticeable in 1895, and it is still diminishing. It would not be surprising therefore that if within a year or two the supply would be so much diminished that the general use of the gas would have to be abandoned. Such was the case with the gas fields of western Pennsylvania, and Indiana will probably be the fate of the Indiana field. It will be remembered that the Pennsylvania fields, though long known, or at least suspected, were not extensively operated until 1878, and it was not until 1884 that the gas was piped to Pittsburgh. Then it was that the Smoky City became smoky, and the wells became exhausted and smoke once more reigned supreme in the city of iron, steel and coal. The gas fields of Indiana were discovered in 1887, and now after ten years they too will become a thing of the past. Nature seems to have no continuing gas manufacturing. After having made a supply and deposited it in pockets she broke the reservoirs and gave up the business. Those who are dependent on natural gas for heat and light are amply forewarned by this report that they must be on the alert for an artificial substitute. Nature's laboratory is broken up.

**Folly of Military Staffs.**  
As the various Governors rode by on horseback in the Grant memorial day parade, each in plain dress, but attended by a brilliant military staff, the question was natural, what is the use of all that? Why should the executives of States of the Union be organized on the basis of honorific titles and gay uniforms? The national executive is simplicity itself in its democratic unpretentiousness. The executives of the great American municipalities present themselves before the public with the dignity of quiet respectability. Our State Governors alone in American public life swing out with a parade of unrealities. If the Governor of a State were first of all a military officer, if the States were primarily armed camps instead of citizenry, business, then the military staff would have a reasonableness. As it is, this pretentious and belittled staff is both irrational and absurd. The efficiency of these assistants of the Governor would be as great without uniforms and unnecessary titles. The dignity of the State executive needs no bracing of a foolish imitation of a foreign court to make it respected by the people. The creation of fake "generals" and "colonels" by a Governor's pen, hundreds of them a year, is rightly exasperating to the honest men to whom those titles belong by service and devotion. That brazen and keen soldier of Japan, Prince Yamagata, when he visited a year ago, found these imitation colonels and generals who welcomed him for the State in their brave uniforms very amusing. They had never smelled powder; most of them had not even served. Anachronisms. Gilt does no harm, but such unreality as the "military staff" is out of place in this day.—Illustrated American.

After a man has been sick as long as three weeks, his wife, who nurses him, looks as if she had been sick six years.

## COWS IN THE MEADOW.

When springing meads are freshly dight,  
And trees new leave'd throw scarce a shadow,  
The green earth shows no fairer sight  
Than soft-eyed kine and bowing meadow.  
Too calm for care, too slow for mirth,  
Amid the shower, amid the gleam,  
The great mild mother creatures seem  
Half-waking forms of the dreary earth.  
And down the pathway through the grass  
To school the merry children pass,  
Singing a rhyme in the April morn,  
How—There's red for the furrows, and  
White for the daisies,  
Brown eyes for the brooks, for the trees  
Crumpled horns!

When quivering leaves make leaves of light  
And both the sword beneath them dapple,  
When May boughs cream in curling white,  
And strawberry cream doth flush the apple,  
The great mild mother creatures lie  
And grow, in absence of the sun,  
One with the moon and stars, and one  
With silvery cloud and hushed dark sky.

And down the pathway through the grass,  
To school the merry children pass,  
Singing a rhyme in the morn of June  
How—There's white for the cloudlets and  
Black for the darkness,  
And two polished horns for the sweet  
Sleek moon.  
—Vida Briss, in Good Words.

## SETTLED OUT OF COURT.

"The most remarkable civil action I ever heard of," said a well-known attorney to a group of friends at the Lawyers' Club, "was a case tried in one of the circuit courts of New Jersey some fifteen years ago. As I happened to be one of the counsel in the case, I remember the facts, and I have never seen any record of a similar lawsuit.

"This case was tried before the late Judge Gaines, and was entitled, Stacy vs. Parton, and acted on by Stacy, for there were counter actions growing out of the same state of facts. George Stacy lived in a small town on the Upper Delaware River, and owned a truck farm some three miles up the valley from his home. His farm lay along the bank of the river, and he shipped vegetables in season to New York and Philadelphia, besides supplying the local market. He had a good trade in the village, and kept a small flat-bottomed boat, which he used to transport his stuff from the farm.

"Stacy would load the boat with vegetables at the farm in the early morning, and float down stream to the town. When he had sold out it was a matter of an hour's hard work to row or pole the boat back, but it was cheaper than keeping a team. The man lived in a small house near the river on the south side of town. He was a widower about 50 years old, and had a family of several children, all of them grown up.

"Across the street from Stacy lived Mrs. Caroline Parton, a widow, who was a few years younger than the farmer. She, too, had several children, all about grown. Mrs. Parton owned a small tract of land just above her cottage, where she pastured a number of cows. She sold milk and butter in the town, and with keeping a few boarders and taking in sewing, managed to earn a comfortable living.

"One morning Stacy came to town with a load of fresh cabbage on his boat. He drew his frail craft up to the bank at the usual landing place, and secured it there by using a rope around a stake in the ground. The other end of the rope was fastened to one of the oarlocks on the boat. Leaving boat and cargo unguarded, he went up to the town market to sell his stock.

"It happened on that particular morning that one of Mrs. Parton's most valuable milk cows had jumped over the pasture fence and was browsing along the banks of the river. The smell of fresh cabbage reached the nostrils of the cow, and as Stacy's boat lay full length along the bank it was an easy matter for her to step aboard, where a good breakfast lay unguarded.

"Some of the neighbors saw the widow's cow eating the farmer's cabbage, but for some reason, never explained, why they did not inform either of the parties of interest. It may seem strange that a cow should turn from a crate of fresh cabbage to chew a cotton rope, but that was what really happened. The result was that her sharp teeth soon cut the rope in two, and then the boat, freed from its moorings, began to float down stream.

"Stacy, coming back from the market, was startled to see his boat drifting down the river with a cow standing in the bow lashing her tail in fear and howling aloud for aid. Mrs. Parton heard the voice of the favorite of her head and reached the bank of the river at the same time as the farmer.

"The current was strong and swift at that point and there was not another boat in sight. Half a mile below the town some big jagged rocks rose out of the water near the middle of the river. Stacy's boat was caught in a swift eddy, and while the owner looked on helpless to do anything the frail craft struck broadside on a sharp rock. It resulted from the blow, turned partly around and sank in mid-stream.

"Mrs. Parton's cow evidently could not swim, or else the current was too strong for her. She went down with the boat and did not come to the surface again.

"The farmer swore softly when he saw his boat go down and the widow threw an apron over her head to shut out a sight of the death struggles of her favorite cow. Then the two neighbors watched the river for a few moments in silence.

"When they turned away Mrs. Parton was the first to speak.  
"My cow was worth every cent of \$40, Mr. Stacy. You know how poor I am. I shall need the money as soon as you can spare it."  
"Why, Mrs. Parton, you surely do not expect me to pay you for the cow?" said Stacy.  
"Certainly, I do. The boat belonged to you."  
"Exactly, and who is to pay for that and the load of cabbage? Your cow ate the rope in two."  
"But you left the boat unguarded."  
"Your cow jumped out of the pasture."  
"You should have fastened the boat with a chain."

"You ought to keep your cows where they belong."  
"It was your boat that carried her off. Maybe there is some law to protect a poor lone widow who has to work for a living. I didn't think you would treat me so."  
"My boat is worth three times as much as your cow."  
"That's right! I impose on me all you can because I am a woman with no one to protect me."  
"By this time Mrs. Parton was in tears and the neighbors separated. Stacy called on the widow next day and told her that he had proof that her cow bit the rope in two and set the boat adrift.

"She retorted that she could prove in a court of law that the boat was not securely anchored and defied him to bring suit.

"All attempts at compromise failed, and the upshot of it all was that Mrs. Parton brought suit against Stacy to recover the sum of \$40, the value of one cow.

"The farmer retained the firm of which I was a member, and brought a counter-suit to recover the value of one wooden flatboat and one load of cabbage. The town was about equally divided in its opinion of the legal merits of the case, but the burden of sympathy was with the widow. Before the papers in Stacy's case were filed the double action was the talk of the town, and it was predicted that we would have to get a change of venue in order to obtain an impartial jury.

"Three months after the suits were brought the case came to trial in the Circuit Court. Mrs. Parton's suit was tried first, by agreement. A score of witnesses were examined, and the Judge took a lively interest in the trial from the outset. The court room was crowded with spectators.

"Mrs. Parton was a good witness. She was a rather good-looking woman, and she wept at just the right time to impress the jury. Stacy was the last witness put on the stand for the defense, and the Judge took him in hand at once.

"The examination of Stacy by Judge Gaines was something like this:  
"You are George Stacy, the defendant?"  
"I am."  
"This is a very remarkable case, Mr. Stacy?"  
"Yes."  
"You are a neighbor of this plaintiff?"  
"Yes."  
"Known her long?"  
"Forty years, about."  
"From childhood?"  
"Yes."  
"You are a widower, I believe, Mr. Stacy?"  
"I am."  
"Mrs. Parton is a widow?"  
"Yes."  
"You both have children grown up?"  
"Yes."  
"In the ordinary course of events you will both be alone in the world very soon. Your children will marry and leave you."  
"I suppose so."  
"You have known Mrs. Parton forty years?"  
"About that long."  
"The Judge was silent for several minutes, during which time he slowly turned the leaves of a law book that lay open on his desk. The jurors were leaning forward in their seats, looking first at the plaintiff and then at the defendant. Stacy was getting nervous, and began to turn and twist in the witness chair. By this time the plaintiff had evidently caught the drift of the Judge's questions. She kept her eyes fixed on the floor, but I could see her color coming and going rapidly.

"The Judge cleared his throat and turned to the witness again. There was just the trace of a smile on his face as he said to Stacy: 'This is a very peculiar case.'  
"She brought suit first,' the witness stammered.  
"You own a farm, Mr. Stacy?"  
"I do."  
"Mrs. Parton owns some cows?"  
"I believe so."  
"How many cows do you own?"  
"None."  
"The Judge looked at his law book, again and then glanced at the plaintiff for a moment.

"Have you tried to settle this case out of court, Mr. Stacy?"  
"Yes, before she brought suit."  
"Did you offer to compromise?"  
"No."  
"Mrs. Parton is a good woman?"  
"She is."  
"She is a smart woman?"  
"I never saw a better worker."  
"Was she a good wife and mother?"  
"Yes."

"Don't you think the case can be settled out of court?"  
"That's for Mrs. Parton to say."  
"Are you willing to try to settle it?"  
"By this time every person in the court room was smiling broadly. Stacy's face was as red as a beet, and Mrs. Parton was blushing furiously.  
"Judge Grimes, with a smile of satisfaction, announced that a recess would be taken in order that the defendant might have a private conference with the plaintiff.

"Half an hour later Stacy and Mrs. Parton came into the court room hand in hand, and going up to the Judge, they announced that they had agreed to settle their case out of court. They were married by the Judge, and that ended the case of Parton vs. Stacy. The suit of Stacy vs. Parton was withdrawn.

**Never Quite Full.**  
It is impossible to fill a glass completely full with any liquid from rim to center. The most common fluids—such as water or milk—are attracted to the sides of the vessel into which they are placed, so that they rise round the brim, leaving a hollow in the middle. Hence a cup filled to the point of overflow with any of these liquids is not absolutely full, though it appears to be at the edge. Fluids, on the other hand, which do not adhere, or are not attracted upward by the sides of the vessel, sink round the brim and rise in the center. Thus, mercury in a glass forms a convex surface, while water forms a concave.

**Islands.**  
By the aid of volcanic action fifty-two new islands have appeared during the present century, and nineteen have disappeared—have been submerged. Thus makes a net gain to the earth of thirty-three islands.

## MUST BE VIGILANT.

### TRAIN DISPATCHERS HAVE IMPORTANT DUTIES.

Safety of Life and Property Depends Upon Their Discretion—Origin of the System Now in Vogue on All the Railroads.

**Regulating Time of Trains.**  
The system of handling railway trains by the method known as train dispatching is one of comparatively recent origin. It has been amended and modernized so as to meet the requirements of traffic, until now there is a standard code, and nearly all, if not all, railroads in this country conform to that code in the operation of trains, passenger and freight.

Under the old system trains were run by time cards. A train left Chicago, for instance, at 7 p. m. going west. An east-bound train on the same line, that was before the double-track system now in vogue by some companies—had left a given station on its schedule time. The time card indicated when and where those trains were to meet and pass. In an open country, on a line comparatively straight, and in the daytime, there was no danger even under such an uncertain and blind system. But running trains under such a system on a road made up of curves and in a foggy or black night was enough to break down the nervous system of those who had the responsibility.

The man who first suggested handling trains by wire is still living. His name is Robert Pitcairn. When the war was under way Thomas L. Scott was at the head of the Pennsylvania system.

A short time before the battle of Antietam Lincoln sent for Scott and told him with characteristic frankness of the program. As showing Lincoln's capacity as a military man, he told Scott that the battle would be fought at Antietam, about such a time. The commander of the Army of the Potomac was present. The President said the only obstacle, so far as human foresight could discern, in the way of victory, was the insufficient means the Government had of handling its troops and the munitions of war.

Scott thought that—old he arranged. He consulted with Pitcairn, who had general knowledge of the handling of trains, as he had of everything else in connection with railroad matters. Pitcairn said it could be done if he was given full authority to handle all the trains. This was granted, and the work was done on the same general system as that now in use, and Pitcairn delivered at the appointed place, on time, every man, horse, wagon, gun and other war munitions which were brought into play in one of the great conflicts of the war. In plain English, he simply sent one order, or

dispatcher's business, although it is of assistance to him in that it relieves him of some of the responsibility of handling trains within the city.

In connection with this subject, there is some additional information which will interest the layman.

All north and east bound trains are run on even numbers, south and west bound trains, obviously, are run on odd numbers.

Freight trains begin to be numbered from the last highest number of passenger trains. There is a series of numbers for trains on short runs.

On four track systems passenger trains have the outside; on the three tracks the same. On double track systems passenger and freight mix, of course, and on such systems the work of the train dispatcher is one of greater responsibility. If there is a wreck or



IN THE TRAIN DISPATCHER'S OFFICE.

message, to all conductors and engineers and division superintendents employed in the territory where the trains were to be handled. Under this rule more trains can be run than under the old system.

It is not claimed that Pitcairn's idea was at once adopted. It was taken up slowly, and each system so adopting it did so independently. Then, some where in 1880, there was held a convention to discuss the proposition of establishing in this country what is now known as standard time. Further, it was agreed by all roads to consent to a general arrangement, to be used as far as it could be practical, for a standard code of handling trains by telegraph order, and this code is still in effect. It is known as the double-order system, a system by which the same dispatch is sent simultaneously to all parties interested. First, to the train of superior right, which responds to the order first. The inferior trains get the same order and act upon it. This rule is in vogue on every important railway system in the United States.

**A Silent Zone Around Fog Horns.**  
Acoustic signals are excellent in the open sea, and for indicating the approach of vessels to the coast in a fog, but unfortunately they are not always reliable and it is now claimed that there are around them zones where the sound is not always heard at the sea-level.

Ship-wocked sea captains have affirmed that the sirens that were ceased to blow, and they have accused the keepers of negligence.

In a communication to the Academy of Sciences the phenomena that has so long deceived everybody is duly set forth. It has been found that sirens are surrounded by a neutral zone, in which the sound is not heard at the distance, according to the height of the siren or the coast, and it has a mean width of about eight thousand feet.

On the nearer side of this zone the sound is of course heard perfectly, but gradually till it becomes scarcely perceptible, when it increases again, and resumes its full intensity.

Experiments have been made on this subject with a steam vessel, by causing it to approach or recede from a lightship in different directions and the sound was heard almost completely in a zone whose central line was about fifteen thousand feet.

Persistent industry is the best antidote for temptation.

## A TRAMP MILLIONAIRE.

Living Like a Prince on His Acquired Fortune.

Salem, Ill., has recently been distinguished a unique and most agreeable acquisition, through the generosity of E. Berry, millionaire. Berry was a home in New York when a lad twelve years ago. He has traveled over the country, on foot, in his old-fashioned trunk, and in various ways, at night usually being a member of the "board of boys" in some city. His habits and treatment were such as to reflect upon the scenes of his childhood a short time ago. He concluded that he would return to his native city, to inherit an inheritance of several thousand dollars, the income of which had been a large sum since the father's death.



JAMES E. AND MRS. SADIE BERRY.

Berry thought of a gentleman Mount Vernon, Ill., Henry Thompson who had befriended him in his poverty, and he returned to that city and repaid Mr. Thompson a handsome sum of money. As he did not enjoy his wealth alone, Berry decided to marry. He became acquainted with Miss Sadie Miller, a pretty New York girl, 20 years old. They were married in New York.

They had started in to spend his money like a king. He paid \$100,000 for a horse, harness and buggy. When his wife went for a drive, he followed her store where he saw something that interested him. He went to the store and she stopped her horse. They always some by ready to hold their reins, for which service Berry would give a dollar or more. One day he gave a dollar for handling him a horse. To another he gave a dollar for holding up his buggy whip. To a post he paid \$5 for regulating his watch and he is considering the possibility of purchasing a valuable piece of land and donating it to the city for a public

## DEATH LURKS IN HAGAR'S WELLS.

The Annual Pilgrimage to Wells-garded with App Concern.

A chronic menace to the health of the eastern States is the annual pilgrimage of plous Moslems to Mecca. It is threatening than ever it ever threatened on account of the presence of a plague far worse than cholera. It is the plague of Mecca, a disease which is fatal, which time Arabia will be attacked and conditions will be favorable to a speedy propagation of disease. The pilgrims of Mecca live crowded together and surrounded their homes with filth and foul the water supply. It is a case such as cholera or the bubonic plague, which is introduced it straightway spreads, and the constant cause is the drinking of cholera polluted water.

Among the religious ordinances of the Mohammedans are contained the prohibitions of Mecca. Every Mohammedan—women don't count—some time in his life make the pilgrimage. Any time before he dies he wishes to extend over across Asia to the farthest confines of Malaysia, and the whole of Africa, pilgrims set out on their journey, turning their steps toward Mecca, in obedience to this command. From Mecca sick by the way, many die. From 90,000 to over 100,000 each year die at their end. Months and sometimes years have been devoted to the task, and the pilgrims have been known to die of a disease which it would be difficult to describe. Not long ago a cable dispatch of a pilgrimage of 10,000 persons, who were returning from Mecca, reported that they have died of a disease which it would be difficult to describe. Not long ago a cable dispatch of a pilgrimage of 10,000 persons, who were returning from Mecca, reported that they have died of a disease which it would be difficult to describe.

The chief source of danger in the famous Zamzam, the reported well, where it is supposed to be the source of her son Ismael. At times there is but little water in the well, and the pilgrims scurry around the well, and the pilgrims wish to drink of the water in these reputed miraculous wells.

Feeding the pilgrims is a difficult task. The water is poured over the pilgrims, and they are given a drink of water. The water is poured over the pilgrims, and they are given a drink of water. The water is poured over the pilgrims, and they are given a drink of water.

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