EUGENE CITY.....OREGON

Fame and fortune are waiting for the man who will succeed in crossing the Jamaica ginger plant with the Georgia watermelon.

"Must the locomotive go?" inqures the Hartford Courant. It must, broth er, it must; a locomotive which doesn't go is worth just half a cent a pound for old iron.

The Cleveland police are much mystified by a recent burglary. Somebody broke into a residence and stole a concertina and nothing else. We suggest that the nearest neighbor's house be searched.

It is announced that Lillian Russell has finally decided to shed another husband and has started for Dakota to further this interesting operation. To marriage license should have at least six divorce coupons attached,

Texas is a great state. The agent of a picnic grove at La Porte advertises that "never yet has there been a kiss stolen beneath the umbrageous boughs of our sylvan resort that wasn't im mediately replevined by the victim." How do the divorce court records average in that county?

Catulle Mendes, who threw down his aword in disgust the other day because his opponent in a French duel persisted in retreating, should remember that the latter has excellent authority for such a course. Has he forgotten the adage that "he who fights and runs away may live to fight another

Thorne, who is held by the New York police for the murder of William Guldensuppe, demands his liberty under habeas corpus proceedings and says that the evidence against him "is of the flimslest character." He evidently forgets that the New York Jourhal already has confessed that he did the murder.

In the Monist Prof. Loeb, of the University of Chicago, remarks that "there is no reason to suppose that the egg contains other mysterious complicated structures than such as might be expressed in the formulae of the chemist." Now will the professor demonstrate his theory by building a chicken in his chemical laboratory?

A dispatch from Madisonville, Ky. gives the details of the lynching of a negro at that place, and concludes with the naive statement: "Bunkley was hanged because his reputation was not good; but there was no evidence against him." If Kentucky has begun to lynch those whose reputations are bad, some of her statesmen would better take to the woods,

One does not look for consistency among the fanatles who passed the bill in Massachusetts prohibiting the use of feathers on women's bats, but it would be no more than right for them to follow up their efforts with another bill making it a misdeameanor for women to wear the feather boas which are so popular, and to prohibit also the use of the fur of the squirrel, mink, marten, seal or other animal as a part of their wearing apparel. One is quite as sensible as the other.

Selections of the greatest ten books or the greatest ten poems are as varied as are the persons who do the selecting, but Bliss Carman, the Canadian poet, has picked out as the greatest tenlyrical poems in English the following: 'A Northern Vigil" "A Spring Song," "The Moondial," "At the Granite Gate," "The Gravedigger," "The Nancy's Pride," "The Red Wolf," "Behind the Arras," "The Last Watch" and "In a Gondola," It would be interesting to know how many of the readers of today can tell the authors of these lyrics.

Any Boston paper can stretch an inference until it cracks. One of them says that "It always pays to be polite. Many years ago, in the course of an electioneering trip, John Tyler took a boy in his arms and remarked: "That's a bright little boy.' The recipient of that Presidential compliment is known to-day as Postmaster General Gary. By searching the records we have discovered that another little boy who was kissed by President Tyler on the same occasion was lynched several years later for stealing a mule in Arkansas. Still, it always pays to be polite, anyway,

As an outcome of the old wars and differences in South America all diplomatic relations between Brazil and Co lombia and Ecuador were severed twenty-seven years ago, and none of these countries has sluce been represented at the capital of the other by a minister. The governments have come to the conclusion that this foolish state of affairs has lasted long enough, and Brazil has sent a special envoy to reopen negotiations and put matters upon the usual footing. South American pride has stood tilt now in the way of such a compromise, but Brazil has takon the initiative and undoubtedly the other countries will meet it at least half way. Diplomacy beats war every time.

One reason for the superiority of the American over the foreign sailor is that the former is so quick to think and so prompt to act. It is not claimed for example, that the American is braver than the Englishman, but it is asserted that the Americans are livelier on their feet and far quicker to act in emergency. This is especially true of saflors from New England and from the lakes. Such men represent the best type of sailor to be found in the world to-day. Consequently, in seek. lug to fill the naval service with Americans as callsted men, the secretary of the navy department is acting directly for the interests and the good of the

The intention of a firm in Columbia, S. C., to build a cotton mill and run it by negro labor exclusively has mised a small storm of protest from various sources. The right of the firm to carry | the credit" he deserves.

out its intention is not disputed and no threats are made that the project will be interfered with, now or after the mill is in operation, but it is intimated that the experiment is a risky one and that the people of the South would rather it were not tried. Conditions of labor in the South are no more ideal than those of any other part of the country, and it would seem as though an attempt to change the character of the cotton mill labor at this time would be dangerous from financial as well as other standpoints.

The death of Mrs. Aldrich, of San Diego, Cal., removes another of the few remaining women who are widows of revolutionary soldiers. A few years ago there were no less than thirteen such still alive and drawing pensions from the government. Now there are but six, and it cannot be long before the last one is gone, for they are, of course, all very old. Mrs. Aldrich was born in 1800, or not till eighteen years after the British evacuated New York. Her husband was, therefore, at least forty years her senior at the time of her marriage. It is only such a dissave time and trouble, Lillian's next | crepancy of ages which would permit a woman whose husband was one of the original patriots to survive to this late day.

> A police magistrate in New York has rebuked a newspaper reporter for appearing in court clad in knickerbockers and a sweater. Even a common regard. for the dignity of justice would preclude the possibility of a gentleman appearing in court in such a costume, and public opinion will uphold the magistrate in his action. For a long jaunt in the country or a holiday outing the attire referred to would be proper, but no one has a right to wear it into a courtroom any more than he would to go there attired in a bathrobe or pylamas. It is distinctly undress uniform, and the instincts of a gentleman will keep him from appearing in it at places where the costume is inappropriate. It Is inappropriate in a courtroom, church, at theater, at dinner, and in the ordinary transactions of business or the functions of social life. It is distinctly fatigue dress, to be assumed only when the wearer is out for pleasure.

> There met in Boston a convention of those queer people, the stamp collectors. Those who believe that the collection of stamps is confined to a few schoolboys in each large city are very wide of the mark. There are in this country alone not less than 500,000 such collectors and a good proportion of them are grown men. The amount of money invested in the business of collection of stamps runs away up into the millions, and some collections have been sold for as much as \$250,000. In all large cities there are stamp associations, and in some of them actually clearing houses for the settlement of trades. Many men make very good livings out of the sale of rare stamps, and there are no shrewder traders anywhere than those who buy and sell these articles. The stamp men have their journals, and a considerable literature has grown up about the busiiess. The annual meetings are of great interest to the members and the proceedings furnish to outsiders an example of how small a thing will take up the time and attention of a certain class.

> > of Greater New York

of peace, quiet and safety. It will not be their fault if in the near future the deafening noise which now affrights the ear of the jay from the west and even has begun to disturb the native of Manhattan is not hushed to the calm of a summer morning in the country. The chief of police has issued orders to his force that the members must hereafter see to it that all city laws concerning the suppression of noises in the interdicted hours are fully enforced. No more may peddlers cry their wares or merchandise on Sunday or before 8 a. m. or after 9 a. m. Nor may they at any time do so within 250. feet of any schoolhouse, courthouse, church, hospital or place of that sort. The watch dog must also hush his bark, honest or otherwise, and cats with amatory tendencies must either restrain themselves or go beyond the city precincts. Ringing and tolling of large bells is also strictly prohibited. Not content with thus conserving the health of citizens, the authorities propose to go further and to make war upon all smells and odors which offend the sense and endanger life. These offenses will be tracked to their lair and pulled up by the roots. "Death's Curve," at Broadway and 14th street, where the cable was wont to feed upon a human victim every day, is to be straightened out, and it will be possible for a blind man to cross there unalded at any hour of the day or night, But that is not all. Cab fares are to be cheaper. This is authentic. After all these reforms are accomplished New York will be inhabitable by rational persons. A holy calm will pervade the whole consolidated municipality, for the only sound which will break the stillness will be that of the anglomaplac's raiment as he walks up Broadway.

Strange Obstinacy of a Mex can Thursday evening as the express train of the Mexican Central was approaching this city, the engineer observed an Indian shepherd lying on the track. The engineer whistled five or six times, but the man would not get up, and it was impossible to stop the engine in time. The pilot of the locamotive struck the head of the prostrate man and rolled him down the embankment:

When the train was stopped and the conductor and some of the passengers alighted to look to the man it was found that, though he had suffered a rather severe scalp wound, he was not dangeronsiv injured. He was able to sit up while his head was bound with his wife's rebozo. Some of the passengers wanted to bring in the Indian to be attended to at one of the police stations of the city, but he absolutely refused, and, getting up, he walked without difficulty with his wife to a neighboring haclenda, where he is employed,

He would give no explanation as to track when he heard the train appreaching. Mexican Herald,

Every one believes he does not "get

THE TALE OF A KISS.

And "Shall I kiss you?" then he asked, And "Oh, I guess not," she replied; For rather than have said him yes, This uniden would have died.

For modest was this maiden fair. And sweet, and witching, too, was she He might have known she would not

The boon he craved, oh, foolish he!

For, had he kissed her on the sly, She'd not have more than killed him

And, oh, 'twere heaven to die for her, The maiden with the nut-brown hair

And aweetest is the stolen kiss, Methicks the maiden had not wept, But would have made that young man

Her back that kiss before he slept.

And now I've told this little tale, Ye fellows all, take heed of this: Don't ask a maiden if you may, But if you want to-take a kiss.

THEHONORABLEANNE

Ah Ging's welcome when I came, a bride, to the ranch was not of the warmest. The dusky adobe wall, throwing him into picturesque relief, he stood on the ranch house veranda, his face full of suppressed excitement.

"You telle me," he muttered, "who boss, now Mr. Allandale get mallied? "All same as before," was my ready rejoinder.

The crafty features relaxed and Ah Ging disappeared kitchenward, his pigtail having struck the dominant note in my first impressions of Vaquero Water. Cedric smiled at me approvingly. "Glad you were so diplomatic, else he'd have left by the morning stage. It's awfully unromantic, but the drive has made me beastly hungry. Let's see what the old chap has for us."

We dined in a long, low room, hung with spurs and sporting prints, souven irs of English days, the happlest couple in California.

In its lack of excitement, ranch life proved disappointing. Lynchings were unknown-bandits and desperadoes consplcuous by their absence.

So life flowed on, smoothly, monoton ously, till after the birth of Billikins. Ah Ging then announced his departure. "Better gtrl cook," he declared. "No likee baby. Heap tlouble. Alle time

The next celestial left after a hasty glance at the kitchen wall. "Me flaid," he exclaimed, pointing to a red hieroglyphic unfortunately unnoticed by us. "Ah Ging he write, 'Debbil in this house.

"He meant the baby," suggested Cedrie.

"He say debbil. Me go. No China boy stay here. Heap scared of debbil." "Try a girl," implored Cedric. "It's no joke driving ten miles a day to tue

We tried, in turn: Gretchen, who left within a week to "learn religion;" Bridget, who declined working under an Englishman; the widow, whose tears, as she recounted her woes, sizzled over the stove; Dicle, who disliked low wages, though she found no fault with me; and Samantha, who objected to the lack of "scenery." Useless to point out the Brush Hills' mellow charm, distant mountains, oak-dotted meadows, Samantha remained obdurate. "It may suit you, Mrs. Allandale," The authorities are preparing to she commented pityingly, "to see nothing but land. I like it like it was in Tulare. There you kin see houses as peas in a pod an' people passin' all day. That's the scenery for me, so I guess I'll pack my freight,"

> Which she proceeded to do, and had barely driven out of sight when a young girl, tall, slim and neatly dressed, stepped on the veranda.

"If you please, ma'am," she quietly

said, "I heard that you wanted a girl. Can I have the place?" I heard her history, which was sim-The previous year she had come from England to join her brother on a claim, had fallen Ill, had gone to the county hospital at La Huerta, and had come thence to me. While hearing these details Cedric returned. But one conclusion could be drawn from his utter dejection. "No girl" was stamped on every feature. Samantha had recommended me to Odessa Green, who, less exacting in regard to scenery, was willing to leave the family pig pen for a month's charge, provided the washing was put out, Mrs. Allandale helped with the dishes, the afternoons were free and a horse every Sunday was at her disposal. I knew the type-ignorant, slatternly, familiar. Contrasting with it the new comer, my resolution was taken. "No, Cedric, I have a serv

ant already "Where did she come from?" "La Huerta, where she has been in the hospital."

"Is she pretty?" "That is an irrelevant question. Yes, rather-blue eyes, and short, curly yel low hair."

"You know nothing about her" "But I know that Billikins has the whooping cough. I must nurse him, and you cannot cook. Help is needed. and behold Anne."

"So that's her name." "Yes: Anne James."

He still demurred. Prodence is an admirable virtue. Cedric, but you carry it to an extreme. Cedric yielded, still holding to his own opinion. "Keep her! Keep her!" he cried; "but remember, if anything

happens, be it on your head." Since the days of Ah Ging life had not been worth living. Anne came, and comfort followed her. Capable, retiring, a vague sense of mystery pervading her, she proved in our monotonous existence a source of inexhaustible interest.

"I scent a romance," Cedric declared. When Anne draws near find out about "She is so reticent-a contrast to Sa

mantha. "Teach her something. Learning un-

locks a woman's tongue." So Anne was instructed in more housewifely mysteries, and grew more communicative. But Cedric received all details of her past with scornful in credulity. "Papa" was a barrister Anne herself had been born in the se why he had refused to move from the cred precincts of the Temple. Their crest figured as a dove, "Fancy one's parior maid having a crest!" he ejaculated. For a briefless barrister he had done singularly well, marrying a niece

Many a torrid afternoon was whiled away with descriptions of the Irish castle where the wedding took place, the beauty of the bride, the eccentricities of the noble aunt. Cedric scoffed, still crying for more.

One languorous September day, ensconced in the veranda's shadlest nook, we gazed on the Brush hills and sighed vainly for a breeze. Cedric broke the "What about Anne? No stillness.

news of late?" "She has a sister who lives in France and is possessed of independent

A look of reproach shot from his dark-blue eye. "You told me that last week," he murmured. "And did not tell you that she goes

by the name of Lady Emily Brown." "Brown! Why, she married a French-

man."

"True." "Why, lady? What title has he?"

"None. I particularly asked Anne." "Absurd! He could not be 'Brown' or she 'lady' unless, indeed, the title is in her own right. In that case your pearl ot a handmaiden is an 'honorable!' The Honorable Anne brings out the tray," he added, as she approached our cor ner. "No, it's all false, you may de-

pend upon it. Ask McPherson what he thinks of it; he is coming up the drive." Fergus McPherson-caution personified-opined that Anne had lied. He put it plainly: "Deceiful in speech, deceltful in deed. Better watch her, Mrs. Allandale."

My suspicions were not excited. In California nothing is impossible. Had not a scion of a lordly house died on a neighboring ranch—a lonely, neglected sheep herder? No. It was the uneasy nir and restless look increasing day by day. I heartily wished for some pretext whereby Cedric, dispatched into La Huerta, might inquire into the aute cedents of the Honorable Anne Chance favored me.

"McPherson has been telling me," be gan my spouse, a few days later,"pbout some bloodbounds in town that belong to the sheriff. They are Al at tracking eriminals-borrow them all over the State. Reastly shame it's such a four ney-it would be rather jolly to see them.

"Why not go? A change would do you good."

"Go! And who would milk the cow?" "I, myself." "You? Nonsense!"

"Who is the sheriff?" I idly asked, meditating my next move the while,

"Walte-Hiram Waite." "Our Honorable," who had entered bearing that ranch stand-by, a smoking bowl of "mush," started, growing visibly pale-fresh food for uneasiness Clearly to learn the art of milking was imperative. The woman won, as usual, and Cedric, before the week was over, started for La Huerta, with strict injunctions to interview both hospital superintendent and sheriff.

In charge of the ranch were myself, Billikins, and the Honorable Anne, Uneventfully passed the first few days; but on Monday, from the veranda, I espied a band of men, who, leaving the county road, came slowly up the drive. Anne, perceiving them, grew white to the lips, and, bearing Billikins, precipi-

tately fled. "Good evening," the leader began, as he lifted his sombrero. "We're kinder rough sight for a lady. You see, we're seen any stranger round here lately?"

"No woodchopper nor nothing?" "No, none. What has this man done

What does he look like?" "Real nice and young and kind, Not more'n a boy. Murdered a man over there. Here's his description," and he handed me a coarsely printed "reward." "Well, boys, get a move on, We're on our way to La Huerta," he added, "to borrow Waite's dogs, Well, good day, ma'am. Better not harbor

any strangers." A moment more, and, left alone, I thought over the situation. Cedric gone, no neighbor near, a murderer at large whose steps "p'inted this way. Suddenly it was borne in upon me that Anne was the fugitive!

A firm believer in woman's intultions, yet hoping desperately that mine was at fault, I unfolded the paper the sheriff gave me. It tallied well. Moroseness, agitation, all were explained. Did Anne guess that her identity was

known, my life. I feared, would pay the penalty. To ignore the situation live through the night if possible, and trust to someone turning up in the morning was all that could be done.

Milking time brought fresh terrors How guard one's self, with both hands engaged letting down floods of warm, innocent milk! Dinner was eaten hur riedly, with the same feeling of uneasi ness. Billikins tucked in his crib, Anne retired early, and, every sense on the alert, I was left alone to watch the nursery door,

It fascinated me. Who would open t? Anne, to hide among the canyons tili the posse had returned to its Tulare bome? Or Henry Smith, to make an end of me and flee? Truly, the ranch monotony was broken at last. Solemnly the clock ticked, slowly the hands went round, an hour passed, A move ment in the adjoining room, and liter ally my blood ran cold. That had hitherto seemed a mere figure of speech. The sound ceased, and still I watched the nursery door. At last, when my brain would have turned with more, I heard a sound which, faint at first, grew louder and louder.

"Oh, heaven," I cried, "the blood hounds!" and fell senseless to the ground.

Slowly returned to consciousness, my gaze fell on Cedric, the La Huerta sheriff, and Anne-Anne anxiously applying restoratives!

"Take him away," I gasped; "he will nurder us. "You are raving!" cried Cedric; "that

"No; Smith, the murderer. The bloodhounds tracked him to the very door.

Hers Hiram Walte thought fit to in-"Guess I can straighten out this kink, Mrs. Allandale. You did hear the hounds: they're up at the barn now. Your husband, he heard at La Huerta we was beatin' up this part of the country, so he lit out for home, thinkin' you'd be scared. We caught our man hidin' by the 'Dobe hill, and the Tulare boys took him back to town. Your husof the celebrated Countess of Melligan. band and me was tired, so we made

tracks for here. Sorry bout the dogs. Might ha' known they'd scare you.

Anne next day gave warning. "If you please, ma'am, you and Mr. Allandale have been very kind, and I love Mr. Billikins like my own, but I can't stay where I've been so misjudged."

"More candor on your part would have prevented your being misjudged." She blushed. "I often wanted to tell you, ma'am-what I first said wasn't true. I came from England when I was a baby. I haven't any brother, and I never went to La Huerta." "Ah!"

"The kinder you was, ma'am, the meaner I felt, and I was afraid Mr. Allandale would go to the hospital, and, worst of all, my heart stood still when he spoke of Mr. Waite. For he and my stepfather are cousins, and I was afraid he would guess who I was."

Waite the second time, and it was him that came with the posse and frightened me. He was such a bad, cruel man that I couldn't stand it, so I ran away."

quero Water?" ers.' Tulare folks go to the coast every it's too much change. They always two-legged chicken," he shouted; "not stop at the Iron springs to cool off first.

To cool off at 90 in the shade! about you and thought I'd try for the

"But how much better to have told me the truth."

"I knew Mr. Allandale was English. ma'am, and they are that particular I was afraid he'd send me home.

Brown was unnecessary." Anne's eyes flashed, "It's and the night before they went to Paris the Prince of Wales dined with had just passed from the Republican them.

"And do you believe it, my dear?" asked Cedric, on hearing the last ver-

"She believes in the family traditions, but she will care less about such when she is Mrs. Hiram nonsense "Why, she met the man only last

night." "Something will come of it, trust a woman's intuition."

"Thanks, no!" he retorted, with a cheerful grin. "No telling into what mare's nest I might be led, Never mind, darling, you did your best. We can't all be born detectives."

Cedric to the contrary, my prophecy came to pass, and our honorable Anne was transformed into Mrs. Hiram Walte. At last accounts she was well and happy, supplying the boarders at Wnite's Hotel with meals at "four-bits a head." While we on the ranch are still wondering whether the Countess of Melligan and the Lady Emily Brown are myths.-San Francisco Argonaut.

The Lion Got Loose.

In the early part of this century Kald Maimon, a governor of Tangier, was taking a journey thither, carrying a large lion in a cage borne by four mules posse over from Tulare, trying to as a present from the Sultan to the find a man named Smith. His tracks, King of Portugal. One evening, after they seemed to p'int this way. Ain't the tents had been pitched and Kaid Maimon was resting on a divan in his he heard a neighing of hors s, and then a trampling and stampede of the animals tethered outside. clapped his bands to summon the attendants, but for a few moments no one came. Then appeared his prisoner, the lion, glaring flercely as he approached.

Kuld Maimon was a very courageous man, and while the lion was advaneing there was time to think of many things. It was of no use to draw his sword; and moreover, if he should succeed in killing the lion, the Sultan would probably cut off his own head in return. So he sat perfectly still, and I write to say how pleased I should be addressed the creature by the name If you could see your way to giving up which had been given him.

"You are a brave fellow, Malmon, said he, "to leave your cage and take in doing so, the greatest of which a walk this fine evening. O judicious and well behaved lion, you do well to enjoy yourself!" For the creature, your days." The uncle replied: "My pleased with the Kaid's voice, had begun to roll upon the carpet. "O brav- you for your dutiful letter. I was so est and most trustworthy!"

himself cattike against his host, and lain down with his head upon the Kald's knee.

lered, and the perspiration of fear ever remember." broke out upon him. Not a sound was o be heard in the camp, save the terrifled neigh of a horse which had not been able to escape with the others, and which still scented the lion.

put out his long, terrible claws. He stalked toward the door, lashing his tall. At its first movement the Kald's turban was knocked off, and in replacing it he muttered to himself:

"I hope this visit is coming to an end! May it be the last of the kind I and put up this public notice: shall ever receive!"

The horse, meantime, had succeeded in galloping away, and the lion broke at once into pursuit. He overtook his victing in two bounds, and laid him low have been an opponent of the marshal, with lacerated sides and bleeding throat. While he was thus engaged. the Kald escaped from the back of his tent and managed to summon his men, who, half a mile away, were huddled together with the horses and mules. "The first man who runs away

again," said he, "I will bastinado till the breath is out of his body!" And no one attempted to run. For though remaining might mean death, charges, and get the bool." the bastinado was a horrible certainty. So they walted until the lion had gorg. In the history of Spokane,

ed himself into sleepiness, and then

Bet's Innocence.

cautiously recaptured him.

Bet Flint, a humble friend of Dr. Johnson, was taken up on a charge of stealing a counterpane. She was tried at the Old Bailey, and Chief Justice Willes, who had a kindness for her sex, summed up favorably, and she was ac a pettleoat of it."

An Unfortunate Phrase. Politician-I always hold up American industries.

Sinnick-For how much?-Puck.



a reporter who recently asked him to take part in a symposium on "How to Make Money," Phil Armour, the Chicago millionaire, replied: "Young man, put it down that the Armours don't know how to make anything but sausage, and that they never answer foer questions."

A crusty old farmer in Southern Illinois one day became an unwilling host for three circuit-riding preachers who dropped in simultaneously for dinner. The larder was low, and the dinner consisted of a single fowl. The farmer asked the first sky-pilot what portion "Yes, ma'am; mother married Jim of the chicken he would have. "A leg," said No. 1. "Another leg, thank you," requested No. 2, "And what will you have?" asked the farmer, turning to No. 3. "I will also take a leg, if you "How did you happen to reach Va- please," replied the third. With an ejaculation that shocked his reverend "With some friends in one of those guests, the farmer threw down his big wagons they call 'prairie schoon- carving utensils and demanded to know what sort of a "crittur" they year, but they don't go there straight; thought he was carving. "This is a a centipede."

The closing of the Cafe de Madrid, for a long time a favorite resort for "So we came to the spring. I heard Parislan men of letters, recalls a couple of anecdotes to the Bookman's Paris correspondent: Proth was one day passing the cafe arm in arm with poor Paul Arene. Arene was going in, and urged him to do the same. Proth resisted, saying there were too many quarrels in that cafe, only people with "Surely the story of Lady Emily hot tempers, etc. At last he yielded, and, five minutes after being seated, in every a heated discussion slapped his contraword true, ma'am. Not that I ever dictor's face. "You see," he said to saw her; she was by father's first mar- Paul Arene, "Is it not an Impossible riage, but it's true. Why, they lived cafe?" The time of the second story in a beautiful house in St. John's Wood, was the last years of the reign of Napoleon III. Clement Duvernois, who into the Bonapartist camp, was urging a friend of his-a man whom he judged to be amenable to the same arguments that had convinced him-to follow his example. "But," the friend objected, "what will my friends say?" "Oh," Duvernois retorted, "you will only have to change your cafe!"

Under orders existing some time ago men in the German army wore at will either socks or Fusz-lappen (a species of bandage) on their feet. During an inspection a certain general asked a subaltern officer what his men wore on their feet. He replied that some wore socks and some lappen-about 70 per cent, socks. The general further asked him if he knew what each individual wore. He answered promptly in the affirmative, "What," said the general, pointing to a man in the ranks, "does this man wear?" "Socks," was the response; and on the man taking off a boot on the general's order a sock was found to incase the foot. The same test applied in several cases produced the same result. The general was highly impressed with the intimate knowledge of detail displayed by the subaltern, but the lad disclosed subsequently to his brother officers the simple device which procured him such kudos, His men, by his order, had all a sock on one foot and a Fusz-lappen on the other. They were instructed to note carefully the answer given by their officer, and to remove the boot which would disclose a verification of his assertion. A serious-mannered Irish member

named Blake (relates Henry W. Lucy in the July North American Review) is remembered for a brief correspondence he read to the delighted House. It was introduced in a speech delivered in debate on the Irish Sunday-closing bill. Mr. Blake had, he confidentially informed the House, an uncle who regularly took six tumblers of whisky toddy dally. This troubled him, and after much thought he resolved to write and remonstrate with his relative. The following was the letter: "My Dear Uncle: your six glasses of whisky a day. I am sure you would find many advantages would be that, as I am persuaded, it would be the means of lengthening Dear Nephew; I am much obliged to much struck by what you said, and, in And now the lion had risen, rubbed particular, by your kind wish to lengthen my days, that last Friday I gave up the whisky. I believe you are right, my boy, as to my days being lengthen- followed by a boom which would sel Brave though he was, the Kald shud- ed, for bedad! it was the longest day I

A Needed Correction.

At a recent gathering of the plo neers of Spokane, Wash., some stories were told of the ancient history of the Maimon woke, stretched himself, and place-which dates back to the remote epoch of 1870. One of them related to the first stand made against illiteracy in the settlement.

Mr. Hyde was marshal of the town, and Mr. Gilliam was deputy-sheriff. The marshal impounded a stray bull,

"I have this day impounded one read bull. Owner will please call and pay charges and get the bull." The deputy-sheriff, who is said to

came along and read the notice, with its mis-spelled word. "It is a disgrace to the town that such illiteracy should appear in a pub-He document," he said. Then, exercising the authority of the county, he tore down the notice, and substituted

the following in its place: "I have this day impounded one red bool. Owner will please call, pay This "bool" ought to become a classic

Admiral Jouett-now on the retired

The Fighting Cadet.

list of the navy and familiarly known as "Fighting Jimmy"-was acting secretary of the navy once when the commandant of the academy at Annapolis came over and reported that he had been compelled to discipline a cadet who had behaved in a most unaccount quitted. After which Bet said, with a able manner and had disgraced the gay and satisfied air: "Now that the academy, the department, the govern counterpane is my own I shall make ment and all civilization. He then pro ceeded to relate how this cadet, when passing through the lower regions of the town of Annapolis had somehow ties with a tough citizen and proceeded

backed up against a wall, and we five of them in succession, and nearly hammered the life on policemen who attempted him. He was in the custody of authorities, and the superiment the academy was seeking the side Secretary of the Navy in laving transferred to the naval author order that he might be courter ed and punished.

"Court-martial that fellow" has Jonett. "Licked five toughs ad in policemen; not by a blankety is sight, while old Jim Jonett h his The boy ought to have a metal B in blankety blankety blank are pa ing down there, anyhow? Do your pose the Government of the li States hired you to raise a lot of h to play checkers?"-Chicago Reco

ELECTRICITY.

The Passing of Steam Locometes rawing to a Closs.

While there may be some exage tion in the statements about I Pe pont Morgan's plans for the sales tion of electric for steam power to rallways in which he has a comp interest, yet the main feature of story are undoubtedly correct 1 first steps are soon to be taken been

the extinction of the steam locome The men who have been working h years to solve the problem of the omic use of electricity as a saler for steam have been successful at h They have reached a point wherethe are able to show that heavy trains be moved at a speed of 100 mbs; hour, and that the cost of equipoand the expense of maintenance operation will be less than for we ronds.

The moment that can be shown to fate of the steam locomotive is sai For the managers of railroads will be turn their backs on a certaing cheaper power and reduced open expenses. That will give then lan dividends, with none of that door faction which would follow an incre in dividends due to an advance is as

As has been stated previous, New York, New Haven and Hartle Road, which has 2,000 miles of inis now making arrangements for it adoption of the "third rail" spa-The specifications have already ber prepared. It was stated in a ne dispatch that other roads are going follow suit speedily. They have, a asserted, a mileage of 27,000 mil and extend from Maine to Organ one direction and Florida and Man

sippi in another. The cost of electrical equipment i these roads is put down at 5475 mi ions. The work is to be done by General Electric Company, in wi Mr. Morgan is interested, and a said, 25 per cent, of the sum paid fr equipment will stay with Mr. Morga manufacturing company as its per Therefore it will be greatly to his si vantage to have the roads with with he is connected drop steam and nix

electricity. In all probability, however, the profits are exaggerated greatly, minthough money is cheap at this time and can be obtained with ease by sh ent roads, it is not likely that there a be an immediate expenditure of 5 millions by them. But the minuted ce is broken-when one rad is adopted electrical power, and the size roads see clearly that the reduction operating expenses more than spin the interest on the sum they will have to pay to make the changes-therwa proceed to discard their steam less

Behind the Times. Perhaps it is because almost star one has some odd ways of his ou that stories of odd people are so ga erally interesting. Whatever the s planation, it is certainly true that a centricity often gives a very ordino person a measure of local fame. He for instance, is a storekeeper whose history the Chicago Times-Heal

thinks it worth while to print: In a small village in Geauga Comty, Ohio, there is a store as large mil well-stocken as you would expect b find in a suburban town. It is keptthat is precisely the word-by and widower who has no relatives in the part of the country and is practical;

a hermit. When the civil war began he was running a flourishing general store and made money rapidly during the sec ceeding four years. When peace as declared prices, which had been great ly inflated, took a sudden drop. D old fellow believed that this word's prices skyward again, and refused sell his goods for less than be paid in them. Down went the prices-off down, down-and finally his business

was practically at an end. To-day his store stands almost netly as it did thirty years ago. It stocked with such goods as are wall found in country stores, but, of cere the stock is now practically worther Every day the old man opens the place to give it an airing. He is then too, for business, if any one chooses

buy what he has to sell and is will's to pay what he asks. "Why, sir." he said to me, "some ! the calico I've got here cost me cents a yard thirty years ago. Should I be a fool to sell it now for 5 cents

The Blessings of War. An old New Hampshire fars whenever the subject of war and a results arising from it is meating

endeavors to contribute his mite to b discussion. He takes the occasion to report two verses which he learned when was a boy. They were printed Moore's Almanne for 1820, under head of "Monthly Observations." lines express his opinion so des that he prefers them even to any ex-

inal remarks of his own. These st nificant lines run thus: Whene'er contending princes fight, For private pique or public right.
Armles are raised, the fleets are They combat both by set and hind

When, after many battles past, Both, tired with blows, make pear last, What is it, after all, the people &

Why, taxes, widows, wood The Tuileries Palace Another attempt to have the Train Palace rebuilt is being made in France

or another become involved in hostili. This time the movement is led by Society for the Preservation of Pals to polish him off. The friends of the Monuments,