

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.
EUGENE CITY, OREGON
Cigarettes are deadly.

The bridge jumping fad is falling off wonderfully.

Everything quiet in Cuba; they're not raising cane, as reported.

Bloomers are going out; but not quite so frequently as formerly.

A Boston paper inquires: "Are men marrying less?" Yes, more or less.

Cheer up, office seekers; the government has recently bought a part of Plum Island.

A wag suggests that if "churyards yawn," it may be because the epitaphs make them tired.

Shut your mouth and open your eyes. And you're sure to learn something to make you wise.

Why should one commit suicide on account of the extreme heat? There's a land that is hotter than this.

One forenoon recently the Prince of Wales' shooting party killed 2,000 partridges. This is considered sport.

That Ohio man who claims to have caught a catfish with two heads the other day should change his bait right away.

That Florida man who shot ten whitecaps the other night and killed five evidently doesn't need "regulating," anyway.

In England the mechanical engineers have designed "refuse destructors" which burn all refuse in the rough. That is a thing we have to learn.

Down in New Jersey the other day a bride kissed an entire wedding party and thus realized \$100 for charity. After this let us hope that her charity will begin at home and end there.

The Philadelphia Bulletin says that "Nature is not ashamed of her clothes." Why should she be ashamed of them? Aren't her bloomers the envy and admiration of all the rest of creation?

It is announced that Mexico has discovered an effective and harmless narcotic "which will produce coma without derangement of the system." Perhaps that is what ails Mexican industry.

The Chinese claim to have discovered the X ray several centuries ago. Whereupon the Syracuse Post wants to know if there is anything the Chinese haven't discovered. They haven't discovered how to fight.

A Seattle newspaper shows that the farmers of Eastern Washington, since the recent rise in the price of wheat, have sold 15,000,000 bushels, the crop netting them about \$3,500,000 more than last year.

The Cincinnati Enquirer has noticed that "no matter how courteous and attentive the elevator boy may be, he is called down frequently every day." But you can't keep a good elevator boy down. He is bound to rise.

Boston's city council has appropriated \$15,000 to "exterminate the ergyia leucostigma." We are not quite clear about this, but we feel that it would be well worth the money to get rid of such a thing, anyway, no matter what it is.

Boston street car conductors are now directed to address women passengers as "madam." When a passenger gets off the car backward and sits down forcefully in the muddy street the accent probably will be suddenly shifted to the last syllable of that word.

The Montreal inventor who claims to have produced a gun by which two men can fire 200,000 shots a minute, without an explosive, and with a range of 6,000 yards, fails to say how he is to keep up the supply of ammunition. The secrecy surrounding the invention, like that of the Keely motor, is probably its strong point.

After having made a fortune of \$500,000 from his business, a Tennessee tobacco manufacturer has decided that the selling of tobacco is incompatible with his religious life and has disposed of this plant to a syndicate. He probably reasons that the latter, being a soulless corporation, is safe in sinning.

There is one clergyman in Kansas who is not a sabatistarian. During a sermon last Sunday he saw that a storm was approaching and brought his discourse to a close by saying: "Brethren, I will now close, for I see that we are going to have a thunderstorm. The congregation will please follow me to Brother Soandso's field and help him stack his wheat." That was practical Christianity.

Once or twice a year St. Louis does something neat in the shape of a story. Its latest is the tale of a tramp who became converted by the Salvation Army, and, having stolen the last railway ride he had before religion got hold of him, his conscience troubled him and he sent the money covering the fare for a thousand miles to the railway company he had defrauded. He sent the full rate, asking no rebate on any account, and not even taking note of the cheap rates now afforded to St. Louis merchants for shopping purposes. That story will let St. Louis out for the next six months.

Several experiments have recently been made by Eastern railways in sprinkling oil along the ground beside their tracks for the purpose of preventing the dust from being swept up by the motion of the cars. The dust problem has long annoyed railway travelers. The finest screens in the windows of the Pullman cars have been ineffective to keep clouds of dust from penetrating while the trains were in motion and besmearing the passengers and do-

ing damage to the company's property. A stretch of road in New Jersey was sprinkled with crude oil for a distance of six feet on each side of the track. This was found to lay the dust successfully and it is said that the entire Pennsylvania system will be thus treated. A really dustproof road will be a great inducement to travel.

This fall each ton of anthracite coal will cost every manufacturer, every merchant, every family \$1.50 more than it cost last fall. That is, the price of anthracite coal has advanced in the past year a little more than 40 per cent. Why? Because the mines are becoming exhausted? Because the wages of miners and employes of coal railways have risen? Because the cost of production has increased? Because last year's price was below the price at which dealing in coal is profitable? Not at all. The sole reason is that several men who had control over the necessary mines and railways organized a trust "to decrease the output and to raise the price." Of course there are laws both Federal and State against it. Of course there are certain instincts of humanity against it. But the coal trust cares nothing for such trifles as law and humanity.

After a delay of about five years the beacon set as a memorial to the late Lord Tennyson has been dedicated. For some reason, hard to explain, there has been little enthusiasm anywhere concerning this memorial and the dedication was accomplished with the simplest of ceremonies and was attended by few people of any note. Although the dedication took place within five miles of Windsor castle, not one of the royal family came or sent representatives. Neither did the Queen send the slightest word to the managers of the affair. The present laureate too was absent, although that was not to be wondered at. It would be trite to say that the verse of Tennyson was enshrined in the hearts of the English people and that it needed no memorial to celebrate it. The truth is that the memory of Tennyson has been singularly neglected by the English people and the absence of representative literary men upon this occasion is inexcusable.

Of many recent suicides perhaps the most touching was that of Benjamin Simon of New York. It was remarkable for three reasons. In the first place, he belonged to a race the members of which very rarely take their own lives. In the second place, he was only 14 years of age, and, lastly, he snuffed out his life because he wished to become a labor agitator and thought his failure to pass an examination for college had disqualified him for carrying out that wish. From any point of view this suicide was remarkable. He overcame race prejudices against self-destruction and at the age of 14 he had well-defined ideas of becoming a "liberator." Perhaps the most noticeable thing in connection with the event was the boy's conviction that an education was necessary to qualify him to become a labor agitator. He must have been impressed with the fact that what the laboring men or, at least, their leaders most needed was education, for he strove constantly to acquire knowledge. He tried to enter the College of the City of New York, but failed to pass the examination owing to a deficiency in drawing. This failure preyed upon his spirit and the poor, little brain, already affected by overstudy and too much thought, gave way. The letter of farewell written to his parents is as pathetic as ever a communication written under those circumstances was. He wrote it in the East Broadway library, and in explaining his act he says that the greatest regret he had was that he had not held to his "resolution to agitate among the working classes for their emancipation from wage slavery by the overthrow of the capitalist system and for the establishment of the co-operative commonwealth advocated by the socialist labor party." Poor little Chatterton of labor! Who can tell what he might not have accomplished had he lived?

Oh, sacred bond that through all time in blessedness remains!
A voice hath bound me to the Past by Music's viewless chains;
For where Love links its golden words between the heart and home
There is a charm that holds the thought however the feet may roam;

So, fondly from my toil and care my heart will backward turn,
I shall be a child again, and for God's altars yearn,
And whenever that sweet angelus across life's sea is rung,
That music out of Childhood's heaven—the songs my mother sung!

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THE CONVICT'S YARN.

Egyptology in the days when I was at college, before I took to the profession which I followed for many years, was my chief delight, and to the fact that I was a student of the ways of ancient Egypt I owed one of the luckiest hauls of my life.

It fell out in this way: We had long turned our eyes with ardent looks toward the establishment of Mr. Pontifex, jeweler and valuer, of 2 Moore Lane, city, the contents of whose shop were said to be worth some £20,000.

Mr. Pontifex, in addition to being a jeweler and valuer, was also a bit of an enthusiast on Egyptian relics, and one of his papers in the paper regarding recent additions made to his Egyptian museum at Norwood.

One day my chum, Dick Herring, lounged into my room smoking a clay and reading a newspaper.

"Listen to this, guv'nor. Seems a waste, doesn't it?"
"Fire away," I returned, "and I'll give you my opinion afterward."

"We understand that Mr. Christopher Pontifex, the well-known jeweler of Moore Lane, E. C., has just ordered a mummy from Messrs. Wood & Sons, the curiosity dealers. The mummy is supposed to be the remains of Ptolemy II., and there is no doubt that there will be a great rush on the part of all Egyptologists to the Pontifex museum to see the new importation from the land of the Pharaohs!"

The paragraph then went on to say that £1,000 had been stated as the price of the mummy in question.

"Ain't that a waste o' money?" he said angrily, "and all on the mummy of a bloke as died thousands and thousands of years ago. Still, I shouldn't mind changin' places with that ere mummy, purvidd'n, o' course, that it was to be lodged over the shop. What, ho?" he concluded, with a wink at me.

I laughed. "I agree with you," I said. "I shouldn't have any objection at all to changing places with the mummy, say between the hours of midnight and 2 a. m., but I don't quite see how it's to be done."

"More don't I, guv'nor," returned Dick, moodily.

He then relapsed into silence, blowing great clouds from his pipe, and the business passed out of my mind. It was recalled to me, however, in a very sudden manner some two months later, when, passing down a street near the Strand, I espied close to a pillar box a letter already stamped and addressed for posting, but which had evidently missed the box and fallen to the ground. Acting on the principle which has always led me to obtain as much knowledge as I can, I opened the envelope and was astonished to find that it was from Messrs. Wood & Sons and was addressed to Mr. Pontifex. This is what it said:

THE SONGS MY MOTHER SANG.
As one who stands at evening by the ocean's lonely shore
May hear the voice of Memory above the breakers' roar,
So, calm and clear and beautiful as bells for curfew rung,
I hear above life's surge and flow the songs my mother sung.

I've sought the light of Fortune's smile in many a distant bourn,
Found many a fount of gladness and learned what it means to mourn;
And many are the voices, mild with love, or harsh with strife,
Whose tones for me have mingled in the symphony of life.

A moment's retrospection, and all these to calm subside,
And from the land of Childhood, far across Time's restless tide,
The veil of mist is lifted which the years between have hung,
And looking back, I hear again the songs my mother sung.

I'm a child again—the twilight steals across the upland farm,
And homeward from my play I come through evening's mellow charm;
The crickets and the katydids are singing through the dew,
And one pure star buds into light in heaven's liquid blue;

I toss my cap upon the floor, and mother's hand, so fair,
Draws to her heart the little lad and smooths his tumbled hair;
She smiles to feel the chubby arms so loving round her flung,
And hark!—I hear them rising now, the songs my mother sung.

And when the simple prayers were said, and down to sleep I lay,
She bent and kissed me, and that kiss is on my brow to-day;
I fancied round her fair white face the very darkest smiled
(She ever wore an angel look when she was with her child),

And softly from the distant woods I heard the whip-poor-will,
But in that dear and hallowed hour her voice was softer still:
Sweet breezes stirred the window where the honeysuckle clung,
But dreamland caught its music from the songs my mother sung.

There was no voice more wonderful, for love was all its tone,
And love hath never heard a tongue more beautiful than its own;
And where the proud world falls to win our homage with its art,
Love's simple song unchallenged takes the fortress of the heart.

What wonder that when life is hard I smile back through my tears
As I hear those holy echoes haunt the hushes of the years?
What wonder when Care's stormy bells against my calm are awung
The Past speaks comfort to my heart in the songs my mother sung!

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the mummy is to be deposited first of all on your premises at Moore Lane. We awaiting your reply, we are, yours very obediently,
WOOD & SON.

As I read these words a happy thought flashed across my brain, and I resolved to put it into execution at once. Going straight to a telegraph office in the city I sent the following message to Wood & Sons:

Leaving London for a few days retain mummy till further notice.
PONTIFEX.

The message having been duly dispatched, I took my way at once to my lodgings, where I found my chum, Herring, sitting disconsolately on the sofa.

"Buck up, Dick, my lad!" I cried. "I think we're in luck at last. Read that letter."

I handed him the note which I had picked up near the pillar box, and he read it carefully. Then he said:

"Where's the luck in that, guv'nor?"
"What would you say if I told you that I intended to impersonate the mummy which Mr. Pontifex has ordered, and that, moreover, I intend to carry off all that I can lay my hands on during the night following my being delivered into his keeping?"

"He smiled incredulously."
"How's it to be done, guv'nor? It's a knock-out plan, of course, but how's it to be done?"

"It will be by no means an easy task," I made answer, "and it's risky, but it may be done with care and discretion. Being extremely thin, I have the 'make-up' of an ideal mummy. The first thing we have to obtain is an ancient mummy coffin, which I will go and buy at once."

I then proceeded to the establishment of the Messrs. Wood, where I bought an imitation coffin. The real article would have been exceedingly dear, and so I contented myself with a colorable imitation. Deep down in a huge recess I packed a long overcoat with capacious pockets, a few necessary tools, a lantern with matches and a few other handy appliances.

"This being done, I obtained a quantity of butter cloths in which I was to be swathed. To give the same an ancient and brownish appearance I smoked them at the fire, the effect after that process being admirable.

Herring gave me valuable service, and we also enlisted the help of Jack Tovey, an ingenious youngster who had often done good work for us in days gone by.

He showed himself an apt pupil in the mummy business, and when I had rehearsed the attaching of the butter cloths to Herring's figure, as an example of the manner in which it should be done, he expressed himself as being quite able to do the same office for me when the time came.

It was a dangerous game, and only too well did I know it, but I determined to hope for the best and trust to the luck which always seemed to be long to me.

I determined to lose no time in carrying out the scheme because, although delays are dangerous everywhere, they are especially so in our profession. I therefore arranged that I should be conveyed to Mr. Pontifex's house in Moore Lane arrayed as the mummy to his order on the following afternoon, Friday.

Fortunately the weather was very gloomy at the time and King Fog was over all things.

We engaged a spring cart to convey the coffin containing me to Moore Lane, and at 4 o'clock on Friday afternoon we set out, my chum and I. In speaking of myself I should, perhaps, use the word "it," for never did any living man present so dead an appearance as I on that occasion. If it had not been for fear of bursting some of the butter cloths I should have broken out into hearty laughter, for the whole affair seemed me one of the finest comedies on record.

At length the coffin was duly deposited in the room, and then I heard Pontifex tell the car men to withdraw the lid. This they did, and then I could feel that the jeweler was gazing at me fixedly, and knew that if detection were to come it would come now.

"Thank heaven, it did not come! On the contrary, the worthy dealer in precious stones seemed greatly impressed with his purchase and insisted on delivering a short homily to the car men on the subject.

"See here, my good men," he said in an unctuous, satisfied voice; "see here, and admire the work which the ancient Egyptians knew so well how to perform. Think of the ages which have rolled by since Ptolemy I. lived and ruled! Think of the millions who have since then turned into dust, and yet here I am able to look to-night on the intact body of that very king! Ah, a marvelous science, the science of embalming! Marvelous indeed!"

The hours went by with a slowness that tortured me. My face was on fire with perspiration, and though I could breathe through some small holes we had made in the butter cloths, my whole position was so exceedingly painful that I do not think I could go through such an ordeal again even for twice the temptation.

I heard the church clock in Cheapside strike the hours, and the interval between each hour seemed like a week. At length midnight struck, and then I knew that my awful rest was near: I could hear the servants locking up for the night.

I could hear Pontifex bidding them good night as he passed up stairs to bed, and half an hour later the house was as silent as the tomb.

"The time has come," I thought, "for Ptolemy to come to life. Here goes!" I had provided myself with a ring to which a small blade was attached, and working away with the same I was able after much toil to free my arms, and afterward, of course, the work was comparatively easy, but for ten minutes or so I could not rise, my limbs being too cramped to allow of my doing so.

At the end of that time I pulled myself together, and making a mighty effort I leaped out, snatching my lantern, I lit it, and then put on the overcoat and other clothing which I had concealed in the deep receptacle.

Having put on my India rubber shoes and collected my professional instruments, I went down stairs silently, and soon found my way into the shop toward the treasures of which we had so long turned our eyes and which treasures now lay within my reach. I made a deliberate selection, filling my pocket

with the precious stones in generous profusion.
A low whistle outside told me that my faithful pal, Herring, was watching to see that my coast was clear for my exit. I therefore took my way out into the passage, and using my best efforts to make no noise I slid back the great bolts and turned the key of the massive house door.

Everything went perfectly. The lane was deserted and I walked rapidly in the direction of the Mansion House, where I was joined by Herring, who burst into a loud peal of laughter when he saw me.

"Ow are yer, Mr. Tollermey?" he said. "Give us yer 'and. Blow if yer ain't the coolest bloke wot I ever set eyes on."

Then he said no more, and we walked on silently till we reached our den in St. Luke's. Next morning a train from Charing Cross conveyed us to Folkestone, whence we journeyed to Paris, and from there to Brussels, where the swag was duly sold and split up into shares.

My companions, Herring and Tovey, decided that as I had had the lion's share of the work I should also have the same share of the proceeds, and the result was that I was richer by the night's transactions to the tune of something very much like £8,000.—London Tit-Bits.

ON THE GRAND BANKS.

How the Cod and Halibut Are Taken by the Small Vessels.

Gustav Kobbe writes an article entitled "On the Grand Banks and Elsewhere" for St. Nicholas. Mr. Kobbe says:

The trawlers are generally found on the Grand Banks, the hand-liners on the Western Bank and Quire. These hand-liners are smaller vessels with fewer dories, and the men fish with hand-lines, one man and two lines to a dory. The hand-liner sits in the middle of his dory, with a compartment in its stern and another in its bow sticking far up in the air, you know, the fisherman has his stern-rod. Then, as fish after fish flashes into the other compartment, the bow settles, and when the dory is on an even keel the hand-liner pulls back to the vessel.

The trawlers bait with fresh herring, mackerel, and squid; the hand-liners with salted. The catch of both is split and salted, and the vessel has a full "fare," or catch, when she has "wet her salt"—that is, used up all her salt—and is full of fish. A trawler's voyage lasts about eight weeks; a hand-liner's, eleven.

A trawler's crew receives no wages, but fishes on shares. First, the captain gets a percentage; of the remainder one-half goes to the vessel, which "finds," that is, supplies the gear, stores, salt, and half the bait; and the other half to the captain and crew in equal shares, which run from \$110 to \$150, and even to \$250.

But among the hand-liners each man is paid according to what he catches, the "fare" from each dory being weighed as it is taken aboard. This stimulates competition. There is judgment in knowing where to fish, or how long to stay over a certain spot; and even the quickness with which a line is hauled in will make a perceptible difference at the end of a day's fishing. It means something to be "high line," as they call the best fisherman, at the end of a voyage, and those who win this distinction time and again, as some do, become known as "killers" and "big fishermen."

The main catch on the Banks is cod and halibut. There is also a fleet of small American vessels which pursue the mackerel and squid. Swordfishing is a good sport—whaling on a small scale. A man, dart in hand, stands in the vessel's bow, supported by a semi-circular iron brace. When near enough to fish, he lets fly the dart. A swordfish may weigh three hundred and fifty pounds. One can tow a dory a mile, and a piece of the sword has been found driven through the bottom of a pilot-boat.

The Smart Boy.
"Father," said a young hopeful, the other day, "how many fowls are there on the table?"
"Why," said the old gentleman, as he looked complacently on a pair of roasted chickens that were smoking on the table, "there are two."

"Two?" replied the smart boy, "there are three, sir, and I'll prove it."
"Three?" replied the old gentleman, who was a plain, matter-of-fact man. "I'd like to see you prove it." "Easily done, easily done. Is not that one?" said the smart boy, leaving his knife on the first, "and that two?" pointing to the second; "and do not one and two make three?" "Really," said the father, turning to his wife, who was stupefied at the humane learning of her son, "really this boy is a genius, and deserves to be encouraged;" and then to show that there is fun in old folks as well as in young ones, he added: "Wife, you take one fowl, and I'll take the second, and John may take the third for his learning."—The Pall Mall.

She Was Too Kittenish.
At the lemonade table in a Worcester fair the other night a patron related the story of a pretty English woman who dispensed similar fluid at a society function. Exorbitant prices were asked and men were wheedled into contributions by various seductive methods. A wealthy man of taste was informed that a glass of lemonade would cost him a shilling. Then the fair customer took a sip from it, and as she smacked her pretty lips said: "Now tals cup will cost you a guinea." "Now tals cup pulled out the sum, and as he laid it down said: "Here's the guinea; now please give me a clean glass."

Too Much for the Father.
Tommie is a very precocious youngster and he has an answer for almost everyone. A few mornings ago his father was talking to him about sleeping late in the morning.

"Pa," said Tommie, "do you know that light travels 136,300 feet per second?"
"Yes," said the father, "but what of that?"

"Why, if it goes as fast as that, is it any wonder that it gets up in the morning before I do?" asked Tommie. And the father subsided.

It is as hard to suit a farmer in the matter of weather as it is to suit a woman with a husband.

PRINCE OF DENMARK AND THE DUCHESS OF MECKLENBURG.



The betrothal of Prince Christian of Denmark and the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, recently announced, is said to be very pleasing to the German and Russian courts. The lady is second cousin to the present czar and the prince is his first cousin. Both are related by marriage to the royal family of Great Britain. Christian is a stalwart young Dane, second only in stature to the giant Prince George of Greece. He is a superb horseman, an all-around sport, and a fine soldier. His fiancée, the Duchess Alexandra, is nine years younger than her royal lover. Her father, the reigning Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, is one of the richest of the princes of Germany, and Alexandra is his eldest daughter. She is a very handsome woman for a European princess and is said to be highly cultured. Foreign court papers, of course, have it that this match is a "genius love affair."

NATIONAL W. R. C. HOME.

This magnificent structure stands at Madison, Ohio.

No charitable institution in the land is more worthy of benefits or gifts from a patriotic people than the Home founded and supported by the National Woman's Relief Corps, at Madison, Ohio, for those whom cruel war left without support or protection.

One writing of it says: "It is really one of the wonders of the world. The half has never been told, and you will never realize what a grand institution it is until you visit it."

It is located at Madison, Ohio, on the famous Western Reserve on the line of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad. There are now twenty acres of land, five having been purchased last year. There are fine drives, well-kept lawns, with flowers in abundance, beautiful gardens and orchards. The main building was erected and furnished by the Ohio Legislature at a cost of \$35,000. It is known as the "Ohio cottage," and is a model of perfection. It was dedicated on July 17, 1890, with elaborate ceremonies, and turned over to the Woman's Relief Corps. The two original buildings were used for a seminary. For these one is now fitted up for a hospital. The Home is maintained by a per capita tax assessed on every member of the W. R. C., and by contributions from friends, either cash or supplies. Also a percentage of pensions received

of the young ladies to grow old, that they may share the reverence given to age.

The best rooms of the house are in the rear. A Japanese entering it takes off his shoes instead of his hat. If he takes up a book to read, he opens it at the back. He reads from right to left, instead of from left to right. The letters are arranged vertically instead of horizontally. The larger margin of the page is at the top instead of at the bottom, and the foot notes are at the top.

If he writes a letter, he will take a roll instead of a sheet, write along the curve of the roll a missive which begins exactly as one of ours would end, and vice versa, and then putting it into an envelope opening at the end, and addressing it to United States, Ohio, Cincinnati, Smith, John, Mr. He will send it, turn it over and put his postage stamp on the back.

WRITES JUVENILE FICTION.

Western Author Whose Stories Are Popular with Young People.

Writing juvenile stories so as to interest and hold an army of boys and girls numbering not less than 100,000 week after week and year after year, is a task involving not only skill and judgment, but positive genius. There has come about a vast change in juvenile literature during the past decade.

Eastern publishers say that it is the Western reading field that pays best just now. A Western man holds the palm for juvenile fiction. Weldon J. Cobb has not been known in this line under his own name until quite recently, as the same was controlled by a large Eastern publishing house for exclusive use in the mature field, for some three years since. As Dr. Willard McKenzie, Ralph Hamilton, and Paul Ingelow, however, Mr. Cobb has since 1885 been very prominently before the reading public. To his "Ready Boys" was given the best reception attending any story of its class, while "The Tattooed Boy," which won the Munro prize after the casting of 272,000