

Eugene City Guard.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

The real seal question: Will the seals be settled before the question is?

A Minnesota man has been found who is too stupid to be a jurymen. And yet his friends allow him to roam at large.

You may always congratulate on the birth of a daughter, but for a son—wait till he has passed his thirtieth year.

Germany recently celebrated the centenary of Baron Munchausen. Who knows what time may do for the campaign liar in this country?

The Houston Post tells of a Dallas barber who was in a trance, but awoke, and "finding he was still in Dallas died dead." Was the death fatal?

Ex-Senator Henderson of Missouri, in an open letter to young men, says: "Keep out of public office." Good advice can rarely be followed so easily.

Some obtuse persons begin to dimly realize that there is a distinction to be made between sermons of raw, un-disciplined schoolboys and a scientific game of foot-ball.

Now that helium and argon have been found in the Caucasus as minerals in a pure state, for the first time, the center of scientific and chemical investigation may be found in Asia for a time.

Though, as is said, \$4,000,000,000 have been discovered by the United States in pensions since the close of the war in 1865, it is well to remember that the money has not been hoarded, nor is it gone out of the country.

It seems scarcely worth while to imprison anybody in Kansas for violating the prohibitory law, since the paraphernalia for a first-class jail, smuggled in by two whisky sellers, was recently discovered in the county jail at Larned.

That Connecticut preacher who claims that he can get gold from ordinary sea water says the idea struck him while he was riding in a palace car. The idea of getting money from some source or other usually strikes the average citizen before taking such a trip.

British influence goes on in far Asia. It has just come to light that before the king of Siam departed on his European tour he dismissed nearly every foreign employe of his government, and their places have since been filled by Englishmen selected by Chulalongkorn personally.

"From A to Z." The nations of the earth are witnesses to the evils following the wanton destruction of forests. Abyssinia has her story to tell. Menelik has changed his capital four times since his accession in 1889, because the wood supply was exhausted. The woodman who does not spare that tree has seen his best days. Public opinion is awakened.

Some of the reasons for thinking there will be no war with Spain are that it wouldn't be popular, that it wouldn't be good politics, that it wouldn't be profitable except to a comparatively small number of contractors, that the country isn't in shape at present to go to war with anybody, that President McKinley doesn't want war, and that he doesn't intend war shall occur.

There is too much of a disposition among the farmers to pursue the dull round of toll without thought of improvement and without effort for better methods. It is the object of farmers' institutes to resist and overcome this inertia. They bring together the farmers face to face, to give each other the benefit of their observation and experience. They stimulate enterprise and inquiry by showing what brains have already done for the calling and showing that more remains to be done.

That the greatness of the self-made man is consequent upon meagre educational advantages is an old superstition fast disappearing, as ex-President Cleveland pointed out at the recent Princeton commemoration. The successful man whose youth was without advantages has attained success not because of those disadvantages, but in spite of them, and it is logical to infer that with increased intellectual training he would have climbed to still greater eminence.

A company of workmen in England lately listened to a speaker who called himself a fellow-workman. In his time, he said, he had experienced many privations. He had known what it was to be cold because he could not afford a fire. He had worn patched clothes and shoes. He had lived upon poor fare. When he was young he learned to plow as straight a furrow as any man in the parish, and no one could throw better than he. The speaker was a man who in the table of precedence comes next after the princes of the royal blood—the Archbishop of Canterbury.

A bride of a year was recently heard to say that ten of her acquaintances were to be married before Christmas, and that as the parents of all of them had sent her expensive wedding gifts, she and her husband were in much perturbation about the customary return. There is food for reflection in her comment that as they lived in a small rented house and kept but one servant, their valuable silver was still stored in the vault where it had been placed at their marriage; that although the gifts represented over \$3,000, the young husband had to struggle for their livelihood; and that the most modest presents they could select for their ten friends would take his whole month's salary.

Sir Walter Scott's writings do not pass into eclipse behind the later products of genius. The Providence Public Library issues a bulletin from which it appears that during ten years a few books were drawn more than 300 times. Among these were "Ivanhoe."

"Guy Mannering," "The Bride of Lammermoor" and "Kenilworth." "Kenilworth" was taken out 625 times. Thirty-five years after Scott's death a London bookseller would not keep in his stalls a six-penny edition of the Waverley novels, because they killed the sale of all other books. Yet the lure was not in sensationalism; the popular craving was not for poisonous sweets; millions of readers found only a pure and wholesome human pleasure.

The society for checking the Abuse of Public Advertising, founded four years ago in England, has been highly successful in awakening the sentiment of reform. The Thames River is by act of Parliament protected from any advertising whatever on its banks; a series of guide-books calls attention to recent advertising disfigurements of beautiful scenery; the council of London has condemned some monster boardings erected for advertising purposes, and the superior courts have enforced the prohibition of sky signs. America stands no less in need of such an association and such a sentiment. "The way in which I shall help," exclaimed a young man recently, "is by never buying such articles as I see objectionable methods. They shall be impressed upon my mind as something to be shunned."

The English have a much better notion of what happens in parliament than we have of the proceedings of the House and Senate. No matter how suddenly the debate springs up, nor how unexpected the occasion, in the London newspapers the satisfactory account of all that was said and done is next day before the British people. Such a thing hardly ever takes place with us, writes Thos. B. Reed in the Illustrated American. If a member makes an important speech it must be written out before delivery and sent by mail, and then figures in the telegraphic column as a monument alike of American eloquence and American enterprise. One disadvantage we labor under is that we have no central London. Our capital is not a London, though it is no mean city. The country at large has more than one news center. New York the Greater will have a population of 3,500,000, but is 225 miles away. Chicago has 1,500,000, and is the center of a vast country, but is 800 or 1,000 miles distant. San Francisco has the great empire of the Pacific coast behind it and around it, but 3,000 miles of railway divide us. New Orleans lies a distance of two days further south, and St. Louis and Cincinnati would be much aggrieved not to be deemed centers of news distribution. While, therefore, we are satisfied with our country, and know that all the waste places will be filled up, and that we shall have London on either coast and in the center, nevertheless just now we are too much spread out to know about our Congress quite as well as some other people do about theirs.

One of the most successful of recent novels debates a question that has probably occurred to many thoughtful men and women, is it possible for one who forms a part of our complex and tempestuous civilization to lead a Christian life? The novelist's conclusion is, on the whole, unfavorable and, therefore, condemnatory of civilization. Such a theme, so treated, was certain to awaken controversy. Chiefly, opinions range around the hero of the story. It is asserted that his failures were chargeable to his character, not his environment; and the criticism is sound enough—so far as it goes. It cannot be an adequate statement, because it fails to take note of certain fundamental truths. In the first place it is important to remember that the author's inquiry is no novel one. For eighteen centuries, the earnest and the faithful, straining their eyes at the ideal of human brotherhood that Christ set up, have wondered despairingly whether man could ever reach it. The better man—judged by the standard of others—the more hopeless, to him, has seemed the attempt. Thus the recent raising of the inquiry does not mean that a single good man has all at once perceived the world to be growing worse. Does it not rather show that an artist, keenly susceptible to the mental influences that mold the time, has been impressed by those aspirations toward general helpfulness and justice which unquestionably tend with him, concealing that the world he misreads the answer to his question, but even if we were forced to slide to dominate mankind. We believe that has not gained wisdom as it has grown older, we might comfort ourselves with the thought that human nature at least has not changed. There are no new pitfalls on the road to perfection, though some of the old ones may bear new names. The saints of the early centuries lived, as we must, in the midst of rich and poor, Pharisees, publicans, sound and sick, sinners and righteous. And in our day, as in theirs, "the aids to noble life are all within."

Confederate Muskets. "Though the Confederate army, when Gen. Lee surrendered, surrendered many thousand muskets," said an ordinance officer of the army, "I have great doubts if 100 of them are still in the possession of the government. In the armories of the government in Illinois, Massachusetts and California a few may have been kept, but there are few, but the War Department has a few, but the war surplus has disappeared, and no one knows exactly where. As an arm the rifles surrendered were without value except in a few commands where they were hurriedly and cheaply made, generally by contract work. I can't state now exactly how many thousand muskets there were, but there were at least 30,000 reserved as having been surrendered. My own idea is that the most of them were broken up as values, though a great quantity of them were sold as junk and scrap iron. The cannon have also gone out of existence—most of them in the same way."—Washington Star.

Size of Fog Banks. The captain of a big Atlantic liner, after many calculations, has come to the conclusion that the general size of a fog bank in the Atlantic is about thirty miles in diameter.

There is no parting so bitter as the parting of a quinine capsule just as you are in the act of swallowing it.

WHEN SUE GLANCED AT ME.

The world can boast of many things not known of long ago, When earth seemed troubled with the gout, and science and art were slow; Now everything conspires to bring but luxury and ease, And progress has, some say, improved on nature by degrees; But naught can give its substitute—as naught has yet improved— The genuine, old-fashioned thrill that comes of being loved, Such as I own I felt of old in eminent degree, When Sue behind the window blinds once shyly glanced at me!

She was a little lass I knew away back in my youth, And, if not up to date, the fact awakes in me no ruth, To-day's affected love of art for art's sake would have been To her old-fashioned views of things but little short of vain; She never dreamed that paltering would strike the tempter dumb, And Zolaism furnished not her mental poison; And all this purity was there, I could but clearly see.

It ill becomes the heart of age to overflow with sighs, If gone the roses, says the poet, their ashes must suffice; When white hairs tell the time to leave off cakes and ale is here, We ought to turn our thoughts upon a more enduring sphere;

But somehow there's a pleasure yet in calling up the way; That one bright pair of eyes could make of night the fairest day; For on my sight there glowed the light we've seen on land or sea. When Sue, behind the window blinds, glanced shyly out at me! —Chicago Times-Herald.

"AS A MAN SOWS."

WHEN Dick Tremayne, Lieutenant in the One Hundred and Twentieth Queen's Own Royal Rifles, went down to Stretton on leave, he was about the unluckiest man possible, in the opinion of his friends, to fall in love at first sight.

The unexpected, however, always happens, and in accordance with this trite but true saying the gallant soldier fell an easy victim.

The whole affair was absurd, he knew. The mere idea that he, Dick Tremayne, heir to his brother's title and an acknowledged eligible in the matrimonial market, should ever give a serious thought to his sister-in-law's pretty governess, was, in itself, ridiculous. Nevertheless, it was a very pleasant pastime, in the dusky evenings out on the moonlit terrace, to saunter along with the prettiest girl he had ever met. The few days of his leave fled by swiftly, and to Joyce Carew they were laden with sweet memories, while Dick himself was really, unfeignedly, sorry as the time drew near for his departure to join his regiment, which was going out to India.

One evening, when the scent of the roses filled the cool air with fragrance and the night breeze sighed in the poplars on the lawn, he came very near to destruction.

They were on the terrace, looking down into the somber darkness of the plantation, where shafts of silver moonlight pierced the black shadows and threw fantastic shapes on the lawn beyond.

They were silent, and Dick looked furtively at his companion's sweet face, spiritualized by the mystic moonlight, her blue eyes shone darkly in her pale face and the hair, which was the envy of many, dusky and curly, framed her face with delicate loveliness.

Presently, he spoke suddenly and with vehemence. Taking her hand in his, intoxicated by her loveliness and the strange influence of the stillness, he murmured words which brought a bright flood of color to her cheeks and a glad light into her eyes.

"Joyce! Are you there?" Lady Tremayne's voice broke the magic spell, and he dropped her hand; they turned to the house and Joyce went in.

"Can you write those few notes for me?" said Lady Tremayne, not noticing the girl's brilliant eyes and the unusual color to her soft cheeks, and Joyce, writing at the table in the library, her heart beating fast and the light still in her sweet eyes, lived over again those few dangerously sweet moments.

Presently voices on the terrace caused her to start; it was his voice and the other? Roger Temple, her ladyship's cousin.

The two men were sauntering up and down in the dusky twilight. "Pretty! I should think so, indeed!" said Temple's voice. "Are you cutting in at the last moment, old fellow?" "Not I," said Dick's voice, with a laugh; "though I nearly did for myself just now; she looked so confoundingly pretty, don't you know, and goodness only knows what I was saying—what I might have said—if Grace hadn't come out just in the nick of time. I uncommonly miss Joyce, don't I? After all, one must amuse one's self in a place like this, and in a place like this, I suppose, poor pussie lemps. Let us go in."

The voices did away into silence as the men joined Lady Tremayne in the drawing-room. Joyce sat on still and cold; the pile of flushed notes before her. The "andie burnt down, and went out with a splutter, and still she sat in the dark, where later on Lady Tremayne found her, and alarmed at the sight of her pale, tired face and heavy eyes, sent her to bed, while downstairs Dick was inquiring the whereabouts of pretty Miss Carew.

When he left next day he found himself thinking of her with very real regret. He had not been poor, and if he had not been leaving England, he felt he could have risked it after all; though, by the way she had bid him good-by with a cold composure, which left him no loophole for a repetition of last night's scene. While she? If he could have guessed the depths of her feelings, even then at the last moment

he might have spoken again and saved himself a bitter reaping.

Three years have passed. Dick Tremayne has received his promotion and is on his way home. During his voyage his thoughts turn again, as they have done many times before, to Joyce, and his long remembered last evening in England. Thoughts of her with late remorse, mingled with a pleasanter feeling, for has he not made up his mind to speak to her at last and ask her to make him more happy than he deserves to be?

It is a dull, dreary November afternoon when he arrives at the Manor House, and he feels an agreeable sense of expectancy as he alights at the familiar door. A vapory fog envelopes everything, and the thought of the warmth within and Joyce is very pleasant to him.

"Lady Tremayne is out," says the old butler, "and no intimation of Captain Tremayne's arrival has been received, but Lady Carew is in the drawing-room."

Dick wonders who she may be as he goes into the cozy drawing-room, which is illumined only by the dancing fire light. A delicious perfume of flowers fills the air, and as he enters some one rises from a seat near the fire, a slender figure in white. As she advances out of the shadow a fiery tongue of flame leaps up and lights upon the sweet fair face, and a great joy falls upon the man.

It is Joyce.

He starts forward with outstretched hands, and eager, glad words rise unthinkingly to his lips.

"Don't you know me, Joyce?" he cries; and then a look of recognition comes into her eyes, but he does not notice the little frown which wrinkles her forehead for a moment.

"Of course I remember you, Captain Tremayne," she says; and to his ears her voice seems to have become sweeter. He had had no idea that she would have developed in three years into the lovely woman who now stands before him, with a new dignity and sweetness which he could never have dreamed of.

"I am evidently an unexpected guest," he says, laughing, as they sit down in the pleasant glow of the bright fire; "but I do not regret that, as I have met you first."

A smile crosses her lips, and she looks into the glowing fire.

"You did not expect to see me here still, I dare say. Are you home for long?"

"Yes, I hope so; and then when I go out again I do not intend to go alone."

He is very confident of his position, and not the least glimmer of doubt darkens his present happiness.

"Joyce," he continues, softly, "have you never guessed that I love you, dear? Do you remember that evening we spent in the garden here before I went away? I have never ceased to think of you, and now, ah! Joyce, I love you, I love you, all! Joyce, I love you, I love you, all! Forgive my long silence and make me happy at last."

The eager words break from his lips in a torrent, and then she looks at him with a smile. Her sweet, clear voice strikes him as almost cruel when she speaks.

"There is nothing to forgive," she says, coldly. "We are both quite aware that that past you speak of was purely a matter of amusement. One must amuse one's self in a place like this, you know, and, after all, it was simply poor pussie lemps."

He looks at her uncomprehendingly, till a glimmer of the truth breaks upon him with terrible force. There is no hope.

"Joyce," he cries, desperately, "is this all you say to me after years of devotion?"

His absolute selfishness startles her, and words rise to her lips which might have torn the veil somewhat roughly from her eyes, but she checks them, and rises from her seat.

"What more can I say?" she says, sweetly. "We are all fools at some time of our lives, and we were no exception to that rule. Ah, Ted, is that you?"

The door opens and a man enters. Joyce lays her hand on his arm. He is a tall, fine-looking man, broad-shouldered and stalwart. "Captain Tremayne," she says, turning to Dick, with a smile, "I must introduce my husband, Sir Edward Carew. Ted, this is Sir John's brother."

The two men shake hands, and Dick, reading the absolute trust and love for her husband written in Lady Carew's sweet eyes, mentally curses his folly, and knows that what he has sown that surely he has also reaped—and the harvest is bitter.—The Daughter.

Books of the Aztecs. Large numbers of books made of alce leaves existed in Mexico at the coming of the Spaniards; but the Spanish, following the example set by the first Mexican archbishop, everywhere destroyed them, so that only a few survived by the care of the natives in concealing them. Instead of existing in abundance, therefore, Aztec manuscripts are among the rarest treasures of European libraries. Besides the leaf paper the Mexicans used the prepared skins of beasts, and also manufactured a kind of paper with gum and silk. Had their volumes survived in greater abundance, it is tolerably certain that few or none would be able to read them, unless with them had also survived their interpretation. As regards the preparation to which we give the generic term of paper, its invention is claimed by the Chinese, but in such matters it is usually wiser to think that there were coincident discoveries than that the whole world derived its invention from one special source.

Which? Pingrey—I hardly know whether it is safe to propose to Miss Winkle or not. Sometimes I fear she would refuse me, and then I rather myself she would jump at the chance.

Fogg—Yes; but which way would she jump?—Boston Transcript.

Ban Placed on Bicycles. Count Hochberg, the manager of the Berlin opera, at the beginning of the summer issued a notice forbidding all members of the company to come to the rehearsals or performances on their bicycles. The notice caused great indignation among those of the singers who had taken up their abode in the suburbs.

Modesty never shows up to good advantage in the dark.

FIGHTING PRIESTS.

Prominent in Spanish-American Wars for Freedom.

One of the most remarkable facts in the history of the Spanish wars of this century has been the appearance in the army opposed to the forces of that country of a priest combining religious enthusiasm with the fervor of the soldier.

In the fight between Mexico and Spain, which occurred early this century, the head of the rebellious party was a priest, Hidalgo, who gathered round him an army of something like 100,000 men. He, however, was defeated, and in accordance with the tradition which Spain keeps up to-day, he was condemned to death and shot. With the place vacant came the man to fill it. Another priest, fired with the zeal and enthusiasm of Hidalgo, came forward.

This was Morelos, who in spite of his peaceful training exhibited a marked genius for warfare, and proved his fitness for the position he occupied by reducing four cities to subjection, and winning several victories. In his turn, he, too, was defeated. Like his predecessor he was taken prisoner, ordered to be executed, and shot. The freedom sown by the blood of these was reaped a few years after by the people of Mexico, who then became free of Spanish rule.

In the other struggles between what are to-day still called the Spanish-American countries and Spain, prominent parts were always taken by the leaders of the church. Their sympathy was always with the down-trodden people, their efforts were always in the cause of liberty, and their ambitions were always unbounded except by freedom.

The outcome of all these wars has been the same, the yoke has been shaken off, and the colony has become a self-governing republic. In accordance with precedent this will no doubt be the result of the struggle which has been going on so long in Cuba. It is curious, however, to note that the world has not heard the name of any priest leading on the people against their oppressors.

The superstitious may argue from this fact that the day of the deliverance of Cuba is not yet at hand. When a priest shall gird on the sword over his cassock, and discard his biretta for the helmet, then, perhaps, will the fact impress the strugglers for freedom with a certainty of victory, as it will probably strike consternation in the minds of their opponents, and so render success more easily attainable.

DIED OF FRIGHT.

A Blacksnake Really Frightened a Cow to Death.

An unusual story of animals comes from a farm near Starbuck, Pa. A farmer noticed one of his cows making repeated and furious charges at a dense thicket on the farm. The animal, which seemed infuriated, rushed at the underbrush again and again, striking the thicket with its horns and bellowing long and hard. An investigation by the owner of the animal showed that she was fighting a big blacksnake and trying to stamp it to death with her fore feet. The thicket was an isolated clump of laurels and the snake did not seem disposed to leave it and trust its life in the open country.

Finally the cow lowered her head and attempted to impale the snake on her horns. In an instant the snake springing on the cow's head and coiled itself about her horns. The cow was dazed about her horns and she was unable to rid herself of her enemy. The cow seemed finally to realize that her efforts were useless and set off at a full gallop. The men on the farm made an effort to follow her and turn her back. When cornered she would charge everything in sight. She belched herself hoarse with terror and foam came from her mouth and blood from her nostrils. Her sides were distended and she panted as though her very hide would burst. Whenever the men approached to kill the snake the poor cow, half crazed, would start off bawling, tossing her head in the vain effort to shake the snake off. But the reptile kept its hold with wonderful tenacity. It was not seen to strike the cow, but it seemed to enjoy its ride and to take pleasure in torturing the animal that bore it. Occasionally the snake would half untwist itself and its head would play before the cow's eyes. On these occasions the poor animal would bellow with terror and go backward in an endeavor to escape from the snake. Finally the brute dropped from sheer exhaustion and panted out her life. The snake was immediately dispatched and when measured was found to be over six feet in length.—Chicago Chronicle.

Saved by Wheelbarows. The storms of the Texas coast are noted all over the western hemisphere for their power and fury and there are many terrible stories told of the destruction done by them along the low coast line, which has seen some of the most terrible wrecks in the history of American shipping. Eleven years ago, when the San Antonio and Aransas Pass Railroad was being built, a very strange incident occurred, which Captain William Dunbar Jenkins recalled in a recent conversation.

He said: "It was in 1866 that a very severe storm blew in the vicinity of Rockport and it was during the blow that several miles of the shell and sand embankment reared by Colonel Ulrich Lott, the builder of the San Antonio and Aransas Pass road, was washed into the bay. Colonel Lott employed a large number of Mexicans, and many of these poor fellows were encamped on the embankment. When morning dawned after the cyclone scores of them were missing and it was thought drowned.

"When Lott and his men went down to the beach in the morning several miles of the roadbed, the work of many weeks, was entirely destroyed. They could learn nothing from the Mexicans who survived, for they were too dazed and excited to talk, but it seemed certain that the fatally must have been very large. Preparations were made to search for the remains and to bury them and a priest was sent for to hold a wholesale funeral service. The news got up the country and the bereaved families came down with all

haste to take part in the ceremonies. But no bodies could be found.

"As a matter of fact and of considerable surprise, not a single Mexican lost his life. For days afterward they could be seen coming across the sand marsh, each man wheeling his wheelbarrow. When the men realized that they were doomed to risk a watery grave every son-of-a-gun of them grasped his wheelbarrow and floated away with it. The barrows all grounded as the water subsided and the Mexicans made for the coast, and in the direction of what remained of the embankment. Work was not again resumed on the roadbed, but large sections of the road are still noticeable along the bay coast."

TRAVELS OF AN OLD HAT.

From Tropic Mexico to Frigid Alaska and Still Going.

There drifted into the office of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express in Kansas City the other day an old hat that had seen much of the country, says the Kansas City Star. Completely covering its sides, crown and brim were express tags from Mexico to the Yukon and to Kansas City. Last night it left for New York, and will undoubtedly reach its destination if there remains room to attach the necessary tags.

Inside the hat, securely wired and sealed, are some photographs—one of Jim Parker, an outlaw, who attempted to "hold up" the Atlantic and Pacific express at Peach Springs, Ariz., last February. He was captured, but escaped after killing his jailer. He was recaptured and is now in jail at Prescott. There is also the photograph of a dead train robber, made an "angel" by A. C. Summers, an express messenger on the Albuquerque and Los Angeles division of the Atlantic and Pacific Railway. The hat was worn by Summers, who started it out for Mexico with the injunction pasted inside for all messengers to attach their stickers and forward, and with the information that the hat would eventually be presented to Mr. McKinley.

The hat started into Mexico and came back loaded down with messages, humorous and otherwise, from the agents of the company. To some of the tags are attached with sealing wax Mexican corn husk cigarettes, to others small bottles of pulque and mescal; a Mexican 43-cent silver dollar is wired to the brim, also a copper centavo. Nearly all the messages are in Spanish, and there are small photographs of Mexican bull fighters, pulque gatherers and comic pictures from the Mexican papers. There are also a rabbit's foot, a key, wax matches, aluminum tags, the tops from beer bottles, car seals and tintypes.

The route the hat took can be traced all through Mexico, Arizona, Colorado and the Northwest back through Nebraska, Iowa, Topeka, Kan., and now to Kansas City. On several of the tags are earnest injunctions to keep the hat well leed en route. It is an expression of the joke and carries well. Where the old hat will come to a stop it is hard to say, because it is quite likely that when there is no more room left for tags an addition will be sewed on, and it will travel some more.

Beating P. ther Time.

Speed was once demonstrated on a Western road in a fashion to end the hair of at least one old Mormon bishop. The churchman considered it a phenomenon, and got off the train as quickly as he could. He had built-whacked across the plains in the early days, and strange to say, had never ridden on a railroad train until the time when he entered upon his trip from Green River to San Francisco. The speed was, therefore, a revelation to him. He had never before seen anything so swift, and he was seized. About twelve miles from Ogden he asked the conductor for the time of day, and was told that it was 7:35. He impressed this time forcibly on his mind.

Now, for a wonder, the Western connection at Ogden was quickly made, and after the lapse of but a few minutes the San Francisco-bound travelers were on their way Californiaward. Ogden had been left behind only a few miles, and the train was whooping along at a behind-time rate of speed, when the old bishop, frightened and trembling, dared to ask the conductor what was the time of day.

If you have traveled Westward you know that at Ogden the time changes, and San Francisco time, one hour earlier, is adopted. The conductor had San Francisco time and he said: "It is 7:10—ten minutes after seven."

The old bishop, previously haunted by a dread of impending destruction because of the horrible rate of speed at which he was being whirled through space, rose with a wild cry and made for the door.

"Lemme off!" he cried. "It was 35 minutes after 7 an hour ago, an' we're gone so fast we are gone faster than time can count itself. Lemme off!" Had he really been going as fast as the old man had believed, he would surely have been beaten to bits as he jumped from the train. As it was, he was only rolled something like a half-mile, and was carried back to Ogden on a hand-car.—Chicago Record.

A Product of Poor Farming.

We generally think that the wide-awake and up-to-date farmer has the advantage in everything. He generally has, but the old saying that no rule is without its exception holds good here. The farmer who keeps the best hogs cannot grow a good quality of bristles. If he has one of the hairy breeds that show strong vitality, the bristles from a two or three-year-old boar may be worth keeping as bristles. But they will be far inferior to bristles from the wild hog as it ranges the forests of continental Europe. The best brands of bristles have always come, and probably will continue to do so, from Russia. They are very stiff, and not even the bristles from the wild hog as it runs in Southern woods are as good. Probably our Southern wild pigs are mostly killed before they have attained age enough to have their bristles mature.

A New Woman.

First Husband—How did you receive that bribe on your desk?
Second Husband—That was caused by a woman's right.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

An old bachelor resembles a pair of scissors with only one blade.



The whole of the English edition de lace of Kipling was bought up in twelve days, and the price now stands at nine guineas.

One hundred and fifty thousand copies of "Lorna Doone" in its penny form are to be put on sale in the London bookshops.

"Rita," who, out of literature, is Mrs. Desmond Humphreys, has written a novel in which the hospital nurse figures. The title of the story is "The Sinner."

The Academy calls attention to the fact that George Meredith's first volume of poems appeared in 1851, so that his poetical career now extends over nearly half a century.

"The Bad Child's Book of Beasts" is the taking title to a grotesquely illustrated book, published by Edward Arnold. The pictures are calculated to hold the child's attention and the verses to "point a moral or adorn a tale."

Prof. James W. Davidson is nearing the end of the work upon his "Dictionary of Southern Authors," upon which he has been engaged for twenty years, and which will contain over 4,000 articles on literary people belonging to our southern States.

Nell Munro is the author of a new Highland novel entitled "John Spicadd," which is to be run serially in Blackwoods. The author's native district, and the hero was a "bonnie fighter" in the days when Montrose and the Duke of Argyll were the great figures in Scotland.

The new edition of Walt Whitman's poems which is soon to come from the Putnam's press will contain thirteen poems that did not appear in the edition prepared by Whitman just before his death. He wished these to be collectively called "Old Age Echoes," and the last of the group, "A Thought of Columbus," was the final product of his pen. The edition is to be in paper covers, as prescribed by the author's will.

Miss Braddon has again determined to show her skill in the revived historical romance, of which her "London Fride" was a successful example. Her new story is named "In High Places," and deals with the court life of Charles II. in France and later in England. It may be mentioned that a sum in four figures—pounds sterling—has been paid for the magazine rights. It is the first serial story to appear in the Lady's Realm.

Ruskin's Oxford lectures on landscape, which are now about to be published for the first time, group themselves under three heads. They deal with outline, with light and shade, and finally with color. It used to be said of Ruskin that he slept with £15,000 worth of Turners in his bedroom. Some of these are reproduced in the book, and it will have at least one sketch by himself. This is a drawing of the Gineas Rock in Glenfalls, done at the time Millais was painting Ruskin's portrait.

HAWK THAT HERDS COWS.

Educated Bird Which is the Wonder of Orange County, New York.

Two miles north of the little town of Oxford, in Orange County, N. Y., James Cloyd owns a farm which borders on the road to Blooming Grove. He is the owner of what is probably the most remarkable hawk in the world. This hawk brings home a herd of seventy-five cows every evening and gathers in the stragglers and keeps the herd together more effectively than Hiram Cloyd, the son of the farmer, used to do. Hiram had killed the parent hawk, which had been stealing chickens, and took this one from the nest. As it grew up he made a pet of it and took it with him every evening when he went out to bring the cows in.

One day Hiram cut his foot so that he could not walk. His father was absent, and when 6 o'clock came and went without Hiram putting in an appearance, Abs, the pet hawk, flew out of the barn and away. In half an hour or so Mrs. Cloyd heard a noise like cows moving together along the road, and on looking out of the window saw the whole herd coming along apparently alone. She ran out to the gate to find out what was the matter and on hearing the fence to be taken down by the bars she saw Abs, perched on the top of the last cow, surveying the scene with apparent satisfaction. Whenever the hawk flew at it fiercely,