

Eugene City Guard.

I. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

To all women: There is no such thing as a bargain in cigars.

In the meantime bets are about even as to whether Li Hung Chang retains his yellow jacket or not.

Inventor Keely's air ship will fly, we feel sure, just as soon as he perfects a few trifling details in his motor.

A scientific expert says that 90 per cent. of mushrooms is water. The other 10 per cent., of course, is toaststools.

It is not true that Hannu's Taylor is going to be the first president of Cuba Libre after the acknowledgment of independence.

John Daly, the ex-political Irish prisoner, has had the freedom of Boston extended to him. In his case it is more than a mere compliment.

If, as Astronomer Falt reiterates, a comet will hit the earth on Nov. 13, 1896, it will be a striking coincidence with 13 being an unlucky number.

Selling a Kentucky steed for \$30,000 might be used as evidence that if the luck in one horseshoe is doubtful, there's something in four of them.

With 153 competitors for positions in Harvard freshmen crew, the eight finally selected certainly ought to represent the athletic ability of the class.

A fast run of 102 miles in ninety-seven minutes on a Western road, is said to be a record breaker. One of these runs will yet prove to be a neck-breaker, as well.

A man has been lynched in Texas for lying. If lynching is ever made the recognized penalty for violations of the Ten Commandments, what a hole it will make in our American population.

With one Western inventor making gold out of antimony and another making hard coal out of garbage, sawdust and soft coal, the work of improving on the products of nature seems to be running double turn.

Uncle Sam doesn't mind having young women marry veterans of the war of 1812 for love, but he objects strenuously to having young women marry them to make themselves eligible to a widow's pension.

Liquor is said to be scarce in the national capital just now, the sergeant-at-arms having announced a "close season." In order to freeze out certain individuals who have been accustomed to "tank up" and make too much noise.

It is said that in the late municipal elections in Georgia the negroes demanded and obtained from \$5 to \$10 apiece for votes. Why should Georgia politicians ever advocate the lynching of citizens who are worth \$10 apiece at the polls?

The esteemed New York Tribune referred to an esteemed contemporary, recently in this delicate way: "The Evening Sun lies. So does its morning degenerate. If you see anything in either of them about anybody or anything they could have any motive for lying about, the presumption always is that they lie."

When extravagance reaches the point of having silver coin-poppers, sentiment calls a halt. Like the old oaken bucket, the wire popper has a distinct place in "fond recollection"; but while the bucket is largely a memory, the wire medium for bringing corn to its highest terms represents a condition as well as a theory. Long may it wave!

How little some people care for money! The Provident Institution for savings, in Boston, advertises a list of deposits that have had no attention of any kind from depositors for twenty years, and the figures in the thousands column alone, disregarding hundreds, tens and units, foot up nearly \$100,000. Evidently the owners of the money deposited have had no use for it. How many of them have forgotten it?

By refusing to accept the plea of intoxication advanced by an illegal voter in extenuation of his offense, a Philadelphia Judge has taken a stand which good citizens will generally support, and which has reason, judgment and common sense back of it. In a vigorous manner the Judge charged the jury that if they found the prisoner had voted illegally, as charged, it was their duty to convict him without regard to his condition at the time, whether he was drunk or sober. The jury promptly convicted the man.

The social ethics of the bull-fighting profession seem to afford interesting aspects. Mexico has a light of the bull ring known as El Curita, who comes before the public with the complaint that his reputation has been injured by a report that he had been beaten by a woman. He therefore submits public proof that, so far from this being true, the fact was that he knocked the woman down with a chair several times. Having been sent to jail, his eight-day sentence was commuted into the payment of a fine. He is thus restored to full standing in his profession and the public esteem, and his reputation is vindicated.

A short cut to notoriety has been effected by a woman of Paris who contributed and collected 10,000 francs toward the Guy de Maupassant monument, recently unveiled in the Parc Monceau, on the condition that her own portrait be introduced. The ludicrous result, the figure of a fashionably dressed woman reclining in a long chair at the foot of a bust of the poet, is characterized by a writer in a London newspaper as "an advertisement in marble for some leading dressmaker." Human vanity takes many forms and some persons choose to bask in the world's gaze, even at the expense of self-respect or of life itself.

The Supreme Court of the United States has given an important decision against the Frankfort (Kentucky) lot-

tery. It was claimed in behalf of the lottery that its charter was a contract, and that as the United States constitution forbids any State to pass a law impairing contracts, the provision of the new Kentucky constitution revoking all charters of lotteries was invalid. The Supreme Court took the ground that a lottery grant is in no sense a contract within the meaning of the constitution, but is simply a license which the State, for the protection of the public morals, may at any time revoke. This decision has a wide application, because, under the contrary view, any lottery which had once been chartered in any State would be forever secure against a withdrawal of its privileges.

Rapidly the American bison has diminished in numbers since white men joined with the Indians in the work of reckless destruction, yet a few of the creatures still survive, in freedom as well as in captivity, and the day of their complete extinction may not come for decades, perhaps not for a century. The wild or passenger pigeon has been less fortunate, or, rather, more unfortunate, than the buffalo. Within the memory of men still young these birds existed all over the country in literally unnumbered millions. Single flocks were seen so large that, even when moving at express train speed, they covered the whole sky for hours as with a dense cloud. Lighting in a forest, their weight often worked more havoc with the trees than the severest of winter storms, and in a day they could sweep broad fields as clean as though a prairie fire had traversed them. Yet the Smithsonian Institution announces that urgent appeals sent to many States and the active personal efforts of agents spurred to industry by the offer of a large reward have failed to bring in a single specimen of a bird, which, only a few years ago, could be and unfortunately was—killed by the wagonload with no better than sticks. This result of their efforts has convinced the Smithsonian naturalists that the pigeons have gone to join the great auk, and they mourn the carelessness that has left the United States without even the poor solace to be found in a museum case full of well assorted and arranged specimens of the departed birds.

The latest instance of Germany's new Imperial policy is afforded by Portugal. It is reported that the German envoy at Lisbon has presented a peremptory demand for apologies and indemnity for the ill treatment of the Imperial gunboat Wolf, whose sailors were hooted and insulted on the Tagus, and several of them seriously injured. A strong protest was made at Lisbon, but without satisfaction, as reported, and hence the resort to the summary methods of diplomacy which have proved to be so effective at Haiti and Kia-Chow. Whether it be true or not that a peremptory demand has been made upon Portugal it is certain that it would almost certainly serve the Kaiser's purpose to seize Delagoa bay, the chief port on the east coast of southern Africa. Such seizure and possession would afford Emperor William an opportunity to extend his protection to the Transvaal, but it would also almost certainly involve him in a war with England, for which, as it would have to be fought mainly upon the ocean, the German navy is not prepared. It is readily conceivable that in this rigorous foreign policy Emperor William is maneuvering for effect upon the re-echoing regards his big naval bill. Should he be as successful with Portugal as with China and Haiti it is quite likely he may carry his point. His popularity in Berlin has been greatly increased within the last few weeks, but it has been augmented by dangerous methods. If Germany, as seems to be indicated by her policy in China, is about to enter upon an imperial scheme of colonization, she will not only do well to build a big navy, but will also, in all probability, not have to wait long for an opportunity to use it.

LESSON IN PALMISTRY.

Strong Fate Line Shows a Person Who Will Receive High Honors.

The line of fate begins at the bracelets that surround the wrist and extends across the palm of the hand to the base of the middle finger. It is seldom as straight as is indicated by the black line in the illustration, but zigzags back and forth, occasionally disappearing into other lines. A good fate line shows a person who will receive high honors in life. Accompanied by a good head line, it shows a person who will make a financial success of life. When the line of life is weak a good fate line will strengthen it and prolong life. People with great vitality always have good fate lines. Breaks in the line indicate losses—the more breaks the more losses. Two parallel lines in the middle of the line, a branch line from the fate line to the line of life indicates that the individual has been controlled by fate all his life. Spots on the fate line indicate losses by fire. The absence of the fate line indicates a subject who will lead a humdrum life without either experiencing great losses or great successes.



Charles Loettler, the veteran door-keeper of the President's room, has a new desk. The old one has served him over twenty-eight years. It was an old desk when it was first turned over to Loettler. It had been an intimate acquaintance of President Lincoln, and in stirring times would have absorbed many things had it been human. At the old desk thousands of prominent men have sat to write cards to send to the President. Cabinet members have sat at the desk and written their names for autograph seekers. Great men have congregated around it and talked over matters of the highest importance. It is an old flat-top desk, with a single row of pigeonholes, the lower part containing drawers. It is probable that the desk will be preserved. Loettler would like to keep it for himself as a companion which has served him faithfully so many years.—Washington correspondence New York Tribune

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MEASURING THE BABY.

We measured the ribbon baby against the cottage wall. A big grew on the threshold, and the baby was just as tall; The weep pink flats of the baby Were never a moment still, Snatching at shine and shadow That danced on the lattice sill.

His eyes were wide and sparkling, His mouth like a flower unblown, Two little feet, like funny white mice, Peeped out from his snowy gown; And we thought with a thrill of rapture That yet had a touch of pain, When June comes round with her roses We'd measure the boy again.

Ah, me! in a darkened chamber, With the sunshine shut away, Through tears that felt like bitter rain, We measured the boy to-day, And the little bare feet that were dimpled, And sweet as a budding rose Lay side by side together In a hush of long repose.

Up from the dainty pillow, White as the risen dawn, The fair little face lay smiling, With the light of heaven thereon; And the dear little hands, like rose leaves Dropped from a rose, lay still, Never to snatch at the sunshine That crept to the shrouded sill.

We measured the sleeping baby With ribbons white as snow, For the little snow-white coffin That waited him below; And out of the darkened chamber We went with a dreary moan, To the height of the sinless angels Our little boy had grown. —Boston Traveler.

REFLECTIONS OF A SPINSTER.

Y fire is warm tonight and crackles merrily in the open grate. My cat is curled up on her soft cushion and is blissfully purring herself to sleep. Two books lie on the cozy little table near me, the "Reveries of a Bachelor" and the "Love Affairs of an Old Maid." My knitting, with its balls of pale blue and deep wine red, rests idly in my lap. I lean back comfortably in my big chair, and with half-closed eyes I let my wayward thoughts wander where free fancy leads them.

Who knows what tender feelings steal into many a lonely heart when the shades are drawn and a brooding silence settles down on a quiet little house? I cannot help wondering whether, after all, my neighbor over the way is more or less happy than I, and my mind goes back to the time when we were schoolmates.

Lillian at 16 was the prettiest girl in school. Her wide-open blue eyes, her soft, round cheeks, and her wavy hair made her a picture of girlish beauty. She never cared for study, but a romp, a picnic, or a dance was her delight. Well, at 18 she married one of the "boys" and expected to have a gay life forever after. Her Jack was a good dancer and drove a stylish horse, all the girls envied her, and what more could one ask for?

But the first year brought severe disappointments. Lillian grew calder of her personal appearance and wildly jealous of Jack. He hated scenes, and preferred to spend his time where he would not be annoyed by them. After some bitter lessons Jack's well-learned limit to keep within certain well-defined limits. With her fresh beauty faded, and with the knowledge that she has lost her husband's adoration, she drags along a weary life, in which there is neither pleasure in the present nor hope for the future. Said I to myself, "I am far happier in certain loneliness than in this companionship," and I looked around my cozy room with a sense of relief to think that no scowling face and no harsh words marred my "Old Maid's Paradise."

Then I took up my half-finished work and knitted industriously for awhile. I was making some socks for little Ted, my young nephew. Who could tell the proud joy, the infinite tenderness and love which were in the heart of Ted's little mother? There was an answering thrill when I thought of her, and contrasted her life with mine. How closely she clasped the little fellow in her arms, as if she would shield him from all the world! With what eagerness she watched for the first responsive look, the first plain word, and the first tottering step. And there was even an absurd fondness in those tender mother eyes as she gazed on the antics of her young son and imagined them vastly superior to those exhibited by any other infant in the wide world. Ted was not a commonplace, everyday baby, but he. His wordless babblings were full of wisdom, only we poor ordinary mortals could not understand the mysterious language in which they were uttered.

I laid down my knitting and in the red coils of the open fire grate I read the coming years, bringing the inevitable changes for Ted and his mother. The boy is not satisfied to live within the class of those sheltering arms. He must see life, be free, go out into the world and judge for himself. The mother's eyes are dim with gathering tears and she trembles with forebodings. Her boy, her little Ted, is out there, away from her love and watchful care. He may be cold, or weary, or ill. The great world is pitiless, and there are many snares. She reads the papers and trembles at every sensational item. O, if she could only have kept him as he was, a little innocent child, when she knew his thoughts and directed his actions. Her solitude is far more lonely than mine, and for the moment I am glad that the tiny sock in my lap is for Helen's child and not for mine.

But as the years spin on I see Ted, a man; no longer a heedless child; the comfort and support of his mother. He has gone through the fires and come back to her, with his boyish fancies, his egotism and ignorance replaced by the quiet decision and self-reliance of the mature man. How his mother appeals to him, defers to him, and anticipates his wishes! In her eyes he is the wisest and the handsomest young man in the town. She is proud of his loverlike attention to her, and with a

flush on her cheeks and an added brilliancy in her dark eyes, she looks but a few years his senior. These are happy days, but in the height of their enjoyment the shadows come stealing. It is, at first, only a thought, an imagined preference, but it is soon deepened into a reality.

Ted's mother believes in marriage. She would say so if you or I should ask her. She believes in it as the truest and happiest condition for man and woman kind. She has deliberately and firmly studied the question, and decided that there is not a single girl in the town who would make a good wife for her boy. There are good girls, pretty girls, accomplished girls, but not one who combines the necessary gifts and graces. Lately there has been a difference in Ted. He has not talked so freely at dinner, and has been strangely absent-minded. He surely cannot be attracted by frivolous little Miss Flossie, the only and petted darling of Dr. Everett? Ted's mother always admired her son's taste until now, but in this most vital choice she cannot understand him. In vain she appeals to his reason. He says little and acts much. Though he respects his mother's opinions, she is forced to see that she is alienating him at each expression of them. So she decides like a sensible woman to make the best of things.

Miss Flossie is invited to spend a quiet afternoon with her prospective mother-in-law. She is found to possess a shrewd little head, a warm heart and a charming manner.

After all that has been said and done they decide to make the most of each other, and in the intertwining of my balls of fleecy yarn I see the parade of their united lives. The last stitch on the last needle is bound off, and the playful kitten is rolling the bright remnants on the hearth rug—Mary Pea body Sawyer, in Boston Budget.

The sacred crocodiles of Egypt were buried with her proudest kings. Spiders have played important parts. It is said when Mahomet fled from Mecca he hid in a cave and a spider wove a web over the entrance. When his pursuers came thither they saw the web and believed no one was there. It is said a spider performed the same kindly act for David when Saul was hunting him.

Australia has been found to be such a favorite home for the apple that immense orchards have been planted and are now in successful bearing. They find they can get them to England and still successfully compete with American ones in a financial sense. Nearly 100,000 cases had been received in England up to June 1, the bulk of them coming from Tasmania. One great advantage they have is in their period of ripening, as the English markets can be supplied after the American apples have disappeared.

Everything in any way connected with Alaska and the Klondike is of special interest at the present, and among other items the foot of the reindeer deserves particular mention. The fore-foot of the horse to a great extent determines its value, as upon this portion of its anatomy its speed and endurance depend. The foot of the reindeer is most peculiar in construction. It is cloven through the middle and each half curves upward in front. They are slightly elongated and capable of a considerable amount of expansion. When placed on an irregular surface, which is difficult to traverse, the animal contracts them into a sort of claw, by which a firm hold is secured. When moving rapidly the two portions of the foot, as it is lifting, strike together, the hoofs making a continuous clattering noise, which may be heard a considerable distance. It is this peculiarity of the foot that makes the reindeer so sure-footed and so valuable in that rocky and uneven country.

Raising the Wind in France. The French Government finding itself unable to increase the taxation, which is heavier per capita in France than in any other country of the world, has decided to resort to the conversion of its treasury bonds or rentes from 3 per cent. to 2½ as the easiest, and, indeed, the only available means of increasing the revenues of the state. The ground is taken that as the national credit is such that the Government has recently been able to secure temporary loans at ¼ per cent., the interest charge on treasury bonds is far too high, and that a conversion scheme would respond to the present state of France's national credit. That the latter should stand so high is surprising, when it is remembered that, although in the last twenty-six years France's population has only increased by 208,000 inhabitants, or at the rate of about 11,500 a year (England having doubled hers in the last forty years), the consolidated national debt of France has grown from \$3,000,000,000 to \$7,000,000,000, while the taxation, both direct and indirect, has more than doubled.—New York Tribune.

Danger from Using Stoves. In many ways desirable because they make an even temperature possible, stoves are the source of much danger in ignorant hands. If the drafts are not properly turned carbonic acid gas and sulphurous fumes may pour into the room, and in a sleeping-room may smother the slumberers before they are aware of their danger. Three per cent. of carbonic acid gas in the air of a room is fatal to animal life, and a large-sized baseburner will not take long to supply this percentage in a close room. Such stoves should always be carefully watched and never handled save by experienced persons.

Paying the Policeman. Lake City, Fla., has set to make the dancer pay the fiddler in a novel way. The town has appointed a single night watchman, and decreed that he shall be paid at the rate of \$2.50 for each arrest made, the prisoner to furnish the money.

The world will never get any better until children are an improvement on their parents.

SMOKELESS FIRES.

The Wonderful Invention of an Austrian Engineer.

Attempts to produce smokeless fires have hitherto been attended with little success. Either the process required was too involved, or the expense too great, and the problem has remained unsolved. Dobs, the English inventor, has come nearest to success, but his machinery was very expensive, and the economy of coal small. Now an Austrian engineer, Fritz Maier by name, declares he has discovered how to produce smokeless fires, and at the same time to economize to the extent of 30 per cent. in fuel, besides attaining several important technical advantages.

His method, which is an extension and adaptation of Dobs', is based on the principle that a smokeless fire can only be produced: (1) When the door of the furnace remains permanently closed; (2) when the fuel is added in small quantities and at one end of the fire; (3) when the stoking of the fire is accomplished without letting in air from above. These requirements are attained by adding fuel by means of an ingenious automatic stoker, which drops the coal regularly in small quantities on the end of the fire without letting any air in from above. The fuel is then gradually shoveled along the furnace by another automatic arrangement, which is kept sufficiently cool by water. The same water is used for feeding the boiler, and as it generally attains a temperature of 60 degrees to 75 degrees Centigrade before entering the boiler, considerable saving is thus effected. By the above means, all the smoke given off from the end of the fire to which fuel is added is consumed before it could escape at the other end. This result is obtained with practically any kind of coal, wood, or coal dust. The necessary mechanism can be fitted to any ordinary boiler at a comparatively moderate cost.

The invention has been satisfactorily tried, and the Austrian Ministry of Marine has asked the inventor to fit the contrivance to ships of the Austro-Hungarian navy. Finally, several professors of the Vienna Technical College have tested it with equally satisfactory results. It is obvious that there are infinite possibilities in the introduction of this invention, which is said to be suitable for steamships, locomotives, and factories alike. Its use in the navy, for instance, if approved, might, apart from giving us steamships without smoke, save a third of the sum which is annually expended on coals, while a battleship which now requires upwards of one hundred stokers could be worked by twenty or thirty. Its introduction on ocean liners would be as good for the pockets of the owners as for the comfort of the passengers. London, Manchester and other great industrial centers can, by its means, be transformed from smoky infernos into bright places of residence. These advantages, it should be noted, may be obtained in combination with a great saving of money and labor.

Apples as Medicine. The German analysts say that the apple contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable. This phosphorus is admirably adapted for renewing the essential nervous matter, little of the brain and spinal chord. It is perhaps for the same reason the old Scandinavian tradition represents the apple as the food of the gods, who, when they felt themselves growing feeble and infirm, resorted to this fruit for renewing their powers of mind and body. Also the seeds of the apple are of signal service for men of sedentary habits, whose livers are sluggish in action, these seeds serving to eliminate from the body noxious matters which, if retained, make the brain heavy and dull, or bring about jaundice, skin eruptions and other allied troubles. Some such experience must have led to our custom of taking apple sauce with roast pork, rich goose, and like dishes.

A good, ripe, raw apple is one of the easiest of vegetable substances for the stomach to deal with, the whole process of its digestion being completed in eighty-five minutes.

In the Hotel des Invalides of Paris an apple poultice is used commonly for inflamed eyes, the apple being roasted and its pulp applied over the eyes without any intervening substance. A modern maxim teaches that "to eat an apple going to bed, the doctor then will beg his bread."

Fruits were given us before drugs, and they were all given some medicinal virtues. Prunes, apples, pears, figs, peaches, are all aperient, and how much better it is to keep the liver and bowels free from clogging by pleasant fruit laxatives than by resorting every few days to drastic saline purgatives, or to calomel and its various compounds.—Medical Summary.

Recognized by the Dog. This story is told of a London organ-grinder's dog. The organ grinder was blind and aged, and the dog used to lead him about.

One night, after a hard day's work, the old man and his faithful companion lay down to sleep with the organ beside them. They slept soundly, and when they awoke the organ was gone. But the dog led the old man through the streets where he had been accustomed to play, and persons who had given him alms before continued to do so, but that the loss of the organ proved not so bad after all.

Weeks went by. One day the old man heard a hand organ playing a few feet from him. It reminded him of his lost instrument, but he paid no special attention to it. Hand organs were common in London, and he had heard them often.

Not so the dog. He showed signs of great excitement, barked violently, and led his master in the direction of the organ. He sprang at the robber's throat, dragged him away from the stolen organ, and led his master eagerly up to it, with expressions of recognition and delight.—People's Friend.

mountains with deep valleys and precipitous cliffs. Snakes, scorpions, tarantulas, centipedes and all sorts of hideous reptiles and insects seem to have made the neighborhood their paradise, for they are there in very palpable abundance.

"But, in addition to these attractions, the region may be said to be in a state of perpetual earthquake. The ground trembles and quakes continually, and the rocks themselves seem to be grinding and grating against one another constantly, as if subject to some great internal force. These phenomena are said to be more emphatic at night than in the daytime. Frequent booming discharges, apparently deep in the earth, are heard, and men who have heard both say they are exactly like the mutterings of distant artillery. I have never heard anyone advance any theory to satisfactorily explain this unusual and perpetually disturbed condition of nature up among the far Keweenaw rocks and hills, but it is there. If you ever happen to be in that vicinity, ask the first Indian you meet to guide you to the spot and see how quickly he will shy away and disappear."

ZIRCONS IN TASMANIA.

Gems Are Pure and Accompanied by Sapphires and Rubies.

Among the many valuable discoveries of late in Tasmania one which has created much interest in mining circles has recently been partially developed. It consists of a rare and unique deposit of zircons allied with other gems and rare earths.

The gems found in this deposit are chiefly zircons, sapphires and cinnamon rubies.

The first named are found in large quantities and in every variety of color. Many of them have been cut and polished with very gratifying results, being hard and of good luster. The United States Consul General at Melbourne, who has lately been making an investigation into the circumstances of the discovery, says that the specific gravity of the zircon is 4.7, it being heavier than the diamond, which is 3.5. Its hardness compared with the diamond is 7, the latter being 10.

At the same time it is purely incandescent, being unaffected by the most intense heat, thus proving it to be of high commercial value for use in the manufacture of mantles for incandescent lights.

It must be understood that the product of the gem—namely, oxide of zirconia—is used for the above purpose, not the gem itself.

The composition of the pure zircon is 64 per cent. zirconia and 36 per cent. silica. Analysis of two samples of zircons from the above mentioned deposit gave 63 per cent. and 64 per cent. of zirconia, thereby testifying to the purity of the gem.

The rarer earths—namely, lanthanum, thorium, didymium, niobium, erbium, cerium and chromium—are all more or less present.

Bathe in Electricity. Bathing in electricity is the gaily amusement of a number of men in a big office building in Kansas City, Mo. Several times a day the men saturate themselves with static electricity, and one of them is getting fat on it. The others haven't been bathing long enough to know whether they will get fat or die. The process was discovered by a man who was paying a doctor \$2.50 three times a week for electrical treatment for nervousness. He is chief engineer of the building. One day he crawled into the pit beneath the big belt that draws the elevator and dynamo machinery. When he desired to come out he handed his assistant a metal lamp he was carrying. The assistant got an electric shock that made him see violet stars. After that the engineer forsook the doctor and saved \$7.50 a week. Static electricity is that produced by friction, and is just what the doctor was furnishing from a brush machine at \$2.50 a dose. The great belt in its swift revolutions produces and stores the electric fluid by friction. To steal the electricity the men stand close to it, holding over it a magnet made of copper wire wound on a spool, with both ends of the wire loose. To complete the circuit a copper wire is fastened to an iron water pipe nearby and a silver dollar placed in a loop in the loose end. This is passed up and down the body, creating a circuit of the electricity and literally bathing the whole system in the fluid. One of the men who takes these electric baths has relieved himself of rheumatism. Another is treating himself for a nervous disorder, while the others take it for a tonic.

Tragos, a Goat, an Ode. The word tragody, derived from the Greek tragos, a goat, an ode, a song, originally denoted the song or chorus that accompanied the sacrifice of a goat to the gods. Comedy, the Anglicized form of the Latin commedia, comes from the Kreek komos, a festive procession, and neidion, to sing, referring to the ode sung during the procession. Farce is a modern term, founded upon the Latin verb facere, to stuff. This was an allusion to the ancient buffoons padding out their clothing to abnormal dimensions. Later the padding was dispensed with, but the wide garments retained.—Detroit Free Press.

A Rare Coin. While engaged in digging under his farm house, near South Windsor, N. Y., a few days ago George Buell found a curious copper coin. The obverse side of the coin has upon it a sun and a sun dial, the date of coinage, 1787, and the inscription, "Mind your own business." The reverse side has thirteen links about the margin and an inscription in the center, "United States, one cent." The coin is known as a "Franklin cent," and is the first coin authorized by the United States. It is rare and valuable, being quoted at from \$25 to \$100.

A Last Resource. Rev. Mr. Dullboy (who is calling)—Can I help you with that wakeful baby? Mrs. Warywife—Yes, you can. Preach a sermon, please.—The Yellow Book.

Arranged. Mrs. Newed—But I can't carry both the baby and the satchel. Newed—Well, let the baby carry the satchel.—The Yellow Book.

Trade Marks. Drummer—How do you distinguish your cattle from those of your neighbors? Ranchman—Same way you tell your cigars. Drummer—How's that? Ranchman—By the brand. The woman who runs after a husband until she gets one seldom brags of her catch.



Among the many curious inventions in which electricity plays the prominent role is mentioned a pen, provided with a lamp, intended to illuminate a manuscript on the paper, and prevented from shining into the eyes of the writer by a little reflector placed just above it.

In a concert hall at Paris, electric energy has been put to the novel use of moving the ceiling. This is done in parts, which are drawn back on traveling cranes, opening the hall to the sky by day. The opening or closing of the ceiling is effected in one minute by two electric motors.

A wealthy lady who possesses a Maltese cat found recently that the cat's eyesight began to fail, so she took him to an oculist. By means of a microscope she learned what was the matter, and was able to fit the cat with glasses. The lenses were set in gold frames especially made, and now the cat's eyesight is as good as ever.

Dr. G. K. Gilbert, of the Geological Survey, says that a comparison of maps records for a period of twenty years shows that the land surrounding the Great Lakes is being gradually tilted from northeast to southwest at such a rate that, of two points 100 miles apart, the northern rises five inches with respect to the southern in 100 years. Chicago the lake level rises about one inch in ten years. Dr. Gilbert predicts that, if this movement continues, about 3,000 years all the upper lakes will discharge into the Illinois River, the Detroit and St. Clair Rivers flow backward, carrying the water of Lake Erie into Lake Huron, and the Niagara River will run dry.

A new fireproof paper, made in Berlin, is reported to be capable of resisting even the direct influence of flame while it may be placed in a white heat without harm. It consists of 50 parts of the best asbestos fibre, which is washed in a solution of permanganate of calcium, and then treated with sulphuric acid and 5 parts of ground saw pulp, the entire mass being placed in the agitator box, with the addition of some lime water and borax. After the rough mixing, the material is pumped into a regulating box, and allowed to flow out of a gate into an endless web cloth, where it enters the usual paper-making machinery.

The electric trolley has been a source of great injury to metallic pipes in its vicinity, causing their corrosion by electrolysis. Recently it has been found that the operation of the siphon order of the submarine telegraph cable at Cape Town, South Africa, was interfered with by the new trolley line. The shore end of the submarine cable for the length of a mile was at a most distance of one-half a mile from the trolley line. As a remedy, a second dummy cable, with an earth plate, was laid as nearly as possible over the old one, and this effectually cancelled the disturbances. Observations made in London have shown that the earth's magnetic field is disturbed over the whole neighborhood of the City and South London Electric Railway, and in the United States the utility of the magnetic observatory in the new navy observatory is threatened by the trolley.

QUER STORES.

An American company is making estimates of the cost of a cable road from the City of Mexico to the sulphur deposits in the crater of Popocatepetl.

A doctor says that in society one can always tell the girls whose parents have risen from the humble class to wealth by the superior quality of their hair.

Some people in the South are predicting that the current trend in cotton manufacture will flood the North with negro operatives and the South with Yankee white girls. Several cases of bloomers were worn among the booty taken by tramps from a freight car at Chillicothe, Ohio. The police are puzzled to know what the marauders intend to do with the garments.

Bicycles are used for smuggling in the frontier of France and Belgium. The customs officers at Tourcoing took to pieces the machine ridden by a man they suspected and found that all the hollow tubing was stuffed with tobacco.

A quaint inscription has lately been noted upon a tombstone, without name and without date, in a cemetery. The dead man or woman, as the case may be, had ordered the following words to be placed over the grave: "Papa should be placed over the grave. 'Papa' on, oh, reader! Waste not thy time in reading vain prose and still less waste words. My tomb tells thee what I am, what I was concerns thee not. 'Vani vanitatum' was evidently in the thoughts of this philosophically resigned person.

Who Owns Spitzber en? Nine people out of ten, if asked to whom Spitzbergen belongs, would reply to Russia. As a matter of fact, it belongs to nobody. This was the case even when the island was the seat of a large and prosperous whale fishing industry. The fisherman, who came from Norway, Sweden, France and other countries, and remained there three or four months every year, were the only owners the island ever had.

Drummer—How do you distinguish your cattle from those of your neighbors? Ranchman—Same way you tell your cigars. Drummer—How's that? Ranchman—By the brand. The woman who runs after a husband until she gets one seldom brags of her catch.