

Eugene City Guard.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY.....OREGON

As we understand it, a professional pugilist is a pneumatic fighter.

The edge tool men have consolidated, with a capital of \$2,000,000. Another grinding monopoly!

And now the bustle is going to return, which will cause all the women to get their backs up.

It's a poor submarine vessel that isn't at least some improvement on the fellow who rocks the boat for fun.

No wonder the New England cotton manufacturers are unsuccessful. Cotton plants flourish best in the South.

It is just as easy to get frozen out of a Klondike investment company at home as it is to get frozen on the Klondike.

An exchange alleges that "Japan has its hat on one side of its eye cocked." It would better uncock its eye and cock a cannon.

A special dispatch says that a Cincinnati man is "experimenting with a flying machine like a goose." We can readily believe that.

A Nebraska man advertises for "one wife." Are we to infer that he may place a larger order next time if the sample proves satisfactory?

An Alabama man committed suicide on the way he was to have been married. Perhaps he took too gloomy a view of the situation; who knows?

The adulteration of wheat with corn meal is said to have reached very serious proportions. And yet the corn is doubtless the most wholesome ingredient in the combination.

Bigamist Bates and Bigamist Ratcliffe would, no doubt, make a drawing pair for a dime museum exhibition, but for the present each finds his more appropriate sphere in the penitentiary.

The Chinamen's screws turn to the left; he pulls his planes and saws to wards him; white is his mourning color. In this general principle of reversal can he think it's progress when he's going back?

If you want to be real English, you know, you must say, in speaking of George Washington, that he was "the English country gentleman who vanquished the armies of the English king." Nothing less is in good form in good Anglo-manic society.

The Chinese minister in Washington wants to know "why the European powers don't partition Turkey instead of China." That's an easy one. China is richer and weaker than Turkey, and no experienced footpad likes to tackle a hard job while there is an easier prey in sight.

Despite his stalwart Americanism, Ambassador Hay seems to be quite as well thought of in England as any of his predecessors. It is possible that the people may be brought to acknowledge that the English like a man who stands up for his own country, as they always do for theirs.

Commerce on the great lakes is increasing very rapidly, as is shown by the fact that a total of 18,218,400 tons has passed through the canals at Sault Ste. Marie during the year, an increase of over 2,000,000 over the shipments of last year. What is it not destined to be as the years roll on?

The threatened strike of a Jury in New York, unless supplied with a breakfast immediately, presents a serious phase of this device for correcting injustice. That they subsequently found the accused guilty, upon oath, and a full stomach, is presumptive evidence that their verdict was just.

"Learn to do one thing better than anybody else" was the motto pressed upon a college graduate. Living up to that advice was the secret of the marvelous success of the famous American dentist in Paris, the late Dr. Thomas Evans, so that it might be called the pin which fastened the sixty-three decorations accorded him by European monarchs.

The Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute for colored people has dedicated an agricultural building. One of the speakers said: "It is a great deal better for the State of Alabama to spend one hundred dollars on each of these boys and girls than to spend perhaps ten thousand dollars in convicting them later on." Illiteracy is expensive as well as deplorable. Education is economical, for it reduces crime; and there is no color line in this fact.

Congress has passed a bill prohibiting American citizens from engaging in pelagic sealing. The bill was strongly supported on the ground that we should be in a better position to urge the suspension of deep-sea sealing upon other governments after we had forbidden it to our own citizens. One section of the bill wholly forbids the importation of fur-seal skins taken in the waters mentioned in the act, and directs the proper officers of the United States to seize and destroy such skins.

The tendency of young men born and reared on farms to leave the country for towns and cities is certainly an unhealthy movement in a large sense and unprofitable to many of those who embark in it. Properly and steadily followed, there is no safer business than farming, nor any more certain to yield satisfactory results. In very many instances they who abandon it for city life live to regret the change. The farmers' institutes and farmers themselves ought to be able to develop a higher interest in the occupation and more of a certain sort of esprit de corps among those who follow it.

Except by expending their money in charity—which they are not likely to do—our American millionaires can probably contribute more to the general good by building themselves royal castles.

ties than in any other way. The tendency of rich men in this direction is not to be discouraged. The building of these palaces involves the expenditure of large sums of money, which would not get into circulation any other way. Their maintenance involves further outlay, and all the money expended remains in this country. It is creditable to the rich men who are indulging in taste for castle building that they prefer to spend their money in the United States rather than buy Scottish deer forests, Belgravia mansions and English estates in a feeble effort to ape British aristocracy.

There is a law against carrying concealed weapons. Theoretically it is a wise and proper ordinance. But as a matter of practical fact the only persons who honor this law are the victims of the murderer, the footpad, and the rowdy. The law disarms the only class who could with safety be trusted to carry weapons of self-defense, and puts them at the mercy of every criminal they meet. What real service does this regulation perform in the social scheme, we should like to know. It sacrifices good citizens and it imposes absolutely no restraint whatever upon the others. It is our deliberate opinion that any respectable person who has been threatened by a crank should be authorized to arm himself and should be held guiltless if, at the slightest menace from that quarter, he uses his weapon with promptness and efficiency. The life of one useful, law-abiding citizen is worth a hundred of these pestiferous vermin, and no law should impose upon him the risk of defenselessness in case of murderous attack. We do not advocate law-breaking. What we propose is such an amendment of the law as will fit the situation. Every ruffian, crank and criminal carries his pistol or his knife. Why should decent people be put and kept at their mercy? Why should we have laws which sacrifice their friends and strengthen and uphold their enemies?

The most casual observer and reader of current publications has noticed the amount of space devoted to sport of various kinds. In fact, time as well as space is devoted to it. For every where that one goes it engrosses many an odd hour of talk or exercise. This is true not of this country alone but of foreign nations, and especially Great Britain. A correspondent of the Fortnightly Review says it has become not only the ruling passion of the people, but well-nigh the chief topic of conversation. Books relating to it are considered the least risky of literary ventures. Nearly all newspapers give more space to cricket, football, racing, cycling and golf than to any other subject except politics. They give 200 or 300 times as much attention to it as they did forty years ago. One is no longer obliged to fall back on the weather, nor even get into a heated political discussion, in default of something to talk about. It is to perhaps almost equal extent the same in this country, and some depressive and tired folk find other subjects are being forced into the background. But a little reflection will show that never before have people been so much interested in politics, literature, and social questions. There never was, it is true, such interest in athletics as there is in the educational institutions of today. But never was the standard of scholarship higher or their intellectual achievements greater. But population increases, wealth increases and the variety of tastes to be gratified and that can be gratified also increases. While the sporting mania is not an unmitigated blessing, it has its place in the education of the race. A reaction will probably set in, when it will not occupy quite so prominent a seat at the great world fete, but its influence in improving the physique of coming generations will be well worth the importance given it.

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WAS THE SUCCESSFUL SUITOR.

His Kindness to Children Won the Widow's Heart.

"I don't say as how ye've went back on yer word," he said, as he sat down on the stump in front of the log house, "but the fact stands that ye've gone an' married another man."

"That's jst the pint," said the man, "an' I'll allus be ex'p't an' agreeable to 'em ez anybody could."

"An' I bought 'em candy an' gingerbread bossus an' tin wagons?" "Most lib'ral."

"An' on the Fourth of July didn't I buy 'em shootin' crackers an' sky rockets an' r'aming candies an' a lot of other things?" "You done all that. But you didn't stay ter see 'em touched off."

"An' him a man with a wooden leg?" the other murmured indignantly.

"Yes, an' you'll be surprised ter know how much them fireworks an' that wooden limb had ter do with it. I know how much store Jake sot by it. He took jst as much pride in that wooden leg ez I do in my marble-top bureau. I give you credit fur bein' good natured most of the time, but children is pesterin' an' there ain't no tellin' how long a man's temper is goin' ter hold out with them ez ain't his own. When I seen the patient an' accomodat' way Jake Spicer rolled up his pant leg an' held out that wooden limb for the boys ter tack pin-wheels onto, I said to myself: 'There's a man ez kin tack sass an' disobedience an' not get riled; ef any body'll make a second father ter them young 'uns, it's him.'"—Washington Star.

NEGROES IN AFRICA.

As to a Remark of the Liberian Minister to England.

It is the opinion of the black envoy who represents the government of the African republic of Liberia at the court of London that the "negro must give up his dream of any such thing as a negro empire in Africa." It was in a melancholy strain that Minister Blyden spoke these words, which will doubtless be regarded as justifiable. Yet it must seem strange that never, in all time, has any masterful negro, any negro Napoleon or Charlemagne, made his appearance in Africa, and brought under his sway the detached tribes, some of which are very sensible, and built up a strong negro empire. Many a time certainly within the past two or three thousand years has there been a chance for such a leader. Had there ever been any negro in Africa possessed of the conquering genius, had there been such a one even as recently as half a century ago, he might have made himself a ruler of a large part, if not the greater part, of the vast and populous African continent, set up an orderly government and left it to his successors.

A while ago, a good while, a negro Napoleon might, perhaps, have done something of this kind; but it is now too late to make this attempt. Europe has seized the territory of Africa, and no negro, however great, could now array Africa against Europe. The flags of England and France and Germany and Belgium and Portugal now float over a great part of the dark continent.

The ruling race in the Mediterranean states of Africa are not negroes, nor are they Egyptians nor are they Abyssinians. The victorious Menelek is of another race of mankind. Men ordinarily described as of the Arab race are powerful in extensive regions of Africa, and have long been traders in negro slaves there.

Nearly all of the races of mankind have produced comprehensive conquerors in the course of the ages. How happens it that the bellicose negro race in Africa has never done anything in this line? The negro has usually proved his pluck when tried in battle. The black chief Chaka was once called the "Napoleon of South Africa," but he never justified the title. All other negro chiefs and kings when confronted by Europeans have fallen before them.

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Breathing.

A bad-tempered baby, and sometimes even older children, when in a passion will deliberately hold the breath so long as to excite alarm lest they should never breathe again. Death from deliberate holding of the breath, however, cannot occur; the demand of the system for air is so imperative that a time comes when the strongest will can no longer hold out against it, and a deep breath must be taken.

Respiration is the most indispensable of all the processes by which life is maintained. A person can eat irregularly, or even go without eating for a long time, with comparatively little damage to the system, but breathe he must. Yet few people know how to breathe as they should.

Most persons, especially those of sedentary life, are habitually shallow-breasted and never fill the lungs as they ought to be filled. The consequence is that the blood does not get all the oxygen it needs in order to burn up the waste matters in the body. The lungs themselves suffer, for they are not expanded fully, especially in their upper portions, and so the air-cells are liable to fall together and the lungs easily become diseased.

A person cannot always be conscious of his breathing, but he can train himself to the habit of breathing deeply and properly.

It is when walking, especially, that efforts should be made to breathe. The shoulders should be thrown back, the head held erect, and slow, deep inspirations should be taken by expanding the chest to its fullest capacity, holding the breath for a moment and then expelling it—not simply letting it out—as far as can be done.

The sense of well-being that this practice gives is ample reward for the slight labor involved, but this is not all. The breathing capacity of the chest will be enlarged after a time, and so the supply of oxygen will be permanently increased, the expansion of the lungs will be more complete, and they will thus be strengthened to resist the attacks of disease.

Above all, let it be remembered that the nose, and not the mouth, is the breathing apparatus. There are many elaborate and valuable forms of breathing exercises which cannot be described in a short article. We have given only the simplest form—the C major scale, as it were, of breath practice.

KINDLY JUDGE ANOTHER.

Ab! pause and think, before you seek To harshly judge another.

You cannot probe the inner life. You cannot see the soul's dark strife, Temptations, nor its dangers rife. Then do not judge another.

Ab! me, and who should seek to be The one to judge another? Perchance a woman's forest fame, May be her prey, unsifted name. Yet slender drapes her oft in shame. Thus cruelly we judge her.

It costs so little, 'er to speak In kindness of another. Had you the same temptation seen, Had life withheld its golden sheen, Perhaps less stainless you had been. So do not judge another.

Ab! life is sad enough, 'twould seem, So kindly judge another. God help me when His face we'll see, And death reveals its mystery, If He shall judge as cruelly As oft we judge another.

BONNIE BESSIE.

Squire Renfrew of the Red Pass was desperately in love with Bessie, and sought to make her his wife in spite of difference in rank. The herds at the Red Pass were the finest and largest in the neighborhood; the barn and storehouses were always well filled. He was a bachelor, and he wanted "Bonnie Bessie" for his wife.

"If she laasie thinks she can fancy me," he said, addressing Bessie's grandmother, as he stood under the low, brown rafters of the little black Lynn brown cottage, a hot flash mounting to the shining crown of his bald head. "If she laasie thinks she can fancy me, the bargain's made. I'm ready and willing to lead her to the kirk to-morrow; and if a good, true husband and some gold and silver will make her happy, she'll be as happy as a queen at the Red Pass."

Bessie listened, with wide, startled eyes, burning cheeks, and quivering lips. She held her peace, standing tall and slim, in a sort of stunned silence, until her gray-haired lover had taken his leave. Then she burst forth into vehement, passionate protest.

"The old grandmother suffered her to storm until her passion was spent. "Well, 'tis o'er now, and ye'll slum down and keep quiet, mabe. I've let ye have your say, and now I'll have mine. We're poor folk, me and you. I found it hard to get bread when I had but my own mouth to feed, and since I've been burdened w' you I've gone to bed many a night fit to cry w' hunger. But I've borne it all an' done my best, an' always been willing to gi' you a share o' my last crust."

"Now, lookie here, my lass," interrupted the old woman, lifting her bony fingers and glowering fiercely upon Bessie. "If ye're full o' soul to refuse this good fortune, that ends it 'twixt us two. You pack out o' my house, and ne'er cross the threshold again."

Bessie was silent. The great world beyond the Highland peaks seemed so dim and far away, and the old home scenes were so familiar.

The autumn days drifted on and in the spring time she was going to kirk with Squire Renfrew and he made his wife.

The springtime came and the wedding day was close at hand, when, one evening just before the gloaming, Bessie went to fill her pitcher, as usual, at the rocky spring near by. She had accomplished her task and lifted the pitcher to her shoulder and had started for the cottage, her white, shapely feet twinkling prettily below the short petticoat as she stepped from stone to stone in crossing the little hawking stream, when suddenly she uttered a stifled cry and staggered to a moss-grown boulder, sat down, and put the pitcher hastily on the ground, pressing her hand on her heart and trembling all over.

"It's his ghaist, it's his ghaist," she cried, "and O, how sair he looked at me!"

Whatever she had seen, or fancied she had seen, there was nothing in sight when she next looked up nothing except the overhanging rocks of the glen, the brook shimmering in the evening light, and the white birch trees swaying spectrally against the sky.

"He has come from his grave," she cried, glancing fearfully around. "I dare na, dare na do it. O' forgive me, Jamie, that I ever thought o' it."

"She drew a silver cord which encircled her throat from her bosom as she spoke and kissed the slender hoop of silver which depended from it. "If I never ha' peace if I marry the Squire," she said, "and I ought na to ha' it; I shall feel I am a traitor, And, O, Jamie, after all, I love no one but you, and never can."

Suddenly she rose, with resolution stamped on every feature.

"Take your ring," she said. "You've heard o' 'Auld Robin Gray,' maybe, haven't you?"

"Yes, I have. But what then?" "Well, I had a Jamie once," she went on, clutching at the little silver ring suspended from her neck, a great throbbing pain shaking her; "he gave me this, and I can't ever wear any other ring. He—he went off to seek his fortune, and with another repressed sob, "and he was lost at sea. I tried to forget him, but I lost it. I can't keep my promise to you, Squire Renfrew—I-I couldn't feel like she did to 'Auld Robin Gray.'—I should hate you—I should— And here she broke down completely.

He took the ring she offered and paused for a moment. A look of unutterable pain and regret came into his eyes.

"So," he said, slowly, "you have come to tell me this, and to ask for your freedom? And you really think, too, you have seen Jamie's ghost?"

"Yes, and I shall never return to grandmother again. I dare not. So I am going away."

"Bessie, my darling," cried a voice, as his strong arm clasped her. The next moment she was on the breast of her lover, who had come back alive and safe.

A few days after there was a happy marriage at the kirk, Squire Renfrew himself giving away the bride, our "Bonnie Bessie."—New York News.

Under a rule by which parcels weighing twenty pounds and of the value of \$100 may be sent by mail between England and France it is said that the postal authorities have had to handle bicycles.

A shepherd at Chambéry, Savoy, employs a horse instead of a dog to keep the herd together. The horse understands the orders given him and carries them out as intelligently as the best-trained dog.

St. Louis boasts of a baboon that recently went on a lark, ate sulphur matches, red fire, gold paint and raw eggs, drank bottled beer and ended by throwing eggs at the reflection of himself in a mirror.

According to an Indiana reporter, a woman leaned from a car window and asked a man to pick up a ring she dropped. He did so and discovered from the inscription on the ring that she was his long-lost wife. This is one of the stories that you have to take at one gulp to avoid strangling.

After having been twice shot without being hurt, in the very act of stealing chickens, a Maltese cat of Pikesville, Md., was finally dispatched by a citizen who had lain in wait all night for it in the henhouse. According to the neighbors' records, the cat had carried off 100 chickens in a few weeks.

New York gypsies have been offering to exchange a woman for a horse. The woman is described as 20 years of age, fine and pretty, with dark brown hair, blue teeth and blue eyes. She seemed much interested, watched each person who approached with a keen interest, and said if anyone cared to buy she would undertake to demonstrate that she was a lot better than a horse.

There was a collision in the Danish State Railroad near Copenhagen some time ago in which forty persons were killed and seventy wounded. The railroad at once admitted that it was to blame, and, instead of fighting claims for damages, appointed a committee to settle with the claimants what will be fair compensation, so as to avoid having the claims brought into the courts.

Howard Reed, of Milford, Pa., started out hunting for partridge and woodcock, and was followed by the house cat. All efforts on the part of the young hunter to drive the cat back home were futile; it was bound to go with him, and it illustrated its ability as a hunter by its "pointing" a woodcock, which young Reed shot. Then it "flushed" a partridge, which was also bagged by the hunter. Reed says he would not part with the cat for the best bird dog in the country.

Absorbs a Man's Brain.

While Frank Silva was working on Rayburn Island, near Alameda, Cal., he found in the ground at the base of a fir tree a complete skeleton. From the position in which the bones were found it was very evident that the body had been tumbled into the grave without much ceremony, for it was found face down and in a crouching position. As if the body had been hurriedly thrown into its last resting place. Upon exposure to the air the bones fell one from another, though they did not crumble into dust. They were all carefully removed from the hole, save the skull, and Mr. Silva made an effort to remove that. But he found it impossible to bring it from the position in which it lay, because one of the roots of the fir tree at the base of which it lay, had grown entirely through the skull. It was found necessary to chop the root away entirely before the skull could be removed. The root had penetrated a crack in the skull, and had forced its way through the head and out at the opposite side. When it dawned upon Frank Silva that the tree had actually absorbed the brain of a man into its wooden trunk, he refused the tree with awe. He has since regarded to allow the tree to be cut in any way.

WHY LETTERS ARE DELAYED.

Arrangement of the Address May Cause Them to Go Astray.

It is a wrong impression that to write the destination before the name in addressing mail matters makes the address plainer and helps the clerks in assorting the mail. This is sometimes the work. At any rate, the letter thus addressed is likely to be put aside, and once it is out of the current the delay may be a long one.

In the first assortment the clerks naturally look at the last part of the address for the State or country to which the mail is going and throw it into separate pouches for various routes or States or cities. Instead of stopping in the middle of a rush to correct little errors, the clerks lay such matter aside and go on with the work of getting as much as possible of the mail on hand off on the first dispatch. To place the stamps properly is also important where cancelling machines are used. By an unnatural arrangement of an address a letter is, in the first place, likely to be misrouted. When a letter arrives in a city among the city mail, the street and number are looked for, and little notice is taken of the name of the address or of the State.

Generally the street, and perhaps the number also, can be found, even if the letter should have gone to another part of the country, and the mistake is not discovered until the letter carrier has tried to deliver the letter. Even then the real mistake is not discovered, for the letter is turned over to the directory searchers, who, of course, pay no attention to the address. If they do not find the name in the directory they mark the letter accordingly and send it to the general delivery division, where it is kept until the expiration of thirty days after its arrival in the postoffice. When the thirty days are up and the letter still remains in the office, it must be returned to the sender. If the sender's address is given.

This was the course of a letter that was returned to a Western State from the Boston office the other day. It had gone through all the formalities given, in the pursuit of the addressee, and at the end of the legal term for holding the letter it was discovered that it was directed to another State. The address was typewritten and plain, but since the letter had been started on the wrong course it had to follow the trail till the end. Some postal employees advocate writing the name of the country also upon the letters, to insure them against going astray. The fact that there are as many as twenty places of the same name is given as a good reason for this addition to an address.—Boston Evening Transcript.

LOADING CATTLE AT HILO.

How the Animals Are Taken from the Beach to the Decks of Vessels.

To load cattle they are driven from a stone corral through an opening that leads into the surf, walled on either side with lava rock. One Kanaka cowboy having cast his lariar around the wildly plunging steers' horns, makes fast to the pommel of his saddle, while another riding behind gets a twist on the steer's tail, and together, one dragging the other twisting, they go careering through the opening into the surf, the wild steer thinking that he sees an opening for escape. A small boat containing five or six natives from the steamer is anchored where the water is too deep for the cattle to touch bottom, and when the first rider quickly throws the lariar to one of the boatmen the swimming steer is hauled to the boat's side, twisted around in the water until the curve of his horns can be hung over the side of the boat, his back being toward the boat, and he is fastened there to hang until ten or twelve more are driven out and hung up in the same way, half on either side, and the boat then proceeds to the ship. Formerly they hoisted the cattle from the water by a rope around the horns, but finding that this resulted in too much loss they now use slings.

As the last one of a load reached the dock it twisted out of the sling by struggling in the air, and fell directly into the boat beneath. Every Kanaka in the boat immediately had a pressing engagement elsewhere, and made a quick dive to keep it. There were then pleasanter places for a quiet half hour than the small boat with that wild steer in it.

An amusing incident illustrating somewhat the Kanakas' fearlessness in the water occurred while unloading a lot of mules. While all the boats were ashore with one lot another mule managed to jump through the gangway into the sea. Instead of heading for shore it swam out toward the open sea, and the mate ordered a native to go after it. He dived from the steamer at once, finally got on the mule's back, and, holding its ears, guided it toward the ship, when the mule began to buck, but, as he had no solid starting place for his jump, did it quite unprofitably, and was finally held up alongside the steamer with a lariar until the boat came back.—Hartford Courant.

The Klondike Fiddler.

John Kavanagh, the fiddler of the Klondike, before the year is over will probably be held responsible for the downfall of some scores of musicians, who, tempted by the stories of his good luck, are tracking their way to Alaska, provided only with their instruments and a hopeful disposition. Kavanagh had been employed at Port Costa, but he became possessed of the idea that there was money to be made in the north, so he struck out for Juneau. From that place he moved on to the Klondike region, going afoot over the rough country intervening and carrying with him, in his outfit, a Winchester rifle and a violin. Once in the diggings, he found himself about the only available musician there, and the miners gladly paid him \$30 or \$35 a night to play for them at their dances.—Arkona.

Power of a Lightning Flash.

A recent thunderstorm in the neighborhood of Berlin afforded an opportunity of measuring precisely the power of a flash of lightning. The experimenters took as their basis the amount of iron fused by a flash of lightning, and calculated that the flash of lightning is on an average equivalent to 7,000-horse power.

When a man begins to discuss matrimony with a widow the result is usually a tie.

ASSASSINS' CHARACTERISTICS.

Most of Them Intelligent and Generally Mild Mannered.

It is strange that the very lowest of a people can at any moment exchange his life for that of the very highest. The fear of death is all the law has to threaten an ungodly man. He may be intoxicated with an idea, or driven desperate by hunger, or, as we have often seen, he may not realize the consequences. But he has it in his power to give his own life and take that of a czar or a prime minister—the figure head or the admiral of the ship of state. But there is little use in moralizing. There are just a few points of interest about assassinations of the last few years. The personal appearance of the murderers, for instance. Has anyone ever explained why notorious ruffians are often either singularly fascinating or outwardly harmless and amiable? Mark Twain's acquaintance Slade is an example of the former, or Duval, or Captain Starlight or Rolf Boldrewood—a real person. Eugene Aram feared to hurt a worm. Charles Pease was a benevolent-looking gentleman with gold-rimmed spectacles.

Auguste Vallant, who threw the bomb into the Chamber of Deputies, was described by those who knew him as gentle and timid, shy of publicity, and of great sensibility. The sensibility apparently did not extend to members of parliament. Vallant had a charming voice in singing, and, with an attractive figure, as he was, seemed more suitable for a hero than a villain. Then there was Henry, who threw down the bomb at the Cafe Terminus in Paris. Strangely enough, it was a glaring mistake to throw it there, and yet he was, perhaps, the most highly educated assassin of the century. He had highly aristocratic tastes, his appearance was frail and delicate, and his favorite studies were intellect, spiritualism, and his hobby.

Casario Santo, as his friends described him, at least, was engaging in his manner. He was executed; it will be remembered, in 1894, the same year as Henry. It is unnecessary to recall his stab of President Carnot or the outburst of popular rage against every Italian in Lyons and Paris in consequence, or the universal sympathy from every court in Europe. Casario was said to have a fascinating smile in speaking. It has been remarked, however, that anarchists—"the savages of civilization"—are generally from the class of those who have relapsed, who have found life a failure. And certainly the history of the best known assassins shows them to have been nearly desperate with hunger and destitution—often through their absolute inability to make a living for themselves. Ravachol, or Geonistien Ravachol, to give him his full name, was an instance. He strangled an old man to get his money, and even his own class turned against him for a time in consequence. But, like Eugene Aram, he stole on principle, though in his case it was because he thought the mere holding of property was wrong.—Pitt Mail Gazette.

HIS DREAM CAME TRUE.

Jokers Had Fun and They Wished They Hadn't.

An old Georgia ducky had a dream, and in that dream he saw an iron vessel at the roots of a dead oak tree, and the vessel was filled with silver dollars. He had great faith in dreams and he communicated this one to his wife, who, in turn, told it to her neighbors. It got to the ears of two practical jokers about town, who placed a dozen dollars in such a receptacle as the old man's dream had pictured, and buried it beneath "a dead oak tree."

Then, one night when the old man went to digging around the dead tree in the vicinity they secreted themselves and watched him at his work. Finally he came to the tree where the dollars were, and presently unearthed them, and at the sight of the silver he fell on his knees and returned thanks to heaven.

Then the young men presented themselves, had a good laugh and explained matters. They had had their fun out of the old man, and now they wanted their money.

"Dat's all right, gen'lmen," he said, "ter come heah on claim what de Lawd send, but I dreamt it, en I digged it, en damn if I ain't gwine ter 'lo' it!"

He was in earnest. He squared him self, spit on his hands and swung his ax in a threatening manner.

"You can't fool me—none er yegals! I dream de dream, I tell you, en I digged like de debil fer de money. Go 'bout en wuk fer yo' livin'!"

The young men are just \$12 out. The old man is dreaming with that man under his head.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Land-Locked Salmon.

"Many years ago," said Clarence Pullen, traveler and lecturer, "an out-of-the-way lake in Maine was secretly stocked with land-locked salmon, a station that time the nearest railway station was thirty-eight miles from the lake, which is about nine miles long by three wide. Not much fishing has ever been done in that sheet of water because it is off from the regular lines of travel, and there are no big hotels within scores of miles; besides, it is practically unknown. I was there fishing one day, and becoming tired of struggling with six, eight and ten pound salmon decided to stroll up the mountain side to obtain a glimpse of the snow-capped peak of Mount Washington, over in New Hampshire. In ascending many deep pools as it leaped into the cascades down to its outlet into the lake. It was late in the season and the brook was nearly dry. I noticed a commotion in one of the narrow pools near the summit, and peering into it, I discerned a gigantic fish. Wading I seized the monster and carried him struggling to the shore. It was a land-locked salmon that weighed 100 pounds. It had probably leaped up the cascades from pool to pool in the uppermost as the brook ran dry. If you doubt the story I'll take you up there some time and show you the pool."—Philadelphia Press.

As to Smoking.

"Does your wife let you smoke in the house?"