

# Eugene City Guard.

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EUGENE CITY.....OREGON

Old Probe gave us a finer March than Sousa ever dreamed of.

If the Holland submarine boat turns out to be a success, the "under dog" in the fight will get the best of it.

Count de Munn, of Paris, has recently passed into the unknown. It's a question now who "has de Munn."

China can save time and postage by replying to the demands of the different powers with a circular letter.

It is said that a diet of garlic is good for the complexion, but there are other things in this world besides complexions.

As part of the fruit of the nation's efforts in the way of a navy the Kentucky and the Kearsarge represent a big pair.

When a man places himself in the hands of his friends before an election there is sometimes competition about the hold on his leg.

Maybe there won't be many serious battles on our coasts this year, but if it only depends on the summer girl there'll be many engagements.

An item is afloat that twenty gross widows have started in a body for the Klondike. Maybe they travel together because they couldn't well go single.

When Martha Shute of Denver takes the field with her cavalry troop of Colorado girls the dons will find that there is no fun in shooting the Shutes.

Our bicycles are so popular in Germany that in line with prohibiting the neighboring American horse, there's talk there about excluding the silent steed.

A Western man bequeathed his money to a circus. Many can't help thinking this disposal of wealth would hardly give one the best kind of a show hereafter.

Mme. Dreyfus petitioned the French Government to be allowed the privilege of sharing the exile of her husband on the Isle du Diabole. The Government declined, being too polite to tell her to go to the devil.

While France keeps nagging the British on the Niger, Russia bothers them in North China. Mr. Bull has been known to lose his temper over a partnership intended to keep him looking in two directions for bent pins.

It is rumored in London that a Russian spy, disguised as a footman, has been discovered among the servants of Lord Salisbury. There may be nothing in this conspiracy, but if there is that footman evidently isn't the head man in it.

England this year spends \$115,000,000 on the navy, the largest sum spent in it in any one year in peace or in war. Germany has voted \$80,000,000 on new ships in the next seven years. Russia is about to spend \$37,500,000. If the United States is to hold its place it must share this preparation.

Striking at the root of a growing evil, the National League has wisely voted to suspend or expel professional baseball players who use indecent or vulgar language upon the ball-field. It is not possible, perhaps, to eliminate the rowdy from athletics, but determined managers can do the next best thing—muzzle him.

"That reminds me of a story," said one of a group of men, looking around furtively, "as there are no ladies present." "No, but I am," promptly responded a tall young fellow, as he turned on his heel; "and you need not tell me any story that you would not tell your mother." Each individual encourages or discourages. This young hero did both.

The use of the balloon in warfare will be one of the developments of the near future. A first-class modern ironclad costs about \$5,000,000. This would construct and equip for war purposes a great many balloons, and it would seem as if they might be used by the inhabitants of a besieged city with which to sail over an invading fleet and drop explosives upon the warships underneath with deadly effect. They might also be utilized to drop these explosives over the cities occupied by an opponent. Of course there would be considerable risk in such an enterprise, unless the balloons could be properly steered, but the dirigible balloon is one of the inventions that we may expect to see in the near future.

The London Times tells how it happened that Prince George of Greece was nominated by Russia to be governor of Crete after the Czar had committed himself to another candidate. It seems that the candidacy of Prince George was recommended by the Queen of Denmark to the Empress Dowager of Russia and by her it was brought to the Czar. It seems that the idea originated with the Greek minister to Constantinople, who mentioned it to the King of Greece, who, in turn, urged it upon the Queen of Denmark. The minister was instructed to sound the Sultan upon the appointment and he reported that the Sultan would be willing to propose Prince George, as the Sultan believed that by putting him in Crete he would be obligated morally to be loyal to the Ottoman empire and would have such an influence with his father, King of Greece, as to prevent any disturbances being created in Thessaly. Under these circumstances the Czar dropped his own candidate and took up the Prince.

The report upon the mineral resources of the United States recently submitted shows that the value of precious stones produced in this country last year was \$130,075, as compared with \$97,850 in 1890. The principal items in this total are turquoise, \$55,000; sapphires, \$25,000; quartz crystals, \$12,000; tourmaline, \$9,025, and gold quartz, \$5,000. The turquoise deposits are chiefly in Santa Fe and Grant

counties, New Mexico; the sapphires in Fergus County, Montana; the tourmaline in Mount Mea, Maine, and Haddam Neck, Conn., and the quartz crystals in Calaveras County, California. Pale almandine garnets are found in Cowee Valley, N. C. The considerable increase in the product of these precious stones over the previous year is said to be due to the fact that large investments of English capital have been made in this industry, more of which have been attracted to the sapphires deposits of Montana. The more popular and expensive gems, like the diamond, ruby, opal and emerald, are as yet undiscovered in this country and until they are the output of precious stones in the United States will be comparatively an unimportant branch of our industries.

It is important to remember that the submarine boats built thus far are available only for harbor defense. But they will be welcome for that purpose. Experiments with them in the war of the revolution and the civil war were not successful, but that was before the era of electric storage batteries and gasoline engines. Much is expected from the Holland, recently completed near New York. She is the second of the type. The first, known as the Plunger, is under construction for the Government at Baltimore. They are too heavy to be shipped on the deck of cruisers from point to point, and it is proposed to build several of a lighter pattern, to be utilized in this way. That the submarine torpedo boat will eventually be a success is the opinion of many naval constructors. Two will probably soon be added to the navy, and others contracted for.

There is now no room for doubt that the great international language of the future will be English. That this magnificent destiny awaited it has been suspected by many; but, as long as the prophets were themselves of that nation, the statement attracted little attention. Within the last few years, however, foreign critics have come to the same conclusion. "A hundred years ago," says Michael Bernays, "Schiller wrote, 'Our language shall the world command' but has the century which is now drawing to a close verified this proud prediction? Is it not rather the language of Shakespeare that is ever conquering fresh ground?" Prof. Schroeder is more emphatic still. His article has been already much quoted, but, as no one has laid down the case so judiciously and systematically, it will be well to give some extracts. In advocating the compulsory teaching of English throughout Germany, he points out that the need of a universal language is very great. Artificial tongues, such as Volapuk, are never likely to meet with general acceptance—for one reason, because they have no literature. "Nor are they necessary, for a world language already exists; that is to say, a language which, by its extension over the whole globe, and by the ease with which it can be learned, has obtained such a foothold that nothing can prevent its becoming in the near future the great means of international communication. This language is English." As evidence of its growth, he points out that in the beginning of this century English-speaking people numbered 21,000,000, while they now exceed 125,000,000.

There is no safety in the practical dealings in life between men and women like clear, distinct, persistent frankness, says the Outlook. The man who has nothing to conceal, and who conceals nothing, never has to make any explanations, and he secures that confidence which protects him from the suspicion that he is holding anything back which might influence the decision of the person with whom he is dealing. It is taken for granted that he has stated his whole position without reservation. We are constantly tempted to desert this high plane of action because other people do not meet us on it; but our relations with others ought not to be determined by their attitude toward us; they ought to be determined by our own individual convictions. It ought to make no difference how we are treated by others so far as justice, frankness and courtesy are concerned. It is astonishing how the crabbest temper yields when it is treated with uniform courtesy and consideration; how the secretive spirit gives way when it is met by perfect frankness; how the impatient temper is quieted and calmed by patience and forbearance. When we carry ourselves steadily in all our relations with others we dispose at once of half the difficulties which are likely to arise, and avoid almost entirely those misunderstandings which are the beginnings of estrangements. We are often tempted to deal with small people on the plane of their intelligence rather than on the plane of our own convictions, and every time we do this we make a blunder. Such people, treated on a high plane, are materially helped to stand on that plane. They are not slow to discern the respect that is paid them, and they must be exceptionally bad if they are not influenced by it. It is far better, as a matter of policy, if for no higher reason, to treat others steadily from a standpoint which we have taken as the result of conviction, than to continually adjust ourselves to the standpoints of others. Respect, consideration, frankness and true courtesy are rarely lost when they are infused into our social and business relations. In the exact degree in which we are governed by these qualities and express them we make ourselves not only effective, but distinctly uplifting in our influence upon others.

**Thoughtful for the Old Ladies.**  
The Duke of Norfolk, having given an excursion party permission to visit his fine park at Arundel, his steward had a number of notices, "Keep off the grass," printed and put up at different spots. On the day of the trip the Duke was seen busily engaged in removing all the boards he could reach. The steward, at a loss to explain this strange conduct, asked his Grace the reason of it. "Many of the old ladies," replied the Duke, "will have corns, and I am sure, would rather walk on the grass than on the footpaths." It is a pity the old ladies did not learn at the time how much they owed the Duke.

When the pianist makes the instrument fairly talk it is called a piano recital.

**FAME'S COST.**  
Oh, scorn not things of low degree,  
And sigh for wealthy state;  
Far better court humility  
Than burdens of the great.

For he who wins ambition's fight  
Can never be at ease;  
He gains, 'tis true, a worldly height,  
But has a world to please.

For cares increase as honors grow,  
And in his new estate  
He finds, though thought bright those honors glow,  
'Tis thralldom to the great.

The flatterers that about him throng  
Each has some dole to ask;  
To please them is no idle song,  
But an Herculean task.

We value things as they appear,  
Nor count the cost and pain  
Which lies the road to that bright sphere  
The envied ones attain.

Fame is no royal heritage;  
Its crowns are free to all;  
But who its dizzy heights would gaze  
Must risk the dizzy fall.

Then sigh not for ambition's meed,  
Its sceptre and its crown;  
Unhappy lies the kingly head,  
Though pilloved upon down.  
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**A SPRAINED ANKLE.**  
MABEL AND BOB are going to Eastsea for October, and they have asked me to go with them. I must say I'm not in ecstasies over the affair. The seaside in late autumn is a bit "off." All the nice fellows have gone back to town; there is no band; the pier is deserted, and you may walk the entire length of the parade and meet nobody of more importance than a boatman.

Still, I may as well go. There is nothing on at home at present, and I feel a trifle dull. Mabel, too, complains of being dull. Was she ever anything else? Of course, it's a waste of time taking any smart frocks, and as I tell Jane to pack my new cycling costume (it's just lovely), I sigh, for I know its sweetness will be thrown away at Eastsea.

I can't say how thankful I am, when, having seen my "bike" safely in the van, I find myself in a first-class compartment and know that at last I am rid of mamma. Mamma is trying at the best of times, but when I'm going away by myself she's really awful. All the way to the station she was telling me to be careful every other minute. She seems to think I'm a perfect child.

The journey is uneventful. Sometimes one has delightful little adventures when traveling. I remember how—but never mind that now. I manage to beguile the time pretty well with a novel and a box of chocolates.

Bob is waiting for me on the platform. He says I look very well. I rather like Bob. To be sure he is a bit infatuated with Mabel, and pats and spoils her in a way that is quite preposterous, but I suppose he can't help it. When I ask him how she is, he says not very well, and he says I must try and cheer her up. I nearly laugh in his face. Of course, I know there is nothing the matter with her. The fact is, the more you humor Mabel the worse she is.

As I expected, I find her with that martyred expression of countenance she adopts when she wants mollycoddled, and after dinner I march her off to bed. Bob, who makes himself a pitiable slave, says he will sit with her a little if I don't mind being left alone. I say not a bit, and tell him I'll just have a short spin on my wheel before it gets dark. At this Mabel nearly goes into hysterics. She calls me "imprudent." However, I get away by promising to keep on the parade. Really, Mabel is getting quite old womanish.

It is a pleasant evening, and I have the road nearly to myself. As I expect, the place is almost deserted—almost, but not quite. Going down I pass a gentleman on foot. I like the look of him. He is tall—I dare say his head would rest comfortably on his shoulder—and as I steal a glance at his face as I skim by I see that he is good looking. Meeting him as I come back I see that he is very good looking. I see that he thinks the same of me. Our eyes meet. He stares—in admiration—and, although I don't look back I don't know how I resist the feeling; I know he stops and looks after me. After all, it is lucky I brought my new costume. I shall probably see him again. Of course I say nothing to Mabel about my "imprudence."

His eyes haunt me all night. I do see him again—the following evening. This time I do look back, and he has stopped, and he is watching me. I am vexed with myself for looking, and I know I shall blush the next time we meet.

It happens the ensuing morning. Coming out of the gate I nearly run against him. In my confusion I drop my glove. He stoops to pick it up. So do I. Our hands touch. He apologizes. So do I. Then he raises his hat and goes on his way.

As luck has it, Mabel is a witness of this encounter from the sitting-room window. Her face is just awful, and when I get in she "begins."

"He stood and stared after you for fully five minutes," she says, nearly choking with indignation.

"Did he, really?" I murmur, feigning astonishment. Of course I knew he had. "How rude of him!"

"Rude!" Mabel echoes. "Carrie, you mustn't go out again alone. I shall tell Bob."

Well, this is a shocker! I don't want Bob tacked on to me whenever I go out, and I make light of the matter and tell her not to be absurd. It's positively appalling how staid and proper Mabel has become since she was married! I thought that marriage would have the same effect on me I'm very sure nothing on earth should induce me to go to the altar.

Well, she tells Bob, and as "he" happens to be on the parade opposite, she points him out.

"Isn't he a common-looking fellow?" she says.

That's the worst of Mabel, she will allow herself to be prejudiced.

"Looks like a barber out for a holiday," Bob rejoins.

Mabel laughs sily. Her infatuation for Bob is really amusing.

"Why like a barber?" I ask, coldly.

"His hair is cut so well."  
Mabel giggles. It is strange how some people mistake vulgarity for wit.

A week has passed. Affairs are approaching a crisis. He loves me, I know it. He simply follows me like my shadow. If I go on the pier, he is there. If I take a book and sit on the parade, he is there again. I can only escape him by using my lanky, and I can't be always biking. Besides, the roads are not very good about Eastsea.

It's a perfect shame we don't know each other. I am certain he is a gentleman—in spite of what Bob and Mabel say. He has that lordly bearing and those aristocratic features one reads of in novels. Of course, Bob and Mabel know nothing of such matters.

To tell the truth, I'm a bit disgusted with him. I shouldn't mind so very much if he did speak to me, but I can't very well tell him so. I suppose he's afraid I should snub him. Of course I should have to pretend to be very angry.

And then there's Mabel. If she found out—well, I should be packed off home at once. Still, something must be done. He is growing desperate. So am I.

I have found a way. It is simple, yet effective. I am going to tumble off my "bike"—on purpose—and he will come to my rescue. It is an original idea and rather takes my breath away. I wonder what Mabel would say if she knew. Really, I think she would faint.

I have arranged everything beautifully. Between 5 and 6 every evening he paces the parade, smoking. This is the hour when I shall put my design into execution. I shall pass him, vanish around the corner, quickly dismount, lay my machine in the road, and sit on the curbstone nursing my ankle.

If all goes well he will be the first person to find me. I shall explain that I have had a nasty spill and damaged myself. He will give me his arm and assist me home. Thus we shall become acquainted.

All goes well. I pass him, turn sharply around the corner, jump off, lay my machine down, and sit on the curbstone with a woebegone expression on my face. A few minutes later he comes in sight, naturally looks after me, sees me hors de combat, and flies to my assistance.

"You are hurt?" he says, eagerly.

I looked up in feigned agony.

"It is my ankle," I murmur; "I think I have sprained it," and I rub it gently. I am glad I put on my best silk stockings and my newest shoes.

"I will fetch a cab," he goes on.

"I think—I think I could manage if you gave me your arm," I answer. "It isn't very far."

He helps me up. I manage to limp very prettily, though I'm afraid I'm not so pale as I ought to be. However, I succeed in concealing this little deficiency by holding my handkerchief to my face.

Shall I ever forget Mabel's expression when she sees us? It is all I can do to keep from laughing. She opens the door for us, and I explain matters. She thanks my rescuer with frigid politeness and helps me to the sofa.

"Thank you very much, Mr. —," I murmur, sweetly, as I give him my hand.

"My name is C—Cunningham," he stammers. "C—Captain Cunningham."

Then he bows himself out. Captain Cunningham! I knew he was well connected. And how he pressed my hand!

As the door closes on him Mabel, who has been in a state of suppressed wrath, practically explodes. I answer that I couldn't help asking her. A fib is necessary here. Then I ask her if she doesn't think it lucky he happened to be passing. She only bites her lip in silence. I smile.

My sprained ankle causes me some inconvenience. Mabel, who fusses about a pin scratch, insists on keeping me on the couch for a couple of days and anoints the injured place with quarts of embrocation.

This has a wonderful effect. I am better in no time. With the aid of a stick (it won't do to recover all at once) I get out on the front, eager, expectant. The captain has called twice to inquire after me, and now he hastens to my side.

We spend a very pleasant morning. His acquaintance with the titled class is extraordinary. He is a personal friend of the Prince of Wales and has stayed at Sandringham. He says he has come to Eastsea to recuperate. He tells me there are times when he throbs with the constant whirl of pleasure in which he lives; times when he loves to steal away to some retired spot with a sympathetic companion. Here he gives me a look that cannot be misconstrued.

I fancy he is a poetist. I shall ask him to write some verses in my album.

I see him often now. I ask him in to afternoon tea. He pleads an engagement, however. As a matter of fact, I don't think he cares for Mabel. I am not surprised. Her attitude toward him is—well, rude.

I wonder if I am in love with him. He is with me.

On the Friday evening Bob brings papa back with him to stay till Monday. This doesn't upset me in the least. I can twist papa round my little finger. Nevertheless, I secretly wonder what he will think of the captain.

After dinner I take a seat in the window. He walks up and down the parade at this hour—waiting for me. Papa comes to look at the sunset. He is certain to see Ferdinand (Ferdinand is the captain's name, one of them at least; he has nearly a dozen).

Suddenly papa starts us all with a loud exclamation that is—well, not fit for publication.

"What is it?" Bob says, coming forward.

Papa is purple with rage.

"What?" he roars, his finger extended. "Why, there's that second-rate Francis, the waiter from the club!"

We all crowd forward. I am in front. The captain is directly opposite. I bow. He lifts his gloved hand to his hat. Then an awful change comes over his face. He turns positively limp, and staggers. Is he ill, or—?

"But papa, that is Captain Cunningham!" I gasp.

"Captain!—I'll give him captain. Where's my hat?"

They rush from the room. I sit with my face in my hands. It is too awfully awful. A waiter!

The other day I heard Mabel tell mamma that she thought I'd grown more prudent since. Well, I suppose I have. And no wonder! But I shall never reveal the truth about that sprained ankle.—Madame.

## WHY WE ARE RIGHT HANDED.

A Legacy That Has Descended to Us from Heliozo Ancestry.

Primitive man, being by nature a fighting animal, fought, for the most part at first, with his canine teeth, his nails and his fists, till in process of time he added to those early and natural weapons the further persuasions of a club or sally.

He fought, as Darwin has conclusively shown, mainly for the possession of ladies of his kind, against other members of his own sex and species. If you fight you soon learn to protect the most exposed and vulnerable portion of your body. Or, if you don't, natural selection manages it for you, by killing you off as an immediate consequence.

To the boxer, wrestler, or hand-to-hand combatant, the most vulnerable portion is undoubtedly the heart. A hard blow, well delivered, on the left breast, will easily kill.

Hence, from an early period men have used the right hand to fight with and have employed the left arm chiefly to cover the heart and to parry a blow aimed at that specially vulnerable region. And when weapons of offense and defense supersede mere fists and teeth, it is the right hand that grasps the spear or sword, while the left holds over the heart, for defense, the shield or buckler.

From this simple origin, then, the whole vast difference of right and left in civilized life takes its beginning. At first the superiority of the right hand was only felt in the manner of fighting. But that alone gave it a distinct pull, and paved the way at last for the supremacy elsewhere. For when weapons came into use, the habitual employment of the right hand to grasp the spear, sword or knife, made the nerves or muscles of the right side far more obedient to the control of the will than those of the left.

The dexterity thus acquired by the right—see how the word "dexterity" implies this fact—made it more natural for the early hunter and artificer to employ the same hand. In the manufacture of flint hatchets, bows and arrows, and all other manifold activities of savage life, it was the hand with which he grasped his weapon; it was therefore the hand with which he chipped it. The right hand remains especially "the hand in which you hold your knife;" and that is how your children decide the question which is which when they begin to know their right hand from their left for practical purposes.—Saturday Evening Post.

**How to Live Long.**  
The reason of certain articles in the daily papers, Punch has been inundated with letters from a host of correspondents who beg him to observe the rules by which they have attained longevity, but at the same time he is "difficult to follow the advice of all. 'Septuagenarian,' for instance, urges him to become a vegetarian. 'On no account touch meat. It is poison. For the last fifty years I have dined on a boiled onion, and supped off a pint of lentil porridge.' 'Octogenarian,' on the other hand, urges him 'to eat, drink and be merry as much and as often as you please. I find there is nothing like a good dinner, followed by a theater, and supper with plenty of champagne, to put me in real good form.' 'Nonagenarian' declares that 'the secret of long life lies in a cold tub bath taken every morning, winter and summer, with unflinching regularity.' 'Centenarian,' again, writes: 'Beware of soap and water—they spell death. For my part, I have only had a bath once in my life, when I went to the workhouse and could not help myself. The result was I caught a chill from which I nearly died.' 'Home-bird' avers that she owes her eighty years of happiness to matrimony. 'Gay Dog of Ninety' says: 'Half a century ago I was to marry, when I suddenly remembered your advice.' 'Blue Ribbon' argues that none but testateans can, or deserve to, attain to old age. 'Liver,' on the contrary, writes, 'There is nothing like good liquor to preserve a man.' 'Irishman' writes, 'If 'tis long ye're wanting to live, ye must begin over again.' 'This all a question of heredity, it is. Ye must choose yer own feather an' mother an' see they come from a long-lived stock, an' that's the only way at all, at all.' If it were not for the initial object that he is already born, and the further difficulty of selecting your parents before you yourself have any existence, Punch would be inclined to believe that 'Irishman' had hit the nail on the head; but for the present these two obstacles seem insuperable. For the rest, as it is manifestly impossible to adopt the advice of all, he has decided to continue in his old habits and to take his chance of long life with his neighbors.

**Brigandage in Italy.**  
Italy is a land of secret societies formed for the purpose of defeating the ends of justice, and all attempts to root out the evil have been unsuccessful. The Mafia, which has often pursued its victims even across the ocean, has just given another evidence of its vitality in Sicily. The daughter of an Englishman was kidnaped and ransomed for \$20,000 by her father. Four of the conspirators, being dissatisfied with their share of the booty, were "executed"—buried alive—by order of the "council." Chance led to the discovery of their bodies and of some circumstantial evidence which enabled the authorities to make some important arrests. But it is not likely that this will bring about a change.

**Set on Fire by the Waves.**  
On the western coast of Ireland, at Ballybunion, the sea set fire to the cliffs. For centuries the great Atlantic rollers had been breaking their down and making great fissures in them. In their depths were masses of iron, pyrites and alum. At last the water penetrated to these, and a rapid oxidation took place, which produced a heat fire. For weeks the rocks burned like a regular volcano, and great clouds of smoke and vapor rose high in the air.

**Where Water Is Peddled Like Milk.**  
In Arizona there is a town where, because of the aridity of the region and the dryness of the climate, water is peddled in the streets like milk and carried from house to house in canvas sacks on the backs of burros or pack mules.

A favorite trick of a scoundrel is to place good men in such a position that they are compelled to stand by him.

## SHIPOLOADS OF BRIMSTONE.

Enormous Amount of Crude Sulphur Received in This Country.

Alfred S. Malcolmson has published an interesting statistical table, in which the world's consumption of brimstone is shown for seven years. This commercial commodity is of great importance in many branches of manufacture, but the fact is not generally known in business circles that 118,137 tons came to the United States from Sicily in 1897, and that the year before the importation was even larger.

This commodity comes exclusively from Sicily, and to a great extent from the port of Palermo. It is shipped in bulk like coal, and looks, in its raw condition, like pieces of broken stone about the size of those which are used on macadam roads. It is a dull gray, and from that to a bright yellow, according to its quality; the higher the grade the yellower the stone. It is handled by the large importers in its crude form only, and these dispose of it to the manufacturers, by whom it is subjected to processes which eliminate the dross and bring to the surface its valuable properties. It is used by the manufacturers of fertilizer materials and sulphuric acid, and large quantities are consumed by the manufacturers of wood pulp and paper.

The brimstone goes in great quantities, also, to the sulphur refiners, and after it becomes sulphur it plays an important part in the manufacture of vulcanized rubber. The addition of sulphur to plastic rubber, vulcanizing the mass between two tin sheets as an experiment, gave to the world the valuable commodity known as hard rubber; and no substitute has yet been found for the yellow dust in the process.

The brimstone statistics show that the United States receives more of the material than any other country. For the same time that 118,137 tons reached the ports of New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Charleston, Boston, Wilmington and Norfolk, the following exports were made from Sicily to other parts of the world: France, 84,895 tons; Italy, 73,052 tons; United Kingdom, 24,529 tons; Russia, 17,532 tons; Portugal, 7,054 tons; Germany, 10,721 tons; Austria, 15,903 tons; Greece-Turkey, 13,865 tons; Belgium, 9,253 tons; Sweden, Norway and Denmark, 11,226 tons; Spain, 4,039 tons; Holland, 3,599 tons.

The wine-growing districts of Europe use large quantities of the material to destroy the insects which attack the vines, and although many substitutes are employed, the most careful growers never abandon brimstone for that purpose.

The supply in Sicily ready for transportation is larger than it has ever been before, there being no less than 240,367 tons in storage.

**ROUSED THE IRISHMAN'S IRE.**  
Jealousy of His Own Progress Loses Him His Cap.

A group of Congressmen were telling stories in the cloakroom of the house the other day. One of them, a lawyer, told this experience:

"In the town where I first began the practice of the law there was an Irishman, Patrick McDonald, whom everyone called Pat. Now, Pat was a good-hearted fellow, but he didn't get along very well with his neighbors.

"There was an easy-going fellow in the same town by the name of Wheelock. He was born in 1840 and his parents named him Harrison. In country towns the people are familiar with one another to the extent that names are abbreviated or paraphrased. Every one knew this man as 'Hat' Wheelock.

"Well, Wheelock and Pat had some words over a horse trade. The language used was more expressive than elegant. According to Pat's version of the affair Hat threatened to break his face. Any way, Pat went before a justice of the peace and made affidavit that he was afraid that Hat would do him bodily injury.

"Hat, of course, was arrested. He got me to defend him. When the case was called Pat took the stand and related the story of how Hat had threatened to injure him. When he was turned over to me for cross-examination I began:

"Now, Mr. McDonald, you say you are afraid of your life?"

"I am, sir, was the prompt reply.

"Then you admit that Mr. Wheelock can whip you, do you?"

"His Irish was up in a flash.

"Not by a d—n sight, sir; I can whip half a dozen like him."

"That's all, your honor," I said to the justice, and he dismissed the case against Wheelock."—Washington Star.

**Oldest Cities in the World.**  
The city of Marseilles has been in existence 2,497 years. It was founded by a colony of Greeks when Rome, the future conqueror of both it and Greece, was nothing but a tiny village. Rome is about 2,450 years old. Of all the cities that have existed when it began, and still retain their places on the maps, Rome is the most flourishing and best preserved. But Rome is by no means the oldest city on the globe, or even in Europe. Athens, the capital of Greece, is about 3,453 years old—older than any other European city. Tangier, in Morocco, is probably over 2,700 years of age. Peking, the capital of China, is said to be about 5,000 years old, or more; Jerusalem is 3,900 years old, at least.

But there is one other city, and probably only one, that surpasses even Jerusalem in antiquity. This is Damascus, once famous for its manufacture of silks, jewelry and arms. A Damascus blade was prized as superior to all others. They are no longer made, the method by which the armorers of Damascus tempered the steel being one of the lost arts. The exact date of the founding of Damascus is not known, but it is said to have been begun by a great-grandson of Noah. It is probably 4,200 years old, at any rate, and the oldest city in the world.—London Mail.

**Author and Critic.**  
A kind-hearted man, when he is obliged to find fault, tries to do it with gentle indirectness—as in the following instance, reported by the Chicago Post:

"At your request," said the critic to the young author, "I have read your book from beginning to end."

"So good of you," returned the young author. "And now I want you to feel that you can speak frankly and tell me just what you think about it. I sup-

pose you saw a great deal in it that would change if it were left to me." "No," replied the critic, thoughtfully. "On the whole, I think I may say there was very little."

"Really?" exclaimed the young author, delighted. "Do you know any idea you'd tear the whole book apart; I can't tell you how pleased I am; but of course there are some changes that you would advise