

Eugene City Guard.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Santiago suffered severely from a cough contracted by the Vesuvius.

The Don had such a hard time of it in Cuba that Uncle Sam decided to help him out.

Sara Bernhardt may play Hamlet, but it is feared she will do so with slender understanding.

While laurels are impossible, if the dons are in need of a national flower how would mourning glories do?

General Fitzhugh Lee named his horse "Blanco." This looks like an unnecessary indignity to a noble animal.

Agulnido would unquestionably rather see anybody else not get the \$25,000 offered for his head than to be himself that much short.

Ultimately international law may say something in the premises. But until this nation gets ready otherwise cannon law must prevail.

This talk of a new and mysterious explosive may be connected with Spain's revenue policy. As everything else is taxed, so it's trying to tax popular credulity.

A cablegram from Madrid says that "It has practically been decided by Captain Aunon that henceforth the principal additions to the Spanish navy will be of the submarine type." Like the ships of Montejun and Cervera?

The King of Siam has sentenced one of his ministers of state to cut grass for the royal elephants for the rest of his natural life. In other words, he has been sent to grass by royal decrees and will have a steady job until he is no mow.

According to a musical authority, the moaning of a cow is set to a perfect fifth, octave or tenth; the bark of a dog to a fourth or fifth; the neighing of a horse is a descent on the chromatic scale; while the donkey brays in a perfect octave. Yet it is thought that the quality of the donkey's voice might be improved! Possibly the timbre of the violin might be represented by the squeal of the pig; but a fine ear detects a difference.

Hooley, the London "promoter," who made a fortune of many millions in a few years, but who has now been adjudged a bankrupt, is said to declare that he has "blackmailed" to the point of embarrassment by unscrupulous newspapers. The assertion may be substantially true, yet it offers little ground for sympathy. Honest men engaged in legitimate enterprises, are not in danger of "blackmail," which is simply the tribute one rascal pays to another.

The use of the word Yankee to denote primarily an inhabitant of New England, and by extension, one living in the Northern States as distinguished from a Southerner, is no longer accurate. Ex-Senator Butler of South Carolina lost a pair of field glasses during a battle in the civil war, when he was severely wounded. Taking the field as a major-general in the service of the United States, he is to use again the glasses recently restored to him. "The last time I used these," he said lately, "I was a Confederate officer. Now I am a Yankee." No patriotic citizen will take any exception to this latest definition of what constitutes a Yankee.

The annual report of the Suez Canal Company for 1897 shows the use that is made of that waterway and gives some indication of what might be expected of the Nicaragua canal when it is constructed. During the year 2,389 vessels, with 191,215 passengers, passed through the canal. Of these 1,905 were English, 325 German, 206 Dutch, 202 French, 78 Austrian, 71 Italian, 48 Spanish, 48 Norwegian, 44 Russian, 30 Japanese, the remainder being Turkish, Chinese, Egyptian, American, Danish, Siamese, Mexican, Portuguese and Swedish. The gross tonnage was 7,890,373,841. There was a decline both in the number of vessels and tonnage in 1897, as compared with the preceding year, which is attributed to the commercial crisis which began in 1896, and was offset by the receipts of the canal from military expeditions. The India trade furnishes about one-half of the traffic passing through the canal, but that was badly affected last year by the famine and failure of the crops. The navigation receipts were about \$14,183,080 and the net dividends were about \$18.

When a war breaks out those on both sides are apt to underrate their enemy. No doubt in the present war our countrymen were too ready to say that the Spanish could not or would not fight, and that victory would be easy and speedy. Nevertheless, while that was a mistake, it is a fact which other people beside Americans see and declare, that the Spaniards of to-day are in a broad sense inefficient. As a writer in the London Spectator puts it, "They never quite succeed" in anything. They know their government is corrupt, but they do not purify it; they know that their army lacks organization, but they do not organize it. Inefficiency extends through all their public, social, industrial and commercial life. Yet while they perceive the defects, they have not the energy to apply the remedy. England, France, Germany and Italy have largely extended their colonial possessions, and have known how to govern their subject races so as to maintain not only peace and order, but, to a degree, the contentment and goodwill of the natives over whom they rule. Spain alone has acquired no new territory, and has so misgoverned what she had that even her colonists of Spanish blood have been in revolt against her in every quarter of the globe. It is much easier to state these facts than to explain them. Time was when Spain was a conqueror. She produced the boldest adventurers, the most enterprising merchants, the most audacious leaders of expeditions across the sea, to extend her power and increase her wealth. To-day apparently all the de-

ness of the Spaniard remains, and all his pride; but of energy of the quality that persists until an end is reached he has none. Perhaps all this is not true of the people of northern Spain; but they do not govern the country, nor give the characteristic tone to the race. All their faults—their pride which makes it undignified to exert themselves, their love of ease, their "hidden root of inefficiency," to quote again from the Spectator—all these faults are exaggerated in the aristocracy and the ruling class. If we cannot explain why the Spaniards of to-day possess these traits, the traits themselves explain why the government is so bad, why the colonies are in rebellion, why the treasury is bankrupt.

The Ladrone or Mariana Islands, which recently enjoyed their first Fourth of July under the American flag, are a chain of fifteen islands something over a thousand miles east of the Philippines. They comprise an area of about 305 square miles. They are of volcanic formation. The name Ladrone or Islas de las Ladrones, signifies the "Islands of the Thieves" and was given them by Portuguese sailors of the ship's crew of Magellan on account of the thieving propensities of the natives. Magellan, who discovered them in 1521, styled them "Islas de las Velas Latinas," or "Islands of the Lateen Sails." They were named "Las Marianas" in 1698 in honor of Maria Anna of Austria, widow of King Philip IV. of Spain. The present population of the islands, roughly estimated at 8,000, is a mixture such as inhabits the Philippines, with the Malay predominating in numbers. The island upon which Old Glory has been hoisted is called Guahan, or Guam. It is the largest and southernmost of the group, and contains the only town in the colony, San Ignacio de Agana, and the fortified harbor of Umata. The islands are very fertile. The climate, though humid, is salubrious, and the heat is not so great as at the Philippines, being tempered by the trade winds. So beautiful is nature that when the Spaniards took the territory in 1698 it was supporting a population estimated at from 40,000 to 60,000. The native people were called by the Spaniards "Chamorro." They were a branch of the fair Polynesian race. Owing to the superior resources of the islands, and to more frequent contact with western influence they are described as the most advanced people of Micronesia. They made a stubborn resistance to Spanish conquest, and as usual in such cases the Spaniards practically wiped them off the earth, although it took longer to exterminate them than it did the less robust and efficient peoples of the West India islands, for there were in 1741, after over seventy years of Spanish slaughter, yet 1,816 of the natives alive. The islands have been of considerable interest to scientists. Among the remains of a prehistoric race found there are stone columns, fourteen feet high, surmounted by semi-globular stones nearly six feet in diameter, structures connected with ancient warships, probably. Immense herds of wild cattle formerly roamed the islands, milk white in color with black ears, and they were cited by Darwin as tending to support the presumption that white was the primal color of the genus Bos. Among the distinguished travelers who have visited the group was Lord Byron.

Bicycle Corps in Foreign Armies
Bicycle companies which were formed a few years ago by the German and French governments merely as experiments have been recently augmented so that, particularly in Germany, there are no less than seventeen companies of wheelmen, which form, with their machine-gun companies, a formidable corps. Some of the members of this corps are distributed among certain regiments, where they are to do scout and courier service. The remaining companies, however, have been formed into a regiment by themselves, commanded by one of the officers of the Fourth regiment of the guard. It is expected that this body will play a new and important part in the maneuvers next autumn. The "bicycle infantry," as it is called, has been furnished with new uniforms, which are simpler than those worn by the other troops. The wheelmen wear cloth caps, loose blouses, riding trousers, and leather leggings, and a sword bayonet at the belt; the rifle strapped at the right. The men are able to carry a small tent, food for ten days, with cooking utensils, and a good supply of ammunition. The corps is composed entirely of volunteers, and as there are more volunteers than are required vacant places are filled by ballot by those already in. Each member must own his own wheel. A special physician has recently been appointed to the "bicycle infantry."

Old-Time Torture.
In former times the punishment of the bagno (bath), one of the most cleverly cruel inflictions ever devised by an official of the torture chamber, was administered in Italy, probably in Venice, where the waters of the lagoons played so important a part in its penal system. The punishment was as follows: The prisoner was placed in a vat, the sides of which were slightly in excess of the average height of a man. In order to hold in check the rising tide of a supply of water which ran into the vat in a constant stream the criminal was furnished with a scoop with which to bale out the water as fast as it came in. The respite from death by immersion thus obtained was more or less prolonged, according to the powers of endurance possessed by the victim. But imagine the moral torture, the exhausting and even hideously grotesque efforts, the incessant and pitiless toil by night and day to stave off the dread moment, fast approaching, when, overcome by sleep and fatigue, he was unable to struggle any longer against his fate!

Experts in Mental Arithmetic.
In East Indian schools mental arithmetic is a vastly more serious matter than it is in the schools of this country. Catch questions are numerous in the Orient, and the multiplication table is swollen into a mountain of difficulty by native teachers. Pupils of 10 years are taught to carry the multiplication table up to 40 times 40.

A Clock Run by the Wind.
There is a clock in Brussels which has never been wound up by human hands. It is kept going by the wind.

LEAVIN' HOME.

When a feller sorter packs his traps an' goes away from home,
Wear the birds air all singin', an' the bring's in the comb—
When the sunshine is the brightest an' the heart beats all in tune
An' life's sweet in winter as in rosiest days o' June—

No matter how the skies look—ef they're just as bright an' blue
As the eyes with which your sweetheart twinkled messages to you—
You'll find 'em growin' misty—with a haze on field an' plain,
An' your eyes'll sorter twinkle, an' the lids'll hide the rain!

For the distance—it looks lonesome, an' though roses red an' white,
Air just as sweet off yonder, with the dew an' with the light,
As the ones in old-time gardens, yit—it's mighty far to roam—
An' you know more of the roses in the little spot called "Home!"

So, pack'n' up fer leavin' sorter makes you fumble round!
Fer hank'ers, to dry the tears that will come tricklin' down!
An' though you say it's foolishness, yit—world's so wide to roam!
An' the best world for a feller is the little world at home!
—Atlanta Constitution.

AVENGED BY A SERPENT.

WHEN I got George's letter, telling me that all was now ready for our reception and we were to come at once, I was delighted. Within a week we—mother and I—were on our way out, and in about three weeks' time found ourselves between the swamy shores of the Essequibo, near Georgetown, where on the quay the dear fellow was waiting to take us to the home he had made for us on his plantation.

George Haden and I had met a year before during his visit to the United States, and the big, quiet, sunburned man and I, who tell this story, had fallen in love with one another almost at the first sight.

We were to have been married before he returned to Guiana, but he was recalled suddenly by the death of his only brother at Rio, and it was arranged I should follow later with mother.

You can—, or rather, you can't—imagine how delighted I was to see my sweetheart again. But I was startled and a good deal troubled by his appearance; he looked thin and worried. At first I put it down to his grief at Harry's death; but later, after our quiet wedding, on the way to my future home I gathered by degrees there was more than that.

His brother Harry had married a Spaniard—a beautiful woman—who had died nearly eighteen years before, leaving him with one daughter, Teresa. It was chiefly on this girl's account that George had hurried back, and he had mentioned in writing to me that he had brought her up from Rio to stay with him in Guiana until other arrangements could be made. Since then I had heard little of her, and almost, indeed, in my own happiness and excitement forgotten her very existence.

Now my questions elicited from George that she was not a pleasant-tempered young woman, or easy to get on with, but my worst anticipations did not touch the reality.

We came up the river in a small steamer, which dropped us at my husband's very wharf, and we three walked up a slope through a wonderful tropical garden to where a long, white-washed, green-shuttered house shone clean and bright in the evening sun.

On the veranda stood a tall figure in a pale yellow gown, her black hair crowned with crimson hibiscus. A splendidly handsome woman!

She looked at me in a half-disdainful way.

"So you're my new aunt?" she said casually. "And how do you do, Uncle George!"

Her calm assumption of superiority was unbearable. George—big, steady, good-tempered man that he was—flushed with anger.

He whispered to me: "Never mind, my dear. She knows no better; and it won't be for long."

But it was for longer than we reckoned. She was to have been sent to her godmother, who lived in Madrid. But the old lady was ill, and begged us to keep the girl a while longer.

It was trying to a degree, and each day got worse and worse. Teresa's temper was something unbearable, and her general lack of manners only equalled by her sweetness when there was anything to be gained by it. Still, for my husband's sake, I bore with her.

Toward the end of the cool weather our old English overseer died, and, as a stop-gap, George took on a young Spanish-American, Ramon Martinez.

Ramon was a smart-looking fellow, but there was something in his black eyes which repelled me. I always felt a shrinking repulsion for the man, and George didn't much care for him. Still, it was necessary to have some one who understood the sugar, and men who knew anything were so scarce you couldn't pick and choose.

Teresa, who loved the cheap gayeties of Rio, had been simply bored to death all the winter. Ramon was a godsend to her, and the two used to chat in Spanish every evening over their coffee on the veranda.

Sometimes I blame myself for letting them be so much together, but, to tell the truth, the relief of getting rid of her even for an hour or two was very great. And how could I know what a scoundrel the man was, or what unspeakable wickedness those two were brewing together?

And now I must pass over the events of the next ten months, and tell you what happened on that dreadful day which so nearly proved fatal to all my happiness.

Old Juan, a half-caste Indian employe on the place, came up that morning wanting to see my husband. They talked for a time, and then I saw George go out with a gun on his shoulder. He saw me at the window and called out something, but I could not hear what he said.

He was a keen collector, and I supposed it was some rare bird or beast he was after.

The day passed, and the short, tropical twilight was closing over the forest when I saw George returning. He was followed by two negroes, who slowly dragged some long, heavy object up the path to the house. This they pulled along, trailing in the dust, round to the south end of the house, where George's big so-called study, really a sort of museum, opened by two French windows on the lawn.

I was dressing for 8 o'clock dinner, so did not go out. Soon I heard George's long stride pass upstairs by my door to his dressing-room, which lay beyond my room at the extreme north end of the house.

To make you understand what followed I must partly explain how the house was built. It was from north to south, long and narrow, with a veranda all the way round. A wide hall ran through from east to west, and a long narrow one from north to south. The dining-room was the front room at the north end, under my room; George's study at the south end, under the room Teresa occupied. There were two staircases, one at each end of the house. A couple of hundred yards away, higher up the slope at the back of the house, was the cottage where Martinez lived. He, Martinez, generally dined with us, and was to have done so that night.

Now, so far as I know, and judging from what we made out afterward from letters we discovered in the cottage and in Teresa's room, this is what brought about the tragedy that followed:

Ramon must have long before this have made up his mind to marry Teresa. Her small fortune was an irresistible bait to the indolent Southerner. The only thing that troubled him was that she was not of age for another three years, and George was her guardian and sole trustee. He knew well enough what George would say or do if he once heard of his pretensions. With a man of Ramon's type—almost consciousness—the next idea was simply to get George out of the way. Once he got rid of the uncle, and what was there to hinder his making off with Teresa and her money?

Undoubtedly he instilled these ideas into Teresa's mind, and she, her sullen temper already aflame at the hint of opposition, was soon ripe for any mischief. Whether this preloved pair had already concocted any definite plan I don't know, but that they were only waiting a chance what follows proves.

On this particular evening Teresa had dressed earlier and gone down. For some reason—I don't know what—she went to the study and opened the door. A French window was open, and in the moonlight which had already succeeded the dusk she caught sight of something moving through it, undulating in rustling coils up from the grass beyond.

Terrified, she closed the door and stood an instant panting with fright. What was it?

Suddenly it flashed across her. She had just before seen from her window the men bringing in her uncle's spoil, a great anaconda, or water-bou, the largest and most powerful constrictor of the world. This was its mate. Her chance had come. Always before dinner her uncle would go to his room to fetch the cigar he lit immediately dinner was over. He would go once more—for the last time!

How I can imagine her stealing quietly away from the door back with stealthy footsteps up the stairs to her room and sitting there watching the clock, counting every moment till the gong should summon her uncle to his fate behind that closed door.

Closer and closer crept the hands to 8 o'clock, and still she sat and watched. Suddenly in the hall below sounded footsteps across the polished boards. Unnaturally loud they seemed as they passed slowly down the passage beneath. There was the sound of a turning latch, an instant's pause, and then—one long, horrible sob, half shriek, half yell, which grew shriller, then muffled, and then abruptly ceased.

The shriek I heard with almost equal distinctness away at the other end of the house. To this day I can sometimes hear it, and it comes back to me in dreadful dreams.

I heard my husband rush from his room and his flying feet down the staircase. Other sounds I heard—cries of terror and alarm, hurrying footsteps and slamming of doors. Then I summoned strength to follow. As I ran through the hall two shots rang out in rapid succession. A frightful pounding, like a dozen sledge hammers going at once, ensued; and next I heard a scream of maniacal laughter, and Teresa rushed by me and out into the night.

The next thing I remember is George's voice, in tones of strong command: "Keep back, Marlan!" he called; "it is no fit sight for you."

I stood there in the middle of the passage, while around the open study door stood a little knot of our black servants. Their faces were ashen with terror, and the whites of their eyes goggled horribly. A thin smoke floated out of the room and the keen smell of gunpowder filled the air. The throbbing beat had almost ceased, and George passed into the room, while I staggered back, and, sinking into a chair in the hall, fainted dead away.

I need hardly explain what had happened. The wretched Ramon had come in earlier than usual to dinner; had, contrary to his usual custom, gone to the study, evidently to leave the pass-book for the day, and had walked straight into the trap set for another. Those horrible coils had crushed him to death long before even George could reach the spot, while the great snake, in its terrible death agonies, had rent the wretch's body in a shocking way, leaving it an unrecognizable mass.

That was what Teresa had seen. The shock no doubt had crazed her. When she ran out she went straight to the river—at least, we suppose so, for we never saw anything of her again. There are alligators in those waters.

Since then my husband and I have almost forgotten the tragedy. We are very happy alone together in our sunny tropic home.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Does any one ever drink out of cut glass? Does any one ever become so familiar with greatness and wealth that he can eat out of cut glass and enjoy his food?

"I was thoroughly frightened at his fearful expression and dodged back,

FROGS EATEN IN NEW YORK.

The Consumption Is Greater than in Paris.

Are there many frogs' legs eaten in New York? The reporter asked of Commissioner Blackford.

"There is not a city in the world," said Commissioner Blackford, "that consumes so many frogs' legs as New York."

"More than in Paris?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the commissioner. "While years ago the French were commonly known as 'frog eaters,' the New-Yorkers to-day should more properly be called 'frog-eating people,' rather than the Parisians. I seldom found the dish on the menus in the restaurants of Paris, while in New York you can get them at nearly every first-class hotel and restaurant. This dish is not common in London, and only a few of the high-grade restaurants there prepare it."

According to Commissioner Blackford's figures, fully 75 per cent. of the frogs for the New York market are shipped from the Ontario district in Canada. The remaining 25 per cent. come from the Adirondacks and the State of Maine. Frogs are very plentiful in all of these districts, and they multiply so rapidly that there is no danger of a decrease in the supply for years to come. About six of the saddles of these frogs weigh a pound, and retail at 75 cents.

The largest frogs in the world come from the State of Missouri, but they are scarce and do not figure largely in New York's market. Three of these saddles will make a pound. Great quantities of frogs are to be found in the New Jersey meadows, but they are so small that a pound of dressed legs cannot be obtained from less than two or three dozen frogs. Occasionally a farmer's boy will bring forty or fifty of these frogs to market, but the pay is so small compared with the amount of work required in the hunt that no one makes a regular business of searching the adjacent meadows.

The frog-taking season begins about June 1 and continues steadily until Sept. 1. Throughout Canada there are many men who make a regular business of frog-catching, while in the Adirondacks the work is done by the guides during their spare hours. The animals are caught with a hook baited with red flannel and suspended from a rod about ten feet in length. There is a strange fascination about red flannel that the ordinary croaker cannot resist. The moment it is dangled within a few inches of his nose he makes a wild leap at it, with jaws wide open, and is promptly hooked. He is released and placed in a big basket carried on the back of the frog hunter.

Sometimes the frog is found to be sleeping. Then the hook is placed under him, and a quick jerk lands him. When the basket is filled the frogs are carried to a pen in one corner of the pond near the huts of the hunters, and are kept there until there is a demand for them from New York. They are then scooped out of the pen with a net and killed and dressed.

This operation is very simple. The frog is stunned with a blow on the head and immediately the head is severed. Then the skin is loosened at the top and in a jiffy it comes off like a glove. The saddle is separated from the body with one blow, and the legs are folded together as one would fold his arms. They are packed in boxes of chopped ice and are ready for shipment.

During the summer months the New York market receives from 8,000 to 10,000 pounds of dressed saddles daily. The retail price then reaches the lowest notch of 25 cents a pound. As it is impossible to take the frog during the winter, immense quantities of the saddles are frozen during the early autumn and stored in ice boxes. The meat retains its full flavor, and is as good as if it had been killed the day previous.

A great many attempts have been made toward the artificial propagation of frogs from the eggs, but none has ever succeeded. Seth Green, one of the most successful fish culturists in the country, made many tests several years ago, but met with failure. During the past summer Commissioner Blackford received several orders from France for live bullfrogs, which were to be used in stocking the ponds in that country, as the supply was found to be falling below the demand.—New York Herald.

TOOK BOOTH'S ADVICE.

One Night of Tragedy Was Enough for This Young Actor.

As a delineator of the traditional Yankee character Mathias Currier Kimball, more widely known as Yankee Glenn, long stood without a rival. Kimball has now practically retired from the stage, and at a ripe age has settled down to a prosaic life in the little village of Kingman, Me.

Away back in the early forties, when he was a mere lad, a little incident with Junius Brutus Booth, the elder, started him in his career. Kimball was only 17 years old at the time, and was at work as an usher in the Lowell museum. Booth, who was then in the zenith of his power and fame, was billed there for three nights. The play was Richard III. Kimball had thoroughly studied the play and was considered a young man of promising dramatic ability. On the opening night the actor who took the part of Lord Norfolk failed to show up. Booth was in despair. At last some one suggested that young Kimball knew the lines of that part, and he was cast for it by Booth.

Of the event the old showman says: "When I went on the stage I was badly rattled. Booth was imperious and stern, which only complicated matters. However, I got along all right until we came to the battle of Bosworth Field. In my hurry I had taken the wrong place on the stage, when Booth himself stepped in a whisper. 'Get into your place' then wheeling around he pronounced these lines in thrilling tones. 'What thinkest thou, noble Norfolk?' 'That we shall conquer, my lord,' was my reply, 'but on my tent this morning early was this paper found.' Booth was marking out the plan of battle on the sand. When I had finished the lines he drew his sword and with terrific force struck the paper from my hands, saying: 'A weak invention of the enemy!'"

"I was thoroughly frightened at his fearful expression and dodged back,

nearly falling to the floor. Booth then repeated the lines:

"What thinkest thou, Norfolk, if the pardon was offered?"

"By this time I was completely rattled and forgot my lines. Booth stood glaring at me like a tiger. The audience were holding their breath for the next turn of affairs. Suddenly I realized that something must be done. My nerve returned, and I think it must have been the devil that prompted me to balance myself on one leg and draw out with Yankee twang:

"Well, I don't know, Mr. Booth. It may work!"

"Instantly the whole house was in an uproar. As shout after shout of laughter went up the black cloud on Booth's brow relaxed, and wheeling on his heel he left the stage, shaking his sides with merriment. After the play was over he came to me, and placing his hand on my shoulder, said in fatherly tones: 'Young man, you never played tragedy before, did you? Without waiting for a reply, he continued: 'Take my advice and never attempt it again. You are a natural comedian. Take a Yankee character and become identified with it and fame and fortune will be yours,' and I followed his advice."—Lewiston Journal.

The beautiful and delicate colors observed on the eggs of birds are not very fast to light, more especially when they belong to the lighter class of color.

Four of the Montana willows, with one from the island of Unalaska, are the smallest shrubs of Salicaceae in the world. One of these growing often only half an inch high, is believed to be the smallest species of willow ever known.

If the land surface of the globe were divided and allotted in equal shares to each of its human inhabitants, it would be found that each would get a plot of twenty-three and one-half acres, but much of it would not be worth having.

A new method of preserving wood from decay, known as the Haskin process, is being tried on a large scale in England. Instead of withdrawing the sap and injecting creosote or some other antiseptic substance, as is usually done, Mr. Haskin submits the wood to superheated air, under a pressure of fourteen atmospheres. Under this process, it is ascertained, the sap is chemically changed into a powerful antiseptic mixture, which, by consolidating with the fiber, strengthens as well as preserves the wood.

The "live" electric wire is said to be used with great success by lion-tamers in impressing upon their savage pupils the utter hopelessness of an attack on the master. When a lion is in the early stages of education it sometimes starts for its tamer when the latter's back is turned. Formerly the only security for the man was in keeping a sharp outlook over his shoulder. Now he can have a charged wire stretched across the cage in front of the beast, and if the latter touches the wire he gets a lesson which makes a deeper impression than the cut of a whip.

The Los Angeles Ocean Power Company has, at Potencia Beach, California, a metallic pier 350 feet long, at the outer end of which are three floats ten by ten feet in dimension, which rise and fall with the incoming waves. By means of pistons the floats force water into a reservoir on the bank. The upper part of the reservoir contains air, which, being compressed, forces the water through a nozzle upon a Pelton water wheel, which is thus driven at a high rate. The water wheel supplies power to a dynamo. Each float develops between two and three horse-power. The managers of the enterprise are represented as being well satisfied with the results.

On the Grand River near Moab in Utah exists a remarkable "natural bridge," of which a photograph was recently made by a Moab photographer, Mr. Arthur Winslow, of Kansas City. In forwarding the photograph to Science, says that the span of the bridge is estimated to be 500 feet, and its height 150 feet. Mr. Winslow thinks it is a product of erosion by wind. He has himself made photographs of similar formations, on a smaller scale, in the same region of country. The excavating agents are the grains of sand whirled by the wind. Starting with a depression in the friable sandstone rock, the blasts of flying sand rapidly excavate pot-holes in comparatively flat surfaces, and "windrows" in standing walls and isolated buttes.

Danger Awheel.
No matter how stout a man's courage may be, there are times when he's certain to quail. Though the blazing of battle he calmly may see, in peace all his firmness may fail, though bullets which sought in his being to lodge, serenely he often defied, he'll tremble and pant as he struggles to dodge.

The girl who is learning to ride. A marksman afar will perchance miss his aim. When the dynamite deadly is freed, for 'e'en mathematical skill cannot claim. To guarantee all that's desired, but when her front wheel seems to waver a bit, and she thinks it's time to collide, you know you're a target that's bound to be hit.

By the girl who is learning to ride. —Washington Star.

Spelling by E. r.
An American gentleman, residing in Berlin, taught a little German boy the simple stanzas, "Ding-dong bell" "Twinkle, twinkle, little star." On being asked to write the words of these poems, as he thought they were spelled, the boy produced the following, according to the Home Guard:

Dinn, dunn, bell, Pussis in wi well, Hupurterium, littl ganni graun, Hutackermitt littel Tammi Truat Wardarntorbue was tat Tudran Purpussikat.

Twinkl, Twinkl, littel star, Hanelwader wad juer, Alabaw wi wool so hat, Leikeleidermann in wiski.

THE INFANTA EULALIA.

Spanish Princess Who Visited the Country During the World's Fair.

The Princess Eulalia, who represented Spain at the World's Fair, is enjoying much that is disagreeable in her own land, as she is sojourning in England. Princess Eulalia was for many years only third in the succession, and she is very popular in Spain, where at one time it was said openly that she would have made a much better regent than her sister-in-law. That was, however, in the very early days of Queen Christina's widowhood and before the country had become accustomed to her gracious hand. The Infanta Eulalia was married at the age of 22 to Prince Antoine of Bourbon Orleans, a brother of the Count de Paris. The Infanta has two sons, the younger of whom will soon celebrate his tenth birthday.



THE INFANTA EULALIA.

LITTLE VICTIMS OF THE SEA.
Two Pretty Children Who Went Down in La Bourgeois.

Carola and Mildred Schultz, two pretty children, went down in La Bourgeois with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Schultz, of New York. Mr. Schultz was engaged as European buy-



CAROLA AND MILDRED SCHULTZ.

er for a large New York house and was formerly for many years in the same capacity with a Chicago firm. He had safely crossed the ocean fifty-four times. The children were exceptionally bright. Carola was aged 8 and Mildred 5.

OPIUM SMUGGLED IN NUTS.

The Drug Is Frequently Fronted Into the Country in That Way.

One of the duties of the custom house officials in San Francisco is nut-cracking. They do not open all the nuts which enter the port, but whenever



CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICIAL INVESTIGATING.

there is reason to believe that the guileless-looking nut is hiding something, out come the customs nut-crackers. Opium is frequently brought into the country in that way. The drug is packed in the shells of a Chinese nut, very much like our walnut, and is sent to America in that shape.

Revival of the Word Admiral.
The word admiral is derived by the dictionaries in a rather roundabout fashion from the Arabic emir, a word which has been variously translated lord, commander, general. An emir was an officer in the Sarawak and elsewhere in the Turkish army, and, as these were composed mostly of cavalry, the emir was originally a cavalry officer. As the conquests of the Turks broadened the Turkish Sultan's legs as to make war upon the sea as well as upon the land, and the officers who commanded fleets and vessels retained the title that they had when directing squadrons of horse. The title is found among