Eugene City Guard.

I. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY.....OREGON.

Hobson seems to be sharp as a raiser.

We still insist that it should be called the "Yankee-Spankee" war.

When Rudyard Kipling fired his latest poem he evidently was "loaded for bear."

It isn't exactly for its land value that England wants upper Africa. It evidently has sand enough.

The Dowager Duchess of Sutherland's diamonds have been stolen, but the name of her play has not yet been announced.

Col. Waring was a sacrifice to science, but he died a hero just as truly as any man who fell at El Caney or San Juan.

That New York fellow who is shown to have fifty wives is in a position to understand the full force of the mother-in-law joke.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has published an interesting article on "How to Be Lovable Though Old." What does Ella know about that?

Tennessee now comes to the front with a missing cashier who is graphically described as "6 feet 2 inches tall and about $14,000 short."

A Colorado editor who translates the national motto, E pluribus unum—"out of money, one," evidently shoots much nearer the mark than he imagines.

"Was the war a complete failure?" asks the Boston Advertiser. Considering the fact that it increased the price of beans it must be admitted that it was.

The Czar's disarmament proposition might with profit be tried first on Rudyard Kipling. What is the use of going ahead if Rudyard will not lay down his gun?

American game may be getting less in some sections, but that it's keeping up in other directions is shown by the announcement that 7,000,000 packs of cards are sold yearly.

Speaking of the golf champion, Beatrix Hoyt, the Boston Herald says: "She has a man's arm and a man's clear eye." Well, she probably will get the rest of him sooner or later.

The Austrian authorities would not allow Mark Twain's remarks at the Vienna peace conference to be published. Those suspicious foreigners evidently are afraid that American humor is loaded.

It seems that several eminent physicians have come to the conclusion that fatigue is a disease. That is well. Now if they will discover the bacillus of fatigue and then perfect a system of inoculation against it—what a gay old world it will be.

That man Anthony who, when blown up on the Maine, saluted Captain Sigsbee and said, "Sir, I have to report that the ship has been blown up and is sinking," evidently is totally devoid of fear in the face of peril. He was married the other day.

Street sweepings to the estimated amount of three million tons are collected every year in the cities of the United States. Most of this material is either used for "filling" or thrown away; but the Department of Agriculture learns that in some places farmers secure the sweepings for fertilizing purposes, and that the farmers in such cases, with few exceptions, report excellent results. Since the disposition of such refuse is sometimes a serious problem, the fact seems to be worth consideration on the part of town and country alike. One of our worst faults, as a people, is a persistent disregard of the truth that to prevent waste in all such ways is to increase wealth.

The civil war came to an end in April, 1865, but the national debt increased more than two hundred million dollars before the end of August, when it reached its highest point, in spite of the most extensive and all-embracing tax system the world has ever known. The war with Spain has been much less costly, but it is a conservative estimate that less than one-half the total expense was incurred before the terms of peace were offered to Spain. If that be so, the war cost, directly, two hundred millions. Indirectly, the larger army needed to occupy new possessions will cause a large permanent charge on the revenue, and we may assume that the war taxes have come to stay.

The Orleans family in France has always been famous for its small economies. King Louis Philippe was sneered at in his time as a man "who counted his pennies." His descendants also have the reputation of being penurious in the use of their ample wealth. The head of the house is the Duc d'Orleans, who would be king if the monarchy were restored. His recent manifesto respecting the Dreyfus affair confirms the popular view of the family failing. Instead of sending it to the headquarters of his party in Paris by a messenger empowered to have it printed as a poster and placarded where every one could see it, he put it in an ordinary envelope and posted it by mail at the expense of five cents without warning his agents by telegraph of his intentions. In consequence of his bad management the manifesto was only placarded in a few places, and was laughed at wherever it was read. He was ridiculed by the boulevard wits as a Pretender, who could not afford to spend more than a five-cent stamp even when a throne was in sight. There was the same kind of wit in Louis Philippe's time. The blind beggar, into whose hat the smallest French coin was thrown by a bystander, exclaimed: "That must have been an Orleans prince!" All Paris was stirred with merriment when the story was told in print.

From advance sheets of consular reports from France, Italy and Syria as to the extent to which nuts are used as food, some interesting facts can be gleaned. In France chestnuts largely take the place that Indian corn occupies as a cheap food in this country. Especially is this true in the central districts of France, where large plantations of chestnut trees supply a cheap and nutritious food for the peasantry, who often make two meals a day upon chestnuts. These nuts are eaten boiled, roasted, steamed and in a variety of ways constitute a daily article of food. In Italy the slopes of Aetna are estimated to produce annually eighty to a hundred tons of chestnuts, though inferior in quality to the fine, large nuts of Calabria. Here, as in France, chestnuts during the fall and winter season furnish a considerable part of the food of the poorer classes and are cooked in a variety of ways. Ground they are made into a kind of cake by the peasants of the Apennines, but the result, at least to American taste, is not encouraging. Walnuts are also grown all over France as an article of food, for the purpose of making oil, and to adulterate butter. The peasants eat them with bread rubbed with garlic and they are considered to be an excellent substitute for meat. Both in France and in Italy almonds are grown largely, though not used for food as extensively as chestnuts and walnuts. In Italy there are extensive almond orchards. Filberts, or hazel nuts, pistachios, pine nuts, etc., are all eaten more or less in all these countries, as they are in the United States, not as a main food supply, but as relishes and desserts. The common and cheap peanuts of the United States are not available in Europe and prices are so high as to make them a luxury.

When we smile at the excessive conservatism of the English in refusing to adopt a decimal system of money, and sticking to their inconvenient reckoning in pounds, shillings and pence, are we sure that we are not throwing stones through our own glass house? How many ounces are there in a pound? Twelve of one kind in one sort of a pound, sixteen of another kind in another sort. Three feet to a yard; five and a half yards to a rod. Thirty-two quarts in a bushel. An acre cannot be made into a perfect square, but is a piece of ground ten by sixteen rods, making forty-three thousand, five hundred and sixty square feet. A cubic yard contains nine cubic feet. These illustrations show what a waste of time and energy there is in converting our own weights and measures from one unit to another. It is all needless waste, as we know from the ease with which we deal with our money unit. Our readers will perhaps be tired of being told that in all the civilized world, England, Russia and the United States are the only countries which do not use the metric system for all purposes. If we are asked why we do not use it we cannot reply that our method is better. We can give no better excuse than that we are too conservative, that the change is "too much bother," that we are too lazy to conform to a system which is as far superior to that we employ as the dollars and cents of our money are more convenient than the British pounds, shillings and pence. It would not be a bad idea for the young people of the land to organize themselves into a metric league, to urge on the change which must come sooner or later. Perhaps the present generation of statesmen is too "old-fogyish" to bring about the reform. Let the schoolboys and schoolgirls familiarize themselves with the metric system, employ it in their games, and make their opinion of it known by monster petitions to the powers that be.

BABY'S EDISON'S CRADLE.

Edison's Assistants Presented Him with This Automatic Tender.

When Thomas A. Edison's second daughter was born his technical assistants in the laboratory at Orange presented him with plans for a cradle intended to save Mrs. Edison much of the worry and trouble usually experienced by mothers. Several other ideas were submitted to the committee, but the thought of the wizard ambling up and down the room in the dead of night, occasionally stepping on a semi-submerged tack, was too much for them, so the cradle was decided on. It was called the "automatic electric baby tender."

It was an ordinary cradle with ingenious devices for the child's comfort attached. Immediately above the spot where the baby's head would lie was a diaphragm, somewhat like a telephone receiver. If the infant should start crying at the very first wail communication was established between the diaphragm and an electric clock. At the same time the cradle was set rocking by means of a small motor. If the remonstrance continued beyond a certain time the clock released a lever and an arm attached to the side of the cradle (operated by what is called a bell crank lever), carrying a nursing bottle, was swung over the baby's mouth. If hunger was not the trouble and the wails continued another arm on the opposite side swung over the child's mouth with paregoric. At the same time the electric current was turned into a set of

BABY EDISON'S ELECTRIC CRADLE.

magnets placed around the cradle, and any pin which might be causing the trouble would be at once removed. If the yells continued the "thirty-third degree" was applied. Two arms, lying flat in the cradle under the baby, were slowly raised and the child turned over. Then an electric spanker fastened to the footboard proceeded to do its work with neatness and dispatch.

However, Mr. Edison persists in regarding the baby's cradle as a joke.

COURAGE.

Because I hold it sinful to despond,
And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
Its tumult and strife;

Because I lift my head above the mist,
Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow,
By every ray and every raindrop kissed
That God's love doth bestow;

Think you I find no bitterness at all:
No burden to be borne, like Christian's pack?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall,
Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,
To curse myself and all who love me? Nay!
A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day.

And in each one of these rebellious tears
Kept bravely back he makes a rainbow shine;
Grateful I take his slightest gift; no fears
Nor any doubts are mine.

Dark skies must clear, and when the clouds are past,
One golden day redeems a weary year;
Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last
Will sound His voice of cheer.

IN THE ELEVATOR.

CAMPERTON stopped at the hotel desk long enough to read the letter which was handed to him with his key; then he started for his rooms to dress for his club dinner.

But the club dinner was no longer in his mind. The contents of that letter engrossed his thoughts to the exclusion of everything else.

It was from his late traveling companion, Birch, whom he had left in Paris a month ago, and who now wrote from London to tell him that the Kingsleys had quit the continent and were intending to sail for America at once.

"So the coast is clear, old man, and you can come back," declared the writer, persuasively. "You were an idiot ever to run away as you did. Join me here in a fortnight and we'll be in time for that Mediterranean trip."

Camperton's jaws were set and his brows contracted as he stepped into the elevator.

He knew that the Kingsleys, in returning to America at this time, were curtailing their original European program by at least six months. And it was easy to guess the reason.

They were coming home to prepare for their daughter's marriage to her titled suitor. The Count himself, no doubt, would follow in a short time to claim his bride.

"And I must get away before they arrive," decided the young man. "I'll go back to Europe by the next steamer."

Through the mist of his mental abstraction he observed that the elevator had an occupant besides himself—a woman who had seated herself in a shadowy corner of the car; but her presence did not change the current of his thoughts.

The elevator came to a sudden stop—so sudden, indeed, that Camperton, not being prepared to check his upward course all at once, involuntarily rose to his tiptoes, waving his arms like a huge bird about to take flight, and then pirouetted gracefully toward the other passenger in the corner.

"There is no danger, madame," he began, in his most reassuring tones. "We're fast between two floors and must wait a while——"

He stopped short as he noted, with surprise and alarm, the attitude of the lady. She was still sitting in her corner and was holding a handkerchief over her face, while little convulsive quivers and shrugs of the shoulders indicated that she was weeping.

In his contrition and his desire to soothe her harrowed feelings he was about to sit down beside her, when a sound that was strangely like a giggle came from behind the handkerchief.

Camperton started up, flushing hotly.

"Do forgive me!" And the laughing voice suddenly became coaxing. "I know it is rude of me to laugh, but O, Mr. Camperton, you can't imagine how funny you looked just now, when you went hopping and waltzing about and kneeling at my feet—for all the world like a performing bear!"

Camperton did not hear. He was staring at her in blank amazement. He made several attempts to speak before the words would come.

"Miss Kingsley," he managed to articulate at last. His heart had almost stopped at the moment of recognition, but it was now beating furiously. "I suppose this is your astral body. It cannot be your real self."

"O, but it is!" said the girl with animation. "We came over in the Campania, which arrived this morning, and we are stopping at this hotel until our house is put in order."

"We?"

"Of course; papa and I. You don't suppose I would come alone?"

"I—I didn't know. I was not exactly expecting you to come at all. Your plans, as I understand them, would have kept you abroad the rest of the year."

Miss Kingsley dropped her eyes.

"It is always easy to change one's plans, you know," she said, betraying a slight confusion. "You did not honor me with an explanation of why you left Europe."

"But the note!" he exclaimed.

"The note, Mr. Camperton?"

"And my letter? Do you mean that you did not read my letter through—the one I sent to you at Hotel Continental two days before my departure?"

"I received no letter from you."

"But, Miss Kingsley, you—you answered it. You told me not to mention the subject again, and you are annoyed because I have insisted on reminding you of that letter. But I only want to explain why I wrote it. All Paris was connecting your name with that of the Count, and there were persistent rumors that you were to become his wife. It was common talk that your father had set his heart on the match, and nobody seemed to question your willingness to become a countess. The rumors and the gossip had a most depressing effect upon me. I think you know, Miss Kingsley, what my own hopes were. I had loved you for a year, although I had made no confession. I could not believed that you cared for the Count, or that you would sacrifice yourself for a title, even to please your father. But the anxiety and suspense became so intolerable that I resolved to end the uncertainty and learn my own fate. Owing to your father's espionage I was unable to find an opportunity to speak with you alone. So I wrote that letter, confessing my love, begging the right to put an end to the rumors concerning you and the Count, telling you how anxiously I should wait for an answer, and assuring you that if my offer were rejected I would leave Paris and Europe and never annoy you again."

"I never received the letter," she said, softly, without looking up.

"Never received it! Then how do you explain the answer?" he demanded.

"I wrote that note—yes; but not in answer to any communication from you. It was not intended for you. I do not know how it came into your possession. You will see that the upper part of the sheet has been carefully cut off. On the detached part was the name of the person to whom it was addressed."

She raised her eyes, and he saw that there were tears in them, but before he could speak she asked: "Did you send your letter to me by post or by messenger?"

"Why, I sent it by Tomasso, the little Italian, whom I often employed in that way."

"And he brought you the answer?"

"Certainly."

"Ah! I think I understand it now," she said, her expression showing the light of a sudden conviction. "Tomasso, as we afterward learned, was in the pay of this Count, who employed him to spy on the movements of people whom he desired to keep under surveillance. It was he, I am now sure, who intercepted your letter and sent back to you this note. His object was to get you out of the way. The note was originally addressed to him—in reply to his third proposal of marriage—and he cut off his own name and sent it to you."

Camperton listened like one in a trance. Then he cried out sharply:

"Do you mean to say you are not engaged to the Count?"

"Engaged! Why, I hate him! He is a wicked, designing man. Papa himself is convinced of that now. It was on his account—to get rid of his persistent attentions—that I prevailed upon papa to take me home before we had finished our travels. O, Jack—Mr. Camperton! how could you believe such a thing of me?"

Ten minutes later, when they were released from their imprisonment in the elevator, they parted with the understanding that they were to meet in the Kingsleys' parlor within an hour. And there was a vacant seat at the club dinner that night.—Woman's Home Companion.

Anti lote for a Soldier.

They were at the first matinee after the return from the summer in different places. They were exchanging confidences.

"What sort of a looking man is he?" asked one.

"Oh, tall and thin, handsome, smooth face."

"Is he a swell?"

"Indeed, he is. He wears evening dress every night, whether he's going to a party or not."

"Does he say 'bean' or 'bin?'"

"Always says 'bean,' and carries his handkerchief in his sleeve."

"How about his 'a's?'"

"Why, he uses broad ones, and I heard that he took a cold bath every morning, whether the weather was hot or freezing."

"Really, and you know him well? You lucky girl! He must be a regular swell."

"And he wears his trousers turned up whatever the weather is."

"You lucky girl! Can't you b ing h'm around to call on Sunday? I'd like Clara to see him. She's so stuck up about that soldier of hers who never got any nearer the fighting than Tampa."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

What American Simplicity Means.

Baron Pierre de Coubertin writes an article for the Century on "Building Up a World's Fair in France." Baron Coubertin says: Not long ago I read in a French newspaper that the Emperor William, while studying in detail the conduct of the Spanish-American war, had been particularly impressed by the excellence of the citizen soldiery of the United States and by the efficient aid which they rendered the regular troops. This, however, was no surprise to me, for I have long been of the opinion that, even in the art of war, the thousand and one complications with which the old world is saddled are in no wise indispensable, and that, although it may not be possible to improvise soldiers, there should be little difficulty in making good soldiers out of free citizens. In short, we see that though Europe, through all phases of national existence, has remained complicated, America has retained its original simplicity, which, indeed, is the chief characteristic of transatlantic civilization, and gives it just that plasticity, that possibility of progress, that rapidity of realization, which makes it a civilization superior in many points to ours.

Marble Ponds of Persia.

That beautiful transparent stone called Tabriz marble, much used in the burial places of Persia and in their grandest edifices, consists of petrified water of ponds in certain parts of the country. This petrifaction may be traced from its commencement to its termination; in one part the water is clear, in a second it appears thicker and stagnant, in a third quite black, and in its last stage it is white like frost. When the operation is complete a stone thrown on its surface makes no impression, and one may walk over it without wetting one's shoes. The substance thus produced is brittle and transparent, and sometimes richly striped with red, green and copper color. So much is this marble, which may be cut into large slabs, looked upon as a luxury that none but the king, his sons and persons specially privileged are permitted to take it.

Sunday is the day when a man spends the morning in dodging his wife's sweeping and dusting, and the afternoon in wishing he hadn't eaten so much.

WILL ABOLISH WAR.

ELECTRICIAN TESLA DEVISES A NEW POWER.

Claims It Will Render Useless the Navies of the World—Destroys Distance, and from a Base in New York Can Operate in Europe.

WHEN all the world is ringing with rumors of an impending colossal conflict there comes from the laboratory of one of the great magicians of science the announcement of the development of a power which he believes is destined immediately to usher in the era of universal peace by the demonstration of its ability to destroy, without the possibility of defense, the mightiest armaments of all the naval powers.

In the words of Nikola Tesla, the electrician, "war will cease to be possible when all the world knows to-morrow that the most feeble of the nations can supply itself immediately with a weapon which will render its coast secure and its ports impregnable to the assaults of the united armadas of the world. Battleships will cease to be built and the mightiest armorclads and the most tremendous artillery afloat will be of no more use than so much scrap iron. And this irresistible power can be exerted at any distance by an agency of so delicate, so impalpable a quality that I feel that I am justified in predicting that the time will come, incredible as it may seem, when it can be called into action by the mere exercise of the human will."

In brief, Mr. Tesla's latest and most startling miracle consists in an application of electricity whereby, without the interposition of any artificial medium of communication, one man can control and direct, with absolute exactitude, the movements of any type of vessel, balloon or land vehicle, at any distance that may be desired. From a station on shore, or from the deck of a vessel under way, a torpedo boat equipped with Mr. Tesla's controlling device may be propelled either on or below the surface, maneuvered at will in any direction, and finally brought into contact and exploded against the side of a hostile vessel at any point within the range of the vision of the operator.

More than this, assuming that it were possible to accurately locate the position of the vessel which it is desired to destroy, the torpedo boat could be directed to it, even if the ship lay in the harbor of Southampton and the operator were stationed at Sandy Hook. With such marvelous possibilities of destruction, it is hardly to be wondered that Mr. Tesla firmly believes that the days of the supremacy of sea power are numbered.

Hitherto, says Mr. Tesla, the only means of controlling the movements of a vessel from a distance have been supplied through the means of a flexible conductor such as an electric cable, but this system is subject to obvious limitations, such as are imposed by the length, weight and strength of the conductor which can be practically used; by the difficulty of maintaining, with safety, the high speed of the vessel or changing the direction of her movements with rapidity, by the necessity of effecting the control from a point which is practically fixed, and from many other drawbacks which are inseparably connected with such a system.

The plan which I have perfected involves none of these objections, for I am enabled by the use of my invention to employ any means of propulsion, to impart to the moving body or vessel the highest possible speed, to control the operation of its machinery and to direct its movements from either a fixed point or from a body moving and changing its direction, however rapidly, and to maintain this control over great distances, without any artificial connections between the vessel and the apparatus governing its movements, and without such restrictions as these must necessarily impose.

Mr. Tesla then went on to give a practical example of the workings of the model which the correspondent describes:

Elevated on stocks on a table in the center of Mr. Tesla's laboratory in New York stood a model of a screw-propelled craft, about four feet long and somewhat disproportionately wide and deep. The deck was slightly arched and surmounted by three slender standards, the center one being considerably higher than the other two, which carried small incandescent bulbs, a third bulb being fixed at the bow.

The keel consisted of a massive copper plate, the propeller and rudder being in the usual position. Mr. Tesla explained that the boat contained the propelling machinery, consisting of an electric motor actuated by a storage battery in the hold, another motor to actuate the rudder and the delicate mechanism which performs the function of receiving through the central standard the electric impulse sent through the atmosphere from the distant operating station, which set in motion the propelling and steering motors, and through them light or extinguish the electric bulbs and fire the exploding charge in a chamber in the bow in response to signals sent by the operator.

"Now, watch," said the inventor; and going to a table on the other side of the room, on which lay a little switchboard about five inches square, he gave the lever a sharp turn. Instantly the little bronze propeller began to revolve at a furious rate. "Now I will send the boat to starboard," he said, and another quick movement of the lever sent the helm sharp over, and another movement turned it as rapidly back again. At another signal the screw stopped and reversed.

"During the day," continued Mr. Tesla, his hand still on the lever, "we should steer our course by keeping the two standards in line, but at night we should depend on the electric lights, which would, of course, be screened so as not to be visible to the enemy." And at a signal both the tiny bulbs were illuminated.

"Now we will assume that the boat has arrived within striking distance of the vessel to be destroyed, and the bulb in the bow will serve to show that the explosion has taken place."

As he spoke he touched the lever again and the light flashed and was extinguished.

NIKOLA TESLA.

Whose Discovery, It Is Claimed, Will Abolish War and Change the Face of Nations.

"Imagine, if you can," said Mr. Tesla as he went back to his desk, "what an irresistible instrument of destruction we have in a torpedo boat thus controlled, which we can operate day or night, on the surface or below it, and from any distance that may be desired. A ship thus assailed would have no possibility of escape.

"I can apply this system of control to any type of vessel and of any size. It is not even necessary to make a close approach to the vessel to be destroyed. At the distance of 100 feet the explosion of 200 pounds of dynamite will exert a shattering effect on a battleship, but there is no reason why we should not load a vessel with 200 or 300 tons, or even more, of dynamite, which, exploded even a mile or so away, would raise a wave that would overwhelm the biggest ship ever built.

"But I have no desire that my fame should rest on the invention of a merely destructive device, no matter how terrible. I prefer to be remembered as the inventor who succeeded in abolishing war. That will be my highest pride. But there are many peaceful uses to which my invention can be put, conspicuously that of rescuing the shipwrecked.

"It will be perfectly feasible to equip our life-saving stations with life cars, or life boats, directed and controlled from the shore, which will approach stranded vessels and bring off the passengers and crews without risking the lives of the brave fellows who are now forced to fight their way to the rescue through the raging surf. It may also be used for the propulsion of pilot boats, for carrying letters or provisions or insruments to inaccessible regions, for killing whales and for many other commercial or scientific purposes.

"In the operations of war the radius of control would usually be limited by the range of the vision of the operator, whether afloat or ashore, but otherwise there is no limit to the distance. In order to give a practical illustration of this it is my intention to exhibit a model of a torpedo boat at the Paris Exposition and direct all its movements from my office in New York, precisely as I have shown you the working of the model here, except that in Paris I intend to exhibit it afloat in a tank."

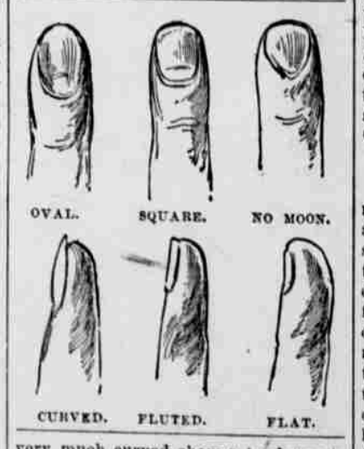
Mr. Tesla then stated that the electrical disturbances proceeding from the center of the control were of an infinitesimally feeble character, and he believed that the time would come when it would be possible to bring them into play by the mere exercise of the will.

TOLD BY FINGER NAILS.

Temperment and Health Shown by the Nails' Coloring and Form.

The temperament of a person and the condition of health are shown by the coloring and form of the finger nails. Long, oval nails show a reasonable and gentle disposition; one who would yield in a controversy sooner than arouse enmity, even when his or her contention is right. The nails when very short and broad indicate an obstinate nature. Little white flecks on the nails indicate a nervous temperament.

When the white moons at the base of the nails are large and the nails are of a bright pink color, they indicate vigorous health. On the contrary, nails of a pale bluish color, with little or no moons, show an unhealthy condition of nerves and want of recreation. Nails when



very much curved show a tendency to throat trouble. Nails which are thin and turn out at the end show weak nerves. Fluted nails show a liability to blood poisoning.

A parrot owned by an Arch street physician gave signs of possessing "almost human intelligence" the other night. A party of young folks were on the lawn and were spending an hour in guessing riddles. Finally, a young lady asked: "Why does a dog turn around twice before he lies down?" Before anybody could answer, the parrot croaked: "One good turn deserves another."—Philadelphia Call.

Every girl at some time in her life meets some one who calls her a dream.

THE MARCHAND EXPEDITION

Anent the Territory in Dispute between France and England.

The British ultimatum that the French should get out of the Nile valley and Great Britain's refusal to recognize the political significance of the Marchand expedition brought to an issue a question of two years' standing.

When Great Britain, acting for Egypt, began the reconquest of the Soudan in 1896, France sent an expedition from French Congo into the interior to reach the southern Nile, if possible, before the English and claim authority there. This was the Marchand expedition. It consisted of six French officers, a doctor, another French civilian, an Arab interpreter, and four sergeants, who were to command the two companies of African troops. There were two gunboats which could be carried by and in sections, and three aluminum boats. On April 13, 1897, the mission left Bangi, and on June 17 the vanguard

THE NILE REGION.

reached Semio, on the Mbomu, which is not far distant from the Bahr-El-Ghazel province of the southwestern Nile tributaries, and of which Fashoda is the capital. By March, 1898, Marchand had reached Meshra-El-Rek, on one of the tributaries to the Nile, and last July he reached Fashoda. As is well known, Gen. Kitchener took Omdurman on Sept. 2 and immediately left for Fashoda with a large force on five gunboats. This he took early in September and established garrisons there and on the Sobat River. Marchand had too small a force to repel the Anglo-Egyptians, but he claimed to have made treaties with the chiefs of the Shillooks, a tribe that rules the Fashoda district, which recognized the protectorate of France. Gen. Kitchener, however, denies there are any such treaties, and England refused to recognize Marchand as a political factor at Fashoda. England claims for Egypt all the provinces which were formerly held by the Khedive before the insurrection of the Mahdi. These provinces included Fashoda and the Nile almost to Uganda and the southwestern tributaries of the Nile as well, reaching over toward French Congo.

There Are No Flies on Him.

Benjamin Berdell, a wandering clock repairer, is death on flies. Three years ago, when at Rahway, N. J., during a storm he was picking cherries, when the tree was struck by lightning. Berdell received a severe shock. It transformed him into an electric man. Anyone who shakes hands with him now receives a severe shock. By pressing the blades of a knife between his thumb and finger during a storm he charges the metal so strongly that heavy weights can be lifted. When flies alight upon him they drop dead. When he is in a dark room sparks flash from his flesh and his eyes shine like incandescent lights. Whenever a storm approaches Berdell becomes highly charged with electricity and it is dangerous to touch him. He says that he feels no inconvenience except that he will not go near a moving locomotive for fear of being drawn against it and killed.—New York Press.

She—"My grandfather was cousin to the Earl of Bullyshanty, twice removed." He—"Twice removed, eh! What for? Didn't he pay his rent?"—Harper's Bazar.

Half the men carry the watches they gave their wives before marriage.