

Eugene City Guard.

E. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY.....OREGON.

There is a horrible suspicion that the new milk truck might water its stock.

Spain has vainly tried the air-bag method in an effort to raise a ship of state.

A city paper prints a long editorial on "The Fruits of Victory." Plums, probably.

The difference between Patti and Lillian Russell is that Patti's former husbands are all dead.

An editor solemnly assures a correspondent that there are no witches. Is that newspaper man unmarried?

A paper in the East advertises for sale a lot of "cast-off ladies' wraps." Why should there be any such ladies?

Walking Spanish would have been a graceful movement compared with those parish commissioners having to crawl.

To be expelled from the French Legion of Honor is rapidly becoming a distinction of which any French gentleman has a right to be proud.

It is said that a well-known London banking house will "convert" the Venezuelan debt. A converted debt is not very apt to backslide subsequently.

A New York shoplifter stole an alarm clock and it went off in her pocket before she left the store. Naturally, this did not strike her as a striking success.

Airships seldom come to that point where they have wings, much less use them. This is due to the money invested in them generally taking wings first.

It is perfectly safe to wager that there is nothing in that 4,000-page manuscript left by Keely which will enable his successor to accomplish what he did.

A Vienna scientist has at last announced that "love itself is a microbe." As it always attacks the unfittest, what chance is there left for poor bachelors now?

As Dewey's salary is not much over \$5,000, and he could earn this sum in a day or two's time by writing a magazine article, it's another case where the pen's mightier than the sword.

Russia has offered a big bonus to the Krupp for establishing a shipyard in Russia to build warships for the czar's navy. Evidently the czar is counting on getting into a joint debate with the peace plan.

Public men do not enjoy being caricatured in the newspapers, but their wives usually extract considerable pleasure and advantage from it. Mrs. Roosevelt is fortified with a scrap book that will hold the Governor in check during his entire administration.

Anarchists are the sworn foes of society, and it is the duty of society, whenever they are caught criminally conspiring against established authority or compassing or committing murder to indict upon them the extreme limit of all laws for such cases made and provided.

The thumb is said to reveal the strength or weakness of the whole character. Schoolboys, whose thumbing of books is proverbial, will be interested in this discovery. They are the strongest characters known when it comes to thumbs, except those highly favored and doubtless extremely strong people whose "fingers are all thumbs."

Siberia has boundless forests, but none of them are available to supply the timber for the construction of the Russian railroad through Manchuria. It comes from Oregon, and is shipped across the Pacific to Vladivostok, thence transported by rail to a tributary of the Amur, and by water routes to the line of the road.

The bicycle is less tricky and dangerous than it is popularly supposed to be. It appears from the report of an accident insurance company that it is third in the list of considerable causes of accident. There were paid for losses on account of accident via the machine \$65,000. Horses did \$107,000 worth of mischief, and the gun was most dangerous, its cost to the company being \$230,400.

An interesting feature of recent railroad financing is the placing of mortgages and low-interest gold bonds for extraordinarily long periods. One corporation has given a mortgage for \$50,000,000 to secure four per cent bonds running for 475 years, another has created a mortgage of \$172,000,000 for the term of 100 years, and several others have negotiated similar accommodations for sums ranging from \$40,000,000 to \$175,000,000, at rates of from three and a half to four per cent, all for three-year periods. It is estimated that the aggregate sum involved in these long-time bonds is upward of \$1,400,000,000. In general, these bonds are issued for the purpose of retiring others bearing a higher rate of interest.

The enterprising merchants of several towns in the Middle West have established a fashion. They set up in the streets booths filled with their most attractive wares, displayed in a way to catch the attention and open the purse of the passer-by. Then they issue invitations to a "street fair." People come, and the fair prospers. It does not detract from the credit due the original promoters to point out that this new fashion is really a revival and localization of a very old fashion—one older than Christian civilization itself. The street fair originated in the religious festival as long ago, at least, as the days when strangers resorted to Babylon and Nineveh to take part in the feasts of the gods. Thence came also the sharp-eyed traders of the caravans, and by the side of their booths the city merchants set up their stalls, and business became almost a picture-poem, under the eastern sky. Essentially, to-day, European street fairs—from

the great gathering at Nijni Novgorod in Russia to the neighborhood assemblages of the Latin countries. But they displace no other institution; and we do not anticipate that the street fair in America will do away with the agricultural fair, which serves a special purpose and has proved its usefulness. The effect of the street fair—an interesting, easily accessible display in the very center of trade, where the exhibitor pays no extra rent, and the visitor no admission fee—should be to benefit buyer and seller alike. And it practically adds a new holiday to the overcrowded lives of a busy people.

John W. Keely, the man who gained a certain sort of fame from the invention of the Keely motor, has died, and left the problem of perpetual motion still unsolved. In fact, it can be said with truth that he made no contribution to the subject that is likely to prove of any scientific value. He believed in himself, and was thoroughly convinced that he had made a discovery which would revolutionize the motive powers in common use; but he has now passed away from earth, his expected and promised revolution has not occurred, and it certainly is not going to occur during the closing years of the nineteenth century. It was the polley of Keely to surround his alleged invention with an air of mystery so thick that the public could not penetrate it. For a long time this plan worked well, and many were led to believe that he had indeed made a wonderful discovery. But as years passed and nothing came of it, men who had invested in the stock grew suspicious, and demanded to know when they might expect at least some promise of return for their outlay. Keely even went to prison rather than give away his secret, but his machine was finally examined by scientific experts, who concluded that, ingenious though it was, it gave no promise of the performance of those remarkable things which its inventor claimed for it. The principle that Keely sought to apply was that of the vibration of the molecules of the air. For lack of a better name, he called this "apergy," and claimed that as these vibrations were perpetual, all he had to do would be to produce a machine that would respond to them, and then he would have perpetual motion. The theory was a pretty one—true, perhaps, to a certain extent; but it has not been yet applied in such a way as to be of any use to the world. It must be first shown that sufficient power can be derived from this principle to do the work that electricity and steam are now doing before any valuable results can follow and the problem of perpetual motion from one of nature's forces be completely solved. Keely's death may revive for a while, at least, interest in this subject, and it is possible that some good may come from the work that he tried to do, even though he failed at it. He can not be classed among the world's greatest inventors; but, in view of the wonderful discoveries that are now being made in all fields of scientific research, who can say that the day will not yet come when this force, to which Keely pinned his faith or some other act to it, will be harnessed down in man and forced to obey his commands?

Effect of Flour on Teeth.
"It is said that the invention of the new processes for making flour has done more for the average dentist than all things else combined," explained a dentist, "and there is a great deal of foundation for the statement. The miller has found that he must make a flour that will please the eye rather than satisfy the stomach. To get his flour as white and fine as possible he has to discard the coverings of the grain of wheat, thus removing the phosphates. It is the phosphates that give strength to the teeth, and with them out of the flour it is not in any way wonderful that people's teeth wear out and decay. The miller knows this better than the people who eat his flour, but he has found that they will not buy flour that is not white."

An Attentive Audience.
Lecturers and other public entertainers appreciate greatly an attentive audience, but is there such a thing as being too attentive? The story is told that not long ago a well-known novelist delivered a lecture in a New Jersey town. After the lecture, when the people met, they talked about the affair, as was their wont.

"Were you at the lecture?" one would ask another, and in every case the answer was:

"Oh, yes, I was there, but I couldn't hear a word. Did you hear it?"

"Well, no; I was there, but I couldn't hear either."

No one could be found who had heard a word. About this time an acquaintance of the novelist heard from friends in the place this account of the matter, and meeting the lecturer, asked him what kind of an audience he had had there, and how he liked the place.

"It's a fine place," said the novelist, "and I have the most attentive audience I have ever spoken to. Why, no one made a sound, and I didn't have to raise my voice above a whisper!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Carefully Selected.
One of the most remarkable features of life in New South Wales is the transformation of criminals into hard-working citizens. Of the thirty thousand settlers there in 1821, twenty thousand were, or had been, convicts.

It is said that, on board an American liner, a boastful Australian asserted loudly, and over and over again, that "the men who settled Australia were a remarkably sensible lot."

"Yes," said an American, quietly, "I have always understood that they were sent out by the very best judges."

Put your faith in the plodder rather than in the plodder.

THE AVERAGE MAN.

When it comes to a question of trusting Yourself to the risks of the road, When the thing is the sharing of burdens, The lifting the heft of a load, In the hour of peril or trial, In the hour you meet as you can, You may safely depend on the wisdom And skill of the average man.

'Tis the average man and no other Who does his plain duty each day, The small thing his wage is for doing, On the commonplace bit of the way. 'Tis the average man, may God bless him, Who pilots us, still in the van, Over land, over sea, as we travel, Just the plain, hardy, average man.

So on through the days of existence, All mingling in shadow and shine, We may count on the everyday hero, Whom haply the gods may divine; But who wears the swarth grime of his calling, And labors and earns as he can, And stands at the last with the noblest, The commonplace average man. —Harper's Weekly.

A VENTURE FOR LOVE.

"Ah, me! I am certainly no beauty. It was the gilding which made Vermont swallow such a nauseous pill."

In a Venetian mirror were reflected an oval face, pale and sad looking, with dark, liquid eyes, a nose of a non-descript order, and a mouth rather large than otherwise. Clarisse, Lady Vermont, turned from the study of her features to take from a table loaded with photographs the portrait of a handsome man.

"I am unhappy; for being which I am an idiot," she said, addressing the smiling face which looked at her out of its frame of pierced silver, "and it is all your doing. When you asked me to marry you I did not care a snap of my fingers for you, and I know you did not for me. It was a convenient arrangement; you wanted my money, I your title. How you snubbed me on our wedding day over the too evident rapture of my parents at having a titled son-in-law! I saw it as we stood in the vestry of the church. You put your hand on mine when we were alone in the carriage, but did you for one moment imagine that I thought love inspired the action? Not a bit of it, I remembered the shudder too well."

"And then—well, and then I told you, you had got what you wanted, the wealth of my Chicago papa, and I had achieved my ambition. I was 'my lady.' For the rest, in the eyes of the world, we were husband and wife, and—that was to be all. If you wished anything different, you didn't show it, and I imagined myself content. We have been good friends; we have not had much opportunity of being otherwise, it is true. People don't quarrel over a well-cooked dinner, and that is about the only time in the twenty-four hours we are together. Oh! why don't I feel as coldly indifferent to you now as I did when I married you three months ago?"

She threw the photograph impatiently from her, it was nearly time to dress for dinner, and she went slowly up the stairs. On the landing Lord Vermont's man stood aside to let her pass.

"His lordship dines at home to-night," she asked.

"Yes, my lady. The servant's footsteps padded decorously down the thickly carpeted staircase.

She paused by the door of her husband's bedroom, then passed on and entered her own. A moment and she was back again and stood within his chamber. His clothes lay ready for him, and on the dressing table a black silk mask, while propped against the looking-glass were two cards of admission to masked balls. One for this very night, the other for one or three days hence. She took them up, twisted them nervously round in her fingers. Strange thoughts coursed through her brain. She put the cards down and ran out, coming back a minute later with a needful of thick blue silk in her hands. She ran the needle in and out along the tail of his coat.

There was a sound of quick footsteps on the stairs. With a whisper she was out of the room and in her own. She shut the door, then stole softly to the one which divided her chamber from her husband's. It was locked, as it always was, and the key was stiff in its socket. She pressed her lips against the woodwork. "It is a venture for love," she whispered, and her eyes shone like stars.

"What pretty bird is it that wears a blue tail?"

The words spoken in soft, cooing accents struck on Lord Vermont's ear as he stood against a pillar of the balcony. He turned sharply. A white-clad figure stood by him holding up his coat tail by a thread of blue silk, while, behind a white domino, dark eyes danced merrily.

"That would be telling," he answered, "but I think I'll shed my gay plumage," twisting to get hold of the thread.

"And I think I'll keep it, Sir Bird," drawing it out and winding it in and out of the links of a gold chain that he held her long cloak together. "We will reverse the old order, the lady shall wear her knight's colors. Doth it please you, Sir Bird?" She dropped him a courtesy as she spoke, and a faint, delicate scent of white violets came to him, along with the silvery chiming of bells.

"In truth, fair maiden, it does," he answered, "but it would please me still better if you would dance with me."

The eyes behind the white domino had lost their merry look, but that which had replaced it made the blood beat quickly in his veins, as, without a word, she yielded herself into his arms. He felt her slight form tremble in his clasp as they glided round the room.

"Are you tired?" he whispered.

"No, no, my knight."

He bent again and whispered some tender words in her ear; the rest of her violets, the chiming of her bells, had intoxicated him. They neared the entrance.

"I am tired now," she whispered, and before he realized her intention she had slipped from him and fled. Something white lay at his feet. He stooped to pick it up; it was a slip of paper, violet-scented. "Three nights hence I shall be here again," was written on it. He put it away in his pocketbook and left the building.

"It will depend on Lady Vermont whether I come here again or not," he said to himself, "I've tried to keep straight, but I'll be hanged if I can go on with this arrangement at home much longer. I was a fool to begin with it, but I felt I owed so much to her that I did not like to oppose her wishes. Who would have imagined such a strength of cold purpose lay behind those eyes of hers?" He bit off the end of his cigar viciously, huffed a hansom and was driven home.

He tried to think of his wife, but the jingle of the horse's bells recalled too vividly the girl in the white cloak. She had cast a spell over him which Lady Vermont's coldness—more pointed than ever during the next day or two—was not calculated to loosen.

Lord Vermont found himself on the night of the second masked ball dressing eagerly; he even ran up to his room at the last moment with a thread of blue silk, purloined from his wife's work bag, and with clumsy fingers inserted it in the tail of his coat. He would lose no chance of being recognized by his sorceress.

It was hours before he saw her white-cloaked figure drawing near him through the crowd of dancers, which he had watched with all the weariness of hope deferred. She did not speak, but, slipping one white rounded arm from the shelter of her cloak, laid it on his.

"Are you to dance?" he questioned. A slight movement of her hooded head and his hand slid round her waist beneath the cloak. For a space neither spoke. He felt her violet-scented breath coming in little quick gasps, and the music of her silver anklet bells seemed to his heated fancy to beat out the words, "Love, love!" to the measure of her footsteps. He breathed some tender words in her ear, and felt her whole frame quiver. A moment and she had drawn herself from him, and, lifting her face, let her glowing eyes rest on his face.

"My knight," she whispered, "dare I say a revol?"

"Do not go," implored Lord Vermont, stretching out his hand to catch, not her cloak, but a slip of paper. He stood looking at it sullenly, long after the chiming of bells which marked her flight had ceased. "Little white, let her go," he muttered, but unwinded the paper all the same.

"What impertinence! Well, I'll be hanged! So this is some scheme of her ladyship's! thinks to entangle me with this young woman that she may be free to carry on some little game of her own. I wonder what she will say to this revealing of her plot. H'm," reading the note. "All Americans are not as you deem your wife to be; go home and ask her who I am; she knows." He smoked an cigar on the homeward drive on this night; his temper was too ruffled. He meant to have it out with his wife, despite the lateness, or rather earliness, of the hour; such affairs as this were better gone into at once. He went with no light footstep up the stairs and paused at her door, which was on the latch.

"Vermont, is that you? Push open the door a bit. I want to tell you something. I have had a letter from papa; he has just made a big thing over some railroads; that means more dollars for you some day. Good night; shut the door now, and firmly, please."

Lady Vermont's voice was hard and cold; he shuddered at it. For the moment he was disposed to go and let matters drop; then some faint scent of violets which doubtless still hung about his coat sleeve altered his purpose. He took a step or two into the room.

A rose-colored satin curtain hanging down at right angles from the fireplace shut out his wife from his sight, but beyond its edge protruded a little Moorish stand on which was set a coffee equipage, and cups for two. A quaint shaped liqueur carafe and glasses were also on the tray.

"Two cups? Two glasses? What did this mean? Had his wife—"

A hand held the curtain slightly aside, a fresh whiff of violets assailed him, and a faint silvery chiming of bells. He made a hasty dash forward, leaning back among the cushions of his wife's couch was the white-cloaked girl, her face still hidden by the mask.

"You here!" he cried. "Where is my wife? Is Lady Vermont?"

"She is—fumbling for the next lay on the floor—'she is here.'" She sprang to her feet as he spoke and stood facing him, the cloak, with its gold clasp threaded through with the strand of blue silk, hanging back from her white shoulders.

"Clarisse, why, what does it mean?" he asked, gaspingly.

"It means—she put out her hands imploringly—"It means—Oh! don't you see? It was a venture on my part, a venture to gain your love."

He let her stand there a full minute, the color coming and going in her cheeks, her dark eyes misty with unshed tears. He had never been a quick thinker, and he was fighting now against the prim prejudices of generations.

"Have I failed?" There was a heart-ache in each word. He felt the pain of them.

"No," he cried; "come!" and with a little shiver of gladness she let herself be caught in his outstretched arms.—Chicago Times Herald.

IOWA'S REMARKABLE EDITOR.

Richard Peters Clarkson, One of the Interesting Characters of the State.

Richard Peters Clarkson, editor and principal owner of the Iowa State Register, is one of the most interesting, original and forceful characters in the State. He has grown up in the newspaper business. His father, Coker F. Clarkson, lived in Brookville, Ind., where Richard was born in 1840, and there the elder Clarkson conducted a weekly paper called the Brookville American, and his sons, Richard P. and James S., learned their trade in that office. In 1855 the family moved to Grundy County, Iowa, and settled on a farm, where they lived for some fifteen years. In the spring of 1861 Richard entered the office of the Des Moines Register as a printer, but the following October he enlisted as a private in Company A, Twelfth Iowa Infantry. He suffered severely during the war, was captured at Shiloh April 5, 1862, and was confined seven months in a rebel prison. Afterward he returned to his regiment and served to the end of the war, when he returned to the Grundy County farm and remained until 1870. The father and his two sons then bought the Iowa State Register. Eighteen months later occurred the famous Senatorial contest between James Harlan, then United States Senator, and William B. Allison, member of Congress and candidate for the Senatorship. The elder Clarkson favored Harlan, but the boys were for Allison. The matter was settled quite unexpectedly to the senior partner, for the boys secured from him an offer to sell his share, and they raised the money and paid him the cash with the assistance of the then wealthy and

powerful B. F. Allen. The firm of Clarkson Brothers, then formed, has never been discontinued at the head of the paper. John R. Clarkson, eldest son of Richard P., is business manager and Frank Clarkson, the other son, is associate editor.

The editor of the Register is extremely methodical in all that he does. The Register office is about ten blocks from his house, and so situated that he can start from the office and make a turn at every corner, going in a zig-zag direction to his home, and this he always does, walking back and forth every day in the year. He takes a different route in the winter, choosing the sunny side of the street. Any member of his family wishing to intercept him on his way to or from the office knows exactly where to look for him, for he never varies his route, unless to transact business. His daily program is as fixed as the planetary system. Not one of his employees puts in as many hours of solid work as the head of the establishment, for he works about sixteen hours a day. He spends the morning and until about 2:30 or 3 in the afternoon at his house, where he does a large part of his editorial work. He then goes to his office and stays until about 6, returning at 8:30 and leaving again a little before 11.

Mr. Clarkson has no interest outside his newspaper. He has always refused to take stock in local enterprises, though he has been a liberal contributor toward securing them. He has preferred to retain his independence from all obligations outside his own office.

A CRAZE OF PSEUDO-SCIENCE.
The Present Remarkable Revival of Medieval Superstitions.

In the Century, Daniel G. Brinton has an article on "Popular Superstitions of Europe." Dr. Brinton closes his article by saying: "From some strange reason, there has been a wonderful revival within the last decade of nearly every medieval superstition, under various guises. In the most enlightened centers of the world, the practitioners of this modern sorcery, instead of concealing, advertise their claims, and urge them on the community under pseudo-scientific names and jargons. Palmistry, astrology, sympathetic magic, the doctrine of signatures, hero-therapeutics, and all the farrago of fifteenth century thanatology, flourish to-day in Boston and New York, in Paris and Chicago, to

When a woman's husband is present, her invitations to friends to come and visit her are 50 per cent. less cordial than if he were absent.

PICTURE OF THE PRISON OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS.

Off the coast of French Guiana lies a group of three little islands—Joseph Island, Royal Island and Devil's Island. The last of these, a mere flat-topped, rocky islet, with a little sparse tropical greenery upon it, was chosen in 1864 as the place of Dreyfus' confinement, and there he has been ever since. A little wooden hut, the door of which gives on to a yard surrounded by a strong stockade, stands on Devil's Island. Higher on the island, but quite close to the hut, is the guard-room, where the sentries live, and above it rises a watch tower in which is mounted a Hotchkiss gun. The island is moated round by the deep sea, the prison hut is fenced in with a strong palisade, and over hut and yard and island is the dreaded shot of the Hotchkiss gun. Small chance of escape, were escape dreamed of! And yet it is said that the unfortunate man shut out from the world was actually put in iron—chained down to his plank bed—soon after the commencement of his imprisonment.

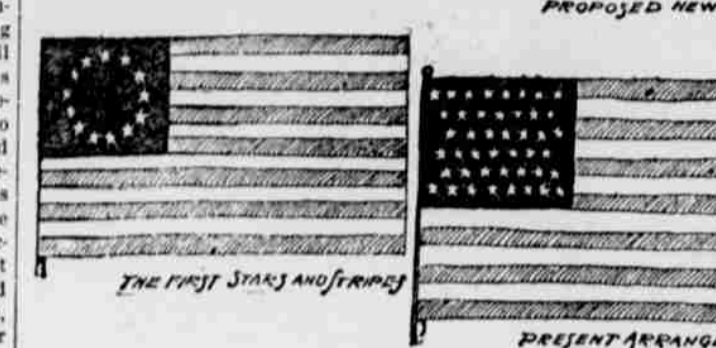
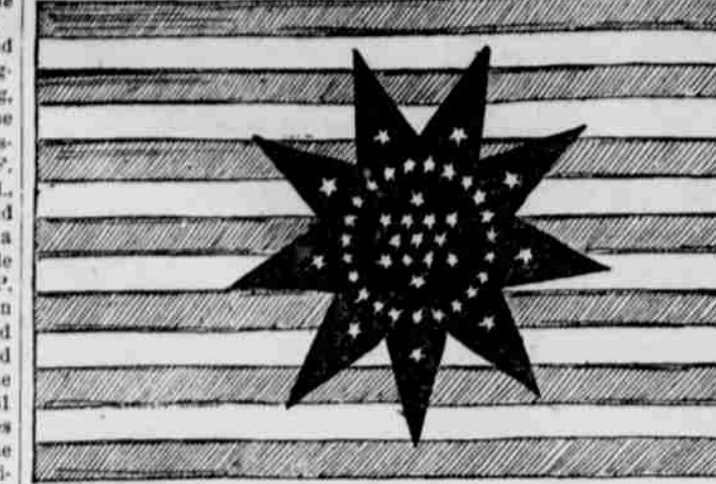


HIS HUT AND THE HOUSE OF HIS GUARD ON DEVIL'S ISLAND.

Palace of Doz Zanons. Philadelphia has an ambulance for dogs and small animals, the only one of its kind in the world. The exterior of the car is decorated on each side with a vignette of a grand-looking St. Bernard and the inside is covered with removable antiseptic pads to guard against contagious diseases. In order to avoid belligerent encounters between the injured four-footed patients of this traveling hospital, it has been provided with movable slides so that the interior can be divided into various sized compartments. It contains also cages attached to the top and sides for pet birds and poultry.

Happier in Glory. The Lowland Scottish peasant has an extremely matter-of-fact way of speaking about her relatives and friends' deaths. The Cornhill Magazine tells of a good woman who lost her aunt remarking to a sympathetic visitor: "Eh, yes, mem, aunty's deid. But she was very auld and frail. She's far better awa, and far happier in glory, and I got a bunner pounds of a legacy."

HOW SHALL THE NEW FLAG BE MADE?



Uncle Sam's new possessions will demand representation on Old Glory, as is certainly their right, but the fact is that on the flag as at present designated there is scarcely room for them. The last addition of States has so filled the field that the stars are too small and so crowded together that they no longer stand out distinctly when the glorious banner is waving in the breeze. This difficulty could only be overcome in the present design by enlarging the field, but this would destroy the proper proportions of our standard. The accompanying design for a new flag has been suggested, and there are many points in its favor. The many-pointed star with blue field on a background of red and white stripes is not unlike the conventional sunburst. The inner circle represents the thirteen States which created the Union. The surrounding circle contains twenty-three stars—the number equaling that of the States admitted to the Union up to the close of the civil war. This noble center typifying the welding together and perfect preservation of the Union. The outer circle contains the new States, and it will be readily seen that there is room for many more.

a degree surpassing anything known three centuries ago.

There is a reason for this. Sorcery is science seen upside down. There is a confused groundwork of truth, a fallacious method of viewing facts, at the basis of these pseudo-sciences. Yet the truth and the facts exist, and these explain the success of the deceptions. They dazzle and dazzle minds not trained in sound reasoning; and how few are! The societies for "psychical research" and theosophic speculation begin with an acknowledgment of the possible truth of ghost-seeing and of communion with the divine. This possible ground is seized by the charlatan as proved basis for his illusory edifice.

Superstitions are at core the same everywhere and at all times, because they are based on those desires and that ignorance which are and will ever be a part of man's nature. He is dimly aware of mighty, unmeasured forces in ceaseless activity around him, controlling his own destiny; the ominous and omnipresent portent of death meets him at every turn; dissatisfaction with his present condition, intense longing for a life and joy which it can never offer, goad him to seek a knowledge which weights and measures are impotent to record him. Yet such restricted knowledge is all that science can supply. Therefore he turns in despair to the mystics and the adepts, the Cagliostro and the Humes, who stand ready to beckon him into their illusory temples of folly.

Though a witty retort is not an argument, it often serves as a spring-board from which one may vault over his assailant's heads. Col. T. W. Higginson, in the Atlantic Monthly, tells how, while a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, he was made a victim of this method of replying to an adversary.

He was arguing against a bill for the prohibition of oleomargarine, and insisting that good oleomargarine was better than bad butter. He fortified his argument by a story of a gentleman who had introduced the substitute without explanation at a luncheon, and who, on asking his guests to compare it with the best butter, also on the table, found them all selecting the oleomargarine.

Suddenly Mr. — arose, and with the profoundest seriousness asked:

"Will the gentleman kindly inform us at what precise stage of the luncheon party this test was applied?"

The retort brought down the house instantly, and the rout which followed was overwhelming. It readily occurred that at a convivial luncheon party there might be a period when the judgment of the guests would lose some of its value.

When a woman's husband is present, her invitations to friends to come and visit her are 50 per cent. less cordial than if he were absent.

Palace of Doz Zanons.
Philadelphia has an ambulance for dogs and small animals, the only one of its kind in the world. The exterior of the car is decorated on each side with a vignette of a grand-looking St. Bernard and the inside is covered with removable antiseptic pads to guard against contagious diseases. In order to avoid belligerent encounters between the injured four-footed patients of this traveling hospital, it has been provided with movable slides so that the interior can be divided into various sized compartments. It contains also cages attached to the top and sides for pet birds and poultry.

Happier in Glory. The Lowland Scottish peasant has an extremely matter-of-fact way of speaking about her relatives and friends' deaths. The Cornhill Magazine tells of a good woman who lost her aunt remarking to a sympathetic visitor: "Eh, yes, mem, aunty's deid. But she was very auld and frail. She's far better awa, and far happier in glory, and I got a bunner pounds of a legacy."

Caller—Mrs. DeStytle is not in, you say? Why, I saw her through the window as I came up the steps. Servant (blandly)—Shure, mem, that was only her shadow you saw.—Truth.

