

# Eugene City Guard.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

A circular saw trust is the latest. That's an ugly article to monkey with.

Many seem to think that if the nation by itself digs out the Nicaragua Canal it will be a big scoop.

Out in a Western city there is a preacher named Howersford. He ought to be a good partner in a stiff game of euchre.

The broom corner is expected to clean out the small manufacturers, and perhaps the assertion that it will do so is not too sweeping.

Getting acquitted of lese majeste on the ground of intoxication is not likely to prove a striking temperance argument in the land of the Kaiser.

Every robber who holds a man up is described afterward as being a "very tall man." And the man held up usually finds himself very short.

A Yale divinity student is said to have stolen 5,000 books. Probably they are of a theological character, and it was just his way of getting religion.

A Western judge has decided that poker is not a game of chance. Probably that judge never gives a man a chance when engaged in a little game.

A female burglar was found under a bed in New York. In the coming equality of the sexes must man acquire the female habit of looking under the bed?

It appears that the tri-colored ribbon with which the seals are attached to the great treaty of peace signed at Paris was torn off a bouillon box. How sweet!

Keely's motor has been an egregious failure as a motor, but proceedings at the latest meeting of the Keely company prove that it is still unrivaled as a spellbinder.

It doesn't say Germany is not intensely interested in prohibiting American passage that no newspaper there has so far referred to it as an instance of the government's lank-eyed watchfulness.

Miss Helen Gould's role in life is that of a beneficent fairy princess. Probably it has its compensations, but one shudders to think of the anxious inquirers with their multitudinous eyes fixed upon the wand.

In all his bitter complaints against this country Senor Ilon has not uttered a word which can be construed as a reproach to Miss Jessie Ketchey for the failure to carry out her side of the peace agreement. This is genuine gallantry.

Not satisfied with trying to knock Santa Claus off his pedestal, some very learned persons want to banish Mother Goose's stories, claiming they are falsehoods. After having accomplished this highly commendable job it would not be a bad idea if they tackle the malicious rumor that the moon is made of green cheese.

"New occasions teach new duties," and it may well be that the new duties of peace will prove harder to learn and more difficult to fulfill than those of war. In time of war it is comparatively easy to rally all men to the support of the fatherland, and the one thing to do is to win the victory. But in peace counsels are divided, and there is a call, not for the heroic virtues of the warrior, but for the tact and wisdom, and above all, the justice and truth, of the statesman. Our country has not been lacking in either, and it will not do for it to be lacking in either now.

Mr. Stead reports in the London Daily Chronicle that wherever he goes in Europe he finds the governing classes understanding, and to some extent using, the English language. At the court of St. Petersburg it is the household tongue; the Czar, the Czarina and their children habitually use it in conversation with each other. There is an old saying that the tongues of earth are many, but of heaven only one. Then the growth of one language toward universal use—and the English language is making it—may well be reckoned a growth toward the divine ideal.

If the French navy has really secured a practicable submarine torpedo-boat the craft will give France a distinct advantage over other naval powers. But it will require more than harbor experiments to demonstrate the value of the destroyer. Inventors have been working on submarine boats for fifty years, and while some of them— notably Holland—have apparently solved the problem theoretically, the fact remains that no navy yet possesses a vessel of the submarine type which has proved its adaptability to the conditions of actual warfare. It is one thing to make trial trips in landlocked harbors, under favorable conditions. It is quite another to face the perils of the open sea and a vigilant foe. If the French have a boat capable of facing those conditions they have the whip hand even of Great Britain. It will, however, take actual war to demonstrate the fact.

The Pall Mall Gazette remarks: "It takes a bold man to get up and say that it is possible to have too much technical education, but Dr. Creighton goes high saying it." The remarks to which the Gazette refers were made by the bishop of London in his recent address to the college of that city, in which he remarked upon his bewilderment at finding how many subjects of knowledge there are in the world. Spiciness in knowledge has come to take the place of an all-round education of former days, when, as the bishop says, he studied "things in general." That there are certain benefits in this specialization of knowledge Dr. Creighton readily admits, but he reminded his hearers that the training in these special subjects was, after all, only a part of and subordinate to the training of life. Too much specialization is apt to obscure a

sense of proportion, and also, as the bishop says, to dull that "mental alertness" the attainment of which is one of the highest acquirements of a true education. No one is more helpless than an average expert or specialist when circumstances interfere with his following his chosen pursuit. His training has given him a special, not a general, aptitude, which, while at times of the highest value, is also at other times of practically no value. There is too much reliance upon specialism and not enough upon individualism as a factor in success in the great school of life—a fact which not a few clear-headed thinkers of the day are beginning to appreciate.

A Brazilian merchant has recently called upon an American jobbing house for a peculiar article of export. He wanted to buy a supply of diplomas or degrees from American schools of medicine, law, dentistry and civil engineering. It appears that the practice of these professions in Brazil requires a diploma or a degree, and as the foreign article is very acceptable, some Brazilians prefer to buy the "sheep skin" rather than spend the time and study in acquiring the knowledge which it represents. Doctor Johnson, in commenting once upon an institute that was selling its honors, remarked that it was "getting rich by degrees." This is the opportunity that the Brazilian importer offers, but it is probable that the authorities there will be alert enough promptly to suppress such a fraud.

Nothing can stop this country but our own folly. Within ten months the Baldwin Locomotive Works has received two orders from China, the second being for sixteen engines. When we think how vast are the possibilities of railroad building in China and how difficult it has been to make a start there these evidences of present activity are most gratifying. The first road constructed in the empire ran from Shanghai to Woosung, a distance of only twelve miles. It was built without the sanction of the government, and was purchased by the authorities and taken up after it had been in operation about a year. This was as late as 1876-77, or only about twenty years ago. The experiment was not encouraging to the glorious fellowship of promoters. But out of a small railway, whose first section was a short coal carrier, a line of considerable length has been developed, which now runs from Tien-Tsin, a short distance south of Peking, down to and along the coast of the Gulf of Pechili. It was in 1889 that the Emperor ordered the construction of a line from the capital to Hankow, on the Yang-Tze River, and confided the task in part to Li Hung Chang. Since then the country has been alive with would-be concessionaires, but their major work has been in the way of wire-pulling rather than in that of rail-laying, and Li Hung Chang's imperial road has been one of the best examples imaginable of compliance with the maxim "Make haste slowly." But it is the beginnings that are most trying in combating oriental methods and oriental prejudice, and those sixteen Baldwin locomotives may be regarded as effective pioneers of civilization. It will not be long before railways are considered to be indispensable in China, as they are elsewhere, and the great empire should become the paradise of builders and of manufacturers of rail and rolling stock. The United States must get the chief benefits from this progression, as we can now successfully compete against the world. In every avenue of human activity Uncle Sam leads the procession. "Nothing can stop us."

## TALKS ON ADVERTISING

Did you ever realize that planting advertising was like planting fruit trees? You couldn't expect a whole wagonload of apples the first year. Neither would you tear the tree up by the roots, at the end of the season, if that wagonload of fruit were not forthcoming. Yet you run a big Christmas ad., and expect a carload of sales, and just because you didn't do as much as your neighbor over in the other orchard, who has been tending his tree for years, you yank your advertisement out of the paper, and say, "Advertising doesn't pay." We wouldn't expect you to get married to advertising the first time you made its acquaintance, any more than we would expect you to marry the first girl who winked at you on the street.—Newspaperdom.

**A Useful Dog.**  
Intelligent dogs are many, but not every dog, even though intelligent, can be taught to gather flowers for its master as a certain Gordon setter, named Nolah, is said to do. Her master, Monsieur Barbat, writes of her in the *Chasseur Pratique*.

In June, 1895, in a walk beside the ponds of Alton, Savoy, a friend and I tried to reach some water-lilies with our canes, but without success. Seeing still finer blossoms out in the water, I called Nolah, and threw stones toward them in order to induce her to go for them. She seemed to understand at once, plunged in, and coming and going brought flowers enough to fill the basket. The guards present could hardly believe their eyes. The dog lowered her head beneath the water so as to cut the stems at a certain distance from the flowers.

This same dog was useful to her master in another way. One winter morning she entered his study with a stick of wood held between her jaws. She deposited the wood in the fireplace, went down the steps and brought another, and continued her occupation until the supply of wood seemed to her sufficient, when she returned to her place by the fire to enjoy the results of her labor. She certainly seems to be a dog of a practical turn of mind.

## THE MAKING OF A SHOE.

Inventive Genius Has Made Wonderful Improvements in the Operation.

It is a far cry from the cobbler of fifty years ago, sitting on his little bench pegging a way at the pair of shoes for his neighbor, which must be done on the morrow, to the modern methods and machines for shoe manufacture. Notwithstanding the fact that science has made tremendous advances and invention has done mighty things in almost every branch of industrial life, somehow or other, most people still keep in their minds the vision of the shoemaker and old, bending over his task and patiently boring and stitching, now and then stopping to wax over his thread. But far different is it now. Machines, with the most astonishing accomplishments, pound and hammer and stitch in place of the human hands which lent themselves to this work in the former time. And yet it seems to one watching the processes, as if by human hands were somewhere concealed in these cases of iron, so deft and wonderful are the parts. Fancy a machine which can cut and sew 3,500 button holes a day and then revolve in your mind the long and weary toiling of the same amount of work to do. In some cases a pair of shoes goes through 139 distinct processes in the course of its manufacture. A pair of shoes has been turned out in twenty-eight minutes, but that is exceptional, and the manufacturers like better to take time for the goods to rest a bit after some of the processes. A trip by a Free Press was made through one of Detroit's big factories the other day, and some interesting things were noted. The factory has a capacity of 4,000 pairs a day, although this limit has never been reached, and 3,000 a day, or six pairs a minute, is keeping the hands pretty busy.

The hides and skins come in with ragged edges, some with holes here and there, others with unbroken surfaces. It is necessary in some way to get at the quantity of leather in these pieces, a puzzling job. But brains have solved the problem, and there stands a machine for doing the entire work. The skin is put into the machine as into a planer and the number of square feet and inches in its surface is indicated on a dial. The amount of labor saved on account of the irregular edges of the leather can be imagined.

**Making the Patterns.**  
It seems as if the theoretical side of the manufacture of a pair of shoes should begin with the making of the patterns, at which one to five men are kept constantly working. These are cut out of stiff pasteboard, and are smoothly edged with tin. Each part of the shoe must have its pattern. Some of these seem to have very little resemblance to anything an ordinary observer might see in a pair of shoes. For instance, the pattern for the upper looks like a large horse-shoe magnet in shape. With these patterns in hand, the real manufacturer of the shoe is



BUSY SCENES IN A MODERN SHOE MANUFACTORY.

about to begin. From skins of the proper kind and patterns of the proper shape the cutters start the work. Laying the patterns down on the skins they quickly cut the skins the shape of the outlines of the patterns, their knives being razor-edged. The cutters, as well as all the other workers throughout the factory, are guided in their labors by a system of cards issued from the office. When an order comes into the house one of these cards is made out for each kind of shoe wanted, showing the number, kind, the size, the last, the finish, and so on, giving every detail about the shoe which is to be turned out. This card follows that lot of shoes wherever it goes in its wanderings through the factory. So that the cutter knows just what patterns they are to use. When all the necessary parts of the upper portion of the shoe have been cut, including the linings and the fancy tips and details, the lot is sent on to the bottoming department. Here are cut the heels, in-soles and out-soles and various other strange operations are gone through with. The heels and soles are cut by hand with discs. Before each worker is an immense section of a tree trunk, on the top of which the hide is laid. The sharp edged disc is placed on the hide and the worker with a fell sweep of his hammer throws out what is to be or long the sole or the heel of a shoe. The process is exactly like that which mother used in making cookies, with the addition of the extra strength necessary. In an ordinary heel there are six pieces instead of the one which is apparent to the person who examines a finished pair of shoes. These pieces are put together in a machine, nail holes are bored and enough nails are put in to hold the heel together, all with a single motion of the machine. Another machine cuts the rough piece which has been been out of the sole into the exact shape and size needed for the shoe desired. This is done by a pattern of the sole in question governing the cutter of the machine. Another machine cuts what is known as a "chamfer" in the top of the in-sole and around the edge and it is this chamfer to which the upper is to be sewed. Other machines cut out the pieces of

## COALING STATION FOR THE UNITED STATES IN THE FAR EAST.



PAGO-PAGO HARBOR, SAMOA, WHERE THE GOVERNMENT WILL BUILD A COALING STATION.

the sole between the heel and the ball of the foot.

**Wonderful Machines.**  
In the next department most of the lighter sewing is done, as well as the pasting together of the linings and the uppers. Scores of girls are busy at the sewing machines, fastening the different parts of the upper together. Here, too, are the button-hole machines which do their work with lightning rapidity. Another sort of machine, with a din and hubbub, cuts the holes for the eyelets and the hooks of laced shoes, and stamps them in securely with marvelous quickness, and the sound of a Gatling gun. Still another sort sews on the buttons, fastening the buttons on as many as 1,000 pairs a day. Beside these is the newest invention, a machine for riveting the buttons on. Seventy-five pairs an hour can be finished on this machine.

Thus, far, the uppers and the heels and soles have been making their way separately through the processes, but they are soon to come together. And now the "last" is to come into play. This is put inside the upper, with the in-sole; the edges of the upper are turned over the edges and tacked down on the sole. Then the out-sole is tacked on by machinery with a few nails, the noise resembling the report of musketry in the distance. Each of the nails in this machine as well as in all the others is made from wire as it is needed, the nails being made and driven at the same instant. But there are still more wonderful machines to be seen. Here, for instance, is one which sews the in-sole onto the upper. This is the welt machine and does 400 pairs a day, whereas a man's work was formerly twelve pairs. Not less wonderful is the stitching machine which punctures the heavy out-soles and sews them at the same time to the upper and in-sole, tying a knot in the most human fashion at every stitch. The awl which makes the punctures, and the needle which does the sewing are curved, and together form almost a semi-circle, the hole being made with one stroke and the thread inserted with the next. The heel is still to be fastened to the sole, and this is done by a ponderous look-

## SEÑOR MATIAS ROMERO.

A Gifted Mexican and Diplomat Who Recently Passed Away.

Don Matias Romero, who died in Washington not long since, was one of the best known foreign diplomats in this country, not only on account of his long occupancy of the Mexican legation, but also through his numerous contributions to American periodical literature, which rendered his name familiar to the reading public. He was very popular in Washington, and earned the regard of many prominent Americans, notably of Grant and Lincoln. He was a man of large heart and generous impulses, as was demonstrated at the time of the failure in 1884 of the banking firm of Grant & Ward, when Senor Romero went on from Washington and offered his entire for-



MATIAS ROMERO.

tune to the general in order to enable him to tide over his personal pecuniary difficulties—an offer that was gratefully declined, and was said to have moved the general to tears.

Senor Romero was 62 years old. He was born in the City of Oaxaca, Mexico, and was given such education as the competent colleges of the City of Mexico had to offer the youth of the nation at that time. He was graduated as a lawyer and began his political and diplomatic career in 1855, when he was entered in the foreign office.

In 1850 he came first to Washington as secretary of legation, and for a time was charge d'affaires. He returned to Mexico in 1863 to fight for his country against the French invaders. After the President had given him a colonel's commission he was selected by Gen. Porfirio Diaz as his chief of staff. President Juarez, after the war, made him minister to the United States, and he remained in that capacity for five years.

From 1868 to 1872 Senor Romero was secretary of the Mexican treasury. His health failing in the latter year he gave up his public life to retire into the country and devote himself to agriculture. He returned to the capital in 1877 and served again as secretary of the treasury and later as postmaster general. In 1882 he returned to the friendships he had made in America, envoy extraordinary from his government. This post he held without a break, and even without absence, save for a short time, until his death.

Senor Romero was a prolific writer and published upward of fifty volumes. A short time before his death Senor Romero was promoted to be ambassador and would soon have presented his credentials as such.



A soft answer turneth away divorce.  
A woman's logic is far above a man's morals.  
With most women belief is better than proof.  
The longest way home is the shortest way to trouble.  
A husband doesn't know a good thing when he hasn't got it.  
Husbands are necessary only once a month—when the bills come in.

It makes a woman shudder to think how happy she could have made you.  
The devil shows you the worst side first. The rest makes it seem better.  
If women's good intentions were jewels they wouldn't wear anything else.  
Love is divided into quarters—one-quarter vanity, three-quarters jealousy.  
Eve wanted to put on clothes merely to be able to have a hat to go with them.  
When a woman is convicted she acquiesces herself by saying she has been misjudged.  
Goodness wouldn't seem half so uninteresting to women if it didn't wear such plain clothes.

When a woman likes a man her idea of having him happy is not having him belong to some other woman.  
Every married woman would like to see you happy with some other woman, and they'd scratch out her eyes if you were.  
Any woman who thinks about it will admit that Adam deserved to fall because he did not increase Eve's allowance for pin money.  
Poets often affect carelessness in their garments for the same reason that tramps travel in freight cars.

## A STRANGE DINNER PARTY.

Host Continues a Dinner Party While His House Burns.

There is a familiar saying that a lady should be mistress of herself, although china fall, but to be master of himself and his dinner-table while his house is in flames is a degree of self-control granted to few. Grace Ellery Channing, in her book, "The Sisters of a Saint," tells of a certain gentleman of colonial times who appears to have been endowed with even that measure of Puritan self-repression.

The Royal Commissioners, then in Boston, were bidden to a dinner on Christmas eve at the stately Bristol residence of John Wentworth, a man of great natural parts and of a noble and lofty bearing. The table, set forth with old plate and damask, was loaded with good cheer of all kinds. The host gave the customary signal for the dinner to be served in the words: "Friends, you see your dinner!"

As the visitors' lips opened to make the response demanded by etiquette, a servant rushed in with the announcement that the house was on fire. Sternly bidding the startled guests to sit down, John Wentworth commanded the servants to take out the tables and set them upon the lawn; then the chairs were also removed.

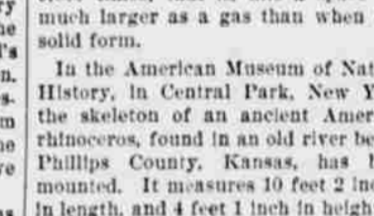
"The air will be keen outside. Bring hither the wraps," said John Wentworth. But the flames had already consumed them. "Bring whatever you can find, then!" and the slaves returned with their arms heaped with curtains and table-cloths, and these strange wraps were hastily donned by the company.

"To the tables," commanded Wentworth, and at the word the pale-stricken guests trooped forth from the now blazing house and seated themselves about the table upon the wintry lawn. The host repeated the greeting, "And a very good dinner we see?" was the tremulous response.

In vain the guests essayed nervously to eat and drink; fatal attempts at gasyety died away in the ever-increasing roar of flames; but Wentworth kept up an easy flow of conversation, pressing upon his guests the various dainties with all the concern of a man who had naught weightier upon his mind.

Now and again the sound of a falling beam would be echoed by a falling glass from some shaking hand. As the last glass shivered to the ground it was answered by a dull crash; the last wall of the house sank and fell.

Wentworth did not turn his head.



There are 110 mountains in Colorado whose peaks are over 12,000 feet above the ocean level.

A scientist looking for microbes says there are absolutely none on the Swiss mountains at an altitude of 2,000 feet.

It has been calculated that ordinary gunpowder on exploding expands about 9,000 times, that is, fills a space this much larger as a gas than when in a solid form.

In the American Museum of Natural History, in Central Park, New York, the skeleton of an ancient American rhinoceros, found in an old river bed in Phillips County, Kansas, has been mounted. It measures 10 feet 2 inches in length, and 4 feet 1 inch in height.

The rare element, gallium, which was discovered in 1875, in rock from the Pyrenees Mountains, and which takes its name from Gallia, the old Roman appellation for France, has recently been added to the list of substances occurring in the sun. Prof. Hantley and Mr. Ramage, of Dublin, have recognized its spectral lines in sunlight.

According to the results of an inquiry among the beekeepers of Germany, human beings may acquire immunity from the effects of bee stings simply by being stung a sufficient number of times. In some cases thirty stings suffice to impart the desirable immunity; in other cases as many as 100 stings must be endured before the victim ceases to suffer serious inconvenience from the attack of bees. Occasionally a person is found who is naturally immune to the effects of bee stings, while others are not able to acquire immunity by any amount of heroic experience.

The experiments to be tried with liquefied air in the treatment of yellow fever will be observed with deep interest by the scientific world. The yellow fever bacillus succumbs to cold weather. It will not survive the freezing point, and when the South is scourged with the disease the prayer is for a frost. By the use of liquefied air the temperature may be reduced to any degree desired, even to 200 or 300 below zero. The cost of the operation is not excessive, and the machinery is not complicated. All that would be needed, aside from the apparatus, would be a well insulated room to keep the heat out.

The recent gift to the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology of the famous "Calaveras skull," reawakens interest in that remarkable relic of antique man. The skull was found in 1869, imbedded in gold-bearing gravel in Calaveras County, California, at a depth of 127 feet. Above it were four beds of lava that had flowed from a now extinct volcanic vent. The late Prof. J. D. Whitney (whose sister, Miss Maria Whitney, made the gift to the museum) was convinced of the genuineness of the discovery. The owner of the skull is supposed to have lived in the Pliocene epoch, a period so remote that the most ancient dates of history seem quite recent in comparison.

**Avalanche's Roar Heard Sixty Miles.**  
An immense avalanche came tearing and roaring down the side of Mount Ranier, near Tacoma, Wash., recently. It struck the base of the mountain with a report like that of a tremendous clap of thunder, being heard distinctly in Tacoma, sixty miles away. People there thought an earthquake had occurred.

The supposed earthquake was an avalanche, which came down the backbone of a "cleaver" lying between the two branches of Mowitch Glacier. The top of this "cleaver" has an elevation of ten thousand feet. It extends several

thousand feet down the mountain side terminating where two glacial branches come together. The avalanche started near the top of this cleaver and swept the rocky surface to Mowitch Glacier proper. Down this it sped to where the glacier terminates with precipitous icy walls, over which it leaped into a great chasm below. A large part of this glacier was carried down with it. Driver says millions of tons of rock, ice and snow tumbled down.

Settlers about the mountain thought a terrific earthquake had occurred when they heard the report and felt the jar which followed. Some watched Mount Ranier to see if there was to be an eruption. But the great snow field which had existed where the avalanche started had fallen down, and the path of the avalanche and broken glacier was plainly seen.

## BEWARE THE THIN BANANA.

Information That Every Lover of the Fruit Should Have.

When you are buying bananas beware of the long thin ones unless you want fruit which will pucker your mouth. No matter how well ripened these thin bananas may appear to be, they will always be found both sour and acid. This is because the bunch which contained them was picked too soon. The banana grows fastest at first in length. When it has reached its full development in that direction, it suddenly begins to swell, and in a few days will double in girth. It is at the end of this time that it begins to ripen naturally, and the effort of the banana importer is to have the fruit gathered at the last possible moment, and yet before the ripening has progressed even enough to tinge the bright green of the fruit with yellow. A difference of twenty-four hours on the trees at this time will make a difference in the weight of the fruit of, perhaps, 25 per cent, and all the difference in its final flavor, between a puckery sour and the sweetness and smoothness which are characteristic of the ripe fruit. To get the bananas to our market in good condition requires fast steamers, which must be provided with ventilation and other means of keeping the fruit from ripening too fast in the hold. Much of the finest fruit does ripen in the few days of passage, and this is sold to hucksters for street sale.—New York Sun.

**Delicious Papaws.**  
Real lovers of that peculiar fruit, the papaw, which grows so luxuriantly along the river bottoms of the great Middle West, do not hesitate to pronounce it the most delicious and altogether satisfying edible that nature turns out. It has been happily described as a "natural custard." Its rich, golden-yellow pulp admirably carrying out the simile. Many persons cannot eat it at all, and many others have to acquire a liking for it.

A man from the far Northeast, who was visiting a cousin in Ohio in early October, was shown one day a fine, large specimen of the fruit.

"What is that?" he asked.

"Break it open and see," was the reply.

He broke it in two, inspected it, and said:

"Well," he said.

"Taste it."

He did so.

"Faugh!" he exclaimed. "What kind of game are you trying to play on me? I am merely giving you a chance to eat the most toothsome dainty that grows in the world," rejoined the cousin.

The next day the visitor tried again to eat a papaw. He could tolerate it, but that was all.

"You'll be eating them by the handful before you go back East," said the cousin.

As having some bearing on the outcome of this prolection it only remains to be recorded that when the visitor returned home, a week or two later, he took along with him a half bushel of papaws, carefully selected and packed in a box, and that, on his arrival at the ancestral mansion, he is said to have placed alongside the framed motto in the family sitting-room, "What is Home Without a Mother?" a similar, but smaller one: "What is Home Without a Papaw?"

## Two Epigrams.

Two old English epigrams were reprinted in a London paper of comparatively recent date, for the amusement of the readers. The first referred to a worthy but tedious sergeant, given to making long speeches.

He had a rubicund countenance, and in the full-dress costume of the court of his day was a notable figure. One day when he was especially long-winded, an acquaintance wrote these lines:

The sergeant pleads with face on fire,  
And all the court may rue it;  
His purple garments come from Tyre;  
His arguments go to it.

The other epigram was written at the time when a certain Dr. Reed was allowed to ventilate the Houses of Parliament by a system of alternate blasts of cold and hot air. He was supported by Sir Robert Peel in this enterprise. Some wag wrote to the London Times:

Peel's patronage of Doctor Reed  
Is very natural indeed.  
For no one need be told  
The worthy, scientific man  
Is acting on the premier's plan  
Of blowing hot and cold.

## The First Typewriter.

The first typewriter was a machine with raised letters, invented by Henry Mill of England, in 1714, for the use of the blind; but beyond marking the era of mechanical writing machines it was of no value, and for nearly 140 years no step forward was made. Nearly all the improvements, and certainly the credit for the general introduction of the typewriter, belongs to America. To-day there is one firm in this country which manufactures more than fifty styles of machines, in all languages and even in business ciphers. In these last the keyboard is lettered as usual, but the characters are printed in cipher.

**Slightly Inconsistent.**  
Some of the cheap novel writers are in a hurry to get their pay, otherwise they would revise their work, and not allow such startling statements as the following to appear in type:

"I grew up to manhood without ever knowing what the love of a parent really was, as my mother died when my eldest brother was born."

A great many of the men who claim to be self-made were evidently interrupted before the job was completed.