

Eugene City Guard.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY.....OREGON.

Neither will the chair trust be sat on.

The formation of a banana trust slipped on a peeling.

It is not surprising that Paty de Clam should find his way into the soup.

Between the motor and the promoter there's a right smart a-doing these times.

The Kaiser has simply picked up a job lot of islands from the remnant counter.

Emperor William of Germany advocates the use of soap, and may now expect the anarchists to indulge in open hostility to him.

That ants eat the paper money in the Philippines is only a corroboration of the fact that it's the little things that make the money go.

For that matter it may be hoped there never will be anything worse between this country and Canada than unsettled boundaries.

It would seem that the numerous instances of poisoned confections might lead to the adoption of ham and eggs as social refreshment.

There is fame in store for the man who will produce a bigger, more glorious rose than the American Beauty, and name it the "Admiral Dewey."

London has not yet been electrified to the extent of building a single trolley line. In this respect the city of Pekin can give London a lesson in civilization.

It is a spectacle calculated to make a thinking man pause when he sees the great Christian powers of Europe calmly discussing the partition of China as a matter of course.

Nicola Tesla, the electrician, is making so many wonderful invention claims people are beginning to notice that his last name has just as many letters in it as Keely.

It speaks volumes for the country's interest in that New York kidnapping, that while the national heart can stand big troubles at times, how the little ones move it at others.

The Anneke Jans heirs recently held their annual convention and adopted resolutions. One of these days the Anneke Jans vote is likely to be a factor in American politics.

Dewey's fame is now secure beyond a doubt. First he won a great naval victory without losing a man; next a 5-cent cigar was named after him, and now the Dewey nutmeg-grater has been placed upon the market. It is glorious to be grate.

The wireless telephone follows hard upon wireless telegraphy. There is room for both and also for the wire telegraph and wire telephone. The latter two may be a bit old-fashioned, but the age is said to be materialistic and somehow to most people the visible wire makes electricity a shade less un-canny when one stops to think about it.

American bridge builders recently secured a contract to build the bridge over the Athara, and the Phoenix Bridge Company has been given a contract to build a steel bridge of seven spans for the Imperial Railway of Japan. The bridge will be one of the finest of the kind ever built. The same company is building bridges for Russia in Siberia.

In the first four months of this year, in the single State of New Jersey, there were incorporated companies with an aggregate capital equal in amount to the entire mass of money of all kinds in circulation in the United States. Much of that capital may properly be in the form of land, buildings, machinery, etc., but making all allowances for that fact, it is difficult to escape the belief that a large proportion of the so-called capital has no existence other than on paper; that it is, in Wall street parlance, nothing but "watered stock." And water is a poor foundation for prosperous industry.

Records of comparative meteorology show that in the United States there are in a year five hundred hours more of sunshine than in fair-asked Italy, and that Spain gets more than we. But such general statements hide many particulars, since hardly any two localities are alike, the atmospheric conditions being affected by every mountain, valley, lake or plain, and coast climates are modified by the ocean and its currents. In Southern California the annual rainfall rarely exceeds twelve inches; at San Francisco it reaches twenty-five; further north it increases still in Oregon and Washington it amounts to seventy or eighty, and the inhabitants are jokingly said to be wet-footed.

At the age of 20 Queen Victoria was married to Prince Albert, and at 42 was left a widow. Now, at 80, she has devoted what she regards as her last official visit to the capital of her empire to the task of dedicating to the Prince Consort's memory the final and crowning building of that South Kensington museum which he founded, and which as she decrees, is henceforth to be known as the Victoria and Albert Museum. Her career, thus outlined, presents an example of wifely constancy and devotion which would be admirable in any walk of life, and which has been by no means common among royal folk. It is her supreme distinction that she has never let the wife, the mother and the woman be lost in the mere queen.

Just one hundred years ago the Manhattan company of New York City was incorporated by Aaron Burr. Its ostensible purpose was to supply the city with water. Its real purpose was to open a bank. The reason for the

concealment was because there was a popular prejudice against banks. A tank was built, hollow logs laid for pipes, and water was distributed until 1840. In order to keep its charter this great banking company, which still exists, is to-day obliged to pump water from its ancient tank. A pitcherful is always in evidence at its annual meeting, and a committee solemnly reports that no applications for water have been refused. The story has its humorous side, but it illustrates the legacy of pretence and useless effort which roundabout methods always entail. Aaron Burr's mode of seeking one object under cover of another has many followers, but in politics or society or in individual relations it can never be commended and seldom excused.

The youths who have lately bade farewell to school and college have, doubtless, high aspirations, but they can only realize them by going the right way about it. The country is strewn with the wrecks of ambitious men who preferred to begin with kid gloves instead of with sooty hands. Even in the crowded professions there is always room at the top for the highly proficient, but the summit cannot be reached except by effort of unusual vigor. From the drone and the incompetent we often hear that they are unable to succeed because nobody helps them and they have no luck. As a matter of fact opportunities of more or less advantage come to everybody, but it rests with the individual himself to grasp them. If the way to success leads through the car shops or along the stony levels and rough heights of the road man, he is too often disposed to ignore the best opportunity that he will ever have. Life is real and earnest. It is not all roses and swan's down. The graduates of 1899 should bear this in mind. There is no shame in honest toil; the greatest rewards that the world can bestow are reaped by those who are sensible enough to start by way of the car shops or along the road of the rod or chain bearer and earn the kid gloves that they can wear with pride when they have shown themselves entitled to wear them.

New Jersey has been for some years investigating the question of polluted milk from tuberculous cows with a view of determining whether such milk was the cause of consumption among the people who used it. The subject was made one of those which the very excellent State experimental station attempted to dispose of. For several years the station has had in its herd of cows those which were unquestionably affected with tuberculosis, but they were separated from the other animals and kept solely for the purpose of making experiments upon the milk they gave. An editorial correspondent of the Rural New-Yorker, a high authority upon agricultural subjects, has given the results of these investigations, which are reassuring even if they are not accepted as scientifically correct. The report says that "the milk from these cows has been tested and analyzed again and again, and thus far no germs have been found in it. So far as science can determine these cows have produced clean and healthful milk." In discussing the subject editorially the journal mentioned says that although no germs have been found in the milk "it is not safe to say that the milk has never contained any. The germs might be found in one milking and not in another, or in one single quarter of the udder. It is difficult to discover them, for the testing apparatus is not yet perfected. Still it may be said that the germs in such milk are very scarce—if they exist at all." The statement seems to explain one very well-established fact, which is that, while tuberculosis in cows is very rapidly increasing, consumption in the human family is constantly decreasing. It is believed to be a truth that there are few herds of milk cows that do not contain diseased animals, and if the milk from them serves to spread tuberculosis among the human family the wonder is that such results should not be more apparent. However, the people do more with milk from diseased cows, and even if there is great doubt as to the extent of the danger in the use of such product it is they and not the disempered animals that should have the benefit of the doubt.

Mrs. Howe as a Cuban Patriot.
Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was one of the pioneers in the struggle for Cuban independence. She visited Cuba in 1857, and while there severely criticized the Spanish authorities for their methods. After her return she described her experience in a book entitled "A Trip to Cuba," which was promptly prohibited from circulation in Spanish countries by the Spanish censor. So strong was the official feeling against the work that about two hundred Cubans who were found with the book in their possession were severely punished. Since the late war this book has received a distinct boom, and the few copies in existence have become so popular that a Cuban publisher is considering the advisability of bringing out a new edition in Spanish.—Saturday Evening Post.

Stevenson and the Beggar.
An American who visited the Stevensons at Samoa relates that the Samoans have a practice of begging. They boldly ask for whatever they may covet wherever it may be found. The novelist became tired of this practice, and therefore said one day to a Samoan friend who had acquired from him a necktie, handkerchief, and some other trinket, "Is there anything else you want?"
The Samoan made a hasty survey of the room.
"There is the piano," suggested Mr. Stevenson, ironically.
"Yes," replied the native, "I know, but," he added, apologetically, "I don't know how to play it."—Saturday Evening Post.

Billions in Gold.
American engineers estimate that the ore in sight in the South African gold district called the Rand, contains about \$4,000,000,000 worth of the precious metal. But unless more rapid methods of production are employed, it will require fifty years to put this gold into circulation and use.

Some men have a way of being mean that counts double.

THE DOCTOR'S RUSE.

66 Miss Quimby off duty to-night, Mrs. Preston?" hurriedly questioned Dr. Attwood of the head matron, as he paused at the foot of the corridor.

"Yes, after 6."
"I shall need her to-night, then. I am sorry, but it can't be helped; it is so sickly that a good nurse can not be easily secured. Tell her to be at the main office downstairs at 7, and I will call for her," and without further words he hurried down the stairs, out through the great green swinging doors of the hospital into the street.

"Miss Quimby," said the matron a few moments later, to a tall, slender, dark-eyed girl in nurses' garb, as she came from one of the wards with a bunch of towels over her arm and a cup in her hand, "Dr. Attwood has just told me that he will need you to-night. He wants you to be at the main office downstairs at 7, and he will call."
"Very well."

Isabel Quimby was the daughter of parents that had once been wealthy, but her father, like so many men, in endeavoring to gain by speculation, lost everything—their beautiful home and their place in society among the rest. Her father, to whom the humiliation was far worse than the mere poverty, did not survive the fearful strain laid upon him, and in less than two months died, leaving Isabel and her mother nearly penniless.

Then the young girl, putting pride and all its accompanying sensitiveness in her pocket, entered the St. Albans Hospital, an institution in her native city, as nurse. The tall, beautiful girl in her dark dress, with white apron and cap, and her rich, heavy hair coiled about her shapely head, and her beautiful face so earnest and tender, was almost a tonic to those she was called to nurse.

Before her father's failure she was engaged to Hale Attwood, a young, rising doctor, very successful and popular, and connected with the St. Albans Hospital. But it had been a hard struggle with him, for he was poor—that is, in comparison with her father's wealth. After the crash was over and she found that he intended her to keep her promise to him, she told him one night, as they stood in the parlor of the poor little suite of rooms she and her mother had hired, that she could not marry him, for, in so doing, she



"THERE IS NO PATIENT EXCEPT MYSELF."

would be but putting one more obstacle in his path to fame, since the wealth she had intended should help him was gone. She felt it her duty to break the engagement. In vain did he plead and remonstrate. She was firm, and nothing that he could say could in anywise change her mind.

There had been one more such scene when she entered the hospital, with the same result. Then he had grown cold, and they began to pass each other on the steps or in the long corridors with merely a nod, and in time the meager civility wore away and he appeared to recognize her no more than one of the other nurses.

It had been very sickly, the wards were full, and doctors and nurses were catching bits of sleep over their meals or at any convenient time. Isabel had had but one night off during the week, and all day she had been looking forward to a home, when she would be free to go home for one night's rest, but now this summons had come, and from him.

Promptly at 7 she opened the office door. He was waiting for her. Without a word otherwise than a civil salutation they passed out through the doors and down the steps. Silently he helped her into the sleigh and took his seat by her side. Not until they were well out of the central portion of the city and making their way toward the suburbs did he speak. Then it was of the case itself; what he wished to be done, and about the medicines; after that he relaxed into silence again. It seemed to her that fate could not have placed her in a harder position—beside the man she loved with all her soul and being, and yet to whom, by her own mandate, she could not speak one word of the love that was making her tremble now. She believed she had never seen him so cool and self-possessed before. Once as they passed a street lamp she had glanced into his face, silhouetted against the light, and it had been deep in thought. At last she ventured a remark: "Where did you say this patient lives?"

There was a long silence, and she began to think he had not heard her, and was about to repeat the question, when suddenly he turned and looked full at her, so near that she could feel his breath. She was thankful for the darkness, for she felt a hot flush spreading over her face.

"I did not say," he said, slowly, turning back to his horse; "I did not say I—Oh, Isabel, I have brought you out here to-night that I may plead with you just once more. There is no patient except myself, and no medicine on this earth can cure me but you, my dear."

For a moment the young girl was fairly carried away by the torrent of

his passion, and at the little word he had been so in the habit of calling her she felt herself giving away, her resolves slipping down, yet she made one desperate attempt at a rally.

"How dare you bring me out here on such a pretense, Dr. Attwood?"
"Isabel," he whispered, for his arms were around her; "Isabel, I want you to say you love me."

Her poor, tired head sank upon his



"IN VAIN DID HE PLEAD."

shoulder, and their lips, after long moments of separation, met.

"Yes, I love you, Hale," she murmured, and the sleepy old horse enjoyed it, too, for he had a chance for a little nap.

She Fought in the Trenches.
Mrs. Mary La Tourette Stotsenburg, widow of Colonel John Stotsenburg, of New Albany, Ind., bears the distinction of having been often under fire on the firing line around Manila. When Colonel Stotsenburg went to the Philippines his wife accompanied him, and, arriving there, insisted on being permitted to accompany her husband in the subsequent campaigns. She went as a nurse, with the consent of General Otis, but on many occasions she had to spend hours in the trenches with the troops.

Letters from Manila to relatives, written months ago, tell of instances in which the plucky woman was caught during different engagements and was forced, with her escort, to drop in the trenches, where she lay, with the bullets whistling over her head. On different occasions she could not restrain her enthusiasm, and, although she does not make reference to it, reliable reports tell of her seizing a rifle from a dying soldier and doing very effective work.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Style of Address.
With regard to the style which should be adopted in addressing married women, a controversy has arisen in Germany. There are, in the language of the Fatherland, four names whereby that class may be designated—*ganahlin* (consort), *gattin* (spouse), *frau* (lady), and *wife* (wife). To save the not infrequent disputes and heart-burnings which arise from imperitance and ignorance in the use of any of these terms, it is now proposed that the recognized gradations of the "scale social." In this manner, a general's wife shall be known as his "consort," she of an official of the next lower grade shall be that happy person's "spouse," the middle-class partner becomes her husband's "lady," and the workman's helpmate is simply his "wife."

Preferred for Reasons.
A discussion whether "gotten" or "got" were the preferable participle, received a practical solution, at least for the telegraphic service, from the experience related of a college professor who preferred "gotten." He had telegraphed to his wife, some miles up town, "I have gotten tickets for the opera to-night; meet me there." The telegraph operator rendered this into, "I have got ten tickets," et cetera. Mrs. Professor was delighted with the opportunity of entertaining her friends, and accordingly made up a party of eight beside herself, whose greetings to the professor at the rendezvous were perhaps more cordial than his feelings until things were explained. He now makes one exception to his customary use of "gotten."

Ants Eat the Paper Money.
Paper money cannot be used in the Philippines. The islands are infested with ants, which eat almost everything, and are particularly fond of paper. In a recent shipment of money for the troops was \$1,000,000 in paper money of small denominations, and preparations were being made to send more paper in the next shipment, when a warning was given that hereafter nothing but gold and silver coin must be sent to the islands.

The Boy's Revenge.
"Oh, George! Who opened the canary's cage?"
"I did. You told me a little bird was a-whispering to you when I was naughty, so I knew it must be him, as there was no other little bird about. So I opened the cage, and the cat's eaten him. That's wot he's got for telling on me."

Coming Days.
If the desire to write continues to increase as it is now increasing, the people of the future will earn a precarious livelihood by selling their books one to another.

A Tobacco Rop.
If all the tobacco smoked in the British empire last year were rolled into a rope an inch in diameter it would form a snake-like roll, which, following the line of the equator, would go thirty times around the earth.

A Hot-Dry Wish.
I want no bonds at 'seven per cent, I want no lands of broad extent, Nor palace grand nor rich paragon, But I want ten barrels of ice cream soda.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

When you hear fools abused, take some of it to yourself.

SOME QUEER TOWNS.

ONE IS BUILT ON THE OCEAN, ANOTHER ON THE ICE.

Migratory Fishing Villages on Lake Huron—In Athos There is Not a Female to Be Found—Mountain of the Monks—A Curious Law.

The marine village of Tupusel, in New Guinea, would take a lot of beating on the score of singularity. Here the houses are all supported on piles, and stand right out in the ocean, some considerable distance from the shore. The object of this strange position is to protect the inhabitants against sudden attacks of the dreaded head-hunters, who are always on the lookout for victims. Other villages in this happy land are perched up in all but inaccessible trees, for the same weighty reason.

Another curious place is a town without a name on one of the arms of Lake Huron. This consists of some 500 wooden huts. During the summer these little dwellings are hidden away in a clearing on shore, and the town contains not a single inhabitant. But on the arrival of winter, when the lake is frozen over with a thick coating of ice, the owners of the huts arrive, and proceed to move their houses out on to the surface of the lake. The floor of the huts is taken up, and a hole cut through the ice. Carrying on their operations until the spring releases the lake from its icy bonds, when this extraordinary town is once more broken up, the shanties go back to their resting place, and the fishermen scatter over the country. This place even boasts a curing factory and a church, not to mention several saloons—all on the ice.

Athos, a town situated on a promontory on the coast of Macedonia, well deserves the title of the most curious town in the universe. The peninsula is known as "The Mountain of the Monks," from the fact that a score or so of monasteries are dotted about the rough hill sides or the valleys. In these establishments dwell a numerous body of ascetics, kind and hospitable to wanderers, but full of superstition, and believing in the doctrine of separation to a wonderful degree.

The actual town, as distinct from its monastic environs, is called Caryes, and supplies the simple wants of the monks. Here are to be found streets of shops, crowded bazaars, flourishing trades and all the bustle and energy of a modern town. But one thing soon strikes the visitor as strange. There is not a female to be seen anywhere, for the gender sex is rigorously banished from the place. Even the small Turkish garrison, from the commandant down to the privates, consists of bachelors.

This extraordinary law is carried out even among the domestic animals. Only the wild birds evade it, and then only when free, for no female birds is ever brought to table; the fowl one has for dinner is sure to be a cockerel. For this unparalleled state of affairs, there is only a legend to account. Although to our practical minds blimsy to a degree, it is implicitly believed in by the inhabitants. It appears that in one of the chief monasteries on the promontory there is a miraculous icon, which is a picture or image sacred to members of the Russo-Greek Church. This particular picture, and the legend says that one day as the Empress Pulcheria, who had liberally endowed the church, as well as beautified and restored it, was engaged in her devotions, the Virgin spoke, asking what she, a woman, was doing in the church. The pious lady, no doubt amazed, did not reply, whereupon the voice commanded her to leave, saying that the feet of a woman should never again tread the floor. The Empress, probably surprised at the seeming ingratitude of the speech, as well as awe-struck, left the place, which no female has since entered. How the prohibition thus arbitrarily established came to comprehend the length and breadth of the promontory is not very clear. As a residence for bashful bachelors, we should imagine, Athos would be hard to surpass.—Household Words.

War Weapons from a Surgical View.
The medical journals abroad publish the results of some recent experiments with the new automatic revolver, which is being adopted by nearly all European Governments. The experiments in question were made on pine wood, on plates of iron, on a living horse, and on portions of human corpses, at distances varying from 11 to 330 yards, there being, however, little difference between the effects on living and on dead material. The hole is from five to seven millimetres in size, and decreases with the increase in distance, the aperture of exit being, however, slightly larger than that of the entrance. It seems that the effect of this weapon on the long, hollow bones was exactly similar to that of the German infantry rifle at 3,000 to 6,000 feet—the bone was splintered in every case, and in no instance did the projectile remain in the bone, the track of the bullet invariably forming a smooth channel, without shattering before the bone, and without bony debris, while in the event of a bullet striking the skull it invariably shattered the latter. As to penetrative power, the projectile at thirty to sixty feet passed through two human trunks and only stuck in the third, went through pine wood sixteen inches thick, and three iron plates each two millimetres thick.

Mafie Tramp Law.
The Maine tramp law is driving Dusty Rhoads and Weary Wagglies out of the Pine Tree State. Judge Bose recently sentenced several tramps to jail for ten months at hard labor, and their associates are tumbling across each other in their anxiety to get across the State line.

She had sent a telegram, and was waiting for an answer. Suddenly the peculiar halting cack of the receiving machine sounded in the office, and she said to her companion: "That's from George, I know; I can tell his stutter."—Modern Society.

Pray for cake, but get out and hustle for the bread and butter.

TWO HANDSOME INDOOR GOWNS.



MR. KRUGER IS BRAVE.

Plucky Man Who Controls the Republic of the Boers.

"Our Paul," or, in the Boer vernacular, "Oom Paul," the President Kruger of the Transvaal, is the one man whom the British have not been able to beat down. He stands like a stone wall in the way of their aggressions. Kruger beat the British once in armed conflict, but the conditions have changed greatly since 1881. The dispute between the British and the Boers is a simple one. The Boers have a rich country; the British want it, and are trying, as they have been trying for years, to get possession of it. All the Boers ask is to be let alone in the enjoyment of their own. They make no hostile demonstrations, save when their homes and liberties and property are threatened. Efforts have been made to goad them into some overt act of hostility that would afford an excuse for crushing them, but these have been unavailing. The Boer is slow and phlegmatic, but he is so fool. He fights only when it is necessary to repel invaders, and the British have learned by sad experience that he is brave and can shoot straight.

President Kruger is the soul of the Boer republic. This remarkable man was born Oct. 10, 1825. His parents were Boer farmers, residing in Cape Colony, too poor to provide Paul with shoes. The future ruler of the South African republic had to trudge over the African veldt in his bare feet. He was christened S. J. Paul Kruger, but the two initials were soon disused, though President Kruger uses them in signing state papers.

Fear was unknown to Kruger from boyhood. When he was in his seventeenth year his father asked him to take home his span of oxen and an

possess certain characteristics. Thus a man with red and spotted nails was of a fiery, hot-tempered disposition; while pale, lead-colored nails denoted a melancholy temperament. Ambitious and quarrelsome people were distinguished by narrow nails. Lovers of knowledge and liberal sentiment had round-shaped nails. Conceited, obstinate and narrow-minded persons were possessed of small nails; lazy, indolent individuals of fleshy nails, and those of a gentle, timid nature of broad nails.

Dressing a Salad.
The author of "Wild Flowers of California" gives an entertaining account of how the Indians prepare for food a plant that is commonly called Indian lettuce. It will be recalled that formic acid takes its name from the red ant, and that the acid was first obtained from the insect.

The Placer County Indians greedily eat the succulent leaves and stems of their "lettuce." Their way of preparing the plant for food is novel. Gathering the leaves, they lay these about the entrances to the nests of certain large red ants. The ants, swarming out, run all over the plants, swarming the leaves, satisfied that the lettuce now has a pleasant sour taste, equaling that which might be given it by vinegar.

London Society Started.
London society is stirred to its very depths by the performances of a thought reader, who is the lion of the hour. There is no thought, not even a mental reservation, buried so deep in one's mental recesses, but what this wonder pounces upon it with an agility that is positively uncanny, and drag it forth into the light of publicity. The



YOUNG KRUGER'S STRUGGLE WITH A PANTHER.

empty wagon. He was accompanied by his little sister.
"Paul," said his father, "take care of your sister."
"I will," he said, simply.
In those days traveling in Cape Colony was anything but a picnic. Wild animals were plentiful and many a traveler became a prey to these beasts. Everything went well until Paul was within about five miles of home. Here a large panther made his appearance. The oxen took fright and bolted. The loading of the wagon threw the little girl to the ground, where she was at the mercy of the ferocious animal. Without a moment's hesitation young Kruger jumped from the wagon and ran to his sister's assistance. The panther stood with gleaming eyes over the prostrate child.

Kruger was unarmed, but without a moment's hesitation he engaged the panther in a hand-to-hand battle. It was a fierce battle. Time and again the angry beast clawed Kruger cruelly, but his courage and strength never failed him. Like a bulldog he held his grip upon the panther's throat until he strangled the beast to death. Kruger was badly lacerated. Blood flowed from many wounds, but, notwithstanding his injuries, he carried his fainting sister home. This exploit made him the hero of the sturdy Boers in that section. It was the first indication of the latent powers that dwelt in the hero of the Transvaal.

This heroic Boer ruler is almost devoid of learning. What education he has was hard for him to secure. Yet he has baffled men of learning by his sagacity. His knowledge of human nature is wonderful. It is no wonder that the old Boers love their president. His character is pure; he is gentle as a babe, but firm as a rock, and a very lion when his country is in danger.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Told by the Finger Nails.
In the days when fortune telling was more in vogue than at present, the shape and appearance of the finger nails were looked on as having reference to one's destiny. The nails were first rubbed over with a mixture of wax and soot, and, after being thus prepared, were held so that the sunlight fell fully upon them. On the horny, transparent substance were supposed to appear signs and characters from which the future could be interpreted. Persons, too, with certain descriptions of nails were supposed to

possibilities are something awful. In deed, it is related that some of the revelations have been astounding beyond words, and one woman of extreme sensibility is said to have fainted as the workings of her mind were laid bare to herself and a half dozen intimate friends.

CAPT. NICHOLS.

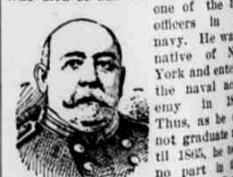
The Monadnock's Commander Who Died at Manila.

Capt. Henry Ezra Nichols, commander of the monitor Monadnock who died of sunstroke at Manila, was one of the best officers in the navy. He was a native of New York and entered the naval academy in 1851. Thus, as he did not graduate until 1855, he had no part in the civil war, 1862 to 1865.

He was attached to the European squadron. He rose rapidly through the various grades of office in the service, becoming ensign in 1865, master in the same year in 1869, lieutenant commander in 1881, commander in 1882, and captain but recently. From 1882 to 1896 he did service on shore, and in 1896 he was given command of the Bennington. When the Monadnock was sent to Manila Capt. Nichols went along as her commander.

Ivy Absorbs Moisture.

There is a current opinion that ivy has a tendency to rot the thing to which it clings. This is true of a large number of other climbing plants, but not of ivy, for it renders the walls of almost every house to which it clings entirely free from damp, extracting every particle of moisture from wood, brick or stone for its own sustenance. This it does by means of its tiny roots, which can work their way even into the hardest stone. When the walls are well covered with ivy the overlapping leaves will conduct water falling upon them from point to point until the ground is reached, without allowing the walls to receive any moisture whatsoever from the beating rain. If there should be an exceptional case of ivy covered walls showing signs of dampness, that will be found to arise from their having been erected on a wet and improperly drained site.



CAPT. NICHOLS.