

Eugene City Guard.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.
EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Many a man dies rich who has lived poor.

In England any boy may start out in life with the hope of some day being made poet laureate.

The woman suffragists contend that the hand that rocks the cradle would never stuff the ballot box.

The story that a Minnesota woman pawned her winter's coal to buy diamonds is probably not true.

A Pennsylvania man is carrying a silver quarter in his mouth on a wager. With him it is a case of money talks.

Unlimited telephone service in Paris costs only \$60 a year—but one has to be able to speak French to get full advantage from it.

An Oregon girl set a trap for a bear a few nights ago and caught a man in it. Now look out for a steady advance in the price of bear traps.

Chicago may not care for grand opera, but as it has a municipal pawn shop in successful operation it can't be denied it's making advances other ways.

A certain magazine publishes two love poems alleged to have been written by George Washington. A great man isn't safe after he is dead, unless he has destroyed all his papers.

It is reported that cradles are again coming into fashion. In the upper circles they will probably be used in place of the old spinning wheels that have heretofore been kept on exhibition.

A man advertised for a wife because he wanted somebody to talk to. He has found more than a thousand women who are willing to take the contract, but has not yet made up his mind, presumably because of the fear that the one selected would insist upon talking to him.

Whenever there is profit to be made out of public work the temptation to lie, bribe and steal is often too strong for the average man to resist, and it has come to pass that many men plead necessity as excuse or justification. They must do wrong or go out of business, which, of course, is no excuse at all. In this respect business is corrupt.

No one can doubt that the recent exposures of the feeble methods of the 10 per cent. week syndicates will have an effect upon persons who are disposed to become separated from their money on slight provocation. It is altogether likely that in the future a promise of 20 per cent. a week will be demanded before parting with the coin.

It is sufficiently plain that tipping is a nuisance which causes much discomfort, but he who undertakes to rid the world of it will assume a Sisyphean task. To stop tipping we must reform human nature. The only sensible remedy for an acknowledged evil would be for every person to regulate his own tipping according to his own purse and sense of justice.

In the light of the newly announced sand cure it seems probable that if the Digger Indians of the far West could be persuaded to abandon their clay diet and eat sand instead they would find it much more wholesome. Clay is merely filling. It cannot assist in the process of digestion and assimilation. Sand, on the contrary, would be of the greatest service in assisting these misguided Indians in digesting the ovis, rattlesnakes, and dry roots with which they are compelled sometimes to vary their bills of fare, and life in their humble caves would become worth living. It is even possible that a judicious mixture of sand would make the clay itself digestible, but of this there is no certainty, and it is best not to claim too much.

Stephen E. Burch, a well-to-do farmer near Topaz, Mo., is evidently a man of a practical turn of mind. Recently he turned up in the guise of a tramp seeking work at the farm of Peter Greenwalt, near Huron, S. D. After working a few weeks he and the farmer's pretty daughter, Mary, disappeared, and nothing was heard from them until Mr. Greenwalt received a letter that she was Mrs. Burch, the two having been married at Kansas City. Later it was learned that Burch had been looking up a wife for some time disguised as a tramp. He said he wished to see girls just as they really were and not on their parlor behavior. He studied Miss Greenwalt closely, found that she was a smart girl and fine housekeeper, and made her a plain business proposition, which she promptly accepted. There is much that is commendable in this businesslike way of getting a wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Burch probably will get along as well as he is just as happy as if their marriage were one of those "matches made in heaven."

Secretary Coburn, of the Kansas Board of Agriculture, recently made a most sensible and practical suggestion to the farmers of the West. The 1890 corn crop, as is well known, is one of the largest ever harvested in America; but the inexorable law of supply and demand has forced the price down, as is always the case in a year of phenomenally abundant crops. Secretary Coburn reminds the farmers that there has never been a season of unusual production and low prices for corn which has not been followed in the near future by a year of comparative scarcity and correspondingly higher prices; and there is no reason to believe that the present one will prove an exception to this hitherto unbroken rule. His advice to the farmers is, therefore, that they should market no more of their corn than is necessary to meet their expenses. He truthfully says that they would rightly have considered themselves favored

and prosperous with a yield 100,000,000 bushels less than that which they now have. If they were to hold this extra 100,000,000 bushels in substantial, rat-proof cribs on the farms for a year or two, as they could very comfortably do, it would not only relieve the downward tendency in prices caused by the present glut in the market, but would help to steady and confirm the price of the remainder. Moreover, when the lean years come, and prices advance, the farmers, and not the speculators, will reap the profits. The suggestion is eminently sensible. To adopt it is merely to use that prudence and business sagacity by which men in other occupations achieve commercial success. It needs no argument to show that the man who will make money when corn advances will be the man who has the corn. Why should not that man be the farmer who raised it?

A. C. Bartlett, of Chicago, gave the students of a Western university some excellent advice in an address on "Trade vs. Profession." His object was to check the too common tendency in our colleges to exalt the professional above the business career and so to inculcate a lesson that must be learned later through the hard blows of experience if it is ignored while an academic education is being acquired. The literary atmosphere of the university generally encourages a contempt for trade. So far as the feeling is directed against mere money-getting for the money's sake it is wholesome, but the time passed long ago when the college course could be regarded only as a preparation for the law, medicine, theology and teaching. The ambition to secure what is called the higher education is now so widespread that if every aspirant were to look to the professions for support the supply of these young apprentices would exceed the demand to a perilous extent. Starving lawyers, doctors and teachers would increase with really alarming rapidity. While there has been a recognition of the fact, the old influences are still at work, and the country could furnish many a pitiful story as a consequence. The college graduate with his academic traditions is too often a man of disappointed hopes, who has been compelled to reconstruct his views of life and fit himself anew for the task of breadwinning. Nor is it strange that in the endeavor he sometimes surrenders to a burlesque cynicism and during the reaction becomes the victim of a distorted judgment which causes him to undertake what he had formerly overrated. But it is gratifying to note at the same time a greater influx of educated men in the business world, and as their numbers increase there will be a still more radical revolt against the old college ideal, for nothing is so impressive as example. When students appreciate not only that a business career offers more chances for making a good living than any other, but also that its prizes are eagerly sought by many of the most prominent members of the college's brotherhood, every trace of ancient prejudice will disappear. The truth is that business is now a splendid field for the exercise of the highest powers of judgment, organization and administration. It attracts the talent and ability that went formerly into politics and the army and is occasionally the inspiration for real genius. Supercilious contempt for it is not only ridiculous but must recoil on those who profess the sentiment. They are sure to hear of comparisons that are odious.

GEN. DEL PILAR.

Young Filipino Was One of Aguinaldo's Ablest Aids.
One of his supporters of whose services the Filipino leader has been deprived was Gen. Gregorio Del Pilar, commander of Aguinaldo's bodyguard. Gen. Del Pilar fell in battle with the American forces—Thirty-third Infantry—at Cervantes. The engagement lasted four hours, during which seventy Filipinos were killed or wounded. Gen. Del Pilar was one of the leaders of the revolution against Spain and was one of Aguinaldo's ablest supporters in the present resistance to American authority. Prof. Schurman met him as a member of the peace commission and rated him as a remarkably clever young man.



GEN. DEL PILAR.

Economic Economy.

Because the King was poor and needed to retrench, he consolidated the posts of poet laureate and commander of the troops, thus saving one fancy salary. But the very next day war broke out and the King's army everywhere met defeat. "Why," demanded the yellow newspaper, "don't you pitch your battles in places which are strategically strong?" "For the reason," replied the soldier and poet, "that nothing rhymes with the names of the places which are strategically strong!" Now at last the King perceived the wisdom of trying to be too economical.—Detroit Journal.

The Thirty Yankee.

The Kennebec Journal tells of a man who catches seals, cuts off the noses and gets the \$1 bounty offered by the State of Maine, after which he collects the tails and hides himself to Massachusetts, where he collects the bounty offered for the tail of every seal caught in Massachusetts waters. Then he returns to the pine tree State to work the skin into gloves, hats, pocket-books, etc.

A Small Marriage Fee.

Squire Dunham, of Anderson, Ind., lays claim to receiving the smallest marriage fee on record in Indiana. A couple in poor financial condition called on him to be married. The groom said he was in bad straits, but he wanted to pay something, so he gave the justice a cent, all the money he had.

Wireless Telegraphy for Lighthouses.

The French navy is said to be installing a new system of wireless telegraphy between the lighthouses along the French coast.

Australian Opal Mining.

Opal mining is one of the latest agricultural industries.

A Wise Man is Better to his Enemies than a Fool is to his Friends.

CANNING OF SALMON.

IMPORTANT INDUSTRY OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

Value of the Alaskan Fisheries Is Little Appreciated—In Twenty Years the Amount of Salmon Taken in That Country Reaches 700,000,000 Pounds.

The value of the fisheries of the United States has become far greater than that of any other nation, and no feature of our fisheries has had a more rapid growth than salmon canning on the Pacific coast. Salmon canning is by far the largest branch of the Pacific coast fisheries, and the market value of the canned salmon put up on the Pacific coast every year is about twice that of the entire annual product of the lake fisheries. We have hardly realized yet how much the waters of the Alaskan coast are contributing to our wealth. In twenty years nearly 700,000,000 pounds of fresh salmon have been taken in Alaska, and the value of the canned and salted product has been nearly \$33,000,000. Over a third of all the salmon canned and packed on the Pacific coast now comes from Alaska and the industry is growing every year. It is spread along the coast from the neighborhood of Sitka in southeast Alaska to Kodiak Island near the Alaskan peninsula, and then farther north into the waters of Behring Sea, and that region now contributes about a fifth of the entire catch. Kodiak and Chignik contribute about three-sevenths of it, southeastern Alaska a quarter and Cook Inlet, Prince William Sound and the Copper River make up the balance. Along these hundreds of miles of coast there are thirty canneries and more than half of them are owned by one packing association.

Capt. Glenn, of the army, who has been describing his Alaskan explorations of last year in print, tells of the little cannery at Orea, not far from the mouth of the Copper river, which was so little known until recently that it could not be accurately placed on the maps. This cannery has a capacity of 50,000 cans per annum, and employs from 125 to 150 men of whom sixty are Chinese. The Chinese do all the work in the cannery, making, packing and labeling the cans and boxing them for shipment. The remainder of the force are fishermen and boatmen, and most of the fish are caught at the mouth of the Copper river. One day last year a vessel of the company came into Orea having on board 23,000 fish, representing a single day's catch at the mouth of the Copper river. This was by no means an ordinary catch, but large catches have been made, and it was enough to keep the cannery running continuously for three days. Here, the captain says, he at "from a can that had just been packed some of the famous king salmon, which is indeed the king of salmon, not only on account of its size and beauty, but also from its very delicate flavor."

In this region too, is the famous candlefish, which in the summer months puts in an appearance in immense numbers. Capt. Glenn says their schools are so thick that with every outgoing tide they are cast upon the beach, unable to get back into the water. It is easy to gather up a bucketful of them in five minutes, selecting only those that are alive. The squaws catch great quantities by simply dipping a basket into the water. They are much like the ordinary smelt in texture and flavor, through much oilier and two or three times as large. It is said the fish is called candlefish because when it is dried it will light and burn like an ordinary candle.

In Lieut. Leonard's report he says that along the coast in Prince William Sound, and also in Cook Inlet, there are plenty of fish, the principal varieties being cod, halibut, founders, candlefish and salmon. Thousands of cases of salmon are packed and shipped away, while many thousands of salmon are simply thrown away because they are not of the choicest varieties. By this wasteful policy several other species are being rapidly destroyed. Every fresh water stream contains plenty of salmon after they start to run, as the fish endeavor to get to the head of the stream before spawning.—New York Sun.

OH, SHE DANCES SUCH A WAY!

Women Waltz and Galop Fifteen Miles in an Evening.

A Chicago physician with a statistical turn of mind has been estimating the proper distance covered by a woman in dancing through the ordinary ballroom program.

An average waltz, the doctor estimates, takes one over three-quarters of a mile. A square dance makes you covered half a mile; the same distance is covered in a polka, while a rapid galop will oblige you to traverse just about a mile.

Say there are twelve waltzes, which is a fair average. This alone, makes nine miles. Three galops added to this makes the distance twelve miles, while from three to five other dances at a half mile each brings up the total to from thirteen to fifteen miles. This, too, is without reckoning the pronounced and the extras.

"As a means of exercise," says the physician, "it will thus be seen that dancing stands at the head of the list. In golf, for instance, the major part of the exercise consists in the walking around the links, following up the ball, and yet, even in golf, not as much ground is covered as in an evening's dancing."

Violinist's Revenge on Mr. Flood.

The incident of Senor de Reszko refusing a check insultingly offered him by Baron Rothschild after De Reszko had sung by request the other evening in the baron's drawing-room recalls an incident that happened a good many years ago in the house that Bonanza King Flood occupied on Eddy street,

San Francisco, before he built that gloomy pile on Nob Hill. He had invited a celebrated visiting violinist to dinner, and there were a great many other guests. After dinner the violinist, much to his surprise, was asked if he would not "play something." He said he had not brought his violin with him. But Flood would not take that hint, and insisted on sending to the maestro's hotel for the violin, and did send, and the owner played on it and responded to two or three encores. When he had done he laid aside the violin, put his hand into his pocket, drew forth a 25-cent piece, threw it on the piano and said: "Now, Mr. Flood, every man to his trade. Mix me a cocktail."—Stockton (Cal.) Mail.

SMOOTH SENATOR CARTER.

His Early Experience as a Book Agent Makes Him Sympathetic. Thomas Henry Carter, of Montana, is considered the smoothest citizen in the United States Senate, with an irresistible tendency to "get there." Mr. Carter's success in this particular is attributed by many of his friends to the fact that he was formerly a book agent and acquired a knowledge of the different ways of doing things that has served him well in political life. When he lived down in Illinois he used to teach school in winters, and during the summer vacation peddled a variety of books suitable to the needs of every community. If he could not sell a copy of "Every Man His Own Lawyer" at a farmhouse he would try the latest treatise on veterinary science or an illustrated Bible, and if they didn't want that he would persuade the girls to purchase the "True Lover's Album," which contained pictures of famous beauties, handsomely engraved, with sentimental poems and blank leaves alternating upon which the owner could record her reflections or secure the autographs of her friends.

Mr. Carter laid the foundation of his vast fortune in this simple way, and unlike many men who have risen from a humble station to great wealth and the height of fame he feels a sympathy with other ambitious young men and women who are following in his footsteps.



THOMAS H. CARTER.

Now, this is the reason he buys every subscription book that is offered to him, no matter what it is. No book peddler ever called on Mr. Carter without selling him at least one volume, and his library contains a remarkable assortment of such works as are peddled through the farming communities and the office buildings of our cities.

LAW AS INTERPRETED.

Public moneys deposited by an officer in a bank of which he was a partner are held, in board of fire and water company vs. Wilkinson (Mich.), 44 L. R. A. 493, to constitute a trust fund, even if he had a legal title to the money.

More than twenty years' delay in proceeding with a foreclosure after it has been begun is held, in Taylor vs. Carroll (Md.), 44 L. R. A. 479, sufficient to relieve a purchaser of the property from the effect of the lis pendens, if there is no satisfactory excuse or explanation of the delay.

The determination as to the issuance of a license for the sale of intoxicants under Maryland statutes upon an application by the clerk, when an objection has been filed, is held, in McCreary vs. Roberts (Md.), 44 L. R. A. 485, to be required to be made upon notice and after hearing evidence, and therefore judicial in its nature, instead of a purely executive or administrative function.

The retention of one room in a leased building for fifteen days after the expiration of the lease, because it is occupied by a member of the tenant's family who is too ill to be safely moved, is held, in Herter vs. Mullen (N. Y.), 44 L. R. A. 703, not to constitute such a holding over as will create an implied contract or duty imposed by law to pay rent for the whole of a new term. If the premises are completely surrendered before notice of intention had been given and the usual notice to let had been placed on the building by the landlord, the fact that certificates of stock are issued in favor of the secretary of the corporation, who, with the president, issues them, is held, in Cincinnati, N. O. & T. P. R. Company vs. Citizens' National Bank (Ohio), 43 L. R. A. 777, insufficient to put a person on inquiry as to the secretary's rightful ownership, when the signatures are genuine.

Edible Birds' Nests.

The nests of the little swift (a kind of swallow), gathered along the rocky cliffs with so much difficulty, and yet in such quantities on account of the Chinese demand, are formed of a salty secretion which soon becomes firm on exposure to the air. It is a glutinous white substance with little red dots. They are clean, the nests being taken as soon as completed. The little swift, being repeatedly robbed, is at last compelled to eke out its waning supply of secretion with little sticks and grass, and is thus enabled to lay its eggs and hatch its young, as only the nests free from foreign material are merchantable.—From "A Sketch of the Philippines" in Self-Culture.

Rare Copper Coins.

There is a premium on copper cents of from 1793 to 1814, inclusive, and from 1810 to 1857, inclusive, the rarest being 1790, which sometimes brings \$25, and 1804, which has sold for \$20, others that have brought \$1 or more are 1793, 1795, 1796, 1809 and 1811.

After all, the question which disturbs men most, is how to earn more, and work less.

CARPET TACKS SAVED HIS LIFE.

Experience of a Voyager Around the World at Terra del Fuego.

Capt. Joshua Siocum, in his solitary voyage around the world in the sloop Spray, found a new and exciting use for carpet tacks. He thus describes an encounter with the natives of Terra del Fuego:

Canoes manned by savages from Fortesque now came in pursuit. The wind falling light, they gained on me rapidly till coming within hail, when they ceased paddling, and a bow-legged savage stood up and called to me, "Yammerschooner! Yammerschooner!" "Yammerschooner! Yammerschooner!" "No." Now, I was not for letting them know that I was alone, and so I stepped into the cabin and, passing through the hold, came out at the fore-scuttle, changing my clothes as I went along. That made two men. Then the piece of bawseprit which I had sawed off at Buenos Ayres and which I had still on my back, I arranged forward on the look-out, dressed as a seaman, attaching a line by which I could put it into motion. That made three of us and we did not want to "yammerschooner," but for all that the savages came on faster than before. I saw that, besides four at the paddles in the canoe nearest to me, there were others in the bottom, and that they were shifting hands often. At eight yards I fired a shot across the bow of the nearest canoe, at which they all stopped, but only for a moment. Seeing that they persisted in coming nearer, I fired the second shot so close to the chap who wanted to "yammerschooner" that he changed his mind quickly enough and bellowed with fear, "Bueno ya is la, and, sitting down in his canoe, he rubbed his starboard cheek for some time. I was thinking of a good port captain's advice when I pulled the trigger and I must have aimed pretty straight; however, a miss was as good as a mile for Mr. "Black Pedro," as he is called, and no other, a leader in several bloody massacres.

He now directed the course of his canoe for the island and the others followed him. I knew by his Spanish lingo and by his full beard that he was the villain I have named, a renegade monger, and the worst murderer in Terra del Fuego. The authorities have been in search of him for two years. The Fugueas are not beardless. * * * At night, March 8, at anchor in a snug cove at the Turn, every heartbeat counted. Here I pondered on the events of the last few days and, strangely enough, instead of feeling rested from sitting or lying down I now began to feel fagged and worn, but a hot meal of venison stew put me right so that I could sleep. As drowsiness came on I first sprinkled the deck with the tacks that my old friend Samblith had given me and then I turned in. I saw to it that not a few of them stood "business end" up, for when the Spray passed Thieves' Bay two canoes had put out and followed in her wake, and there was no disguising the fact any longer that I was alone.

Now, it is well known that one cannot step on a tack without saying something about it. A pretty good Christian will whistle when he steps on the "commercial end" of a carpet tack; a savage will howl and claw the air, and that was just what happened that night about 12 o'clock, while I was asleep in the cabin, where the savages thought they "had me," sleep and all. They changed their minds, however, when they stepped on deck, for then they thought that I or somebody else had them. I had no need of a dog; they howled like a pack of hounds. I had hardly used a gun. They jumped pell-mell, some into their canoes and some into the sea, to cool off, I suppose, and there was a deal of free language over it as they went. I fired the rascals a salute of several guns when I came on deck, to let them know that I was at home and then I turned in again, feeling sure that I should not be disturbed any more by people who left in so great a hurry.—Century.

ILLINOISAN HAS AN UGLY FACE.

It Caused a Humorous Incident When Its Owner Visited Boham.

George Geiger was said to be the ugliest man in Illinois. He kept a country store in Versailles, a little town in this State, in the early days and made a large fortune. He spent his money freely and was a jolly good fellow. But his face! It made the children cry to look at it! Geiger went to New York in the days of his prosperity and there was not much that he did not see. The first Sunday he was in town he went to Trinity Church and seated himself in an empty pew well forward. While the first lesson was being read a stranger entered. Geiger politely made room and passed over a prayer book. The stranger scowled and, taking a pencil from his pocket, wrote on the fly leaf: "This is my pew." Geiger wrote back: "Damned fine pew; what will you take for it?" This settled the Christian gentleman and he did not bother Geiger again. At the conclusion of the service the owner of the pew put out his hand to Geiger and begged his pardon for his rudeness and lack of Christian hospitality. "That's all right," said Geiger; "it's my face, as usual, that was the cause of it." From that time the two men were fast friends, and together had many a laugh over their first meeting.—Chicago Chronicle.

Natural All Around.

Slms Reeves, when a young man, received singing lessons from a teacher conspicuous alike for his ability and brusque manner. One day while at lessons Sims was requested to sing a verse of a then popular song. He had scarcely sung the first line when his teacher abruptly interrupted him with, "Stop, sir, you are flat—very flat." "And you, sir, are sharp—very sharp," was the instant retort of the now famous tenor, as he picked up his music and indignantly left the room.

Objects to the Title.

The mother of the Queen of Holland objects to the title of "Dowager," and an official statement has been made by the young Queen to the effect that her mother must not be called "Dowager Queen," but "Queen Emma of the Netherlands."

Worshipping the Tearful Onion.

The onion was worshipped by the ancient Egyptians. The cauliflower is a patriotic among vegetables and was taken from its Cyprus home to Italy and England in the reign of Elizabeth.

ANECDOTE AND INCIDENT

Baron Alderson once remarked to an advocate who was notorious for the personal nature of the questions he addressed to witnesses, "Really, you seem to think that the art of cross-examination is to examine crossly."

The late Lord Watson had a habit of interrupting counsel, and this often caused irritation. One distinguished advocate once reproached him on this account in private. "Eh, man," said Lord Watson, "you need not complain, for I never interrupt a fool!"

William T. Stead was moved to send a copy of his brochure, "Shall I Slay My Brother or Boer?" to two London editors. One reply ran somewhat thus: "Dear Mr. Stead: What, in heaven's name, have I to do with your family affairs? Yours sincerely, —" And the other: "My Dear Sir: By all means—if he insists upon it. Yours faithfully, —"

"It is a constant wonder to me," said the student of human nature, "to see how quickly the minds of some men act. I met a man the other evening who had an intellectual grasp that was astounding. I met him in the hall just as he was reaching for an umbrella. 'Is that your umbrella?' he inquired. 'No,' replied I. 'In that case,' he answered, 'it's mine.'"

Tom Corwin had been insulted by Deacon Smith. The good brother asked for further explanation. "Well," said Corwin, "when I stood up at the lecture-room to relate my experience, and I opened my mouth, Deacon Smith rose up in front, and said: 'Will some brother please close that window and keep it closed!'"

Dr. Emily Blackwell, one of the pioneers of her sex in medicine, heard a physician deliver a fierce diatribe against opening the doors of the profession to women. When he ceased, she asked: "Will you please tell me one reason why they should not practice medicine?" "Certainly, madam; they haven't the muscle, the brawn, the physical strength." "I see, sir. Your conception of a sick-room is a slaughter-house; mine is not."

Half a dozen back-country Boers once went to Pretoria, and during the day President Kruger showed them over the government buildings. In one of the rooms an electric lamp was burning, and as they passed out the President, with his hand on the switch, asked them to blow out the light from where they stood. One after another drew a deep breath, blew out his cheeks, and sent forth a tremendous puff, but all in vain. Then the President bade them look, and, blowing out his cheeks, shyly turned the switch, blew, and out went the light. The Boers were amazed, and as they left the buildings one of them who had been very observant than the rest, remarked: "The President must have a wonderfully strong breath, for, did you notice, the light was entirely blown out."

On one occasion Lord Norbury observed an attorney of doubtful reputation prospecting in the dock for business, and determined to make an example of him. Just as the attorney was climbing over the rails of the dock into the court, his lordship called out: "Jailer, one of your prisoners is escaping. Put him back." Back the attorney was thrust, and the following colloquy ensued: "My lord, there is a mistake here. I am an attorney." "I am very sorry, indeed," said Lord Norbury, "to see one of your profession in the dock." "But, my lord, I am innocent." "Yes, they all say that, but the Judge's reply; 'a jury of your own fellow-countrymen must settle it.'" "But, my lord," exclaimed the now desperate man, "there is no indictment against me." "Then," said his lordship, "you will be put back, and if no one appears to prosecute, you will be discharged by public proclamation at the end of the assizes."

Scientific Guesswork.

Sir Joseph Prestwich, a distinguished English geologist, acquired extraordinary skill in making deductions from the surface formation of a piece of land. To some of his simpler neighbors his science seemed pure divination. In 1804 Sir Joseph purchased an estate near Sevenoaks, and built a house upon it. The farmers about were amazed at his stupidity. His house was on a dry and treeless chalk hillside. There was not a drop of water to be had.

Scientific Guesswork.

So confident was Prestwich in respect of water supply, however, that he at once engaged an old well-digger to sink a well one hundred and sixty-eight feet deep.

SOLDIERS DIG FOR TREASURE.

Our Men Are Dreaming of Becoming Monte Cristos.

"I have a cousin in the Thirty-third Infantry, now in Manila," said an employee of one of the city hotels to a New Orleans Times-Democrat man, "and he says in a letter which I received from him the other day that all the men in his company are badly worked up on the subject of buried treasure. 'It seems that one of the privates,' while prowling about a deserted Filipino house a few weeks before the letter was written, found a small wooden box buried in the yard, containing \$600 in Spanish gold. He reported the discovery, and an effort was made to locate the owner of the money, but he had disappeared in the hurry-burry, and the supposition is that he was probably killed in some engagement. At any rate the soldier was allowed to retain the coin, and the episode naturally excited everybody in the ranks. My cousin says that a number of such finds have been made by men in other companies, and that the burying of money and articles of jewelry appears to have been a common practice among the Filipinos as they retreated before the American troops."

Game Horse.

"I've seen many a thing on race tracks, but I think the greatest race I ever saw was at New Orleans a few years ago," remarked a track follower the other day.

Needle-Threading.

An ingenious lady has suggested an improvement in the method of holding a needle for the purpose of threading it. It is to be held between the third and little fingers of the left hand instead of by the thumb and forefinger, palm uppermost. The advantage of this is that the thumb and first finger can be used to grip the smallest end of the thread as soon as it protrudes from the eye, a method preferable to that of letting go the thread and endeavoring to get hold of the end with the right hand. This prevents the weight of the cotton from dragging the end out of the eye again.

toeing the mark. Finally he showed in elation to run, and down went the flag, with the Duke off in front. The 'twit' had caught on his nose in some manner and the stick kept hitting him on the legs and chest. Despite this, he ran faster than he ever did before. He won all the way, with the 'twit' hanging on his nose. Aid. Casey won a small fortune on his horse, and has the same old 'twit' hanging in his private office to this day."

"CON" MAN.

Caused a Well-Known Firm to Withdraw Its Bank Deposit.

"Do you know that thieves have often caused trouble among business firms?" remarked a well-known detective the other day. "I know of a case right here where a bank lost a big depositor through a pair of swindlers, for a few years ago a well-dressed man presented himself at a certain national bank and laid down a check for \$3,000. It was signed by a well-known wholesale whiskey house, and upon the back were the words 'Identification waived.' At the same time a well-dressed man entered the office of a live stock firm at the stock yards and asked if he could wait in the office, as he expected a telephone message. He was told that he could, and he took a seat near the telephone. Down in the bank the paying teller was asking who the holder of the check was. He said not very many firms as he was a stock dealer, but if the teller would call up Mr. Smith, of Jones & Smith, the well-known brokers at the stock yards, he would find out that he was all right. The teller called for the number, and when the ring answered he asked for Smith. The man on the end said he was Smith, and he at once gave Brown, the holder, the amount of the check. When it was discovered that the check was a forgery there was an awful kick, as Smith said Brown was as good as gold. Smith declared he had talked to no one, and the result was an argument between Smith and the bank teller. No one knew about the accomplice answering the phone, and the result was that Smith took his account from the bank and no one ever knew who it was who answered the telephone."

NEW USES FOR GLASS.

Pavement Tested in Lyons Has Proved Perfectly Satisfactory.

The United States consul at Lyons has recently reported upon a new kind of pavement which has for some months been in use in Lyons, and has satisfactorily withstood the effects of heavy traffic, says Chambers' Journal. It is made of glass prepared in a peculiar manner, the product being known as ceramic stone. The factories where this material is prepared are of great extent, and we are told that in the yards were seen many tons of broken bottles, which the superintendent described as their "raw material." The treatment consists in heating the broken glass to the melting point, and then compressing it by hydraulic pressure and forming it into molds. For paving purposes the glass is made into bricks eight inches square and is scored with crosslines, so that when the pavement is completed it resembles a huge chessboard. The glass loses its transparency and brittleness, and is said to be devitrified; it is as cheap as stone and far more durable. It will resist crushing, frost and heavy shocks and can be employed for tubs, vases, tiles, chimneys, etc. It is available for all kinds of decorative purposes, and a large building made of the material will form an attractive object at the Paris exhibition.

Scientific Guesswork.

Sir Joseph Prestwich, a distinguished English geologist, acquired extraordinary skill in making deductions from the surface formation of a piece of land. To some of his simpler neighbors his science seemed pure divination. In 1804 Sir Joseph purchased an estate near Sevenoaks, and built a house upon it. The farmers about were amazed at his stupidity. His house was on a dry and treeless chalk hillside. There was not a drop of water to be had.

So confident was Prestwich in respect of water supply, however, that he at once engaged an old well-digger to sink a well one hundred and sixty-eight feet deep.

SOLDIERS DIG FOR TREASURE.

Our Men Are Dreaming of Becoming Monte Cristos.

"I have a cousin in the Thirty-third Infantry, now in Manila," said an employee of one of the city hotels to a New Orleans Times-Democrat man, "and he says in a letter which I received from him the other day that all the men in his company are badly worked up on the subject of buried treasure. 'It seems that one of the privates,' while prowling about a deserted Filipino house a few weeks before the letter was written, found a small wooden box buried in the yard, containing \$600 in Spanish gold. He reported the discovery, and an effort was made to locate the owner of the money, but he had