

Eugene City Guard.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Life is a war either of conquest or defense.

A priest can no more tell all he knows than a newspaper can tell all it knows.

Speaking of tariffs, the country would welcome a protective tariff on those vile, imported French plays.

Right here at home the Chinese find the looted laundry problem much more serious than the open-door question.

Rainbow-chasing will always be a habit in politics and other walks of life. They come high, but we must have them.

A girl in New Orleans married a lunatic after one day's acquaintance. Which is perhaps one of the craziest things on record.

It won't do Spain any good to invest 7,000,000 pesetas in quick-firing guns unless she invests a reasonable amount in target practice with them.

It is asked why women fall in love with inferior men. Generally speaking, considering the subject, it is strange they ever fall in love at all.

Paul Kruger is reported to be worth \$25,000,000. Have the people who are sympathizing with him ever stopped to think what they would say about a man who got that rich in office over here?

The man who gave as a reason for stealing a clock that he was in love should be encouraged. There are mighty few in his predicament who take such precautions to know when it is time to say "Good-night."

The advantage of horses over bicycles in warfare was demonstrated at Kimberley, Ladysmith and Mafeking, where, if the besieged garrisons had been compelled to depend upon bicycles for rations, they could never have held out.

It will please Queen Victoria, no doubt, to learn that the life of a British soldier in South Africa was saved because a bullet was stopped by a box of her chocolate which he was carrying in his pocket—even though the incident does call the attention to the indestructibility of the chocolate.

A man from St. Louis recently rode in an electric car in Cape Town with eight other Americans from different parts of the United States. The car was made in Philadelphia, the rails in Pittsburgh, the motor in Lynn; the motorman was from San Francisco and the conductor from Boston. In the friendly competition for the trade of the world this country is beginning to take its share.

Is it possible for a jury to be too intelligent? One writer has recorded an answer in the affirmative. But if there may be over-intelligent men in the panel we are not in peril also from an excessively impartial judge, unduly truthful witnesses, too much pure air in the courtroom breathed by litigants anxious that their opponents shall win the suit? It may all be when men and women are really "too good to live," but not until then.

A wealthy citizen of California has obtained, after some years of effort, the consent of the wardens of a church in Wiltshire, England, to the removal to America of the monumental tablet to Lawrence and Elizabeth Washington. They are supposed to have been the great-grandparents of George Washington. The slab is to be taken to Washington—the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury having taken in charge the matter of its transportation—and set up in the Smithsonian Institution.

The curious grammatical error—almost incoherence—of the famous Monroe doctrine has often been commented upon. Something near a parallel to it appears in the recently negotiated treaty between this country and Great Britain for the construction and control of the Isthmian canal. The text of that treaty provides that ratifications of it shall be exchanged "within six months of the date hereof, or earlier if possible." And the treaty was written and carefully revised and revised by one of the most accomplished literary men of the age. It is perhaps because the slip is so obvious that it passed notice.

Prof. Sumner of Yale made a foolish speech on the marriage question. He said that ninety per cent of all marriages were failures. Still more foolish speeches are made by those annoyed by Prof. Sumner. What is the use of getting excited about the marriage question? It is true that about ninety per cent of those who are married are more or less unhappy. Of those who are unmarried perhaps ninety-eight per cent are unhappy. Marriage has nothing to do with it. It is just a question of human life. Human life begins as a general rule with brilliant hopes, which cruelly dwindle away. We aim to get what others cannot get—to have what others cannot have. Of course, not every man can excel every other man. In a state of civilization in which so-called "success" consists in enjoying amid plenty the contemplation of your neighbors' wants the great majority must be failures. Except for the man who is trying to do his own duty in his own life, life is pretty apt to be unsatisfactory toward the end. Ninety per cent at least are unhappy, married or single, because ninety per cent are miserably imperfect.

A dozen or more years ago a farmer twisted a bit of iron about a wire fence, and noticed that the cattle avoided it. Thus originated the use of the barbed-wire fence, which has cut the great free prairies into ranches. It has lacerated and cut from water countless numbers of the wild animals that once roamed the prairies, and is now classed as war material by the nations. Both

In Cuba and in South Africa the demoralization wrought by the deadly barbed-wire fence was greater than that of the most improved guns and powder. The position of fence-cutter has promoted the drummer-boy into the forefront of danger. When Lieut. Ord led his men in a rush up San Juan hill, a boy private by his side fell, mortally wounded. Ord heard his faint cry and paused in his rush to say, "My poor fellow, I can do nothing for you." "I did not call you back for that," was the brave reply. "I am done for; but take my steel nippers. There may be another fence beyond that hill, and I won't be there to cut it for you." The boy lived to hear the shout of victory, but the gallant leader, with the boy's nippers in his hand and the boy's devotion last in his heart, lay dead not many yards away.

It is on record that Mary's little lamb, when it followed her to school, "made the children laugh and play," and consequently had to be turned out by the teacher. But it is also on record that in Boston there are several schools which have regularly maintained such pets as cats, guinea pigs and rabbits, and have allowed these animals to play freely about the school rooms, without any disconcerting or time-wasting effect. It is even asserted that the presence of the dependent and loving little creatures had a beneficial effect on the schools. They taught the little city children how animals familiar to country people look, and also, by arousing their affection, inclined the hearts of rough children to humanity and tenderness. There was just enough recreation in the presence of the animals to do the children good, without distracting them unduly. The animals were, in the midst of the stunts of the city, a connecting link between the children and God's beautiful natural world. It may not be practicable to provide all schools with animal pets, and in the country it may be quite superfluous to do so; but the proposition in Boston, which has the backing of a very distinguished man, the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, is at least an interesting one.

The greatest evil of divorce is the one of which little is said—the catastrophe to the children from the disruption of the family. An instance from current New York life will illustrate better than a thousand generalities: In a divorce suit that created a great deal of talk not long ago the court gave the father custody of the children. He has put them in charge of one of his female relatives. The younger child is a little girl just old enough to write in a large scrawling hand and to read words of one syllable if the type is large and her mind not too tired. A few days ago, about midnight, the nursery governess missed the child. She was not in her little bed, not in her room, not in the house—and the front door was unaccountably open. The governess ran into the street and to the corner, where she presently saw under a street lamp far down the block a small figure marching sturdily away from "home" through the lonely, "boogey"-haunted darkness. The governess called, the child looked back and then ran on until one of her shoes came off. This enabled the governess quickly to overtake her. She had on her hat, a coat buttoned all awry over her night gown. She had not stopped to put on her stockings or to button her shoes. "Oh, let me go on!" she sobbed. "Why, where do you want to go, you naughty little girl?" said the governess. "I waited till you were asleep," replied the child, "and then I started out to find my mamma." And they had thought that the child had forgotten because they had told her never to speak of her mother and she had said nothing about her for more than six months. There is much to be said about "supreme duty to one's own individuality" and about "the irrepressible conflict of hostile temperaments." But it sinks away into shamefaced silence before the appealing voice of a forlorn little child looking for her lost mother.

Some Lessons Taught by the Anglo-Boer War.

As Effectiveness of Weapons Increases, Fatalities in Battle Apparently Decrease—Comparison of Casualties in Some of the World's Greatest Conflicts.

The South African war has demonstrated some things about up-to-date fighting machines. One important fact brought out is that, for creating extensive cemeteries and making bloody history, the old-fashioned fighters, with their old-fashioned short-range weapons, still hold the championship. Dynamite bombs and lyddite shells, bullet-sifting machines and long-range smokeless powder guns have not feazed the power of carnage a iota. The civilized nations stand aghast at the fall of a few score of officers in a single fight as though it were an unheard-of thing and that science had rendered warfare too frightfully gory for it to be tolerated among human beings. Probably the almost bloodless victories of our navy at Manila Bay and Santiago have led people to look for enormous gains on a minimum of investment. These were marvelous exceptions. War means fighting, and fighting in a war worthy of the name means killing on both sides.

The effectiveness of the long range weapons used in the South African war and the mortality which is looked upon by the laymen as something excessive attract the notice of military men who have had actual experience in war. Under the regime of magazine rifles the battle usually begins at 1,500 or 1,000 yards, and may close down to 1,100 or 1,000 yards. At the latter range the fire is supposed to be very effective. Artillery is, of course, effective to break up solid lines of infantry, but it is impossible to make artillery fire effective against troops who are covered behind a height, for instance, or by the lay of the land or by rock and trees.

Gen. Sikes said recently that he never had much faith in the effectiveness of long-range weapons, for once you teach troops that they can send a bullet a mile, it takes away their impetuosity. Napoleon III. demoralized his army by causing the soldiers to think that the long-range breech-loading chassepot and the mitrailleuse would defeat the enemy. It took all the elan out of them and made them mere machines. The Germans, who, by the way, also had their breech-loading, long-range rifle, the needle gun, rushed to close quarters, and the result was disastrous to the French.

Civil War Fatalities.

Gen. Nelson A. Miles said, apropos of the subject of modern improved weapons and projectiles in relation to battlefield casualties, "Losses diminish in proportion as man-killing devices progress." This is a fact, as shown by figures, and is well known to close students of warfare. Take, for instance, the Federal attack upon the Confederate stone wall at Fredericksburg in 1862. The experience of the Seventh New York (Steuben) regiment in that charge is typical. The Seventh went in after other brigades had been repulsed in front of the stone wall so that it did not receive the force of the main attack, but in twenty minutes, or at the outside thirty minutes, out of twenty-five officers in the regiment ten were killed and eight wounded, and out of 450 men 240 were killed and wounded. All of these casualties came from bullets fired from the stone wall. This loss of officers killed was never exceeded out once in the whole civil war, and that was in the case of the Seventh New Hampshire at the storming of Fort Wagner. In that affair eleven officers of this regiment were killed outright.

In the attack upon the stone wall the Seventh Regiment fought with Hancock's division. This division was brought in as a supporting column to the initial attack. It consisted of eighteen regiments, and there were nineteen regimental commanders shot down and disabled in one hour. Others were hit, but kept the field. In the brigade of Col. Caldwell, to which the Seventh Regiment belonged, there were 116 officers present, sixty-two of whom were killed or wounded. Gen. Hancock's division lost 2,029 killed and wounded out of 4,834 paper strength; that equals 42 per cent. Caldwell's brigade numbered 1,987 on paper, and lost 952 killed and wounded—that is to say, 50 per cent.

In a forlorn hope attack upon Log breastworks at Petersburg in 1864 the First Maine heavy artillery carried 832 men in line and lost 632 killed and wounded in a rush that kept them under fire not to exceed seven minutes. At Gettysburg, during a crisis, the First Minnesota was called upon to charge a moving line of Confederates and capture its colors, in order to stagger the assailants, who were marching upon Federal batteries. The Confederates held their fire until the daring Yankees were close up, and 215 of the Minnesotans out of 292 were struck down upon a few square yards of earth, just at the point of contact. In the second battle of Bull Run, 1862, Duryee's zouaves stood up in front of a battery which was being mobbed by Confederate troops and left 119 dead companions stretched in regular rows around wheel ruts and trail prints on the spot where the guns had stood. The regiment numbered 470 at the beginning of the fight.

The heaviest losers at the battle of Gettysburg were two opposing regiments—the Twenty-fourth Michigan and the Twenty-sixth North Carolina. They fought in the first day's battle almost man for man in the dueling contest which took place in McPherson's woods. At the end of the day nothing remained of either regiment except their flags and two pliful squads of battle-grimed soldiers. The Michigans lost 397 out of 496, and the North Carolinas 688 out of 820.

The casualties sustained by these troops were almost entirely from musketry fire. Instances might be cited to show that, under certain circumstances, artillery fire was still more deadly during the civil war. It must be taken for granted that such was the case whenever solid bodies of troops marched up to the cannon's mouth. In Pickett's charge, when the assaulting column closed in on the Federal works, the Federal batteries stationed there in some instances used double charges of canister at ten paces; that means that the assailants who had the courage to march up to the muzzles were swept from the ground by iron hail. At the battle of Franklin, Tenn., the slaughter of the Confederate columns upon the ground where the heaviest fighting took place was frightful in the extreme. Much of the execution at that fight was due to cannon fire. The Confederate army was about 40,000 strong and began the attack on the Federal fortified position at the close of a November day, probably as late as 4:30 p. m., so that there was not two hours of daylight for fighting. Only one corps of the Confederates actually closed in on the Federal works, and its strength was probably not over 15,000 men. In the battle there were 6,000 Confederates killed and wounded, among them thirteen general officers. The officers who fell were found close to the Federal breastworks, in some cases in the ditch, where they had been shot from their horses while attempting to ride over the works at the heads of their columns. The scenes witnessed at the battle of Franklin have seldom been equaled during the century.

Since the Franco-Prussian war there has not been a conflict between armies equally equipped until the present. In the battles between Russia and Turkey the Turks had inferior weapons. Being fanatical fighters, like the dervishes in the Sudan, they were slaughtered by the breechloaders and dynamite shells of the foe.

To go back still farther for examples of the execution of weapons in warfare, it is interesting to look at the records of battles in the seventeenth century. In seven great battles of that era, when the masses carried muskets and pikes, the average of casualties was 26 per cent, so that each man stood but about three chances in four of escape. The casualties in the bloodiest battle run as high as 35 per cent. In this class belongs the battle of Lutzen, which proved a victory for the Swedes, but their leader, Gustavus Adolphus, was killed, and one of his regiments lay upon the ground in the order in which the men had stood while fighting. In the middle of the eighteenth century the bayonet attached to the musket superseded the pike. There were twenty-three great battles fought with smooth-

WAR, THEN AND NOW.



LOSSES GROW LESS.

SOME LESSONS TAUGHT BY THE ANGLO-BOER WAR.

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LOSSES DECREASE.

The following fifteen battles of the muzzle-loading, bayonet period represent the martial nations of the world:

1. Eilat, 1807. Loss, 26 per cent.
2. Bunker Hill, 1775. Loss, 24 per cent.
3. Stone River (Murfreesboro), 1862. Loss, 23 1/2 per cent.
4. Marengo, 1800. Loss, 23 per cent.
5. Chickamauga, 1863. Loss, 21 per cent.
6. Antietam, 1862. Loss, 21 per cent.
7. Leipzig, 1813. Loss, 21 per cent.
8. Gettysburg, 1863. Loss, 20 per cent.
9. Shiloh, 1862. Loss, 20 per cent.
10. Lundy's Lane, 1814. Loss, 19 per cent.
11. Marston-Tour, 1870. Loss, 19 per cent.
12. Waterloo, 1815. Loss, 14 per cent.
13. Woerth, 1870. Loss, 14 per cent.
14. Solferino, 1859. Loss, 12 per cent.
15. Sadova, 1866. Loss, 12 per cent.

The loss in killed and wounded at the battle of Eilat is placed at 40,000 by conservative estimates. In the figures of Gettysburg given in the table, which are official, the total is little short of 30,000. The first battle belongs to the smoothbore and the second to the rifle barrel era, and the figures show that as weapons improve casualties grow less in percentages. The average was 26 per cent. In the days of the musket and pike, 20 per cent, with the smoothbore and bayonet, about a similar loss with the rifle barrel and bayonet, and in the Franco-Prussian war, fought with the breechloading rifle, the casualties fell below 16 per cent.

German Emperor at Work.

The correspondence addressed to the emperor is enormous, but the bulk of it, chiefly petitions, is opened and dealt with in the civil cabinet, only the letters of princely personages and others of which the handwriting is recognized being opened by him personally, says Good Words. These have to be replied to either by himself or by secretaries, according to marginal notes made by him, and then the cuttings from various newspapers, pasted in folios, are laid before him.

Each of the chief ministers of state and heads of departments of the army and navy has one or two fixed days of the week on which he is received by the emperor and at these interviews all business connected with the department is transacted and his orders taken on all matters requiring such. Various interviews are also accorded in the forenoon to officers and others who have reports to make and thus the day is filled up till luncheon, a meal the emperor always takes with the empress and his elder children, the younger ones joining the circle afterward. Usually there are one or two guests and quite a small suite in attendance at the midday meal, which is light and very simple.

The afternoon is taken up with more work and then the emperor, frequently accompanied by the empress, rides, drives or plays tennis for a couple of hours, returning in time for more work before dinner, which is at 7 in summer and 8 in winter. Work again follows dinner and precedes an early retirement to bed. Such is the normal program of the emperor's day; but, as may be imagined, it is frequently broken in upon by military duties and inspections, by representations, especially in winter, when numerous receptions, balls, festivals, concerts and state dinners take place, and by political business.

A Very Trifling Incident.

A clergyman was called upon to perform a marriage ceremony for a couple in middle life.

"Have you ever been married before?" asked the clergyman of the bridegroom.

"No, sir."

"Have you?"—to the bride.

"Well, yes, I have," replied the bride laconically; "but it was twenty years ago, and he was killed in an accident when we'd been married only a week, so it really ain't worth mentioning."—San Francisco Wave.

As soon as a man gets so old he has no more trouble with heart affairs, his liver begins to make him grieve.

BRITISH IN AFRICA.

ENGLISH SPHERE OF INFLUENCE ON DARK CONTINENT.

About Everything that is Worth Having Belongs to Them—Other European Nations Are Finding Their Possessions Anything but Profitable.

Less than forty years ago it was a commonly received doctrine among British statesmen that Africa was worthless. A select committee of the House of Commons in the early '60s reported that the settlements on the west coast of Africa cost more than they were worth, and recommended the gradual abandonment of the country. Even in the '70s there were eminent men who argued earnestly in favor of the abandonment of the whole of South Africa, with the exception of a coaling station at the Cape of Good Hope. But a change came over the spirit of the British dream when, in the early '80s they saw all the nations of Europe prepare to take part in a passionate scramble for the dark continent. That which they despised and wished to throw away in the '60s became in the '80s the coveted objects of imperial ambition. Now, when the century is closing, the pick of the continent is colored British red.

British Africa can be variously described—geographically, politically, ethnologically and religiously. But the simplest definition is this: All Africa that is comfortably habitable by white men is under the British flag or under British protection. And again, everything in Africa that pays dividends lies within the sphere pegged out for John Bull by his adventurous sons. Wherever in Africa you find land in which white-skinned children can be bred and reared, you will find it lies within the British zone. And wherever there is in Africa any paying property, that also will be found to be within the same sphere of influence. All of Africa that is habitable and all of Africa that pays its way, that is British Africa.

The other nations have scrambled for John Bull's leavings. France, for instance, has annexed the Sahara. In her West African colony of Senegal every fifth European is a French official. Germany has annexed 320,000 square miles of desert in the southwest and 400,000 of semi-tropical land in the east; but they have more officials than colonists. Portugal has quite an empire of malarial marshes on both coasts. Belgium has the Congo Free State, a magnificent empire in the heart of tropical Africa which needs 80,000 a year subsidy from Belgium to keep it from bankruptcy, and which, notwithstanding the subsidy, has run up a debt of over \$8,000,000. Italy, the last to join in the scramble, has nearly come to grief over her African adventure. Africa stands solely on the debit side of the account of every European nation but one, and even in the case of Britain the entries to the bad are neither few nor small.

British Africa may be described in another way. Wherever you find a good harbor in Africa or a navigable river or a great inland lake there you may be sure the British flag is not far off. The Congo is the only great African river which does not enter the sea under British protection. The Congo was opened up, hoisted and made accessible by Mr. Stanley, a British explorer, and its waters are as free to the flags of all nations as if they were British. The only harbor in southern Africa that is worth having which is not British is Delagoa Bay, and John Bull to this day ruefully recalls the fact that he only lost that by allowing it to be sent to arbitration before a tribunal which took more account of musty little deeds of a remote past than the necessities of the living present. The only harbor on the southwest coast, the natural port of German southwest Africa, is Walvisch Bay, where a British sloop stands on guard under the shade of the union jack. Wherever navigable water is, there the descendant of the old vikings recognizes his fatherland even in the heart of Africa. Of the great lakes which lie in a long string from the Zambesi to the Nile, there is not one on whose shores there is not a British possession. Even the smaller lakes, such as Lake Tchad, seem to attract the sea rovers of the Northland.—W. T. Stead, in the Independent.

WHAT "UNDER FIRE" MEANS.

Twelve Hours of Agony that Seemed Like Years.

The following are extracts from a letter from a sergeant in the Seaforth Highlanders, says the London Telegraph:

"The Black Watch in front made an attempt to charge the position, but we had to retire and simply run for it, the enemy blazing at us all the way and cropping our fellows like skittles from their splendid positions.

"There was nothing for it but to lie down and pretend to be dead, and this I did about 5:30 a. m., till, I suppose, 6 p. m., the sun pouring down on me all the time, and dare not stir hand or foot, and expecting every minute to be my last. I could hear nothing but the cries, moans and prayers of the wounded all around me, but I dared't so much as look up to see who they were. Shots and shells were going over me all day from the enemy and our side, and yet they never hit me.

"I believe some of the fellows lost their heads and walked right up to the enemy's place, singing till they dropped them. One youngster lying close to me said he would make a dart for it about 3 p. m. I tried my best to persuade him not to, but he would go. A couple of seconds later I could hear them pitting at him, and then his groans for about a minute, and then he was quiet.

"About this time the sun began to get fearfully hot, and I began to feel it in the legs, which were now very painful and swollen, because I was parched with thirst. Most of the wounded round me had ceased groaning by this time. As it began to get dark I managed to wriggle my body through the shrub farther back, and after I had been at it some time, on looking up found myself right in front of another trenchment of the enemy. They sent a few rounds at me, but they struck

just in front and ricocheted over my head. After a bit, it getting dark I got up and walked by, and there nothing but dead highlanders all the place."

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

He's Quite Different from the Old Markham's Poem.

He was an intelligent-looking, well dressed, clean shaven, and seemed to be quite at home amid the haughty surroundings of the hotel in which the reporter he was a prominent nois farmer, and might be a good job to interview.

"Do I," he said when he had been for a talk, "look like I had the business of ages in my face?"

The reporter did not reply, but he thought the man was going on his remarks.

"I ask you, do I?" he repeated.

The reporter hastened to tell him that as far as he could see he did not.

"Do I seem to be bearing on the burden of the world?"

"You carry it very lightly if you smiled the reporter.

"Would you say that I was drunk and despair, a thing that grieves not and that never hopes?"

"Not unless I was a liar," went the reporter.

"Would you think that anybody loosened and let down my jaw?"

The reporter merely shook his head.

"And has anybody slanted back my brow, that you can notice?" the man went on.

"Not in the least."

"Or has anybody's breath blown the light within my brain?"

"Never a blow," said the reporter.

"Do I strike you as stolid and uned, a brother to the ox?"

"Anything but that," admitted the reporter. "But why are you asking all these questions?"

"I'll tell you. I raised on my farm Illinois last year 10,000 bushels wheat, 12,000 bushels of oats, 100 bushels of corn and 1,000 head of stock to say nothing of other stuff and I'm just back from a European trip. Now, what I want to know is when you wrote 'The Man with the Hoe.'"



The male butterflies have the privilege of a pocket, but the female of a butterfly is wonderfully made really an extension of the wing folded back on the upper side. It is exquisitely colored and made like the upper side, so that it is hard to detect, and no one has ever covered how it is opened, although, doubtless, the butterfly can tell open while he is flying.

The recent trials at Indian Head, the Potomac, of the armor of the Russian battleship Retvizan, being in this country, seemed to show that armorplate of the Krupp type made in America has the advantage of the endless contest between armor. Five-inch projectiles of striking velocity of more than 2,000 feet per second failed to penetrate more than two inches in a five-inch plate, and the projectiles were broken pieces, while the plate was not cracked.

In a Brussels street traversed by an electric tram car line, it has been noticed that the trees on one side of the way begin to lose their foliage in August, the leaves turning brown and dropping off. But in October some trees begin to bud again, sometimes even blossom. Most of the trees on the opposite side of the street are unaffected, losing their age late in the autumn and being only in the spring. The cause of this anomaly is supposed to be leading electric currents, which stimulate the growth of the trees affected.

At the recent scientific conference, Munich, Prof. Chunn exhibited the results of the German deep-sea expedition. Some of the fish found at a depth of about 10,000 feet resembled the fossil species in the rocks of the Mesozoic era, when the earth's sphere was dense with carbonaceous fish, in many cases, had special organs of collecting light. Some enormous eyes, occupying the whole side of the head, and supplied with telescopic organs, were carried their light on their bodies in a manner similar to that of the worm.

The National Museum in Washington has come into possession of a snake which fell on Thomas hill, in Michigan, on July 10, 1880. The snake occurred about 8 o'clock in the evening. Observers noticed a slight tinge and a hazy appearance in the track of the descending snake, which report that they heard a rattling rushing noise. The meteorite was washed originally seventy feet, but it was shattered into sixty-two and a half inch pieces. It buried itself eighteen inches in the ground, and was picked up on a warm day. It is friable, and contains disseminated metallic iron, in the form of black glass, and is determined sulphides.

Deadly snakes are seldom mentioned about. This is to be accounted in two ways. First, they are in their habits and generally when discovered. Secondly, they should be on the move to escape observation, so as to escape observation, being still and to be ready for a necessary. They always strike, as to the distance to which they can strike, a great deal depends on the manner of the coil and the position of the object struck at. From a situation a snake can generally reach an object distant one-half or two-thirds of the creature's length. A snake can jump, in the extended word, and so long as it is extended at full length it is harmless. In such a position it is easily killed or avoided.

Time never hangs heavy as it does on a boy with his first watch.