EUGENE WEEKLY GUARD.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.

EUGENE ..... OREGON.

The Belgian hare is the paramount issue with some persons.

The empty after-dinner speech is another thing which cannot be suppressed by the voters.

That barber who has gone into the pulpit will naturally have more or less to say to his people about the "next" world.

Is there no way that the football players can be equipped with fenders for the preservation of the American youth?

The anxiety of European powers to be "chummy" with this country generally seems strongest when they have a fight on hand.

By being excommunicated from it Tolstoi has succeeded in letting the world know that there is such a thing as a Greek church.

Ragtime music is already under the ban. It is a national characteristic to run popular things into the ground and then break them short off.

Alfred Vanderbilt knows that no man need be out of work. He had no trouble in securing his pick of jobs in the offices of the New York Central Railroad.

About the neatest thing King Oscar of Sweden ever said was that greeting to Americans the other day: "I welcome you as Americans and therefore as fellow monarchs."

Many men who have no regard for the sacredness of property will doubtless be greatly interested in a report read before the national prison congress on how to keep out of prison. The plan is very simple—don't do anything wrong.

The Sultan says that it costs him a trifle over $7,000,000 a year to satisfy the dress appetite of his harem. This is perhaps thrown out as a sort of explanation of why he does not pay us that little bill. He thinks perhaps that this country is not so cruel as to press a man who can hardly clothe his family.

"Come back to me," said the Kansas City man who found his runaway wife in Chicago, "and you shall have the privilege of going on an extensive shopping tour." There's a man who knows something of feminine nature and has the wit to put his knowledge to practical use. He deals, not in abstract theories, but in concrete facts. Of course she went.

Chicago police records show that the broom handle is woman's favorite weapon. In a table compiled by the Tribune of that city the broom handle comes first with a record of 186 affrays, against 102 for table knives, 79 for stove lid lifters and 76 for the traditional rolling pin. The hatpin has a score of 55, yet it is a more dangerous weapon than a table knife or a rolling pin. The explanation is that women do most of their fighting at home and seize the weapon nearest at hand.

What would Commodore Vanderbilt have thought of all this chatter about his great-grandson going to work? The old man put his son "Bill" to work at an early age; not in an office at $3,000 a year, either, but hauling manure on the Staten Island farm "on shares," and thought he was treating him handsomely at that. The access of snobbery since those days is by no means confined to the Vanderbilt family; it extends throughout the large and growing class of Americans who sneeze every time a young millionaire takes snuff.

There may be much scientific and literary sympathy between nations which are politically uncongenial. There is a current medical proverb in Europe that when a thing is verified on the banks of the Spree, as well as on the banks of the Seine, that is, when Berlin and Paris agree, there must be something in it. So much has been added to our knowledge of the physical history of the race by study and experiments in France and Germany, that the proverb is worthy to be remembered when the political relations of the two countries are in question. Moreover, is it not best for the world to emphasize the fraternizings rather than the estrangements of the nations?

There is now a great deal of talk to the effect that a man who works for a salary is more dependent than a man who has his own business. If there is one fact that is clearly established in this world, that fact is the beneficent complete interdependence of all men. Timidity or some other similar defect of character may make any man, whatever his source of income, feel like a dependent in the unpleasant sense of that word. Idleness or incapacity or some such defect may make a man actually a dependent, a recipient of bounty which he has good cause to fear may be withdrawn. But the man of courage, the man of energy, capacity and application, is everywhere his own master. Whether he keeps a shop or works for a shopkeeper, whether he directs or is directed by a corporation, he is necessarily a free man. He gives a valuable service in exchange for its worth.

The important thing to be considered in all such submarine-boat tests as those which have been made recently by American and English navies, as well as by the navy of France, is the proof they afford of the moral effect which this new factor in warfare may come to have. Whatever the submarine boat might be able to do in warfare, let its presence in an enemy's fleet be suspected and it becomes an unknown factor and a factor to be dreaded. Its actual capacity to destroy becomes relatively of far less importance than the power which it will exert by its moral effect. Whatever be its practical utility, there is as yet no known means of defense against its attacks. In a familiar harbor it would menace any blockading squadron with a peril that it would be impossible to foresee or guard against. It is for this reason that the British admiralty has found itself obliged to undertake experiments with submarine boats. Until a defense can be found against these vessels, the only way to meet the moral effect of the submarine of another power will be the construction of submarines to offset them.

In reading the current notices of the birthday celebrations of our centenarians one is struck by the fact that these healthy livers are almost invariably people in modest circumstances. Even the very poor are permitted to live out their hundred years, while such a thing as a wealthy centenarian is almost unknown. This relation between longevity and moderate conditions of life is illustrated by the carefully kept statistics of the incumbents of church livings in England. The 103 clergymen who have occupied the same living for fifty years and upward have done so on an average income of £250, or $1,250. In sixteen cases the income after fifty years of continuous service was between $380 and $710 a year. The moral of this would seem to be that the best assurance of reaching a good old age would be found in the possession of an income that makes plain living compulsory, but we doubt whether this reflection will have any influence in checking the desire for wealth. It is even possible that a great many people would prefer a shorter life and a larger income to the prospect of longevity and limited means.

We are obliged now to chronicle the fact that a club has been formed in a near-by city by divorced men who call themselves "The Concatenated Order of Has-Beens." This organization, it is said, will build a club house and endeavor to attract attention in various ways, probably having base-ball matches between fat and lean nines selected from its membership and getting up benefits at theaters and other places for itself. It is difficult to be patient with such people. Possibly some of the divorced husbands in the town were wronged. They may have been justified in seeking freedom. But there can be no justification for a desire upon the part of any one who is a divorced man to parade himself as such. Gadzooks! What if the divorced husbands of every city were to form clubs? Where could building sites for business houses be found? And if the divorced men are going to form clubs the divorced women will be wanting to do something of the kind next. That would be too much! This club business is being carried too far anyway. It has come to pass that a person who doesn't belong to one or more clubs is almost a curiosity, and as for society, it is nothing but a conglomeration of clubs. There are men's clubs, there are women's clubs, there are country clubs, there are driving clubs, wheel clubs, auto clubs, golf clubs, tennis clubs and card clubs of many kinds. In fact, it seems to have become customary whenever or wherever two or three are gathered together, by chance or otherwise, to form a club of some kind. All this must, in the natural order of things, come to a stop sooner or later. The line must be drawn somewhere, and we guess the proper place to draw it is at the divorced people's club. The members of the divorced men's club should be ashamed of themselves.

Husbandry Is Very Old.

The origin of agriculture is lost in the mists of antiquity. We know that in Neolithic times in Europe eight kinds of cereals were cultivated, besides flax, peas, poppies, apples, pears, bullace, plums, etc., at the same time various animals were domesticated. Among these were horses, short-horned oxen, horned sheep, goats, two breeds of pigs and dogs. Prof. W. Boyd Dawkins says that evidence goes to show that these animals were not domesticated in Europe, but probably in the central plateau of Asia. He also thinks that agriculture arose in the south and east of Europe, and spread gradually to the center, north and west. A hunting population is often very averse to even the slight amount of work that agriculture requires in a tropical country. The same holds good, as a rule, for pastoral communities. In all cases a powerful constraint is necessary to force these peoples into uncongenial employment. Fate is stronger than will, and at various periods in different climes hunters and herders have been forced to till the soil.

The Sultan of Turkey.

The Sultan of Turkey rises at six o'clock every morning, and devotes his days, in the seclusion of the Yildiz Palace and gardens, to personal attention to affairs of state. He is of slight figure. A pale brown overcoat conceals any decorations he might be wearing, so that the attention of those who see him on the one day in seven when he presents himself to the view of the people is not diverted from his pale, wan, and careworn face, half-covered by a thin, brown beard, tinged with gray, and surmounted by a plain red fez. The Sultan has been the means of establishing fifty thousand schools throughout his empire, not only for boys, but for girls also—a striking departure from the traditional usage of his race.

London a Good Field for Bakers.

What to do with our boys? Make them bakers. According to the official organ of the trade, the way to honorable competency, not to say wealth, lies through a sack of flour. There is no calling, it says, which offers such good opportunities to the operative as the baker's. A persevering, steady, saving lad can in a very few years make a position for himself. It does not require a large capital to start in business, and it is safe to say that 90 per cent of the London master bakers have worked their way up to a comfortable position, if not one of affluence, from the ranks of the journeymen.—London Telegraph.

Was a Different Face.

A polite Oklahoma City barber, after shaving a man his best, asked him to call again. "I've been here before," said the man. "I don't remember your face," said the barber. "No," said the man, "it's all healed up now."

Great Britain and Ireland have 21,700 miles of railway.

It is well to study law and physic, but it is better to need neither.

STYLISH GOWNS FOR FALL WEAR.

Outdoor costumes designed for the approaching season.

ALMOST BAKED ALIVE

OVENS WHERE PATIENTS UNDERGO INTENSE HEAT.

Bakeries for Curing Rheumatism Where the Temperature in Extreme Cases Reaches 400 Degrees—Something About Their Construction.

Bakeries, wherein human beings are subjected to intense heat, are now established in New York, Philadelphia and other American cities, and physicians speak enthusiastically of the results attained in many cases.

The inventor of the idea, says a writer in Everybody's Magazine, owes the discovery to an accident. A friend of his had rheumatism. He placed his arm in a metal cylinder and subjected it to heat every day for some weeks, and the rheumatism disappeared. This set the inventor thinking. The problem to be solved was how to make an oven which would bake human flesh without burning or cooking it. Ordinary hot air would burn or cook the flesh. By drying and ventilating the air this danger is avoided.

Experiments carried on by the inventor for many years resulted in the manufacture of a series of metallic cylinders, with a central hollow space as receptacle for the body of the person to be baked. The other cylinder is of sheet copper, nickel-plated, and lined with asbestos to prevent external radiation of heat. Next comes a steel cylinder, separated from the first by a few inches, and its interior is connected with the outer air by three smokestacks which carry off the products of combustion. Then comes a brass cylinder, perforated with hundreds of tiny holes through which the hot air, thrown off by the heated steel cylinder, is carried into the central compartment, in which the patient's body is placed. This central compartment is connected with the outer air by means of tubes which carry off the heated air, and render possible the drying of the atmosphere in the body space. A second system of

IN AN OVEN AT 380 DEGREES.

tubes runs down below the machine and sucks up fresh air to replace the moist and heated air in the central compartment, thus maintaining a constant circulation.

The edges of the steel cylinder are bordered with wood, backed with asbestos. The body space (central compartment) is lined with ribs of cork which run lengthwise along the brass cylinder and prevent the patient from being burned by the sides of the heated cylinder.

Patients are placed upon a sheet of fibrous magnesia. This substance, the inventor found, could be heated to a high degree before it would burn animal substances resting upon it. A man placed upon fibrous magnesia may stand 400 degrees, Fahrenheit, without serious inconvenience. Under the oven is a series of Bunsen burners. The patient is practically baked in a gas stove.

Sensation of Being Baked.

The sensations experienced under the baking process are said to be unique. The patient is wrapped in an ordinary sheet before being placed on the sheet of fibrous magnesia in the oven. The ends of the oven are covered with canvas, which renders the central compartment air tight. The patient's feet are completely inclosed, but the head is left out. The application of heat up to about 120 degrees is hardly noticeable. Jets of hot air then begin to make themselves felt, and when 200 degrees has been reached the patient feels as if red-hot air were raining upon him.

Water boils at 212 degrees, and yet in these human hot-air bakeries patients are able to stand 380 degrees without serious inconvenience—168 degrees above the boiling point of water! Of course, this high degree of heat may not be sustained for any length of time; but it has been maintained with good results for upward of 15 minutes. Even 400 degrees has been borne for a short time, in extreme cases; but it is unusual to subject ordinary cases to such high temperature.

At from 200 to 300 degrees patients perspire freely, the perspiration being carried off in the form of steam through the funnels at the top of the baking machines. It feels at first as if one were actually melting away. The extremities tingle and then seem to become numb for the first 15 or 20 minutes after 200 degrees have been reached. After that point the sensation is pleasant, and one becomes somewhat drowsy. An intense thirst is experienced. Liquids are not forbidden while undergoing baking, and the patient may sip ice water whenever very thirsty. In order to keep the head cool, bags of ice are applied from time to time.

Baking as a therapeutic agent is not a "twentieth-century" idea. The Pompeians employed hot dry air for lithaemia 1,900 years ago. In Rome, the baths at Caracalla had their heat chamber, and it is said that 25,000 persons daily availed themselves of the advantages of hot air. Hot baths, whenever they have been available, have always been patronized by the invalid, and hot air was used by the Arabians centuries before the Christian era. As is well known, the Arabian doctors were really the founders of medical science. They employed hot air regularly as a therapeutic agent, and there are records of remarkable results from this form of treatment.

ANIMAL CHIVALRY.

A Little Story Showing that They Have the Feeling.

Do animals understand chivalry? Do they ever practice it among themselves? We have all heard of the lion that was grateful to the hunter for taking a thorn from its foot, and would not afterward harm him. But isn't that an imaginary lion? None of us can say that he has heard the story from the hunter's own lips. We can say, however, that we have heard true stories of animal chivalry. Here is one:

One day a boy that we know was out in the country, where he found a disabled crow. He picked up the bird and brought it home to take care of it, and to tame it, if possible. As a matter of course, the crow was named Jim. It grew very tame indeed, and showed great fondness for its master, who loves all animals, and has an extraordinary faculty for bringing out the best in their nature. Animals in that may be like ourselves. Aren't you better behaved in the company of some persons than in the company of others?

Jim Crow, it seems, developed a most lovable disposition. He and the greyhound are the best of friends, but it was when their young master brought in a family of helpless kittens that the spirit of chivalry showed itself in both bird and dog.

The greyhound established himself as the kittens' knight champion; no creature could be more devoted than he is to these tiny specimens of an antagonistic race. More wonderful still, Jim Crow makes it his duty to feed the kittens! He goes gravely to their box every day, with particles of food in his beak, offering them to the little things with an air of saying: "My master took me in when I was a waif, and showed me kindness. He has taken you in, too, and I will treat you as nearly as I can with the kindness I have learned from him."

We can imagine the crow thinking such a thought. If he should use our language to any extent, a crow would probably express himself with dignity and carefully select his words. Of this particular Jim Crow, nothing of that sort could be exaggerated by our imagination. He is friendly with the greyhound and paternal with the kittens. This curious assortment of pets is living together in perfect harmony. The kittens are yet young. One cannot know what manner of cats they will grow to be; but for examples of chivalry they have Jim Crow, their trusty knight the greyhound, and last, but not least, their young human master, whose influence may have developed in them the spirit of chivalry. Who knows?—Our Animal Friends.

In Ocean's Deepest Vales.

There are spots in the ocean where the water is five miles deep. If it is true that the pressure of the water on any body in the water is one pound to the square inch for every two feet of the depth, anything at the bottom of one of the "five-mile holes" would have a pressure about it of 13,200 pounds to every square inch.

There is nothing of human manufacture that would resist such a pressure. That it exists there is no doubt. It is known that the pressure of a well-corked glass bottle at the depth of 800 feet is so great that the water will force its way through the pores of the glass. It is also said that pieces of wood have been weighted and sunk in the sea to such a depth that the tissues have become so condensed that the wood has lost its buoyancy and would never float again. It could not even be made to burn when dry.

As a rule, there is a good mine near every poor one, to encourage the jays

CHINESE EXPERT AT POKER.

New-Yorkers Confess They Cannot Get the Best of This Mongolian.

A Tribune reporter found five of the best known merchants of Chinatown busy with a quiet game of poker in the private office of one of them. The stakes were small, seldom more than $5 being involved in a pot, but the game had been running for several hours and considerable money had changed hands.

"This is a little game," said one of the merchants as he took in a big pot on a full hand which he had secured from a four-card draw. "You should see 'Boston' play once."

"Who is 'Boston?'" was asked.

"Do you mean to say you don't know Li Lung? He's the biggest and best gambler in Chinatown. He runs a half dozen card shops in different parts of the city."

"Did you hear how 'Boston' fixed the politicians?" asked a Chinese. One of the players had not, so he continued:

"The other night 'Tim' Sullivan, who runs a place on the Bowery, sent word to Li Lung that some of his friends wanted a little game that night. There was a judge from Brooklyn and two or three political people who are all well known. They thought they had an easy thing in the Chinese, and he knew that he had a regular snap in them. The game started up in 'Boston's' place, in Seventh avenue, but some of them got hungry for a chop suey and came down here to finish the game. Lung had been winning all night from the judge and from Sullivan. He plays straight poker and they were trying to 'bluff.' The end came when Lung got four kings. Sullivan had a good hand and 'went the limit.' The kings were 'good' and Lung drew out $85. That was a game worth seeing."

The Chinese laundrymen who have places of business in different parts of the city would like to see the police stop gambling in Chinatown. They say that they cannot get Chinese to do their work, because there are so many games running. The poor Chinese gambler can live on a pound of rice a day, and it costs him only seven cents, consequently it takes a long streak of bad luck to send him to work. When he does go to work it is only for a week at most. By that time he has saved another "stake" and goes back to Chinatown to again try his luck.—New York Tribune.

PEOPLE WITH NOVEL TEETH.

Queer Notions of People Who Sometimes Patronize the Dentist.

"Dentists occasionally run across odd things in their practice," said a member of that profession recently. "You are aware that many are very particular concerning the plate in which artificial teeth are set. Some want gold, others silver, vulcanite and what not. But did you ever hear of patients wearing their own initials inside the mouth?

"We recently prepared an upper set for a gentleman well known in theatrical circles and in the platinum roof was set in wires of gold the wearer's initials. Another roofplate, which we were privileged to see, was a perfect masterpiece of artistic work. There were three horsemen depicted in gold wire, fine as a hair, a foreground of catstone and crescent moon of gleaming silver—all set in the composition of the roof. The teeth were of good quality, but not remarkable, and the price was exactly $500. A person unconscious of the value of the inner roof would have set the price at $25.

"Very richly enameled was the dancing girl which decorated the false roof of a one-time millionaire. The pictured woman wore slippers set with tiny diamonds and the owner, being a great smoker, sported an ordinary set when desirous of indulging in a fragrant whiff, thereby never discoloring the dainty enamel of the choice article. We were once asked to fashion a plate from the tusk of an elephant, but as this would have been a difficult and unsatisfactory proceeding we were obliged to reject the offer.

"The most absurd thing we were ever requested to insert in a false roof was a tiger's claw—a trophy of an Indian jungle hunt. We managed it, and to prevent the claw from wounding the tongue of our patron we tipped it bluntly with gold. After a while the tip fell off and the wearer's tongue was torn. To us he came in a rage and finally decided to wear the claw as a chain pendant. Boasting a substantial set of natural ivory, an eccentric wished to have an artificial lot that would ease his own. We prepared them. They gave him a prominent mouth, altering his features vastly. We found he was a burglar of the 'first-class.'"

Kindness to a Mule.

The mule was undoubtedly a bad mule, but Lieut. Kellenberger, of Battery G, First Ohio Light Artillery, said that his disposition had been ruined and his confidence in human nature destroyed by improper treatment.

"He had been mistreated," said Lieut. Kellenberger; "I will show you how this mule should be treated." Then the lieutenant, with the assistance of an orderly, saddled the mistreated mule in front of his own tent. The mule offered neither resistance nor protest. The lieutenant patted him on the neck.

"He needs kind but firm treatment," said he. Then Lieut. Kellenberger mounted. The mistreated mule danced three bars of a two-step, executed an individual hop, skip and jump with each leg and projected Lieut. Kellenberger into the air directly beneath a thorn tree.

"Catch that man-eating monster and beat him to death," said Lieut. Kellenberger, as the hospital corps assisted him to his tent. Then several men came out of a company street and erected a table, reading thus: "Where Kelley Fell, May 28."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Planting by the Moon.

The "moon rule" for planting garden truck is that all things that grow out of the ground, such as peas, corn and the like, must be planted in the increase of the moon, from new to full; all things that mature in the ground, like potatoes, must be planted in the decrease or waste of the moon, from full to new.

Jonah was a conundrum and the whale had to give him up.

THE GOLD OF SIBERIA.

COUNTRY THAT IS RICH IN AURIFEROUS DEPOSITS.

Methods of Mining Are Still Slow and Primitive—Russian Law Very Favorable to Foreigners—Claim-Jumping Unknown, and Food and Labor Cheap.

"Keep your eyes on Siberia!"

That is what a scientific writer on the old problem wrote only a few months ago, and those who have visited that supposedly bleak, cold and dismal country may fairly echo his words. Siberia has been misunderstood. For forty years now mines have been opened all over the country. In Tomsk a minister of mines is permanently resident, as well as at Irkutsk, while the number of people employed in the mining industry is considerably in excess of 100,000.

Yet in spite of the marvelous richness of the country, which has been described by more than one writer as likely to become a second California, little or no attempt has been made by foreigners to enter and to take up the industry of gold mining. Yet the government is most anxious that such should be the case, and in order to facilitate the importation of foreign energy and brain to the great Siberian gold fields, special concessions are held out to foreigners which the native does not enjoy.

Russian law is peculiar, complicated and a little awe-inspiring, and this may have a great effect upon the capitalist, backed up as it is by the extraordinary prejudice which still exists in civilized Europe against everything Russian.

In many respects Siberia resembles the Klondike district. Many of the mines are situated in places equally as inaccessible in winter, and which have the same characteristics in summer. The alluvial deposits are free and in some cases rich. Quartz there is, but with the exception of one or two places this has never yet been tapped, and in the whole of Siberia at the present time there is not a single efficient battery for quartz crushing—this statement on the authority of Mr. Shostok, the minister of mines for Siberia. Nor is there any machinery for the proper washing of alluvial gold, and yet millionaire gold miners, free men or exiles, may be found by the dozen in Tomsk, Irkutsk and Krasnoairsk. The practiced miner, fresh from the fields of western Australia, British Columbia or California, would doubtless laugh hugely at the primitive arrangements in use in Siberia.

The foreigner desiring to become a mine owner in Siberia must first have a letter of recommendation from his ambassador or consul, and then he can either rent or buy existing mines or prospect for himself. He is not allowed more than five versts, or three and a quarter miles of land, in any one particular spot, but he can have as many mines as he likes, provided they are not on one run. All the gold he obtains he hands over to the government, which assays and smelts it for him, crediting him with its value, less 3 or 5 per cent, according to the district, which is tax money. Once in possession of the concession, the miner may go to any part of Siberia, and if he knows his business and is careful there is every prospect of him becoming a rich man, for, if anything, the protective laws of Russia are more severe than in any other country. Such a thing as claim jumping is unknown, robbery or murder almost unheard of and food is astonishingly cheap, as also is labor. The government provides each mine owner with Cossacks to guard the precious metal, and, in short, when one thoroughly understands the conditions, there can be no better way of pursuing the fascinating hunt for gold than under the Siberian regime.

One of the most astonishing features of Siberian gold mining is that many of the richest miners are exiles sent to Siberia years ago for some political or criminal offense, and, although they have wealth in abundance, they cannot leave that land of snow, of steppes and mountains until the great white Czar should be pleased to grant his gracious pardon.—New York Herald.

ALL ABOUT RINGS.

What They Meant and How They Were Worn in Old Times.

Rings have been worn by both savage and civilized people from the remotest antiquity. They have been worn in the ears, in the nose, around the neck, and around the wrists and the ankles. But the most famous and universal use of rings has always been for finger adornment. In ancient times they were not merely for ornament, but had their use as signet rings.

The old Egyptians wore what were known as "tebh," or finger-rings, and "khatem," or signet rings. They also had certain kinds of rings that were used as money.

At one time finger-rings were the emblem of rank and authority. They were of two kinds: The solid ring made of gold, silver, copper, or iron, with a square or oval bezel, on which the subject to be impressed was either sunk or cut in intaglio, and the scarabael rings of glazed steatite, set in frames of gold or silver.

These scarabael rings were often used for bezels. As a rule, the base of the bezels was engraved with hieroglyphics the names of monarch, mottoes and devices, and figures of the deities. Very valuable gold rings with revolving bezels have been found, as that of Thothmes III., and another bearing the name of the monarch Horus. The Horus ring contained as much as a hundred dollars' worth of pure gold. Like the seal and counter-seal of the present day, the rings having revolving bezels could make two impressions.

The early Greeks and Romans wore iron signet rings. In later times they covered their fingers with rings, even wearing them on their thumbs. Some of the very wealthy Romans had rings for exclusive winter wear, and others that they wore only in summer.

Rings are closely associated with many of the Oriental beliefs and superstitions. Among the marvels attributed to Solomon's ring, it was believed to have power to seal up the refractory Jinns in jars and hurl them into the Red Sea. The Greeks believed that many rings possessed magic power; thus it was said that the ring of Gyges rendered him wholly invisible when its stone was turned inward. And the ring of Polycrates, so it was said, was thrown into the sea to conciliate Nemesis, and eventually its owner found it inside of a fish.

Many explanations have been given why rings have, from the most ancient times, been connected with marriage. One reason given is that the ring, having no end, thereby symbolizes eternity and constancy. It has been said, too, that in ancient days the delivery of the signet ring to anyone was a sign of greatest confidence; in like manner the transfer of a ring from husband to wife was a sign that she was to be his confidante. In Iceland, at one time, as a part of the marriage ceremony, the bridegroom passed his hand through a large ring and clasped the hand of his bride.

A great many of the old-time rings were not only of much intrinsic value, but were also of splendid workmanship.

ANECDOTE AND INCIDENT

Horace Greeley once had a discussion with an advocate of woman suffrage shortly before the civil war, says the Woman's Journal. He was using as his final argument, the inability of women to fight. "What would you do, for instance," he asked his friend, "in the event of war?" "Just what you would do, Mr. Greeley," she replied, promptly. "I should stay in an office and write articles urging other people to go and fight."

Among all the horrors of war, humorous situations often occur. An English army surgeon in South Africa tells an amusing story of an English woman of high rank who was engrossed by the charms of amateur nursing. One morning, on approaching the cot of a soldier to whom she had given especial attention, she found him with his eyes tightly closed and a piece of paper pinned on the sheet, on which was written: "Too ill to be nussed today. Respeckfully, J. L."

The late John J. Ingalls was employed by certain flash newspapers to write accounts of all sorts of events and sign his name to them. In the course of his contact with the sporting fraternity the ex-senator made the acquaintance of John L. Sullivan, and one day, after examing the pugilist's muscles and beating a tattoo on his chest, he asked: "Sullivan, why don't you enter the ring again and try to win the championship from Corbett?" "For the same reason," answered Sullivan, "that you didn't enter the race for senator; I consider one knockout enough."

Colonel Daniel R. Anthony, brother of Susan B. Anthony, and the last of the fighting editors of Kansas, is on record as the only man who has had his aorta severed and lived. In a newspaper feud with a gambler named Jennison, Anthony was shot. The doctor told him he could not live. The wounded man did not say anything but bade his sister good-by and went to sleep. When he awoke he asked the nurse: "What time is it? "Six o'clock" replied the nurse. The colonel chuckled for a moment, then said: "Say, that's a good joke on the doctor, isn't it? He said I'd be dead at five-thirty." He fell asleep again, and when he awoke the doctor acknowledged his mistake.

There is no such luxury as privacy to him whose name is heralded far and wide. Some, no doubt, enjoy the distinction, but the majority must decry the intrusion. Goethe once arrived at such a pitch of irascibility by reason of the prying curiosity of visitors that, when a tourist would not be denied, he descended from his study, lighted candle in hand, and without a word of greeting merely placed the candle on a table and sat still. In nowise daunted by the cold reception, the tourist calmly seized the candle and went round and round the great man, examining his physiognomy with deliberate scrutiny. Whereupon the poet broke into a laugh and ordered wine. And this persistent visitor, needless to remark, was an American.

At one of their joint discussions which took place in Kentucky some years ago, Tom Stuart, then editor of the Winchester Democrat, gave his opponent, I. N. Boone, a descendant of the great Daniel, a blow that fairly kneaded him out of the race for the legislature. Boone was making a regular speech, and at the proper place in it he referred to the matter of his relation to the toiling masses. "My friend," said he, holding up a pair of hands that looked as if they had not been washed in a week, "to let you see for yourself that I am a horny-handed son of toil, I ask you to look at these hands, and," turning to Stuart, "I would ask my pale-faced young friend from the city what he thinks of them." Stuart was on his feet in a minute. "I do not desire to embarrass my distinguished opponent, ladies and gentlemen," he said with a bow, "but I must say that I think that they need soap and water." It was such an apt case that the crowd took hold of it with a shout, and Boone was completely floored, and later Stuart was elected.

What the Busy Bee Must Do.

Bees, according to a statistician, must, in order to collect a pound of clover honey, deprive 62,000 clover blossoms of their nectar. To do this 62,000 flowers must be visited by the aggregate of 3,750,000 bees; or, in other words, to collect his pound of honey one bee must make 3,750,000 trips from and to the hive. As bees are known to fly for miles in quest of suitable fields of operation, it is clear that a single ounce of honey represents millions of miles of travel.

Making Glass.

The most ancient glass had only the same component parts as that of to-day, and the processes used were and have been similar in all times.

Shortly after the wedding many a man discovers that he is a April fool.