EUGENE WEEKLY GUARD.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.

EUGENE ..... OREGON.

That old guillotine, the folding bed, is still gathering in its victims throughout the country.

Recent reports confirm the opinion that suicide in China is not necessarily fatal unless indulged in to excess.

In answer to the gloomy pessimist who asserts that our civilization is in its decadence it may be mentioned that a Western railroad company has decided to abolish the train-boy.

A man in Georgia fainted on discovering that his bride was bald-headed. Many a woman has married a bald-headed man without fainting. But she knew the worst beforehand.

Alfred Austin has been heard from again, this time with a poem on the ending of the Boer war. Alfred may not realize it, but he is more of a bore than many of the residents of South Africa.

Every time a girl runs away with a "feller" nowadays they call it a case of "hypnotism." Less idle lives would prove a great preventive of hypnotism. A penalty of two years at the washtub might effect a radical cure.

What if the rich men, notable only for their business successes, are not admitted to the Hall of Fame? Can't they build a finer one for themselves, to which some of them literary fellers shall be admitted?

The new census is said to demonstrate that the average age of marriage in the United States has been increasing at the rate of a fortnight a year for a number of years past. If this progress keeps up only octogenarians will be at marriageable age after awhile.

The prize-firing returns of the British navy, recently issued, are said to show that the best work was done by one of the battleships on the China station. The worst firing is set down to the discredit of ships in the Channel Squadron, which is charged with the protection of a region where inaccurate gunnery in time of war would prove costly. In modern warfare hearts of oak are not enough. Straight shooting also is necessary.

New York City has sold $4,500,000 of her bonds at 3½ per cent and at a good premium. The premium paid brings the interest on the bonds down to 3.07 per cent. Deduct the commission charged by the brokers in handling the deal and there remains about 3 per cent interest. Three per cent is about all the owner of a large fortune can expect for his capital if put out at interest. If he wants more he must invest his money in business enterprises, take the incidental risk belonging thereto and give it his time and energies. Of course small sums may bring greater interest than 3 per cent, but as a permanent, entirely safe investment for large sums of money that amount of interest is about the maximum.

Kansas City justice has punished vicious stupidity which gave "cat calls" in a theater and otherwise disturbed the peace and infringed upon the pleasure of patrons of an entertainment. It were well that similar justice should overtake the class of entertainment disturbers who ought to be called encore fiends, but are, in fact, generally hired by the entertainers or are too devoted friends of individuals on a program. When on the first spontaneous outburst of applause it is apparent that, however meritorious, the mass of the audience does not want any more of that kind there ought to be discipline for the encore fiends. There ought also to be consideration for the fatigue of performers. The force of public opinion, if not of the law, should be firmly exerted on the encore fiends.

In the death of Charles Dudley Warner there passed a figure that towered in the realm of literature. Mr. Warner died sudenly of heart disease at Hartford, Conn., at the age of 71. His death leaves Mark Twain the only survivor of the famous trio that made Hartford itself famous, and he leaves, in his works a legacy from which future generations of Americans will profit. Not the least of his achievements was his description of Adirondack life, under the title of "In the Wilderness," which was realistic enough to induce the New York Legislature to pass a rigorous law for the protection of deer. Personally Mr. Warner was one of the gentlest and kindliest of men, beloved by all who knew him to the day of his death. It is a brave epitaph.

"A Good-Health party," the very latest, is suggested by a Western woman who has the courage of her hygienic convictions. It would begin operations, she says, by so stationing the polling places that every voter would have to walk five miles to deposit his ballot—or hers, for this would be a woman's suffrage party, the ballot being granted to every woman who could show a waist-measurement of from twenty-eight to thirty-five inches! Every candidate would be required to prove that he took a cold plunge bath every morning, and the candidate for President would have to be the healthiest man in the United States—"a man who had never used tobacco or tasted alcohol; who never drank tea or coffee, or water at meals; who had thirty-two sound natural teeth; who always went to bed at 10 o'clock; who had studied foods, and always ate for nourishment and never for fun; who abhorred pepper, vinegar and mustard, and believed that ice-cream should be eaten hot." Our Western friend does not allege that these things will come to pass this year, but we willingly admit that when the Good-Health party does get to work it will leave no microbes on the road to the White House!

It is impossible to keep grumblers from grumbling. Fifty years ago people who had to travel long distances would have considered the sleeping car as it exists to-day a luxury too great to be described by means of words. Yet one paper passionately exclaims: "Nowhere but in a sleeping car would we submit to the heavy curtains, shutting out fresh air and shutting in foul." And another, with almost unprecedented sternness, adds: "These cars are almost everything that they ought not to be, and hardly anything that they ought to be. The man who invents a sleeping car in which the sanitation shall be perfect will reap a fortune and deserve a monument." We shall not enter into a discussion of the sanitary needs of sleeping cars, just now, but there is one way in which we insist that they ought to be improved immediately. Every sleeping car should have a "snorers' end," shut off by a deadened wall from the rest of it. Who, not being a snorer himself, has ever lain down to rest in a sleeping car without finding to his sorrow and consternation that either directly across the aisle or above or below him was somebody who snored? If any such there be, let him speak up now or else forever hereafter hold his peace. With a certain section of the car set apart for snorers innocent souls might often be saved, and at the same time peotic justice could be meted out to the offenders. With, say, from four to six snorers cooped up together, each going it to the best of his ability, it is no more than reasonable to suppose that sleep would soon become impossible for any of them. Thus would the hundreds, nay, thousands, of people who have heretofore been compelled to toss through sleepless hours while the snorers in adjacent berths slept on be avenged. Laws should be passed, too, making it a criminal offense for any snorer to enter a berth except in the snorers' section. There is only one reason that we can think of why some such plan as this could not be adopted. It might be impossible to keep the roof on that end of the car wherein the snorers were grouped. Let us hope, however, that mechanical science may contrive to utilize it to furnish that sobbing cry of the crossing whistle.

KEEP OUT THE WHITE MAN.

What Wichita and Kiowa Ghost Dancers Hope to Accomplish.

Under ordinary circumstances news that an Indian tribe is indulging in the wild frenzy known as the ghost dance is enough to call up visions of murder and rapine. In the past days numerous murderous raids of the red men have have been preceded by such festivals. But a ghost dance now being held in the Wichita and Kiowa reservations of Indian Territory is not believed to presage any such terrible scenes. The reservations named are to be opened to white settlers when the allotment of lands to Indians shall have been completed, and the red men fear that once the paleface gets in among

BI-AN-KI, THE DREAMER.

them the days of tribal power will have been numbered. With the view of preventing the impending incursion these older chiefs have organized the ghost dance, which will, they hope, serve to keep the white men away.

Bianki, the leader of the ghost dance, is a high priest in his tribe and a dreamer as well. He is a quiet man between 50 and 60 years of age, of dignified manner and with a thoughtful countenance, according well with his tribal positions as chief priest and head man.

A Compromise.

"He asked me to marry him."

"And you accepted him?"

"No. Idiot that I was, I asked for time."

"And what did he say?"

"He said he'd give me a year."

"Ah! And what did you say?"

"I saw my mistake. I said two days would be plenty. But he wouldn't hear it. He said no woman could make up her mind in such a short time. He really insisted on my taking six months. We finally compromised on thirty days."

"And then?"

"He married that putty-faced Bimberling girl the very next week."

Imbecile and Funny.

A conundrum which is sufficiently silly to provoke the smile of scorn, and yet has an exasperating hold upon the memory, is this:

"What is the difference between a man who has intermittent rheumatism and one who is well all the time, and lives at home with his mother?"

A thoughtful mind might discover many differences; but here is the answer as it is set down:

"One is well a part of the time and has rheumatism others, and the other is well all the time and a room at his mother's."

A Curious Street.

Canton, China, possesses the queerest street in the world. It is roofed in with glazed paper fastened on bamboo, and contains more signboards to the square foot than any street in any other country. It contains no other shops but those of apothecaries and dentists. Physic street is its appropriate name.

Trans-Siberian Railroad.

The Trans-Siberian Railroad will be completed at the present rate of working in about two years, the cost probably considerably exceeding the original estimate of $175,500,000.

Ticking of a Watch.

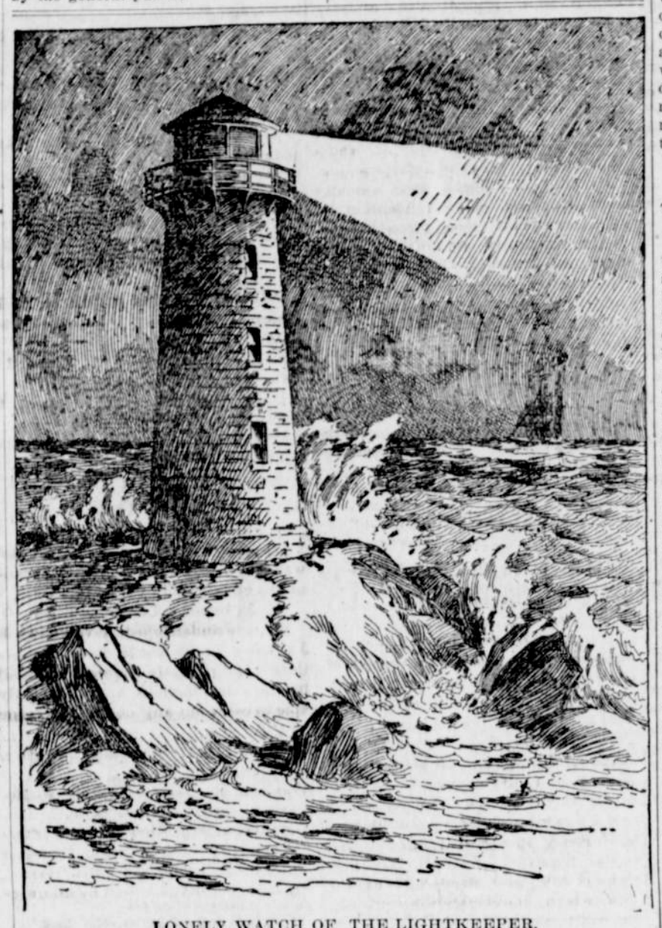
A watch will tick 160,144,000 times in a year if it is kept continuously running.

KEEPS LONELY VIGIL.

LIGHTHOUSE MAN HAS WORRY AND RESPONSIBILITY.

Works Amid Deep Solitude and Must Endure All Sorts of Weather—Place an Appointive One and Free from Wiles of Politicians.

The keeper of a marine lighthouse has not a job, but an office. He is a Presidential appointee and holds a commission which when read out sounds as important as that of the collector of customs or the postmaster. He holds an office of large trust and high responsibility. He is to keep his lamp trimmed and burning from the dusk of evening till the next daylight. His post is advanced to the edge of the deep and often raging waters—it is a lonely situation and through nights of all weathers he must stay and be vigilant at his post. Should he fail once in the performance of duty what disaster to vessels and crews might not come! The navigator knows and testifies to his worth in the position where he has been placed by the government, but it is certain that he is not much regarded by the general public.



LONELY WATCH OF THE LIGHTKEEPER.

The first lighthouse in the Chicago harbor, says the Chronicle, if it could be so denominated, when the smallest vessels made their way with peril into the shallow mouth of the unimproved river, was erected in 1831. Reckoning from that date, which, in fact, was six years earlier than the city's birth as a corporation, the vast commece now carried on here had its beginning only sixty-nine years ago. There is nothing like this commercial wonder in the world now, nor ever was. All this since an immense number of men still living and not yet accounted old were born!

When it first was in agitation to erect a lighthouse here of the old pattern, with a stationary light of no great power, there was a man in France deep in studies and busy with experiments to produce a marine light on a new principle that should take the place of every other the world round. Fresnel was that man. Indeed, he began with his experiments ten years earlier. Over in France was Fresnel at work on a marine light that was destined to send its apprising flashes from six several towers in the Chicago harbor over the waters to the horizon. The Frenchman lived to perfect his light; he was appointed secretary to the lighthouse board of France in 1825 and while he was in that position he replaced reflectors with lenses and invented the revolving light. Then he added prismatic rings. The result was the system that still goes by his name and has long since changed the mode of lighthouse illumination throughout the world. It is now used exclusively by the United States.

Chicago people are accustomed to seeing the Fresnel light in the several lighthouses in the harbor, but probably few have ever inquired into the mechanism of the apparatus by which the flashes are produced. Take the one on the north pier as typical. Within it is an arrangement of lenses, supplemented by prisms, which revolve around a sperm oil-burning lamp. When one of the lenses comes opposite the observer the eye receives a bright flash preceded and followed by a brief eclipse. There are six orders of lenses, arranged according to size. The first three and largest are used in seacoast lights, and the last three in harbor and river lights. The lamp differs from other lamps in the provision of wicks. Carcel invented a lamp which is named for him, in which oil is fed to the wick by means of a pump, operated by clockwork, sometimes used in lighthouses and as a domestic lamp. Fresnel adopted the Carcel lamp, but improved it so that it pumps up to the burner four times as much oil as is consumed, which, by keeping the burners cool, prevents them from melting and also the wicks from burning up. Sometimes a wick will burn a whole night without requiring snuffing. This, notwithstanding the fact that the intensity of the Fresnel light is about equal to that of about twenty-five ordinary Carcel burners. The above description applies to the first order of lenses, which are used in the great lights on the seacoast. For the second order of lenses, such as used in the lights in the Chicago harbor, a lamp with three concentric wicks was adopted. The annual consumption of oil by the lenses of the first order is 694 gallons and of the second order 461 gallons. The lenses cost but little more than the old reflectors and the saving of oil is great. The ratio of effect of the lens light is to that of the reflector light as 4 to 1—that is, one gallon of oil burned in a lens throws as much light to the horizon as four gallons burned in a reflector light.

During the last twenty-five years there has been a great increase in marine lighting in the ninth lighthouse district, which includes Minnesota, Michigan, Indiana, Wisconsin and Illinois. The number of lighthouses in this district is 127, and every light is a Fresnel. A new lighthouse built at Manitou Island is fine, costing the government a good sum of money. Beside it is the fog signal contrivance and a little distance off is the oil tank inclosed neatly. The house in which the lighthouse keeper dwells is supplied with the modern conveniences and is handsome enough to be called a villa. A large quantity of stores is required to be kept constantly in the district, and these are substantially housed in a government building in St. Joseph, Mich.

The official headquarters of the ninth district is in Chicago. It is in charge of Commander F. M. Symonds, United States navy. Commander Symonds says that the Chicago lighthouses are reckoned among the best on the lakes.

HOT RACE WITH A GRIZZLY.

Lively Experience of a Colorado Postmaster with a Bear.

W. H. Person, local manager of a typewriter company, received a letter this morning from Tom Hamilton, postmaster at Hamilton, Routt County, describing a thrilling race with a bear which he enjoyed this week.

The bear was a big grizzly. The grizzly when he sees a human form is bound to do one of two things. He will either run at or away from the stranger, and if he does the former it is generally a case of doughnuts to pretzels that it is all off with the stranger. In this case the bear that runs at a man yearned for a closer acquaintance with the postmaster and would probably have interfered seriously with the future delivery of the United States mail but for the fact that Hamilton is something of a rough rider and had a horse under him.

Postmaster Hamilton had for the time being left the affairs of state in the hands of a subordinate while he went out to round up some straying cattle. He went about three miles from home and was standing beside his horse wondering which way to turn next when there was a stir in some brush ahead of him. It looked too small a disturbance for a cow, but he thought it might be a calf and went forward to investigate. He was within a few feet of the brush when a big grizzly stood on its hind legs and threw him a kiss.

Hamilton didn't stop to catch the kiss, but made a bolt for his horse. The steed had seen Mr. Bear and started away almost as eagerly as did his master, and it was nip and tuck for the saddle between bruin and the postmaster. After a run of 100 yards Hamilton caught the pommel of the saddle and threw himself aboard just as the bear made a bound for him. A pair of spurs went into the horse's hide and the animal leaped forward with a bound which made the bear feel that his meal of man was apt to escape. But he doubled himself up into a ball of fury and started red-hot after his intended victim. The chase kept up until the door of the postmaster's cabin was reached, when bruin turned about and made for the woods. He was allowed to escape.—Denver Times.

MUSSELS ARE GOOD FOOD.

Their Use in the United States Has Been Very Much Neglected.

"There is one shellfish, the mussel, the use of which as an article of food seems to be totally neglected in the United States," observed an Englishman of several years' residence in this country to a Star reporter recently. "In fact it is so seldom employed that it may be said to be practically unknown on this side of the Atlantic. It is rarely seen in your markets, and near the salt water bays and estuaries in which it is taken it is used, I am told, as a manure for certain crops. This lack of recognition of mussels as an epicurian delicacy probably arises from the popular superstition among Americans that this shellfish possesses poisonous qualities. Such an impression is, however, rather absurd, for in England they are largely consumed by the poor and middle class people, and if they contained any injurious properties their use would be promptly prohibited.

"It is well known that some persons are unable to eat of particular sorts of shell fish—to some oysters, clams or lobsters are more or less poisonous, but mussels are only 'noxious' to the greater number for the reason that they deteriorate more rapidly when removed from the water than any other species. There are mussel beds within a radius of ten miles of New York and other eastern cities of sufficient capacity to supply millions of people with a clean and nutritious article of food; one that would lessen to a large degree the exhaustive demands made upon the clam, oyster and lobster fisheries.

"To prepare mussels for the table they should be selected of medium size and care should be observed to wash them carefully and place them in a vessel of salted water for several hours, so that they may clean themselves; that is, discharge the dirt and grit found within their shells. When this process is completed the bivalves should be placed in water and boiled—or steaming is better in the vapor generated by their own juice. When they are done they may be easily taken out of their shells and are ready to be used in one of the many forms of which they are susceptible."—Washington Star.

The Resources of Siberia.

Under government encouragement it is said that Siberia is gaining 200,000 farmers per year. Among its exports are cereals, butter, wool, leather and dried and preserved meats. Already this remote country, which the popular imagination is apt to picture as a vast waste, the abode of frost and snow, and misery, is becoming talked of as a possible competitor with the well-known cereal-producing countries of the world. A member of the French bureau of foreign commerce estimates that, on the basis of the present population of Russia in Europe, Siberia can sustain 80,000,000 inhabitants, although it now has not one-tenth of that number. It produces one-tenth of the world's yield of gold, but owing to climatic obstacles many of its mines are not worked, and its immense coal deposits have hardly been touched.

Feathers Blown Off Chickens.

A device for plucking feathers from chickens has been patented in Great Britain. Cross currents of air set in motion by revolving electrical fans completely strip a bird of every feather and particle of down.

Whenever a girl takes it into her head to wave a broom at the head of a mob, she is called a Joan of Arc.

ALL ONE CONTINENT.

This map shows the formation of the land which scientists now affirm connected Australia, Africa and America, making of the three one great antarctic continent. For proof of this the fact is pointed out that the ancient sea beaches of Patagonia, which are now far inland, have imbedded in them fossil shells

which are exactly like those found in parts of Australia. It is probably more than 1,000,000 years ago that the continuous coastline of both continents became divided.

The fauna of the three countries are beyond doubt descendants from the same ancestors, for it is absurd to assume that there could at one time have been a land bridge across the great expanses of ocean; or that there can ever have been migration by means of drifting wood.

The ostrich is cited as another proof. It is found both in Australia and Africa, but is, nevertheless, a non-flying bird. But it is more particularly among extinct animals, whose remains are from time to time unearthed, that investigators have been able to establish their theory beyond doubt.

Now, the discovery of an antarctic continent is looked forward to with more importance by scientists than the discovery of the north pole.

GENESIS OF WORDS.

MANY COMMON ONES HAD PECULIAR BEGINNINGS.

How Some Popular Phrases Came Into the English Language—Many Came From the Hunting Field—Origin of the Term Bankrupt.

Words, like men, have histories, while others embody history. To the latter class belongs the word "rigmarole." Everybody understands it as signifying a confused and meaningless jumble, but few recall the fact that it comes from ragman's roll. Now, the ragman's roll was a crown document of no small importance. It is a real roll of ancient parchment and records categorically the instruments and deeds by which Scotland's nobility and gentry gave in their adhesion and swore allegiance to Edward I. of England toward the close of the thirteenth century. Naturally, it is a somewhat confused document, but possibly not quite so much confused as confusing to the good people of its own era.

It must have been upsetting in those days to discover that the lords and gentlemen thought to be stanchest for the old order had gone over to the invading king. Yet there is something to be said for the lords and gentlemen—they loved not Scotland's independence less, but their heads and their estates rather more.

Most of us are fond of venison—that is to say, deer's flesh. Formerly, however, that word had a wider meaning, being used for any flesh hunted—that is, meat of venery. Venery is the old word for hunting—thus foxes and wolves and badgers furnish "venison" no less than the lordly stag.

Cur, the synonym for a worthless dog, has somewhat the same derivation. In feudal England the dogs of the villeinage, no doubt mostly starving mongrels, were by law required to be curtailed—that is, have their tails cut short, so that they might be readily distinguished from the stag and boar hounds of the lords and gentlemen. The stag hounds ran true upon the scent, the mongrels would confuse and draw them off from it. Sometimes the villein-dogs had likewise to suffer "hombling"—that is, cutting away the two middle toes from each foot, so they could not run with the hounds. A curtail-dog, or curtle-dog, in time became simply a cur. His owners, the villeins, who lived in clustered hovels outside the castle walls, in like manner gave rise to the word village.

Another wonderfully expressive phrase—"to run riot"—also comes from the hunting field. Foxhounds run riot when they leave the drag of the fox and go racing and chasing off upon the scent of hares and rabbits, whose company the fox seeks when he finds himself pursued. Indeed, in fox-hunting parlance, hare scent is known as "riot."

The familiar phrase "on the pad," as signifying going hither and yon, also throws back to Reynard the fox. His feet are known technically as pads—when he gets up and begins to move about sportsmen say he is "on the pad."

Strange as it may seem, the word "tallyho!" in a manner connects the hunting field with the coach. Tallis hors, pronounced tallyho—Norman French for "out of the thicket"—was the proper cry when the fox broke cover. The huntsman and the master of the foxhounds answered the cry with long blasts of the horn. Then when public coaches began to run their horns blew the tallyho blasts; further, as luxury progressed, finer coaches often took to the meet, and the throwing off, fine people who did not intend to follow the hounds, but to see them spectacularly. Between use and luxury the coach with seats on top crystallized as the tallyho. The tallyho it is likely to remain, unless all the world should go automobile mad.

Though the bankrupt is so common among us nowadays, few know whence he derived his unenviable cognomen. It is among the most interesting of words with histories. Lombards, money-changers of Venice, sat on benches round about the plaza of St. Mark's. Banco is Italian for bench. When one of the money-changers defaulted the others fell to and broke his bench in little pieces. Afterward he was known as "banco-rupto"—that is, the man of the broken bench. Hence comes our word bankrupt.

These are only a few examples, but they serve to show how interesting is the study of word histories.

DON'T LIKE WOMEN.

Some Landladies Who Discriminate Against Their Own Sex.

"I have always felt that it was something of an inconvenience to be a woman, but I never regarded it as a cause for positive regret and mortification until a couple of weeks ago," said a young woman recently.

"It was while I was attempting, in the words of the song, to find 'a place to eat and a place to sleep' that I was made to feel my inferiority to the other sex. The advertisements were the first shocks to my nervous system. With one accord all those who had apartments to let announced that they took gentlemen only.

"This qualification was so general that finally one day I ventured to invade a house so posted and asked to see the rooms. The woman of the house regarded me scornfully.

"'We don't take ladies here,' she said.

"'Why not?' I asked, argumentatively; 'I'm a very busy person. I work during the day and I disturb no one. I can give you unexceptional references. I don't whistle in my room, or throw my clothes in the corners, or smoke; nor am I likely to come in intoxicated at all hours. I really can't see why I shouldn't be as desirable as a lodger as a man.'

"All this I said to induce her to divulge the reason for this prejudice against women.

"'We don't take ladies,' she responded, doggedly. 'They quarrel about the sheets and pillow cases, and find fault with the towels and the way the room is swept. There's a boarding-house next door; perhaps they'll take you there.'

"Shades of my grandmother! Perhaps they would take me! As though I were an outcast, whose faults might be forgiven if I promised to be good!

"But they wouldn't take me next door, after all, though I added a few other virtues to the list I had reeled off before and showed letters from my former hostess.

"'There's the third floor front you could have, if you were only a man,' said this landlady, reflectively. 'We don't care to take ladies; they make trouble in the house. We don't seem to be able to make them comfortable, and one urges the other on to complain.'

"The next morning, when I started out to renew my search, I was fortified with certificates of baptism and confirmation and a letter from the rector of the church I attended. These finally admitted me to the domicile of a weary-looking person, who acknowledged, desperately, that she took her own sex to board. Then, such is the contrariness of human nature, I instantly took a loathing to the place and decided it must be very second-rate, indeed. I took rooms there, however.

"Now the question arises, are women so intensely disagreeable in other people's houses as all this, and if so, why? If the dust lies undisturbed for weeks in the corners of a room, the feminine lodger will naturally call attention to it. But need she do so in an imperious manner?

"At all events, I'm sorry I'm a woman, since I must board, for it seems that the most objectionable of the lords of creation is preferred before any woman, however amiable she may be, in lodging houses."—Baltimore News.

ANECDOTE AND INCIDENT

A Scottish peasant, boasting of his relationship to the Duke of Argyll, explained the connection in this way: "The Duke's piper's sister's wee laddie has a wee doggie that's sin brither to my aunt's wee laddie's doggie."

The night clerk of a leading hotel of Washington, D. C., says that last winter a Southern Congressman came to him and demanded that his room be changed. When asked what displeased him, he replied, angrily: "Well, that German musician in the next room and I don't get along well. Last night he tooted away on his clarionet so that I thought I never would go to sleep. After I had caught a few winks I was awakened by a pounding at my door. 'What's the matter?' I asked. 'If you please,' said the German, 'dot you would schnore of der same key. You vas p from B-flat to G, and it spoils de moosic.'"

The following excerpt from Margaret Macauley's little volume on her brother, which was printed in 1864 for private circulation, shows Macaulay's unlike ability always to fall on his feet: "One day Tom said jokingly that there are some things which always incline him to believe in the predominance of evil in the world. Such, he said, as bread always falling on the buttered side, and the thing you want always being the last you come to. 'Now, I will take up volume after volume of this Shakspeare to look for "Hamlet." You will see that I shall come to it the last of all.' The first volume he took up opened on 'Hamlet.' Every one laughed. 'What can be a stronger proof of what I said?' cried he; 'for the first time in my life I wished that what I was looking for would come up last, and for the first time in my life it has come up first.'"

A newly engaged clerk in the employ of the Standard Oil Company was set to work in a small room that contained a health-lift. Every morning at about 10 o'clock, when this clerk was particularly busy with figures, a small, black-mustached man, quiet and different in manner, entered, said "Good-morning," walked on tiptoe to the corner, and exercised for a quarter of an hour. This became a bore to the clerk, who at last one day, remarked with considerable heat to the stranger: "How do you expect me to do my work properly when you are fooling with that blasted machine? I'm getting tired of it. Why don't you put it where it won't worry a person to death?" "I am very sorry if it annoys you," said the stranger, politely; "I will have it removed at once." A porter took it away within an hour. A few days later the clerk was sent for by Mr. Flagler, whom he found in earnest conversation with the small, black-mustached man. The latter smiled on seeing him, gave Flagler some instructions, and left the room. "Will you tell me who that gentleman is?" the young man asked, a light beginning to dawn upon him. "That was Mr. Rockefeller," was the reply. It was the clerk's first acquaintance with the head of the great corporation by which he was employed.

An interesting story is told illustrative of a reporter's zeal to obtain news from the Chinese legation in Washington, D. C., regarding affairs in Pekin. He sent an enterprising young fellow well versed in his editor to take the place of the regular Washington correspondent, who was away on his vacation, and he spent the whole morning in the vicinity of the legation endeavoring to pick up something, not knowing that the most direct way would have been to see Minister Wu himself, who is known to be kind about granting interviews. He was about to abandon his project when an intelligent-looking and well-dressed Chinaman came down the steps of the legation and responded so pleasantly to his greetings that he bombarded him with a whole list of questions. To the polite Celestial repeatedly answered: "Dun know, dun know." Finally, quite desperate at his inability to make something out of what he looked upon as a rare chance to talk with one of the legation's secretaries, he asked, appealingly: "Well, don't you know something of the death of the empress; what do you think about it?" "Me no thinkee," responded the Chinaman; "me washee," and with this parting announcement he disappeared into a laundry near by, of which he turned out to be the proprietor.

Dead Ancestors in China.

Dead ancestors are said to occupy so much of the arable land in China that lines would be less frequent if the country was not one vast cemetery.