

Eugene Weekly Guard.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.
EUGENE, OREGON.

Public interest in heresy trials has waned.

Too much hankering after boudoir makes Biddies.

It's a long race-track that doesn't separate a fool from his coin.

The innumerable beauty doctors should get together. No two of them agree.

It is said that a clever mind-reader once read a woman's mind—but was unable to understand it.

The Crown Prince of Japan is also arranging to run over and see America. My! but we're getting popular.

The Gould family must have discovered some way to keep Count Boni de Castellane constantly chloroformed.

The Paterson fire is not without its compensations, for it wiped out the headquarters of anarchy in that city.

Many a man, after attaining a high position, forgets all about the laws of gravity until it is everlastingly too late.

A Kentucky judge has discovered a short cut to riches. He will fine all men who carry concealed weapons \$100 each.

General Funston frankly admits that he prefers military operations in the interior of Luzon to surgical operations in his own interior.

Germany has seen its first minstrel show, and now if anybody asks Prince Henry when a door is not a door he will probably get the right answer.

The fearful extent to which the bargain-sale virus has permeated the veins and arteries of the nation is shown by the proposition to coin 2½-cent pieces.

The discovery that there is a gang of counterfeiters at work in Porto Rico seems to indicate that the Americanization of the island is proceeding rapidly.

Imitation may be the sincerest flattery, but the proprietor of a patent medicine is never flattered when the druggist offers something "just as good."

If the rich smugglers would quit smuggling it would not be necessary for the Secretary of the Treasury to jar their feelings every time they return from Europe.

The new Amer of Afghanistan announces that he will not permit missionaries to operate in his country. Evidently the Amer knows of some other way to raise money.

Hiram Maxim, the gun man, promises the world a practicable flying machine in ten years. Nothing is said about the price. Meantime the old gasp bike is high enough up for us to fall out of.

Dr. Orrin S. Wightman in the New York Medical Journal treats of "Hot Air as a Therapeutic Agent." Reference is doubtless made to the advice given us by our friends when we are sick.

The very practical suggestion is made that the United States should offer Marconi inducements to carry on some of his experiments between California and Hawaii. If it were found that he could establish communication between those points we would not have to be in such a hurry about laying a cable.

The Kansas Supreme Court has rendered a decision to the effect that where a man owns a home, and his wife dies and his children marry and establish homes of their own, his home ceases to be a homestead and can be seized for the payment of debts. The same decision applies to bachelors, and the Kansas court seems to be working along the line that widowers and bachelors must pay their debts.

The man who has an income of \$10,000 a year, and spends every cent of it on his wife and family and friends, is a good fellow, and is blessed by everybody, even after he has died and left not a cent to keep his children in school, to save his wife from going to work for their bread and butter, or to pay his bills scattered around the town. He dies a royal good fellow, with the reputation of living only for his family. The man who takes \$1,000 a year off his wife's back in clothes and \$1,000 a year off his own back with his drinks and cigars and puts it into insurance for them against the time when he is dead, and another \$1,000 a year out of other things that make a man generous and lovable, and puts that into a bond every twelve months for them, and then dies and leaves them where his children can stay in school and his wife go on living in comfort—well, he is a cur-mudgeon with a mind not above sordid things. Every time!

Thousands of us have our moments of imagining that we are independent characters. We pride ourselves on our independence and many of us are never so foolish as when we are trying to prove how independent we are. Every man, to begin with, is born dependent on and absolutely at the mercy of his ancestry. You have not a thing in you, and you never will have a thing in you, that you did not inherit from some one of the thousands and thousands of ancestors, all of whom are dimly stored away in your complex make-up. You may develop marvelously the faculties which they gave you. But you are dependent on those who brought you into the world. The Kafir, well-meaning, sober, industrious, honest, with all the virtues rolled up within him, has not a fragment of one chance in ten thousand billions of ever equaling the achievements even of a tenth-rate white man whose ancestral star was better. After birth you start with dependence on your an-

cestors, and after youth you are dependent on your education. Facts are your tools and you can't work without them. If your mind has the right formation and your brain is well provided with the deep convolutions, and good luck has supplied you with a good education in youth, the whole thing is dependent on your health—on your liver, your stomach or some other part of your internal machinery. Very often your success is dependent on your temper and tact. These depend on your digestion. Digestion, of course, depends on your cook, and the cook's attention to business may depend on the politeness of the policeman in front of the house. You may feel absolutely independent and think you are independent when as a matter of fact you are miserably dependent on the mood of the policeman who has snubbed the lady who cooks your food.

It is scarcely credible that there should exist sufficient ground for the remarks made by members of the Chicago Federation of Labor touching an age limit beyond which mechanics and laborers find difficulty in securing employment. The limit mentioned—35 and 45—is so low, so far from what is generally considered old age, so clearly in the very prime of life, that one cannot help expressing the hope that the complaints are mistaken. Yet there must be some basis for the criticism, some reason for the action taken by the Federation in resolving to investigate the matter and "to see if some action can not be taken to correct the evil."

The temper of the labor element on this point must be judged from the ironical remark made by one of the speakers at a recent meeting of the Federation—"A man should be dragged out and shot when he has reached the age of 45 years." He is dead timber in the pathway of progress under modern industrial conditions. Following this it was stated that some of the railroads and large manufacturing establishments now refuse to hire a man over 35 years old, and that mechanics are discharged at the age of 45 years by these concerns because they are too old. Without more evidence than this, few are prepared to accept it as fact. We can understand how railway companies that have adopted the merit system in making promotions in their service should place a comparatively low limit on the age at which they will take new employees; but that any man should be considered unfit for work simply because he has reached the age of 45 is incredible. It has been pretty clearly established that the really useful and productive years of the average man's life are the decades between 40 and 60. Even beyond 60 a man is at his best, particularly where a combination of skill and experience is requisite. In fact, the general tendency is to advance the age limit, and for this reason we shall await with interest the further investigation of the Federation of Labor into this most important question. It would be a matter for profound regret should it develop that our modern industrial system finds a man too old to enter it at the vigorous age of 35, and useless to it in the height of his prime at 45, or even at the advanced and experienced age of 60.

A Little Fable.
Once there was a land where they said, "Go to. Let us teach the people to love history." So there was an epidemic of the historical novel. It pervaded the book stores, and the magazines, and the news stands, and the daily papers. Then it invaded juvenile literature and ousted the fairy tale. In the course of a few years the people of that land knew more history than they had ever known before in all their days, and much of it was wrong. They began to balk.

"This is enough," they said. "We do not want any more."

But the writers kept on writing, and each tale was more wild and impossible than the last.

Finally matters reached a point where the women took frantically to reading recipe books, and the men to studying ledgers, and the children to begging for the multiplication table. The atmosphere became so practical that the moon was almost afraid to come out and shine for fear of being snubbed. And more work was done than ever before in the history of the country.

Moral: There is no instruction like giving people what they want.—Washington Times.

She Knew Him.
There is a certain young man in the old city hall who never nowadays allows his temper to get ruffled while at the telephone.

A few days ago he could not get the number he desired.

"See here, central, I'll report you," he shouted.

"You don't know who I am," was the composed reply.

"Well, I'll find out, and that blamed quick, too."

"I know you, though," came in soft, easy tones. "I've seen your picture. You're at the old city hall."

The young man plunged headlong into the trap.

"You have?" he exclaimed, delightedly, "where, in the newspapers?"

"No," was the merry reply, "on a lobster can."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"Hello" Before Prayers.
A nervous looking girl consulted a doctor, who asked her what she was suffering from. Her answer was as follows:

"In a telephone girl, doctor, and the work is a terrible strain on my nerves. The country is full of 'Hello' and 'Hello' tells me my nerves. When off duty I am always having 'Hello' ringing in my ears, and I am constantly saying 'Hello' to myself."

When I go to bed, I wake up from sleep saying 'Hello' and even when I kneel down to say my prayers I instinctively say 'Hello' before I commence them."

January and May.
Notary Angelo Alvini of Alatri in Sardinia, aged 100, has just married a 20-year-old wife. He has a great-grandchild descended from one of his previous marriages. His mother knitted a pair of silk stockings for Pope Pius IX. when she was 100 years old.

Carry the Mails Free.
Cuban railroads are compelled by their charters to carry mails free.

MILLIONAIRE AT 28.

GEORGE MEGREW AND HIS RISE IN THE WORLD.

He Was a Denver Cash Boy in 1881. Later Hunted for a Living in Washington, D. C., and Is Now a Partner of Andrew Carnegie.

George Megrew, formerly purchasing agent of the Carnegie Company, in fact one of Carnegie's "thirty young partners," has recently chosen Cleveland as his home.

The old saying that "truth is stranger than fiction" was never more clearly proved than in the life story of this young man.

A man who, though not yet 30 years of age, is a millionaire.

A man whose early life has been so strenuous that already he is seeking to regain his health, long ago shattered by hard work.

It is not often that the world hears of a young fellow only 28 years old, who retires on an annual income of \$25,000, the principal of which was largely made through his own efforts.

But such a man is George Megrew.

Mr. Megrew came to Cleveland a short time ago from Pittsburgh. He had often visited in this city, and decided that here was the spot that would in time seem the most like home to him, for he it known that Mr. Megrew is a bachelor, and rather alone in the world, as far as relatives go, although he has hosts of friends, for he is a charming man to meet, and makes friends everywhere.

After due consideration he decided to purchase a home at the corner of Euclid and Rosedale avenues.

Here Mr. Megrew has made for himself an extremely beautiful and at the same time a comfortable home.

Mr. Megrew has always been a worker at that. His success, that has come to him so early in life, is not due to luck. Almost at the beginning of life he has had to look out for himself, and the home he has just completed on Euclid avenue is the first "real" home he has known since he was a tiny chap of three summers.

Of course Mr. Megrew is an Ohio man. He was born in Wooster, Wayne County, in the year of '73.

When only 8 years of age he was working as cash boy in a dry goods store in Denver. At the age of 11 he was hustling for a living in Washington, D. C.

In the capital he sold papers, did odd jobs. One day he met a man who, after buying paper, stopped a moment and spoke kindly to the lad. The man was Congressman McKinley. He at once took a liking to young Megrew and offered to secure for him a position in the house. This the boy refused, for he wanted to go to school.

In 1888 Megrew's grandfather died and the lad went to Wooster to attend the funeral. Here he met H. C. Frick, who, taking a decided liking to Megrew—just as Mr. McKinley did—offered him a clerkship in his office, which was accepted. When Frick became chairman of the Carnegie Company he transferred Megrew to the offices of that concern as assistant to the cashier.

Then began Mr. Megrew's career. By steady application to business he won the respect of his superiors and within a short time was promoted. Soon more promotions came to the hard-working youth, until in 1898 he was given an interest in the Carnegie Company as a Christmas gift, with the position of purchasing agent.

This position carried a salary of \$7,000 a year, and Mr. Megrew held it until the fall of 1900, at the time of the controversy regarding the "ironclad agreement."

For several years his health had been failing, and for the past year Mr. Megrew has been seeking to regain his health. But he has not been "idling the time away" by any manner of means. He is interested in real estate in Pittsburgh, and his interests in the big steel corporation require much of his time.

Then, too, Mr. Megrew is deeply interested in church work, and he does a great deal of work along charitable lines, taking a particular interest in the newsboys, for this young millionaire never forgets the days of his boyhood when he sold papers on the streets of Washington.

In his beautiful new home Mr. Megrew has many mementoes of famous men of this country who are numbered among his friends. In the hall he has hanging a drawing by Chartran of the late President McKinley, made in Canton, besides an inscribed picture of the artist himself. Mr. Megrew has also innumerable letters of great value. One of which Mr. Carnegie personally, praising him for his work, and telling him of his selection as one of the young partners in the great steel corporation.—Cleveland Leader.

CALLS LONDON SQUALID.

Architect Makes Invidious Comparisons with Other Cities.

A candid friend of London has appeared in the person of Mr. Trevall, the new president of the Society of Architects. In his presidential address at St. James Hall Mr. Trevall said:

"The impression that always falls upon one when returning from either the European or American continents to London is the wretchedly narrow and insignificant-looking streets, with their low, mean, small shops and dwellings by contrast with what we have just left behind us. It is of little interest to be told how many hundreds of miles of the same sort of thing London contains, more than does any other metropolis in Christendom or elsewhere."

The fact still remains in your mind in a general sense that London looks squalid and miserable by comparison, and that feeling affects one for days, until he once more gets seasoned into the old haunts and relapses into that comfortable frame of mind that after all even the Strand and Ludgate Circus, with all their advertising bombardments, look at least familiar and homely."

"Take the city of London. It may have some of the finest commercial palaces in the world, rivaling those of old Venice herself; but look how they are huddled together! There is positively not the space to appreciate their design, their proportions or their detail."

A straight ticket doesn't necessarily indicate that all the candidates are straight.

Compare the Champs Elysees, Place de la Concorde, or the boulevards of Paris with our best streets and squares, and where are we?

"Or, say, the Ringstrasse of Vienna, or the Boulevard Armandy at Budapest, or carrying our thoughts across the Atlantic, to Broadway, Fifth avenue, Riverside, and Central Park, New York; the Commonwealth avenue, Boston; Victoria square, Montreal; East avenue, Rochester; Delaware avenue, Buffalo; Drexel boulevard, Washington; Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, or dozens of others that might be named. Alongside of these our Strand, our Whitehall, our Victoria streets, Regent street, Piccadilly, Park lane, Oxford street, etc., are but wretched apologies for what leading streets and thoroughfares should be."

"If we except the Thames embankment, Shaftesbury avenue, and the new thoroughfare that is about to be made between the Strand and Holborn," said Mr. Trevall, according to the London Mail, "nothing of an adequate scale to the size and importance of this metropolis has yet been attempted. With the dilapidated, rickety, old ramshackle properties that we see in some of the best and most central parts of London, what is wanted is a general rebuilding and improvement scheme fixed after mature deliberation by a competent central authority specially constituted by parliament, after consultation with the chief local authorities and perhaps the representative societies of architecture, sculpture and engineering, with a special regard to its qualifications and fitness for the purpose."

"This would be merely following the example that has been set in such capitals as Paris, Vienna and Washington."

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)
That night it still as death itself, and the sparkling brilliancy of the slow-moving water contrasts with it in tender fashion. Strangely attracted by it, Vera goes forward, moves down the steps that lead to the garden, and with eager footsteps gains the little pathway, steep and sudden, that leads to the beach, and a shiver runs through her; she turns her head to see Dyratt.

"You are going to marry Lord Shelton?" he says, his tone more assertive than questioning.

"It is an impertinent question," says Miss Dyratt, calmly.

"You are disinclined. If he has not yet asked you, you know he only waits the opportunity to do so. When he does—"

"He checks himself abruptly, knowing he has gone too far."

"Little flame leaps into Vera's eyes."

"Has it occurred to you that I am very forbearing?" she asks, with a curious smile. "Does it not strike you as very remarkable that I do not on my part question you back again?"

"He looks as if he was about to make her an angry rejoinder, but she checks him."

"No—don't be afraid, I am not going to put the question," she says, coldly; "and after all, why should I?"

"And after all, why should I?" he goes on, "that you know of someone I want to marry?"

"Let there be an end to this hateful hypocrisy," cries she, turning to him with a burst of passionate anger. "You acted your part for Griselda this morning most admirably."

"Vera," cries he, hoarsely.

"She turns as if startled by that impassioned cry, and then, he hardly knows how it is, he hardly dares remember afterward, but somehow she is in his arms, and he is looking down into her frightened eyes with a terrible entreaty in his own."

"Do you know what you are doing?" he says, his miserable voice scarcely above a whisper. "My darling, my soul, have pity!"

More closely his arms bind her. He bends his face to hers—nearer, nearer still, and then, suddenly, a great loathing of himself fills him. He draws back with a sharp shudder, and almost pushes her from him. "Go!" he says, vehemently; and in another moment she has turned the corner of the winding stair, and is gone.

"Gone!"

With a heavy groan he flings himself face downward on the cool, sweet, shifting sands, that moon-smitten lie trembling, waiting for the dawn.

CHAPTER XVII.
As Mr. Dyratt takes his way slowly around the house, the sound of running footsteps coming toward him from a side walk attracts his attention. It is Grunch, wild-eyed, haggard, her thin gray locks, unbound through her lean, forsaken face, flying at each side of her head, as if she were a wind-blown leaf.

"More haste, worse speed," says he, sarcastically. "Is the house afire, or my precious niece dead, that you rush upon me with such indecorous abandon?"

"Hush," says she, sternly, with a glance behind her. "This is no time for words like these. I have only this to say, Dyratt, pausing and panting for breath, 'that I have seen a ghost.'"

"The old man laughs."

"He silent," hisses the woman savagely; "cease your gibes, I tell you. The ghost I have seen is in me, Dyratt."

"My worthy father, for example," suggests he, with a sneer. "No? Well, come, who then?"

"Michael Sedley!" The words fall from her as though they burn her lips in passing.

No Judge of Art.
The seller of pot-bottles came into the office of the shrewd broker with the air of one who is about to sacrifice a priceless treasure. It was a seascape; a troubled sea beat upon purple rocks, and wind-driven gulls wheeled in wild circles above the familiar pot-boller ship.

The seller of pot-bottles looked upon his treasure long and yearningly. It could be seen that a grievous struggle between art and appetite was raging within him. "How much do you want for it?" demanded the shrewd broker. "One hundred dollars," said the pot-boller man; "it's giving it away." "Give you three for it," said the shrewd broker. "It's yours," said the pot-boller man. "That fellow across the way only offered me 5 cents, but he ain't no judge of art."—New York Evening Post.

A Deserted Street in Paris.
A queer discovery has been made in Paris in the shape of a street uninhabited and ignored by all. In the course of the work in progress for widening the Rue Vaneau, this roadway—which it would be incorrect to describe as a thoroughfare, considering that the ends were blocked off—was discovered. It had neither paving stones nor pavement, was two meters wide, and an old inscription showed that it was formerly called Rue d'Olivet. It would be useless to seek the name in a directory, for it is certain that until a few days ago no one knew of the existence of the Rue d'Olivet.—Paris Messenger.

Cippings for Royal Reading.
As his children attained the age of 10 King Edward had everything concerning them which appeared in the newspapers pasted into albums, and these were handed over to them when they reached years of discretion. The Prince of Wales, however, began at the beginning, and each of his children has a volume of newspaper cuttings dating from the day of birth.

In Memory of Kate Greenaway.
In memory of the late Miss Kate Greenaway it is proposed to endow a cot in one of the children's hospitals in London.

The man never lived who could be convinced that certain things were necessary for his wife because her preacher said so.



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"No—not at all. I never saw him before."

"What! you can tell me nothing? You think, Dyratt?" says Peyton, with increasing anxiety. "If you know nothing, we shall scarcely be able to see how we act. Exert your memory, man."

"It is useless," he swears. "I never saw him before." He casts himself to the ground again at Sedley, and a shiver of despair shakes him. "I know only this—that he has killed my father."

"You forget," says Peyton, very gently. He would have been thankful, but for the fact that he knew it would be impossible for him to see the whole thing. There was a quarrel, about what I did not hear, but it was your father who knocked him down."

"Well, it killed him," says Sedley, excitedly. "The excitement of that quarrel was too much for him. I still maintain that that man caused his death. He covers his face with his hands."

"Nevertheless, we cannot leave him here to die. Come, Sedley, take courage in your hands. Think if there be no way to avoid the scandal that necessarily follows from all this. For the sake of your poor father's memory, bestir yourself."

It is a potent argument. Peyton flares hotly, and the old touch of power returns to his face.

Together they carry the two bodies into the house, under cover of the same night. Mr. Dyratt to his own room, and then up the stairs, and through the less crowded corridors, up always to a disused chamber in a remote corner of the old tower is reached, where it is beyond probability that any one in the house save these three who know, will ever seek to penetrate.

(To be continued.)

HATS OF OUR ANCESTORS.
Changes that Have Taken Place in Manufacturing Headgear.

"Speaking of the hat business," says a veteran of the business to the local historian, "most wonderful changes have taken place since 1850. In those times soft felt and derby hats were known, and it was as late as 1843 when silk dress hats were first introduced into this country, this being a French invention, and all silk plush used in hats in the world was, up to this time, made in France. When Kossuth came to America he introduced the soft felt hats, wearing one himself. It did not take American hat makers long to take the idea, and in less than one year and young Americans covered the heads with Kossuth hats. They were in shape nearly the same as today's hats now, only being trimmed up with a nice, long ostrich plume. Along about 1858 an English tourist came along with the derby hat, and in a very few years they became the general hat gear in the country, and up to the present date the demand for soft hats is nearly as great as ever."

"In those days all the best class soft hats were imported from France and stiff derbies from England. Then, however, has taken a material change as American hats are now sold in parts of the globe, and it is a fact that we produce the most up-to-date and best hats made. Before the arrival of Kossuth and the English tourists, however, the Americans did not wear hats, but contented themselves with napped ott or brush hats, for the more expensive, and the so-called scratch-up or brush hats, the cheaper. Brush or scratch-up derive their name from the fact that they were raised on them by means of a brush constructed of whalebone. Many manufacturers who made American production in those goods popular and world-renowned, and who from French and English hats out of the market, were Rinaldo M. Waters, J. B. Stetson, J. D. Bird and B. J. Brown."

"During the early periods of 1850 and 1850 a dealer was a hatter in fact, else there would have been no room for him, as all made the hats they sold and handled, no machines of any kind, and one who knew how to make a top of order or better hat was an artisan earning