Eugene Weekly Guard.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.

EUGENE.....OREGON.

Don't believe all the good things you hear of yourself.

An earthquake insurance company could do a lively business these days.

Sometimes a man's sins find him out—but he is more apt to be found out by his wife.

Joseph Jefferson has played "Rip Van Winkle" more than 4,000 times. Playing it must seem like work now.

Samuel L. Clemens, LL. D., is the way to write it now. The gentleman, however, will continue to answer to Mark Twain.

Mrs. Laura Dainty Pelham thinks ragtime is to be the salvation of American music. But is American music worth saving under such a condition?

It is alleged that Simon Sam stole $8,000,000 from the people of Hayti before he departed. Sime ought to be made an honorary member of the Absconding Cashiers' Club.

When you consider the number of mosquitoes who will never get a bite of human gore, the contemplation of this tragedy of frustrated hopes and aspirations becomes painful.

Probably President Harriman is right in saying that "railroads should not be governed by men who know nothing about the business." Only public affairs should be thus administered.

A notable tribute to the high courtesy of the late Lord Dufferin comes from an Italian lady who had asked an English friend to get some information for her. An apology for delaying the matter was met with the gracious and significant response: "Never would I think a countrywoman of Lord Dufferin could be rude!"

One of the telephone girls in an Oregon city has recently married a wealthy banker of that place, and gone abroad on a wedding trip. The banker was first attracted to the young woman by her gentle voice in calling "number," through the telephone. One is reminded that the heroine of Dr. Holmes' "Over the Teacups" had no name. As "Number Five" only she became endeared to readers, and her principal characteristic was a low, rich, well-modulated voice.

The railroads of this country are divided into five great systems, viz: The Vanderbilt, the Pennsylvania, the Morgan-Hill, the Gould and the Harriman, writes Charles A. Prouty, member of the Interstate Commerce Commission. These five systems, together with the Atchison, the Rock Island and the St. Paul, control about 135,000 miles of road. There are 200,000 miles of railroad in the United States, but the other 65,000 miles begin nowhere and end nowhere and are absolutely dependent on the five great systems. When five men can sit around a table and say that rates shall be so and so, and if at the end of the year this thing does not pan out as we think it ought to, we will make it right, you have a pooling arrangement that cannot be reached by any law.

The reports of consuls in various parts of Germany to the effect that American goods are being closely copied by German manufacturers indicate in one way the fierceness of the competition that is to be encountered in foreign markets from now on. A year ago it was reported that in various cities of Germany goods of home manufacture were offered for sale with the false and misleading placard "made in America" attached to them. While this is likely to hamper the growth of American trade in European markets, it is nevertheless a compliment to the American artisan. Foreign markets cannot be closed to American goods so long as the American mechanic holds his supremacy. His skill, supplemented by perfected machinery which is being constantly brought into use, is bound to win the battle in the long run.

Ex-President Patton of Princeton sees danger to the life of the nation in the struggle for wealth and luxury. He does not object so much to the accumulation of wealth or to the luxury in which its possessors live as he does to the methods by which money is acquired. The desire for luxury, he says, is becoming general at the expense of the national conscience. Professors and other schoolmen are not uncommonly haunted by this fear for the welfare of society. From the seclusion of their studies they see only the struggle for wealth, without observing the effect of the strenuous life on the character of those who lead it. Because Dr. Patton's fellow-citizens pursue wealth with characteristic American concentration it does not follow that they have no other ideal than money and luxury. The idle enjoyment of wealth seems as dangerous as the race after it. Benjamin Disraeli once advised a youthful philosopher to "ponder less and act more." He might have said substantially the same thing to those who tremble for the safety of the republic at every fresh aspect of the present industrial development of society.

How humanity bows and scrapes to a sealskin sacque and diamonds! Good clothes get ready money and rags must pay cash. Tradesmen are too busy to study consciences. Mme. Humbert's scheme was a stem-winder for simplicity. She appeared in Paris with a claim to the $20,000,000 estate of R. H. Crawford. Rival claimants were also fighting. The people looked on. The fact that there was a fight proved that there was something to fight for. She was the happy possessor of Mr. Crawford's will and a vault full of valuables, she said. How were the people to know that there was no Mr. Crawford, no stocks and bonds, no valuables, no anything except a woman who possessed a smile warranted to bring ready money out of a safe, and a nerve that simply outclassed anything ever heard of in France. She borrowed! Can man refuse when the borrower drives to the bank in an outfit for a king—when the horses have pedigrees as long as their tails, and the harness is gold plated? So they let her have the money. The money lenders handed over sums aggregating $8,000,000 to $12,000,000. Mme. Humbert enjoyed life. She must have possessed an asbestos conscience, and she kept on fighting for the Crawford "millions" and talking about the bonds and stocks she possessed till a money lender demanded to see the inside of the safe in her palace. The house of cards fell. The safe was empty. Mme. Humbert departed between two days, and Paris mourns because of the greatest swindle in a century. Experience has a money value, but it would be hard to convince those Frenchmen who are holding the bag that theirs was worth the price.

A few years ago a man undertook to establish in various sections of the country "Don't Worry" societies. How long they endured and whether any of them still exist we do not know. There is no logical reason why their mission should not be practicable, except, perhaps, that it is so purely negative. It is not enough to pledge one's self not to worry and to remind one's neighbor continually that he must not do so. Mere negation means a vacuum. If we don't worry, what are we to do? That is a question most characteristically American. The American, of all human beings, is most impatient and intolerant of vacuums, from an empty stomach to an empty mind. If the American doesn't worry, he or she must have something else to do. Our advice would be: Discard the negative maxim, for no one yet ever ceased to worry by forming a resolution to that effect. Substitute for it the positive self-command: "Be cheerful." Religion used always to have a gloomy tinge. Consolation was offered the ailing spirit, but it was more than offset with menace and dread. The truly living religion of to-day is different. It inculcates, above all, that saving admonition. It teaches people how to be cheerful. If it doesn't do that it is worth nothing. The most attractive church is the one in which the clear light enters from above, falling alike in pure benediction upon pulpit and pew. The most efficacious religion is one that lifts from the groveling fears of the flesh and the finite mind. Sometimes a very simple and unpretentious example of the fruits of cheerfulness is found in ordinary life. Cheerful old age in itself is the best eulogy of years well spent. You may be sure that it is never the sequence of the opposite history. There is fictitious cheerfulness, and the real cheerfulness, that of the heart and the tranquil conscience. No healthy cheerfulness comes without work or its equivalent, which may be generally defined as useful endeavor. In its due proportion, it is the sweetening of life, which without it has no honest relish. Cheerfulness is a positive duty. No negative one can take its place. To be cheerful is not necessarily to be unselfish. It is often to be selfish in the exalted and altogether commendable sense: to be one's best self and therefore happiest and most beneficent to others.

SHAFT TO MARK FIRST AMERICAN COLONY.

A granite monument, which will be practically imperishable, is to be raised on the site where the first American colony was founded on May 24, 1602. The interesting bit of land is an islet known as Gosnold Island, Cuttyhunk, near Cape Cod. It was there that Bartholomew Gosnold, the English voyager, and his company of thirty-two hardy adventurers, landed on the date above mentioned. The movement to mark this historic spot with a suitable shaft has been agitated for the last few months by former Congressman Randall of Boston, and the wonder is that nobody thought of doing so before. The shaft will be severely plain, will be sixty feet high, and will cost about $3,000. Gosnold was the first of the early voyagers to sail directly across the Atlantic instead of following the usual route route to the West Indies via the Canaries. He sailed from Falmouth March 26, 1602, and in two months found himself in Massachusetts Bay. He gave the name to Cape Cod which it bears to this day and he explored the coast all around that vicinity. Gosnold Island at present is owned by the heirs of the late W. C. N. Swift, of New Bedford.

Why Girls Can't Throw Stones.

A London physician, having made a long and careful scientific investigation of a girl's inability to throw a stone as a boy does, says that it is due to the physical conformation of her shoulder. A boy throws with a free movement of the arm that is not possible with a girl, because her collarbone is larger and sets lower than the boy's. The girl may excel in sports where this action is not required, but she can never learn to throw like a boy.

People Who Speak Irish.

The Irish language is spoken in the Bahamas among the mixed descendants of the Hibernian patriots banished long ago by Cromwell to the West Indies. One can occasionally hear negro sailors in the east end of London who cannot speak a word of English, talking Irish to the old Irish apple women who gather around the docks.

Fishin' Time.

Now Nature calls her children
Where speckled beauties gleam;
So the teacher wallops Johnny,
Because Johnny whips the stream.
—Exchange.

When you give a party, pass the refreshments as fast as the guests arrive, and give them a chance to get home.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who referred to raspberries as "rawsberries?"

It is a deplorable fact that a girl can never get her first kiss but once.

IS A REPULSIVE CITY.

FILTH, WRETCHEDNESS, FANATICISM AND AVARICE.

These Make Jerusalem One of the Most Disgusting Places on Earth—Danger of Death from Mohammedan Fanatics—Mosque of Omar.

The city of Jerusalem is a place of overwhelming interest to all Christians and is almost as sacred to the followers of Mohammed as to the followers of Christ, but everybody who comes here in a reverential spirit is sure to be disappointed and wish that he had stayed away, so many illusions are dispelled, so many ideals shattered, so many cherished memories violated, so much confidence shaken, writes William E. Curtis in the Chicago Record-Herald. Every holy and historical place is disputed—every spot in the entire city of any public interest, the line of every wall, the position of every palace, temple and synagogue, the location of every gate, the site of every scene connected with the life of the Savior, the name of every pool; several of the most important places are duplicated, and in one instance triplicated.

The mercenary spirit pervades every part of the community, which makes its living off pilgrims and tourists, and will find holy places and arguments and evidence to support them as long as trustful and confiding people are willing to pay for the privilege of seeing them. Those who are competent to speak on such subjects say that the longer you stay and the oftener you come to Jerusalem the more rapidly these objections diminish in importance and the greater will be the interest which the ruins and traditions inspire, but everybody will always be obliged to confess the degraded aspect of the people, the material and moral decline of the city, the filth and wretchedness of the homes, the cheap and tawdry decorations of the churches, and the inappropriateness of the monuments. These things make people melancholy if not disgusted. A combination of superstition and fanaticism, with formalism and avarice, is the chief characteristic of the modern city, once the fountain head from which the knowledge of the true God was diffused to all mankind, and after a few days' experience you feel like buttoning up your pockets when you kneel to pray before a sacred shrine.

Jerusalem is not a town for amusement or recreation; for everything in it is tinged with religious sentiment and relates to scriptural history. There is nothing to attract a traveler but shrines and memories, and the air is full of controversy, jealousy and doubt.

There is nothing beautiful in or about the city except the Mosque of Omar, which is one of the sublimest conceptions of Saracenic architecture in existence. Although we sing of the glory, the purity and happiness of Jerusalem, it is one of the most repulsive places in all the world. The old city is a mass of stone masonry, separated by narrow streets and courts and surrounded by a wall thirty-eight feet high and altogether two and a half miles in length. There are few open spaces, the streets are crooked; many of them are blind alleys, and those in the business districts are vaulted over. There are no sewers and none but surface drainage. All the filth and offal of unmentionable sorts is dumped upon the pavement for the dogs to scatter and the rain to wash away. If wet weather the streets are stinking cesspools, and when they dry up the mixture is ground to powder beneath the hoofs of camels and donkeys and the sandals of men, blown into the air and absorbed into the throats and nostrils, the eyes and ears of man and beast, with myriads of microbes of all varieties. You actually have to hold your nose as you walk down the Via Doloroso, the most holy and interesting street in the world, sanctified by the feet of the Savior who followed it as He bore the cross to Calvary.

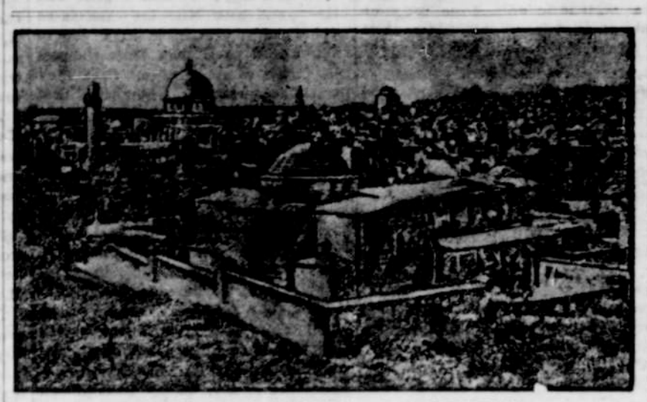
The streets of Jerusalem inside the walls are repulsive by day and unsafe at night. Strangers, particularly foreigners or Christians, should never wander out by themselves after dark. They are strictly warned against such folly, because it is a Moslem town, in which business is suspended from sunset to sunrise and becomes like a city of the dead after dark. In the older portions there are no street lights, no gas, no electricity, not even petroleum lamps. When darkness falls the bazaars are closed, the shutters are put up, the camels and donkeys are turned into the corrals at the khans, and the people retire behind the high blank walls that inclose their habitations. Those who are compelled to go out on honest business have lanterns carried before them. A man going home without a light is apt to be arrested for a suspicious character. But this is not the greatest danger. In passing through the streets at night a stranger is apt to be touched by a leper, or bitten by a cur, or stabbed by a Mohammedan fanatic.

The latter are the worst of all assassins, because they strike without reason, and their religion not only justifies but rewards them for taking the lives of unbelievers. While the police and military are always on the lookout for these "fakirs," as they are called, and punish them with instant death if detected, the penalty has no terror for them and it is impossible for strangers to guard against them because they cannot distinguish between people. All Christians look alike to them. Some of the "fakirs," after having made the pilgrimage to Mecca or to the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem, go out into the world to fulfill vows they have made to kill or chastise "gaiours," as Christians are called, for the sake of the faith, or for some imaginary slight or profanation to their religion. Strangers who visit mosques must always take a soldier or a kavass from their consulate with them to protect themselves against possible assault from these fanatics.

Except in the bazaars and the principal thoroughfares, the streets of Jerusalem are unpaved, and are strewn with offal and carrion, decaying fruit, dead cats and curs, and filth, which is never carried away and is allowed to remain until it decays. Many of the common trades are conducted in the streets, and the thoroughfares ordinarily followed by strangers and tourists are lined on both sides with peddlers, who clamor for custom.

The Mosque of Omar, referred to above, is on historic Mount Moriah and stands upon the site of three ancient temples, erected respectively by Solomon, Zerubbabel and Herod. It was on Mount Moriah that Abraham received the order to sacrifice Isaac, the order being cancelled when his obedience had been tested. A tradition states that a mass of rock lying directly beneath the dome of the Mohammedan temple is the same upon which Abraham made ready to sacrifice his son and where the "altar of sacrifice" of the Temple stood.

The mosque was built in the seventh century and is diagonal in shape. Its diameter is 170 feet. The lower portion is constructed of various colored marbles and the upper part is pierced with fifty-six windows of brilliantly stained glass. The dome is richly gilded and is supported by pillars, with arches resting on columns of porphyry.



SACRED TO JEW, TURK AND CHRISTIAN.

General view of Jerusalem, showing in the foreground the Christian Church of St. Ann and in the left background the historic Mosque of Omar.

JOHN BROWN'S BIRTHPLACE.

Still Stands Near Torrington, Conn., and Is Lived in by Negroes.

One of the claims of Torrington, Conn., to distinction is the fact that John Brown, who was so prominent in the early days of the anti-slavery movement, was born in a quaint old farmhouse a short distance from the place. The house is now 112 years old and by a singular turn of fate is occupied by a negro family, for whose race Brown died. It is one of the show places of the neighborhood and visitors to Torrington generally visit it.

JOHN BROWN'S BIRTHPLACE.

John Brown lived in the old house until he was 5 years old. Then his father moved to Kansas with his family. The friend of the black man made several visits to his birthplace and was pleased to find a growing anti-slavery movement. In 1837 the lines between the opposing parties were closely drawn, and several fights occurred at Wolcottville when the anti-slavery adherents tried to hold meetings there. Brown paid Torrington an extended visit about this time, and was so outspoken against slavery that an old friend of the family undertook to warn him. "If you keep up this fight against slavery, you'll be hanged some day," said the friend. Brown is said to have replied that he did not fear anything of that sort, and went on fighting slavery until he was hanged at Charleston, Va., in 1859.

Negro Race Is Dying Off.

There is every indication that the negro question will settle itself in Cuba. In a report on the vital statistics of Havana and Guanabacas Major Gorgas, a physician as well as a soldier, says that during the month of January in those cities the native whites showed an excess of 188 births over deaths, that is, the figures were 457 and 269, whereas the native negroes showes an excess of 58 deaths over birth—that is to say, the figures were 128 and 70. The figures for the year 1901 are even more significant. During the twelve months the native whites gained 1,749 and the native negroes lost 513, making a total gain for the natives of 1,227 inhabitants.

The deaths of foreigners brought the difference down to exactly one, although it must be remembered that the number of foreigners dying indicates that the city is gaining rapidly in population by immigration. If this keeps up for a reasonable length of time there will soon be no negroes left in Cuba.

The shorter a woman wears her rainy day skirt, the higher she wears her collar.

Nothing looks more peculiar than to see a young man trying to flirt, when he doesn't know how.

RELICS OF ROYALTY.

An exhibition lately held in London, of more than ordinary interest to the antiquary, was composed of all kinds of curious relics of royalty, including paintings of monarchs of Great Britain and Ireland, and their descendants. Many of the objects shown, though devoid of beauty or artistic value, yet possessed a melancholy, romantic or tragic interest from the associations connected with them. No one who had followed the fortunes of Roundhead and Royalist through the pages of historical romance, or wept over the death of the unfortunate King, saw without a thrill the piece of the ribbon of the Garter worn by Charles I. on the scaffold, or the bit of the pall that covered his coffin.

In a case (lent by the Earl of Ashburnham) were some of the undergarments worn on the same melancholy day. The King's garments were divided amongst his attendants, and these fell to the share of John Ashburnham, the ancestor of the present earl, who also left a lock of the King's hair. In front of a magnificent portrait of Queen Elizabeth, lent by the Duke of Devonshire, was a case full of pathetic interest. At one end were the tiny garments fashioned and beautifully worked by the same great Queen, when Princess Elizabeth, for the child which never came to gladden her sad-faced sister; and at the other end a little tippet of imitation minever, with sad brown stains upon it, left there when it was taken off the neck of poor headless Anne Boleyn. Here were shown her high heeled shoes, too, together with a rough taggy beaver hat, reddish in color, with a green ostrich feather stuck in it, belonging to Henry VIII. Attached to these was a note of considerable interest, showing how a large estate in Herefordshire passed into the hands of Nicholas Bristowe.

Amongst the manuscripts was the confirmation of all gifts and charters of the founder (Henry VI.) granted by himself to Eton College, with the Great Seal attached. All the Royal Seals of England, a very interesting collection, were lent by the Society of Antiquaries, and there was a fine collection, too, of English gold and silver coins. Conspicuous among the paintings was a very beautiful diptych of Richard II. adoring the Virgin and Child, lent by the Earl of Pembroke. The young, almost effeminate-looking King, is kneeling before a vision of the Madonna, who appears surrounded by angels robed like herself in exquisite luminous blue, and all wearing the Order of the White Hart, which appears also on the King's left shoulder. No one seems able to say with any authority by whom it was painted. Much interest was concentrated on the Coronation relics, shown in a large case in one of the galleries. Several are lent by the Earl of Ancaster. The helmet-shaped ewer of silver gilt used at the coronation of Queen Anne was a perquisite of the first Duke of Ancaster as Lord Great Chamberlain, and the ewer and salver used by George III. became the property of the third Duke in like fashion, as well as the coronation robes of George IV. The pens used by Queen Victoria at her coronation and her marriage, were lent by his majesty, and one of the arm slings made by her late majesty for the wounded in the Crimea, but relics of Queen Victoria were not so plentiful as might have been expected. The Orchardson portrait group of the four generations of the royal family, and one of the best portraits of the King—that painted by Mr. A. Stuart Wortley, and lent by the Junior Carlton Club, were much admired.

COW GIRLS OF OREGON.

They Rope Steers, Brand Calves and Conquer the Wildest Horses.

Eight girls do almost all the work of a big cattle ranch in Oregon. No cowboys are more skillful at roping a steer or branding a calf than are these enterprising daughters of William Walker, whose home is in the picturesque and rugged section at the headwaters of John Day River. These Walker girls are noted as dare-devil riders, who can conquer the wildest horses. The horse was one of the first sights that caused their baby eyes to kindle with excitement, and they have been practically raised in the saddle.

Their costumes are picturesque and practical, mostly of duck and buckskin, with plain calico skirts. Their canvas coats are more often tied to the back of the saddle than worn. They ride astride, as every one has to do in that rough region. The country is not adapted to sidesaddles or wheeled vehicles.

ONE OF THE COW GIRLS.

The Walker horses and cattle have a very extensive range, but very little of it is level, and when the girls go to "cut out" a horse or cow some lively racing has to be done. The riders are apt to be going straight up the mountain one minute and straight down the mountain the next or to be hovering over a precipice. But however it may chance, the girls are always equal to the occasion and keep a firm seat.

The herding and handling of wild stock is very hard on their saddle horses, so that they are constantly breaking in new ones to ride. Before their colts are a year old the Walker girls lasso and brand them on the range, and then allow them to run wild until they are 3 years old, when the girls get them up and saddle and conquer them. It is wild work, but the plucky young women do it to perfection, and have never even been hurt at it. It is no simple matter to break and train one of these horses. They are as wild as any animals to be found in the West.

They kick and strike and "buck" and lunge, and throw themselves over backward with intent to crush their riders. Yet for daring and skill in horse breaking the Walker girls have few superiors. Furthermore, they are seasoned mountaineers, and dead shots with the rifles they always carry across the pommels of their heavy stock saddles. They are thoroughly at home in the mountains, and if night overtakes them far out on the range, they can curl up in their saddle blankets and get a good night's sleep on mother earth.

Carrying Coals to Newcastle.

When the woman who loves flowers went to California to spend the winter, she insisted on taking along her pet calla, says the Troy Times. "I never thought so much of a plant as I do of that calla," she replied to her husband's objections. "It will be full of blossoms this winter, and I wouldn't miss seeing them and smelling them for anything."

So she and the calla started. How they fared is told in these paragraphs from her first letter home:

"As to that calla, it was the greatest bother. I almost wore myself to a shadow taking care of it. By the time I got to California I was sick and tired of it. But I remembered the comfort the blossoms would be when they came.

"When I got up on the morning of the last day I looked out of the car window, and may I never see home again if the train wasn't running through a field of callas so big that I couldn't see its limits! I just sat down and had a good cry!

"To think that an ordinarily sensible woman should cart a twenty-pound pot and lily more than three thousand miles just because she wanted to see it in bloom, and then find millions of the same lilies growing wild! It was enough to make an angel weep! I just took that calla and threw it out of the car window!"

A Mountain-Climber.

At a reception of the Authors' Club in New York the guest of honor was Sir Martin Conway, the explorer and mountain climber. One man who did not know the guest asked another:

"Who is here to-night?"

"Sir Martin Conway."

"Conway? Who is he? I can't place him."

"The mountain climber."

"Oh, yes! But what is he doing in New York?"

"Merely traveling from climb to climb."

American Leather the Best.

American kid leathers are growing in favor abroad, especially in Australia. Recently one of the largest morocco manufacturers in Lynn, Mass., made a shipment to that country of 3,500 dozen skins, which shipment is said to be the largest ever made from there for foreign parts. It is not so very long ago when the best kid shoes were made from skins imported from France. Now France is buying large quantities of kid from this country.

THE PRESERVATION OF WOOD.

Many Ingenious Methods by Which Timber Is Kept from Decay.

In South street, New York, are several concerns whose business is the preservation of wood. Each has its own favorite method and each experiments more or less toward obtaining better and cheaper systems. The problem is very involved, and is full of rich reward for successful inventors. "I have been in the business twenty years," said a member of one of these houses, "and although in that time the trade has progressed considerably yet still much remains to be done, and whoever does it efficiently will make a large fortune.

"In spite of the substitution of iron and steel for wood in house and bridge building, and in construction of ships, piers and other structures, the consumption of wood increases yearly. All wood decays, and its value depends chiefly upon its durability. The element of decay is only one factor in the durability. Besides decay there is the destruction of wood by teredos and other marine creatures, and in tropical countries by the white ants and other forms of insect life.

"The simplest method of preservation is charring. Every old farmers knows that if he burns the end of a chestnut post in the fire until it is covered with a thin coat of charcoal it will last from ten to thirty years longer when set up in the ground than if put there in its normal condition. Next to this are the paints which do excellent work in cold and temperate climates.

"A piece of wood painted every two or three years will last centuries, but this does not apply to wood employed on ships or in the piles of wharves and bridges. Marine animals bore through the paint and attack the wood beneath it. The paint acts as a protector, but the protection is small and limited. In this field the best results have been obtained by the use of coal tar, copper paint, arsenic paint and mercurial paint.

"When you reach the tropics paint is almost worthless so far as preventing the attacks of white ants is concerned. They bore a hole through the paint, go into the interior of the log or timber and eat out all the tissue without disturbing the paint-skin on the outside. The only process which seems absolutely efficient is to charge the wood with some poisonous fluid which is antiseptic, nonvolatile and permanent. Solutions of zinc, iron, copper, arsenic and mercury have been tried and have all given good results. The best were obtained by forcing through the pores of the wood a strong solution of the double chloride of ammonia and mercury. After the wood was charged it was laid aside to dry, during which operation the ammonia and the water evaporated, leaving the corrosive sublimate uniformly distributed through the ligneous tissue. This made the lumber proof against any form of animal life.

"Why is it not universally used?" repeated the expert, according to the New York Post. "The cost. It requires a heavy pressure and expensive apparatus, and the mercury itself is worth something like half-dollar a pound."

Sympathy Prevailed.

The two cars were scheduled to meet at the junction, and the nervous little conductor had distributed the transfers with a speed seldom seen in the remote suburb. As they neared the point of transfer the car which should have received the tickets kept right on, despite the yells and threats of the two women who had expected to board it.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed one of them to the first conductor; "why did he do that?"

"Why did he do it, the red-headed divil?" rejoined the conductor; "he does it for spite, ma'am; he's mad at me."

"But," rejoined the furious woman, "how dare he vent his private spites on the public. I shall complain of him at once."

"Well, I wish you wouldn't, ma'am," spoke conductor No. 1. "You see, he's me sister's husband, an' if he gets laid off, why, the poor girl will have to take in sewin'. Sometimes them as don't deserve it is the ones to suffer."

The "red-headed divil" escaped sure.—New York Evening Sun.

Jefferson as an Inventor.

Not many people know that Thomas Jefferson was a great inventor. His inventions were all of articles of everyday use. He devised a three-legged folding camp stool that is the basis of all camp stools of that kind to-day. The stool he had made for his own use was his constant companion on occasions of outings. The revolving chair was his invention. He designed a light wagon. A copying process was devised by him and came into general use. He also invented an instrument for measuring the distance he walked. A plow and a hemp cultivator showed that his thoughts were often on agricultural matters. His plow received a gold medal in France in 1790. Jefferson never benefited financially by his inventions, but believed they should be for the use of every one without cost.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Which Was It?

Sir William MacCormac, the president of the Royal College of Surgeons, is an indefatigable worker. Often to save time when studying in his laboratory, he used to have a light luncheon served there.

On one occasion his assistants heard him sigh heavily, and looking up, saw the doctor glaring at two glass receptacles on his table.

"What is the matter, doctor?" asked one of the men.

"Nothing in particular," was the reply, "only I am uncertain whether I drank the beef tea or that compound I have been working on. And on the whole, I would rather it had been the beef tea."

Rather Bitter.

"Do you think," he asked, "that you could learn to love me?"

"I don't know," she answered; "I might, but if I were a man I'd hate to think that I was an acquired taste."—Chicago Record-Herald.

We all do a great deal of grumbling and there is usually something back of it.

If you could have your way, what a lot of changes you would make!