

CRIMINALITY IN SOCIETY.

Criminality, as looked at from the standpoint of sociology, is a result of the improper development of the social self in the individual. The sociologist may study men from three standpoints in their relations to society in general, namely, first, from the side of vitality; second, from the side of personality or ability; third, from the side of sociality. In attempting to classify men under these three heads, he must notice great inequalities in the mental, moral and physical status. The vitality of a man may be either high medium or low; his personality, inventive, imitative or defective; his sociality, social, non-social, pseudo-social, or anti-social. In carrying the criminal through this table of classification, it is not difficult to distinguish his variation from the normal man. The average man in society [by society is meant the sociivity of cultivation, acquaintance and like-mindedness] belongs to the high or the medium vitality class; here, also the criminal claims a place. The ordinary human being, without objection, can be placed in the imitative of the personality class; and here, too, may be put the criminal. When, however, the remaining division is reached with these two individuals the average man and the criminal, the difference readily comes to light. The ordinary man sets himself in the non-social or social or possibly pseudo-social class, though in the latter he is scarcely found; the criminal is rated in the lowest subdivision, the anti-social, and never in the other three. The normal man has a self-observing consciousness of his own kind; the habitual criminal feels not this sympathetic relation. The former co-operates to add to the happiness of mankind, more or less, by improving or helping to preserve the forms of pleasure and the social institutions; the latter antagonizes, by open aggression, for personal or fancied wrongs, the rights, interests and even the lives of others. The criminal, then, owes his misfortune to the social side of his existence. For what is to blame, let the individual case bring forth its evidence against mental and moral nutrition through heredity and association.

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS.

Last winter 1129 women were studying at German universities. There are some six Europeans in the Buddhist priesthood in Burma. Milk that is slightly tainted may be sweetened by stirring a little soda in it. The largest coral reef in the world is the Australian barrier reef, which is 1100 miles in length. In the United Kingdom last year 5620 persons were killed while at work and 107,290 others injured. Ireland is steadily losing population. The decrease last year was 31,435, entirely accounted for by emigration. Prehistoric amber objects are now being manufactured in Austria from the mouthpieces of old cigarholders.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

TOBACCO FAMINE.

The price of tobacco has gone up and the probability is that there will be an advance in the price before very long that will make smoking a still greater luxury. S. Bachman said recently that the American Tobacco Company had advanced the price 1 and 2 cents a pound, notwithstanding the reduction in the tax on July 1 from 9 3/5 cents to 6 cents. "The feeling," said Bachman, "is that these people manufacture all the leading brands and can ask their own price and the jobber and consumer have to pay." Herman Heneymann, representative of the American Tobacco Company, declares that there has

been a raise of only 1 cent and that unless the grower will part with tobacco at a cheaper rate there will be a bigger rise in the price. He declared that the planters in the South were having a picnic, getting from 5 to 8 cents per pound more than they have received for the last ten years. Through the drought the planter, he said, was master of the situation and unless something unforeseen happened, manufacturers would have to buy the tobacco the planter had left over from last year's crop. Heneymann further said that in that event the trade might look for much higher prices on all tobaccos.

A new kind of twenty-dollar piece has made its appearance in Nevada, says the Carson News. It shows a new sort of "sweating" and one that was done by a workman exceedingly avaricious. The money maker takes a gold piece and drills several small holes in the edge of the milling. These holes are about a quarter of an inch apart and run all the way through. The holes are then plugged with a composition wire which prevents detection until time has elapsed, when the plug tarnishes. The state treasurer's office recently received one of these coins from the Winnemucca bank and two others were passed on Carsonites from other sources. It is estimated that the enterprising man who is engaged in this business secures gold from each twenty-dollar piece to the value of about \$7.50, or over. Probably nearly every man in Eugene when he looks over his change will find eight or ten twenties doctored that way. It is a shame. A man ought to be sent to the pen for wasting his time that way.

This luminous explanation of the Mount Pelee disaster, by a colored preacher, is proof to the most exacting criticism; of least from the view point of the lamented Brer Jasper: "De earf, my fren's, resolves on axels, as we all knows. S. m'fin' suah, an needed to keep em axels greased, so the good Lawd in his wisdom and to'sight, put lot of petrolum in de bowels wd de earf for dat purpose. De Stan'ard Oil Comp'ny comes along an' strax dat petrolum by burn' holes in de earf. De earf sticks on its axel-an' won't go round no more. Dere is a hot box, jus' as th' de earf wuz a big railroad train—n' then, my fren's dere is m' trouble."

Kansas is arranging for a novel exhibit at the St. Louis fair. It is babies. One room of the state building will be fitted up as a nursery, and the babes of the state will be kept on continual exhibit. Mothers who go to the fair can save their babies there, and while they will be carefully cared for by trained nurses, they will also be on exhibition as a state product.

Portland and Cape Nome people have arranged for a direct steamship line between the two points. Heretofore Seattle and Tacoma have had a monopoly of that business and the new line is expected to be of great advantage to both places. The first vessel will be ready to sail in a short time.

Portland Dispatch: The Oregonian is laboring hard to convince itself that it has not run up against a vision in Eugene City Divinity school matter. It chases the shadow daily. It could easily get out of its dilemma by apologizing for its blunder.

John L. Sullivan weighs 295 pounds which he proposes to train down to 225 pounds and then act, presenting a monologue that shall startle the world. An extra session of congress should immediately be called.

John F. Bible is the democrat's nominee for lieutenant governor of Michigan. The democrat may always be depended upon to be on the right side.

DIED AT HIS POST.

Lost His Life to Save the Money.

The defaulting cashier who gets away with the cash of the bank generally has a great deal of newspaper space allotted to his story. The cashier who recently was stabbed to death while trying to protect the money in his charge from thieves got only a few lines of notice. The question naturally arises, "Was it worth doing?" Is any sum of money worth the sacrifice of a single human life? Doubtless not. But to some people there is just one thing more precious than life, and that is honor, and the life that no money could buy the faithful man gives away for honor's sake in defense of a trust.



precipice you can walk without falling over, is not brave but fool-hardy. To try how long you can hold on to life living on the very edge of a break-down is equally fool-hardy.

There is a natural limit to every man's strength. When that limit is reached he stops. Disease stops him. Sometimes it's heart disease, sometimes kidney disease, liver disease or disease of some other organ. But whatever the ultimate cause of collapse may be the contributing cause is generally lack of nutrition, due to disease of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. Blood is made from food, and blood is the life of the body and all its organs. But blood is only made from food after it has been properly digested, so when the digestive powers grow weak the body must grow weak from lack of its necessary nutrition. And that general weakness presently concentrates in some one or more organs, and the man has heart trouble, liver trouble, kidney trouble, etc.

It's useless to ask, How far can I go with safety and neglect my health? Every step away from a sound digestion is a step too far, and the farther you go the harder to get back.

But there is a way back to good health. Ninety-eight times in every hundred Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure the weak, debilitated, run-down man or woman whose strength is palpably failing, and who is suffering in one or more organs as the result of lack of nutrition.

"I suffered for five years with kidney trouble, also inflammation of bladder, and after trying several of the best physicians here still grew worse," writes Mr. J. H. Smith, of Madison, Wis. "They did

me no good. I had hemorrhages from the kidneys, and thought at times I would die, when a friend persuaded me to write to Dr. R. V. Pierce concerning my case. I did so, and commenced to take your medicine. I began to improve from the very first dose. When I commenced taking your medicines was not able to do any work, hadn't been for three or four months, but after following your advice for two months was able to attend to my business, and have been ever since."

THE PRACTICAL TEST of any medicine is what it does, not what it is claimed it will do. "Golden Medical Discovery" cures. That fact is attested by thousands of well men and women. It cures when—as the witnesses whose letters we print state—the local physicians could not cure. The weak, broken-down man who can't work takes "Golden Medical Discovery" and goes back to his business a well man. The woman who suffered for nine years with a painful complication of diseases uses "Golden Medical Discovery" and grows "strong all over." These are typical cases representative of thousands of others.

"When I commenced taking your medicine, eighteen months ago my health was completely broken down," writes Mrs. Minnie Lampman, of Porcupine, Wis. "At times, generally after eating, was taken with terrible distress in stomach. Sometimes these spells would last six or eight hours. For nine years had suffered with them. My right arm was almost helpless—liver very much affected, and my nerves were so bad I was almost in hysterics. Had a craving appetite, but could eat very little at a time. The least exertion would cause shortness of breath. Hands and feet cold most of the time, also had female weakness. One doctor told me I had gall stones. I took his medicine for a while, but grew worse. I then went to another; he told me I had dyspepsia, and for six months I doctored with him, but all to no avail, for I was no better. I felt dreadfully discouraged, but thought I would try once more to find relief. I began the use of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Favorite Prescription.' I gradually began to improve each day, and grew strong all over. I took nine bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and eight of 'Favorite Prescription.' At present can work all day, and use both arms as well as any one. Haven't had any of those spells with my stomach since I began the use of your medicine."

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It cures through the stomach diseases of organs which seem remote from the stomach, when these diseases, as is often the case, have their origin in a diseased condition of the stomach and its allied organs of digestion and nutrition. Those who suffer from chronic diseases are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence strictly private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

The sole motive for substitution is to permit the dealer to make the little more profit paid by the sale of less meritorious medicines. He gains; you lose.

ASK FOR IT. A 1008 page book, free for the asking. You can get The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, the best medical book ever published, free, by sending stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send twenty-one one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or thirty-one stamps for cloth-bound volume, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Teachers' Examinations.

Notice is hereby given that the county superintendent of Lane county will hold the regular examination of applicants for state and county papers in the court house at Eugene as follows:

FOR STATE PAPERS. Commencing Wednesday, August 13, at nine o'clock a. m., and continuing until Saturday, August 16, at four o'clock.

Wednesday—Penmanship, history, spelling, algebra, reading, school law. Thursday—Written arithmetic, theory of teaching, grammar, book keeping, physics, civil government. Friday—Physiology, geography, mental arithmetic, composition, physical geography. Saturday—Botany, plane geometry, general history, English literature, psychology.

FOR COUNTY PAPERS. Commencing Wednesday, August 13, at nine o'clock a. m., and continuing until Friday, August 15, at four o'clock p. m.

FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD GRADE CERTIFICATES. Wednesday—Penmanship, history, orthography, reading. Thursday—Written arithmetic, theory of teaching, grammar, school law. Friday—Geography, mental arithmetic, physiology, civil government.

PRIMARY CERTIFICATES. Wednesday—Penmanship, orthography, reading, arithmetic. Thursday—Art of questioning, theory of teaching, methods, physiology. July 29, 1902. W. M. MILLER, School Superintendent.

You Know What You Are Taking When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinin in a tasteless form. No cure, no pay, 50c.

Gold in Roseburg.

ROSEBURG, Or., July 9.—While excavating for the basement of the new Douglas County Bank building in this city, a strata of gold-bearing gravel of unknown thickness has been found. An examination this morning showed several "colors" to the pan. It is not deemed probable that the commercial value of the find will be extensively investigated, for the present, at least.

A Two-Stamp Mill.

Brownsville Times: The Great Northern mine, Blue River district, is to have a two-stamp, mill. Messrs. H and W B Glass, of Brownsville, have been interested with the Robes and Timpetons, the original owners, and the mill will be installed before a few days.

Grand Harvest Ball.

On next Friday evening, August 15, Grand Harvest Ball will be given at Roseburg in the I. O. O. F. hall. The music will be furnished by the Eugene orchestra. As Coburg people have the reputation of never doing anything by halves this event promises to be a splendid success.

Quarterly Meeting.

JUNCTION CITY, Aug. 4. The fourth quarterly meeting for the Junction City charge, M. E. church south, will be held at Irving, August 6th and 17th. D. C. McFARLAND, Pastor.

Get a Deering Binder and Mowers they run light and last forever. Chambers Hardware.

THREE OUTSIDE SEATS

By Elizabeth R. Cutter

When I took the omnibus for St. Germain des Pres at the Place Clichy and mounted to the imperiale, there were already seated there two priests, a bareheaded working woman with a flet of marketing in her hands, two schoolboys carrying the usual black portfolios under their arms and an old gentleman who was reading the Petit Journal. Next to the latter I found a place.

A moment later the omnibus stopped again, and I heard the voice of one of my country women exclaiming nervously, "I never can climb up that ladder, never!" Then a girl spoke, "Oh, do try, Aunt Martha! They say the outside seats are so pleasant."

"Is it—do you think it's perfectly safe, Mr. Henley?" asked the anxious voice. "Perfectly safe," came a reassuring masculine echo, and there was a half second's pause, in which, I suppose, Aunt Martha tried to ascend and failed, for the conductor broke in impatiently: "En voiture! En voiture! Une place en bas! Neuf places en haut!"

"Take the seat inside, Miss Percy, do," urged the man's voice. "Your niece and I can go on top." The omnibus started forward, and two Americans came up outside, a very pretty girl, elegantly dressed, followed by a tall, athletic looking man. They seated themselves directly behind me, and she exclaimed:

"How delightful it is up here! And what a shame that we've been in Paris two weeks without ever taking the bus! Isn't it too bad that Aunt Martha stayed down below?" "On the contrary," he replied, "I find it extremely agreeable to be alone with you for once. I've been trying for days to have a word with you by yourself, but your aunt is a perfect wonder at keeping the party in strict triangular shape whenever I go out with you. Today I purposely urged her going inside so that I could talk with you in peace up here on top."

"Now I understand what is meant by 'wickedness in high places,'" retorted the girl playfully. "Don't try to put me off, Miss Ware, for it's no use. You know perfectly well that I love you and"— "Sh-sh! What are you thinking of, Mr. Henley? You certainly aren't going to make love to me here, on the top of an omnibus, right before all these people?"

"Why not?" he persisted. "They don't any of them understand English. Look at that femme de menage and those boys and the priest. They're all French. We are as safe here as if we were in the parlor at home." "But that girl behind us"—she lowered her voice as she spoke—"do you think she looks French?" "A Parisian unmistakably," he answered. "She doesn't understand a word we say."

I was a Parisienne—I, who had been away from New England only six months and who thought my nationality as plain as if it were stamped upon me in red, white and blue! It was a shock certainly, but the blow was softened somewhat by the compliment to my clothes. Aren't the Parisiennes considered the best dressed women in the world?

But the mistake had touched my Puritan conscience as well as my feminine pride. I was listening to a conversation manifestly not intended for my ears. Ought I to get down from the omnibus? That would be quite too surely. I could not afford to be late to my appointment for the sake of two perfect strangers who would never know of my delicate kindness to them. Ought I to speak out frankly and say, "I beg your pardon, but I understand everything you are saying?" That would be embarrassing for us all and really cruel to Mr. Henley, who had been trying for so long to propose. When a man is in such straits that he has to make love on the top of an omnibus, he ought not to be wantonly interrupted. It was plainly my duty to keep quiet.

"But young French girls don't go out without a chaperon," objected Miss Ware. "She is all alone." "Not at all," he answered. "There's her father right beside her reading the newspaper."

I trembled with fear. It seemed as if my neighbor must have understood that, but a glance showed him to be happily ignorant of the American daughter so suddenly thrust upon him. He was reading a serial story in the Petit Journal perfectly unconscious of the romance going on behind his back. "Well, haven't you anything to say to me?" asked the young man. "What can I say? I don't think you've known me long enough to ask such a question."

"Not long enough," he repeated. "I've known you all summer." "Nine days on the steamer," she counted deliberately, "two weeks in London and two weeks here. It's easy to see that you didn't study arithmetic in your youth." "You are trifling with me," he exclaimed. "It doesn't take ten years to find out that you're in love when you meet the right person."

"Yes, but what is it to be in love?" she asked. "And how are you to be sure that you've met the right person?"

In the old fairy story one knew the true prince by the halo around his head, but I don't see any halo about you. I see a young man in a straw hat sitting on the top of a bus. It's not romantic in the least."

"Well, never mind if it isn't romantic," he retorted. "Who cares about love being romantic if it's real? Love doesn't need to be announced by a band of music and brought in on a silver platter. It's much bigger and more serviceable than that. It's for all times and occasions, and it means just as much on the top of an omnibus as anywhere else." She made no answer, and after a moment of silence he spoke again, "Is there any rule about when and where a man should propose?"

She was silent. We were passing the opera house at this moment, and the busy line of the boulevards came in sight. The omnibus stopped in front of Cook's office on the corner, and the two priests got down, but no one else came up to take their places. More than half the broad Avenue de l'Opera was behind us before the young man asked once more: "You know I could make you happy, don't you?"

Still she did not answer. "Don't you?" "Then you?" "Then you?" she exclaimed quickly. "We must get down here for the Hotel Normandie." "Don't stir," he said peremptorily. "Your aunt won't get out without us, and you and I are going to the head of the line. We must settle this question once for all."

I was delighted at this decision. The head of the line was my destination also, and now I knew that I would bear the end of the story. I no longer questioned whether I ought to announce myself or get down from the bus. All my scruples had vanished in the absorbing interest of the situation. What woman ever left a novel in the middle of a proposal?

The omnibus drew up slowly at the corner of the Theatre Francaise, and a crowd of waiting people came out into the street from the station under the trees. We could hear the conductor calling off the numbers "Un, deux, trois, en voiture! Quatre, cinq, six, en voiture!" as the vehicle filled up with passengers. "Complet!" was called at last, and the controller screamed to the outside seats, "Correspondences sur l'imperiale!" There were no transfers, and the horses started toward the Rue de Rohan.

"Well, Miss Ware, is it 'Yes' or 'No'?" asked Mr. Henley as we moved on. "I don't know," she answered hesitatingly. "I like you very much, but I'm in doubt, and when people are in love they don't doubt. Therefore I can't be in love."

"How very disagreeable logical women are!" he retorted. "I can't decide my whole life in a minute," she went on. "I must have time to reflect." "You may reflect," he replied, "all the way from here to St. Germain des Pres. I'll keep still so that you can think better." The omnibus was jolting across the court of the Louvre as he spoke.

"But I can't think at all when you sit there devouring me with your big eyes," she complained. "Then I'll look the other way," he said. "I don't know why it is, but whenever any one makes love to me"—She broke off as if abashed at the implication of her words.

"Go on," he said. "I'm not such a fool as to think that I'm the only man who ever made love to you." "Well, then, there's a mocking little evil spirit inside of me that always rises up and makes fun of love. I thought when the right man came he would silence that voice, but I hear it speaking now."

"Don't listen to it," he answered promptly. "You say yourself it's an evil spirit." Neither spoke for a moment, and then she remarked as if thinking aloud: "I shouldn't make at all a good wife. I hate sewing and fussing about a house."

"Is it a question of a housekeeper?" "I can't even cook oatmeal!" "Have I asked you to cook for me?" "And I have a great many faults." "I hope so. I detest angels." There was another pause. Then as we rounded the corner on to the Boulevard St. Germain she asked, half laughing, "Tell me just one thing, please—what will you do if I say 'No'?"

"Oh, don't worry! I shan't kill myself. I shall make love to Aunt Martha." "I couldn't help admiring the young man's spirit. After an acquaintance of only one-half hour I was almost ready to say 'Yes' to him myself. Unfortunately he had chosen Miss Helen. We rode up under the big chestnut trees of the boulevard in silence. It seemed a long way to me, but at last the old spire of St. Germain des Pres came in sight. We had reached the head of the line.

"Helen, is it 'Yes' or 'No'?" "I listened, breathless, for her answer. Now, at the very last, was she going to disappoint him—and me? People were starting to get down from the imperiale and stumbled over me as they went, but I was only dimly conscious of their feet and their apologies. In trembling suspense I waited Miss Helen's word. "It is 'Yes,' Edward," she said. "It was 'Yes' all the time. Men are so stupid!" "But women are so cruel, dear?" "I descended in front of the flaneurs, but I had scarcely put my foot on the ground when I heard an exclamation of horror behind me. "Edward, look at that young French girl! She has on a short skirt! She's an American!"