Eugene Weekly Guard.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.

EUGENE.....OREGON.

Some women suggest halos and some aloes.

The borrower of trouble pays a heavy interest on it.

A woman who has false teeth likes to pretend that she has the toothache occasionally.

It is a great advantage to Kaiser Wilhelm that he can read Rudyard Kipling's poems in the original.

There are few stuttering women, which shows that the trouble is not caused by over-anxiety to talk.

A mule imagines he has a musical voice—and a good many people seem to be built on the same mistaken plan.

From Mr. Kipling's latest poem it appears that South America is the wrong place to take up the white man's burden.

When some men give a dollar to charity they manage to get two dollars' worth of satisfaction from the contemplation of their generosity.

A New York boy found a gold brick in Wall street the other day. Let us hope, however, that this will not result in a general hunt for Wall street gold bricks.

When a man makes a very long prayer in church, somehow his hearers get the impression that when he scolds in the privacy of his family he keeps a long time at it.

Marconi says we are to have wireless telephones. Now let somebody hurry and fix up a telephone instrument that will not be too big to carry around in the pocket.

A Chicago preacher declares that a girl who has reached the age of 25 without having learned to bake pies and make shirt waists is not a true woman. We concede the pies, but why shirt waists?

The Illinois State Journal notes the interesting discovery that "an Egyptian mummy 2,000 years old died of appendicitis." This disease, which spares neither youth nor extreme age, must have found that mummy, however, a pretty tough customer.

Mr. Eckels thinks we could get along with fewer laws seeking to regulate business. He has probably been delving into history, and has made the discovery that there was considerable business done before we got our wonderful modern lawmaking machines to work.

When some very influential men recently tried to persuade Secretary Shaw to take a certain action, he replied: "Gentlemen, I expect to get into more or less hot water while I am in this office; but you must excuse me from stepping into a bucket from which I can see the steam rising."

It is well that the scolding judge is rapidly falling into disrepute. While it is true that lawyers should be gentlemen, judges are also under some obligations of this character. Intelligent co-operation between the lawyer and the judge will not only do away with all friction of a personal nature, but will also expedite the business of the court.

Things seem to be changed if a young man can get an army commission more promptly by enlisting and working up from the ranks than by going through West Point. If the son of an army officer who has resigned from West Point to enlist in his father's troop makes it work successfully it may make army service more popular, and, in addition, give a pointer to the navy.

One of the English workmen who recently investigated industrial conditions here says that putting shoes on the children of American workers is better than building libraries. But he forgets that shoes wear out; they cannot be used as a monument to perpetuate the glory of philanthropic deeds. Who ever heard of a man winning honor and fame through keeping poor children from freezing?

Daily newspapers with "all the news of the world" are now promised on board the big Atlantic liners. Wireless telegraphy, of course, will supply the daily dispatches, so that the scheme appears perfectly feasible. Whether the enterprise will be popular may be a question, for there are people who like to escape the newspaper and the telegraph during the ocean voyage for the sake of repose. The wretched man with the brain fag will now be harder pushed than ever. The only place absolutely secure will be overboard.

Immigration is now increasing at a very rapid rate owing to the efforts of the agents of steamship companies in Europe, who tell the immigrants that the new immigration law is to be passed and that this is their last chance to come to America. There is, in consequence, an oncoming "wave of illiterate, criminal, insane, pauperized, weak-minded and diseased humanity." Everybody welcomes the brave, self-reliant foreigner who has the energy, the "initiative," to strike out for fortune in a strange and distant land, but the "assisted" immigration urged hither by the steamship companies for the sake of profit and the debased and diseased beings which the European countries wish to get rid of are a real menace to the nation.

Philadelphia is still a bit shocked because George Dickinson was a burglar. A burglar isn't a novelty. But this man burgled only at night. By day he was a respected business man, a person of affairs. You would as soon suspect the family doctor of arson as this quiet, clean-looking man of being a burglar. And yet, when the great part of the world was sleeping, Dickinson, coarsely dressed, cap pulled over his eyes, armed to the teeth, was out housebreaking, a thug from choice. When a man starts out on a Jekyll-Hyde career he is headed for the penitentiary. He may be smart and keen as a fox, but the chances are against him. It is a bad gamble. There is more money in being honest than could be gained in a thousand burglaries. When a man starts on such a career he generally neglects to figure that he has the world against him. Once upon a time Kansas City had a "respected citizen" who was a train robber. He was so smart that he laughed at the law. When he robbed a train he fixed up his alibi first. When there was talk about him, his friends said he was persecuted. One night a horse stumbled and a rider was hurled to the pavement unconscious. Bystanders picked him up and took stock of him. He had a revolver, a sawed-off shotgun, a mask and a lantern. The Jekyll-Hyde business of "Jack" Kennedy ended there; and this respected citizen is in the penitentiary, serving a twelve-year sentence. Frank Brown made it work for awhile. He is an outcast to-day. Schreiber, the New Jersey bank clerk, made a success of the double life for a time. Alvord, the bank teller, who stole $700,000, did it, and the list is miles long. But the logical sequel is the penitentiary, and the man who fails to consider that in his calculations is a good deal of a fool.

Heretofore, when Englishmen have undertaken to explain why we Americans compete against them in the markets of the world, they have attributed our success to the skill of our workmen and the superiority of our machine tools. In a recent interview Sir Charles Beresford has indulged in a different explanation, he attributing our success to our business methods. He said: "America excels in administration. We do not know how to administer here. Our workmen are as good as theirs, but our administrations are feeble. Our companies want lords and commoners as directors, who know nothing about business. Yours demand straight business men, who not only know, but put their money into the concerns of which they are directors. You put your brightest men into business. We put them into politics, the navy and the army. That has got to be changed, not for the sake of money it makes for the individual, but for the general good of the country. When I return I hope to have a lot more information in my pocket which will further these ends in Parliament and elsewhere." What Lord Beresford says about lack of administration in England may be so, but what he says about English workmen being as skillful as American workmen cannot be so, else there would not be a delegation of fifty or more at present in this country, to learn how American workmen handle machine tools so well and productively. But this is not to the point. What Lord Beresford says about American business administration is true. The head of every successful American enterprise knows the business which he directs, and, knowing it, is prepared to meet the demands of the market, whether he sells his goods at home or in the most distant country. His assistants are trained in the business, too, the most of them having been taken from the ranks of labor and elevated to positions of greater responsibility. If his sons or other relatives occupy responsible positions, they have had to earn them by an apprenticeship in the business. Under such administration the minutest details of business are constantly under the supervision of trained men, wherein American administration most excels. Lord Beresford should remember, too, that it makes a big difference whether business men feel that the world has got to buy what they have to sell, or they have to produce what the market demands. There's a difference betwixt tweedledum and tweedledee.

Erysipelas—Try carbolic acid, tincture of iodine, alcoholis — one-half dram each; oil of terebinthinae one dram and glycerine one-half dram. Use as an external application only. Every two hours the erysipelatous part may be painted with this liquid as well as a small zone of the surrounding healthy tissues and the whole covered with aseptic gauze.

Throat Wash—The swallowing of mucus during the night in bronchitis and catarrh often causes a disinclination for food in the morning. An alkaline solution of common salt, made by dissolving ten grains each of sodium chloride and sodium bicarbonte in a bouillon cup of very hot water should be taken half an hour before breakfast for its cleansing effect.

Pulmonary Complaints—Ichthyol has frequently been employed in the treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis with gratifying results. Administer it diluted with an equal quantity of water in doses of five to twenty drops thrice daily in wine or black coffee as a vehicle after meals. Ichthyol is perfectly non-toxic and is not injurious to the digestive organs. The appetite is likely improved under the use of this remedy. Annoying night-sweats are relieved, the cough quieted and fever reduced. Ichthyol may be recommended as an efficient substitute for creosote and its derivatives in the treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis.

Army of Basket-Makers.

Basket-making employs 500,000 persons in Germany, where the wages range from 18s. to £2 weekly for skilled workers.

Beauty is often one woman's thorn in another woman's flesh.

White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

For some moments Simon gazed upon the fair girl in utter astonishment. He was at a loss to understand whether she was making game of him, or whether she was in earnest. But had he reflected for a moment upon the character of the lovely pupil as he knew it, he would have known that she could not descend to sport with his feelings. Then he still might appeal to her heart.

"Alas!" he murmured, choking down his indignation, "you know not what you do. You know not the deep love that dwells like a consuming fire within. But I will not ask you to marry me now. Only promise that, some time, you will be mine. Give me your heart, and pledge me your hand. And then we will be married when you are older. O, do not refuse me this!"

"My conscience, Simon, if we wait for that, your hair will be gray, and you will have to walk with a staff. And then what a sorry-looking couple we should make! Don't, Simon—don't talk so any more. It's foolish in you to do so. I do really begin to think you are in earnest. But I don't want to hear you speak so any more—truly, I don't."

"Then you will never love me?"

"Why, I love you now, cousin. I have always loved you. Why will you be so foolish?"

"Alas, Louise! you have struck the dagger to my soul. The lamp of my life has gone out, and all my hopes are sunk in utter darkness! You have done thus much. Now, in mercy, take my dagger and finish my pain. Take away the life you have cursed, and let my soul escape the agony it must endure while near thee when thou art not mine!"

"Stop, Simon," interrupted the maiden, just as he was putting on the finishing stroke and look of agony. "I can't be your wife; I never can. So there's an end of that matter. And now let us forget that we ever had any such foolish talk."

"And how long has this been your mind?" fairly hissed Lobois, as soon as he could so far recover from his utter amazement as to speak.

"How long?" repeated Louise, in surprise. "Why, you might as well ask me how long 'twas since I had resolved that I would not marry with old Tony, just as well—exactly. Nature set up the barrier when she made me your cousin eighteen years after your birth. Now——"

At this moment Louise heard her father calling her from the hall, and she started up.

"You hear?" she uttered. "My father wants me. Now you won't think anything more of this—will you? Put off that ugly-looking face as soon as you can and then come out and join us in our social enjoyment. There—he calls again. Here I am—coming!" And with these words, the buoyant, happy-hearted girl tripped out from the room.

For some moments, Simon Lobois stood like one thunderstruck, and seemed watching, with a vacant stare, the place where the young lady had been standing, as if a lurid gleam of vivid lightning had made its transit. Then he started back apace and clenched both his fists.

"By heavens!" he uttered, while his face turned livid with rage, "and shall I bear this? Shall I sit calmly by, and see another carry off the maiden and pocket the half of St. Julien's fortune? Shall I see that wealth which has been so long in my grasp—that wealth which I have looked upon as mine, now wrested from me? For years I've cherished this fond hope—this picture of wealth, and now it must not be blown away thus. St. Julien is worth this day five hundred thousand crowns, and they shall not have it all—they shall not!"

CHAPTER V.

A week had passed away since Simon had confessed his romantic love for Louise, and during that time he had maintained much of his wonted composure. For a day or two after the mortifying repulse he had been moody and taciturn, but he gradually overcame it, and now he smiled as usual, and made himself generally agreeable. One afternoon, as soon as dinner was over, Goupart and Louis started off on a hunting expedition. Their pistols they concealed within the bosoms of their hunting shirts, so that they might not catch in the bushes, and their knives were in like manner protected. They both had excellent Toledo rifles, and set off in high spirits. With quick steps they made their way up the river, until they had passed the bounds of the clearing, and then their steps became more cautious, for they hoped there might be a deer somewhere at hand.

They had hunted about in the forest for nearly an hour, when a movement among the bushes at some distance attracted their attention, and upon creeping carefully up, they saw a large deer drinking at a small brook that emptied into the river close by.

"See," whispered Goupart, "here are his tracks."

Louis looked at the spot which his companion pointed out, and a sudden start caused Goupart to ask him its cause.

"That's the track of a man," said Louis.

"Some of the negroes have been out here," suggested Goupart.

"No, no," returned the other. "They have not been out here to-day."

"But that may have been made yesterday, or several days ago."

"No," said Louis, still gazing upon the track. "This was made to-day. Just look, and you will see that these leaves are still damp on the upper edges where the foot has pressed them up. These other leaves, you see, are dry where the edge is free of the earth. Then here—see this broken twig; see where it has been pressed down. Now look!" And as he spoke, he lifted the twig, and showed the place where it laid was perfectly dry, whereas, had it lain there even over night, its bed would have been damp.

"Then there's been an Indian here, eh?"

"Yes."

"Well, never mind. Let's secure this deer. He'll be done drinking soon, and then we may lose him. Let me fire first, this time, Louis."

"Very well. Blaze away, and I'll be ready to follow, in case you don't bring him down."

Accordingly, Goupart brought his rifle to his shoulder, and in a moment more he fired. The noble animal gave a leap backward, and while he stood for a moment as though about to start on, Louis fired, but even as he pulled the trigger the deer gave a leap forward and plunged headlong upon the earth.

"Your ball killed him, Goupart!" cried Louis, as the two started forward together. And it was found to be even so, Goupart's bullet having entered just back of the shoulder, and of course penetrated the heart.

Louis had made a wound for the purpose of bleeding the animal, and Goupart was kneeling by his side, when they were startled by the whistling of something between their heads, followed by a dull "chunk" close to them, and on raising their heads, they saw a long arrow sticking into a tree directly in front of them. With a quick cry, they started to their feet, and the next thing that saluted them was a low howl close at hand. They turned and saw a party of six Indians coming towards them, with their tomahawks raised.

"Here's a scrape," utteerd Goupart, starting back. "What does it mean?"

"I'll find out," returned Louis, calmly. "But don't show your pistols, for they know we've discharged our rifles, and the hope to take us at a disadvantage." Then turning to the red men, he asked: "What now, red brethren? What seek ye here?"

The Indians consulted a moment together, and then one of them advanced a single pace, and replied:

"We seek the young white chief and his friend. We would speak with them kindly."

"Then why did you send that arrow at us?"

"We saw you not then. Only the head of the deer."

Now Louis simply knew that they were lying to him, and as this became apparent he knew that they meant him harm.

"If you have anything to say to us, say it at once," he said.

"Let our white brothers not fear. If they will come with us, we will tell them what shall be to their good."

"I will speak with my friend." And thus saying, Louis turned towards his companion.

"Goupart," he said, speaking quickly, and in a low tone, "those are Chickasaws, and they mean to take us prisoners. In all probability they hope for a high ransom from my father for us. We have two pistols each. You never missed your mark yet in my sight. Are your nerves steady now?"

"As steady as ever," returned Goupart, not a little surprised to see how calm and fearless his youthful companion was.

"Then have them in readiness, and mind my word, for I know those fellows well. Yet keep your rifle, for you'll need it for a club."

Next Louis turned to the Indians and said:

"We have concluded not to follow you; but if you have anything to tell us, we will listen."

Upon this, the red men conversed together again for a few moments, and then, with quick, wild gestures, and a low howl, not unlike the voice of a hungry wolf, they sprang forward with their tomahawks uplifted. In all probability they supposed this would be sufficient to awe the white youths into immediate submission. The pale boy they thought an easy prey, and very likely they knew that the other was a newcomer into the country, and hence imagined that their terrible appearance and fearful antics would strike him with terror.

"Now!" whispered Louis. "You take the two men on your side, and I'll take the two on the other side. Don't waste a ball."

In an instant the two companions had drawn their weapons, and at the same instant they both fired. Hour after hour, and day after day, had they practiced together at pistol shooting, and their aim was as quick as it was sure. The two outside men staggered, and on the next instant, the youths fired again. At this movement, the savages were thrown into a state of alarm. Three of their number were shot through the head and had fallen, while the fourth had received a ball in his neck and was staggering back. In a moment, Goupart and Louis saw their advantage, and they seized their empty rifles and sprang forward, and in a few moments more the six Indians lay prostrate. A full minute the two victors stood and gazed upon the work they had done, and then Louis turned to his companion and said:

"If we's killed 'em all, we shall never know surely what this all meant."

"Are these two last ones dead, think you?" returned Goupart. "They may be only stunned."

"We'll see; but I think you'll find the one I struck with his brains rather disturbed."

And so it proved with both of them, for upon examination it was found that their skulls were both broken in, and that life was extinct. But while they were thus engaged they heard a groan close at hand, and on turning they saw that one of the Indians who had been shot had worked himself almost into a sitting posture against a tree, and was now trying to work further around, so as to get his face towards the west. Both Louis and Goupart hastened to him at once, when they found that he had received a ball through the neck.

"Water, water!" he groaned.

"Stop," uttered Louis, as his companion started towards the brook. And then turning to the dying Indian, he said:

"If we'll get you water and turn your eyes to the setting sun, will you tell the truth?"

"I will—I will!"

The water was brought in Goupart's canteen, and upon drinking, the poor fellow seemed to revive. Goupart bound up his neck, which was bleeding profusely, and just as he had finished the job the Indian put out his weakening arm, and laid his hand upon Louis' shoulder.

"The pale boy has the heart of a great warrior. He would not have escaped us had we known how brave he was."

"But why did you try to do this?" asked Louis. "Remember now, you promised to speak truly."

"White man brought gold here, and we have learned to love it. Much gold had been ours, and we——" The Indian stopped, for he was weak, and he made a sign that they should turn his face towards the sun. "And," he uttered, "bury me so."

"Look ye!" cried Louis, grasping him by the arm, and gazing intently into his face, while Goupart stood by reloading the rifles, "if you do not tell me instantly what all this means, I'll dig a hole in the earth and you shall be buried with your head down. You know very well where you'll go to then. Now tell me, who sent you to kill us?"

"We didn't mean to kill the pale boy," replied the Indian, speaking slowly and with difficulty.

"But who sent you to capture him? Remember—head down!"

"You had known better, had you spared another. That man was our chief; he knew."

"But you know something. Tell me all, or, as sure as I live, you go in feet up!"

"'Twas white man's gold. The pale boy and the pale boy's friend both have enemies. There's a strange bird in the eagle's nest."

"Speak plainer! Tell me——"

Louis stopped, for he saw that the death shade had passed over the red man's face, and as he let go the now heavy hand, the body fell over sideways upon the turf.

"Is he dead?" asked Goupart.

"Yes; and the secret of this strange scene is dead with him, so far as our means of arriving at it are concerned. Goupart, there's something here we had better understand!"

But St. Denis knew not what to reply, for a suspicion had come to him, but he dared not speak it too suddenly. So the two hunters stood for some moments and gazed upon the dead men in silence.

"Well," said Louis, after a while, "let's leave these bodies here, and in the morning we'll send our negroes out to bury them. Now, let's fix our venison, and then start for home, for we've had adventure enough for one day. You begin now to see some of our Louisiana life. How do you like it?"

St. Denis gazed upon his companion some moments in silent admiration, and then he said:

"O, this is much better than nothing, though once a year would be often enough for such sport."

"So it would. But now for our other game."

They went to where the deer still lay, and having removed the skin from the head, neck and fore shoulders, they separated the carcass, and then rolling the saddle up, they shouldered it, and giving one more look at the fallen Indians, they turned their faces towards home.

(To be continued.)

CASEY'S HAIR TURNED WHITE.

Had a Bad Scare in a Hostile Indian Country.

Col. D. C. Casey, superintendent of the Medler mines, was one of a party of old-time New Mexicans who happened to congregate at Clifton a short time ago, and naturally fell to telling stories of their early life. At last it came Casey's turn, and the Clifton Era reports his version of a thrilling experience with the Indians. The reminiscence was called forth by a comment upon Casey's snow-white hair.

Well, said Casey, I'll tell you how it happened, boys. It was the year that Judge McComas and his wife were killed by the Indians in the Burro Mountains—'83 or '84, I've forgotten which. It was some time after that affair, however, when things had quieted down a bit.

I had been in the hills, and was returning to Silver City through the Burro Mountains, and of course was on the lookout for Indians. My horse fell sick, and I stopped to let him rest. I pulled off the saddle, tied him to a tree, spread out my blankets and lay down. I was soon fast asleep, and how long I slept I do not know. I was awakened by some one prodding me in the back. As soon as my eyes were opened I saw that I was surrounded by twelve or fifteen Indians. They all carried weapons, and had them in their hands.

Well, sir, I was so badly frightened that I could not speak or move—I was paralyzed. I sat there and looked at the Indians, and they looked at me. I felt my hair stiffen out, and I knew that it was standing straight up.

I thought of every mean thing I had done in my life. Pray? No, I couldn't lift a hand to bless myself. I knew they would kill me, and my only hope was that they would shoot me. I could almost feel their lances sticking through my body. It seemed to me that they stood there an age and looked at me, and I looked at them.

Their ugly faces are stamped on my memory forever. I should recognize any one of them in a crowd to-day, if I should meet him. Soon I noticed one or two other Indians fooling with my horse, as he was too sick to try to get away from them.

Presently they began to go, one at a time, and soon they were all gone, except one who seemed to be the leader. After the others had all gone he addressed me in good English and said: "Good day, Dan Casey!" How he knew my name has always been a mystery to me. He may have seen me on the reservation, or possibly my name may have been on some part of my outfit and he could read, as many of them can.

After he had gone I sat still there so badly scared that I was unable to move for I don't know how long. Then like a flash it came to me that they were government scouts. I leaped to my feet, and, though my horse was sick, I beat all records to Silver City.

I have been blown up in a mine, and had my body crushed with dynamite-caps, but I never was scared before or since. There is no scare on earth like an Indian scare. Well, inside of a week from that time my hair was well sprinkled with gray, and inside of a year it was as white as it is now."

Title of the Finder.

Information concerning the law of finding may be useful on some occasion. The finder has a clear title against all the world but the owner, and the proprietor of a coach or railway car or ship has no right to demand anything which may have been found upon his property or premises. Such proprietors may make regulations with regard to found property with their employes, but they cannot bind the public." The law was declared by the highest court more than one hundred years ago, on which the facts were these: A person found a wallet containing some money on a shop floor. He returned it to the shopkeeper to be returned to the owner. After three years, during which the owner did not call for his property, the finder demanded the wallet and money from the shopkeeper. The latter refused to deliver them up on the ground that they were found on his premises. The finder then sued the shopkeeper, and it was held as above set forth, that "against all the world but the true owner the title of the finder is perfect."

Benefit of the Bute Docks.

The late Lord Bute owned the Bute docks at Cardiff, which cost nearly £4,000,000 to complete. The construction of these docks had a magic effect on the little township of Caer-Taff. In the first half of the last century Cardiff added only 10,000 to its population of 2,000 in 1800, but to-day it has a still growing population of over 130,000, while its export trade exceeds that of London and Liverpool.

What Dreams Come.

Bobbs—Old Titewadd is about dead from insomnia. Says he is afraid to go to sleep.

Dobbs—Does he fear burglars?

"No; but the last time he slept he dreamed of giving away money."—Baltimore American.

Paid in Compensation.

The railways of Great Britain pay £1,400 a day on an average, in compensation, as against £100 a day in 1850.

NEW WAY TO KILL SNAKES.

Squirrels Have Devised a Method of Getting the Best of an Enemy.

A new condition of animal life has developed on Indian Island, in the State of Maine. As the Indians who inhabit the island never kill anything they do not eat, and as they eat neither squirrels nor snakes, both of these species have multiplied greatly of late years, and they have become as common as grasshoppers and as unafraid of man.

It came about in this way: The natural food of the large striped snake consists of insects with now and then a plump frog or a toad for a holiday feast. As the Indians do not kill snakes—unless they are very hungry—the reptiles increased so fast on the island that all the frogs and toads and most of the insects were exterminated, compelling the snakes to eat chipmunks or starve.

They chose the chipmunks. Though these small squirrels are found all over the island, they are most plentiful in the little cemetery at the south end.

The big striped snakes soon learned where game was thickest and began to make raids upon the undefended holes of the squirrels, catching them by the legs as they passed in and out, swallowing them whole as they do frogs.

For five or six years the struggle for mastery between the chipmunks and the snakes was a hard one.

The ratio between the two was decidedly in favor of the snakes, and the chipmunks were in a fair way to be wiped out, when an inventive squirrel discovered a way of killing the snakes without fighting them.

While a snake will enter any hole in the ground that is large enough to receive its body, no snake has yet been able to dig a hole for itself, and whenever a snake is plugged inside of a hole that snake remains where it is until it dies of starvation.

Somehow the chipmunks learned this weak spot in the defense of snakes and they began offensive operations. Every day they went leaping among the graves and snuffing at the holes to learn if there were snakes inside. As soon as one was discovered the squirrels carried earth in their cheek pouches until the hole containing the snake was filled with earth and beaten down level with the grass.

They kept close watch for prying snakes for two or three years in succession, and last summer there was hardly a large snake to be found on the island, while the chipmunks had increased so rapidly that they ate up many of the growing crops upon which the Indian depended for cash bounties from the State.

In digging among the graves of their ancestors to rid the island from a pest of chipmunks the Indians unearthed hundreds of dead snakes which had been buried alive by the squirrels. Then the world was enlightened as to a new way of killing snakes.

"LIKE 30 CENTS."

How a Current Slang Phrase Started on Its Travels.

The origin of slang has always been a puzzle to philologists, but once in a while a current phrase can be traced to its source. The colloquialism "To feel like thirty cents" is apparently nonsensical, but it is certainly the most forceful expression of the day for denoting anything small, mean and contemptible in one's own sight. Its origin is thus explained by a Philadelphia lawyer, who sometimes practices in New York:

"There is a vagrant law in New York under which a person having no visible means of support may be placed in durance. It has also been decided in that State that a person having so small a sum as thirty cents in his possession has 'visible means of support.' Now there is no law in New York except the vagrant law under which pool sellers and gamblers may be held. Shortly after the decision just mentioned was formulated two gamblers were captured in a raid and taken to the Tenderloin station house. They sent for a lawyer, who came and had a talk with them. 'It will never do to make any show of money here,' he said. 'Give me your rolls.' They handed their wads over to him and he gave each of them a quarter and a nickel, with instructions to produce the coins when he asked them to do so in court.

"When their cases were called the lawyer got them off on the plea that they were not vagrants, each having the legal amount of funds in his possession. Just as the decision was rendered in favor of his clients a messenger entered the court and required the lawyer's presence at the Supreme Court. He left without seeing his clients, and they wended their way to the nearest saloon.

"How do you feel?" said one.

"'I feel like thirty cents,' said the other, 'and probably will until I get my roll back, or what's left of it.'

"And that's how that phrase was started in its travels."—New York Mail and Express.

Snuff-Taking.

In 1712 the London Spectator complained of snuff-taking as an impertinent custom adopted by fine women and equally disgusting whether practiced sedately or coquettishly. Some used the box only as a means of displaying their pretty hands; but the thorough-paced woman of fashion pulled out her box in the middle of the sermon and freely offered her best Brazilian to friends of either sex and asked the church warden to take a pinch as she dropped her money into the collecting plate. Thus for a time the snuffbox was as much a part of the "fine lady's" toilet as the fan itself.

More than once the snuffbox has played an important part in political life. After the banishment of Napoleon to Elba, and while the Bonapartists were plotting for his return, they used to fill their boxes with snuff scented with violets—his favorite flower. When desirous of learning which side an individual favored they would offer a pinch and significantly ask, "Do you like this perfume?"

Talleyrand always said that diplomatists ought to take snuff, as it affords a pretext for delaying a reply and gave opportunities for covering any involuntary expression of emotion.

OLD FAVORITES

Woodman, Spare that Tree.

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy ax shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hack it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
O, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy,
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here,
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tide,
But let the old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree, the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

I Want to Be an Angel.

I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand.
There, right before my Savior,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd wake the sweetest music,
And praise Him day and night.

I never should be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear.
But blessed, pure and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight;
And, with ten thousand thousands,
Praise him both day and night.

I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive;
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live.
Dear Savior, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
Oh! send a shining angel
To bear me to the sky!

Oh! there I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
And there, before my Savior,
So glorious and bright,
I'll join the heavenly music,
And praise Him day and night.

END OF BORNHOLM INDUSTRY.

Last of Famous Watchmakers Make Final Timepiece.

The clock and watch industry of Bornholm, once famous all over Europe for its excellence of workmanship and for over a century the mainstay of the island's village population, has died out. Herr H. P. Dam, the last of the old Bornholmian masters, who elevated their trade to the dignity of a fine art, as did Benvenuto Cellini of old, and whose nimble hands made watches and clocks for princes of the blood, has just completed his last work—a watch for the American merchant in Copenhagen, Victor Holmes.

This watch, entirely hand made, shows both seconds and minutes. It cost is 300 kroner (about $80), and it is said to be in every way a fine specimen of the best work of the old masters. Now, however, the art is dead. Modern machinery and the cheapening process which to-day enables any one to possess a timepiece, have forced the hand-made watches to the wall and their expert makers have turned to their old vocation of fishing.

Probably few readers have heard of Bornholm before. It is a small island far out in the Baltic sea, with a superficial area of 220 square miles and a population estimated to be close to 40,000. The island belongs to Denmark and fishing was for ages the chief vocation of the population.

But one dark night in the middle of the eighteenth century an English vessel went ashore and broke to pieces near the township of Ronne. There was nothing really unusual in that. Bornholm's coast is high and rocky and full of dangerous reefs and shoals and annually hundreds of ships had found a tragic ending there.

But this particular vessel happened to have on board a cargo of Geneva watches. (In those days Switzerland was the Mecca of the art of clock-making.) Some of these clocks and watches were rescued and greatly surprised the ignorant natives. Clocks were rarities in those days, and the good Bornholmians had probably never even heard of them before.

They therefore feared at first that the devil had something to do with this nefarious work and were for tearing the things to pieces. But the winter nights being long and dull on Bornholm, a more scientific investigation of the "infernal things" was begun, and soon the inquisitive minds were bent upon emulation rather than destruction.

And this was the beginning of the famous Bornholmian clock industry, says the New York Times. In a few years the ignorant fishermen became so expert in making clocks that the trade from Switzerland fell off perceptibly and soon the colony around Roone was supplying the aristocracy of Scandinavia with timepieces of all sorts. Napoleon was presented with one by Bernadotte when that famous Gascon led an army into Scandinavia and the kings of Denmark became patrons of the art, so that many of the first masters waxed both opulent and famous.

Royal Fads.

"The papers say that Queen Alexandra's hobby is clocks."

"Yes, and I noticed the other day that one of her royal sisters is very fond of fine poultry."

"Well, I fancy it requires a much higher degree of intelligence to set a hen than to set a clock."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.