Eugene Weekly Guard.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.

EUGENE.....OREGON.

They are bringing in the train robbers one by one.

If the earth were equally divided among its inhabitants each person's share would be about 23½ acres.

Let us hope Mr. Rockefeller may not have a chance to pay that $1,000,000 for a new stomach. Oil is high enough now.

Eastern society women have the tattooing craze. And still there are some who look upon a painted Indian as a savage.

Yale students are to collect the voices of all remaining Indian tribes in a phonograph. Presumably Yale is planning a new yell.

That man who pummeled his wife because she declined to join him at prayers probably regards himself as a first-class Christian.

A member of the Reichstag has made the same remark about the Kaiser that the parrot applied to itself after the dog got through with it.

The occasional death of a Filipino sultan doesn't make much difference in the revolution over there. The sultanic understudies are always ready.

We can't all be captains of industry, and we don't expect to be. There are quite a number of us who would be very glad to be first lieutenants retired on half pay.

Aguinaldo wants the United States to make the Filipinos a loan of $80,000,000. We have no doubt that Agknows of a man who would be perfectly willing to handle the money for the Filipinos.

The proposition to limit the amount of wealth which any man may lawfully hold to $10,000,000 is not meeting with the enthusiastic support from General Coxey that the country has a right to expect from him.

What a pity it is that our learned anthropologists never discover that a man has criminal eyes, mouth, ears and nose until after he has committed a murder! Oh, Science! how many frauds are perpetrated in thy helpless name!

More money is being turned into the "conscience fund" at Washington every year. Either the American conscience is becoming better or more people with troublesome consciences are stealing each year. At present the morals of the case seem a little dubious.

A young man in one of the Northwestern States committed suicide because he was reputed to be the homeliest man in the county. There was a young man in this country once who rose above that kind of handicap and became President of the United States. But "Old Abe" was made of firmer stuff.

Less than one hundred certificates of naturalization were granted to aliens by the British Home Secretary during the month of November. The percentage of applications from subjects of the czar shows that the Russification of England is more probable than the Americanization, since only one applicant was a citizen of the United States, whereas sixty-four were Russians. One petitioner is set down as being the subject of no foreign state, but there is no evidence that he was the famous "Man Without a Country."

Prior to 1880 not a single record for events on standard athletic championship programs was held by an American. They were all credited to Englishmen, Scotchmen and Irishmen. Today, twenty-two years later, Americans hold nearly all the records. That is one result of the "athletic awakening"—the increased interest in outdoor sports in the United States; but it is by no means the most valuable. Better health, sounder, stronger bodies, calmer minds, less tendency to dyspepsia and nervousness—these are worth more than records; they seem in this case to go together.

In thoughts of the figures of the United States it is easy to overlook the rest of the world. There is Russia. When you think of the land of the Czar, in fancy you see snow-covered plains, hear the howling of wolves and the cries of persecuted peasants. And you wonder how such a Godforsaken, ice-bound wilderness can support so many tens of millions of people. It isn't ice-bound, the wolves do not howl any more strenuously than they do in some parts of the United States, and the peasant's condition is improving right along. The country is prospering. The estimated revenue for 1903 is $948,516,000, nearly $3,000,000 a day. A country that can stand that amount of taxation, direct or indirect, is great, for the income exceeds that of any other nation on the globe. This year the government will put more than $80,000,000 into new railroads. The affairs of the nation are being so run that the income exceeds the expenses, while in 1902 the value of exports exceeded the value of imports by more than $150,000,000. As far as industrial progress is concerned, Russia is becoming the United States of Europe.

There can be no denying the fact that at the present time the German sphere of influence in South America is greater than that of the United States or any other power. For many years German colonists have been pouring into Brazil and the other republics of eastern South America. In Brazil and the Argentine Republic there are at the present time no less than 4,000,000 inhabitants either of German nationality or German descent, sufficient in numbers and influence to seize upon the governments of these countries any time they shall elect. Nor is this a contingency far removed. The German colonist is not assimilative, his sturdy Chauvinism and Teutonicism is not obliterated or altered by contact with alien conditions and peoples. It is this complexion of the German character, if we give to it the respect which it deserves, which must needs provide serious cause for reflection in considering the continuance of our moral and economic dominance in the Western Hemisphere. It is certain that, having the necessary physical power, these Germans in South America will not long permit a continuance of the disturbing and anarchical conditions characterizing the present condition of the countries in which they are domiciled, which prevents any real progress and arrests legitimate economic and industrial advancement. Who, therefore, could measure the danger if these self-same German colonists, in order to safeguard properly the diversified and valuable interests which they have at stake, should deem it advisable to take the reins of government into their own hands?

Over in a corner of Europe hundreds of dark-skinned men are digging up buried cities, and the wise ones have found beneath one set of ruins another, and below that still another, and no man can say how many cities and centuries lie still further beneath the ground. Above, the sands shift with the wind, the sun shines, children are born, grow up and die, and the works of man crumble and decay. Nothing formed by man's hands endures. It is a far cry from the buried cities to a bedside in Cincinnati, where a man lay dying and gazing into the dear face of a sick woman who had been carried to his bedside to take a final look at the man she had ardently loved through the long years. "Mamma," said the dying man, "you have been a good wife and mother. You have never failed me, and I have always loved you. You are a good woman." "Philip," she said, and there were tears in her voice, "all that you can possibly say of me I can say of you. You were always good to me and to the children. You have made your wife happy." Nothing formed by man's hands endures. But love lasts for the ages. The kindness and sympathy and tenderness that makes a man and a woman cling together, fills their lives with hope and happiness, is a fire that warms humanity. It is pure gold. Time and adversity do not destroy it. It is more beautiful than a field of flowers, and it blossoms and spreads and blossoms again in other hearts, until who shall tell the limits or the life of one good deed? When this man lay dying he didn't think of his medals, his fame, his position, the material things that had come into his life. They were as are the buried cities, builded by man, enduring for a while, to be lost in the future. But the flame of love burned strong and clear in those last days, and those who study mankind and realize the shortness of life and the vastness of eternity must know that the true greatness of the man lay in that treasure that cannot die—love for his family and for humanity.

GAVE LUCK THE GO-BY.

Senator Teller Misses Chance to Make a Fortune.

Senator Teller, of Colorado, will never forget Christmas day, 1880. It was on that Christmas morning he allowed to slip through his hands a chance to make a million dollars without putting up a single dollar. Two of Senator Teller's friends proposed to purchase the Robert E. Lee mine at Leadville. They were able to buy it for $100,000. On Christmas morning they called around to see Mr. Teller, told him what they proposed to do and urged him to take a one-third interest in the property.

"But I haven't any money," protested Mr. Teller.

"It makes no difference," he was told. "You can give your notes, and before they come due we'll take from the mine more gold than will be necessary to pay them."

"But suppose we don't realize our expectations?" suggested the Senator, with caution.

"Then we will put up the money to meet the notes, and you need not trouble about them."

Senator Teller was assured that his friends knew exactly what they had in hand, but he didn't go in. He thought as he had not the money to put into the undertaking he had no right to reap the reward, if there was to be one. He was assured that they wanted him in the deal, but no persuasion could get him to accept the offer. One month later the Robert E. Lee mine had yielded $200,000 of gold, and in a year a total of $1,500,000 was taken out. It proved to be one of the richest pockets of gold that has ever been found.—Washington Star.

City Sportsman.

"Shoot, sir, quick!" cried the guide, as bunny, pursued by the dogs, scurried past.

"Ah, I say, guide, is that a rabbit?"

"Yassir, shoot——"

"Just one second, fellow," continued the dude hunter; "do you know if the laws allow rabbit shooting at the present time?"

"Sure; shoot quick."

"What game laws, me good fellow?"

"The State game laws."

"Ah," exclaimed the dude hunter, triumphantly, "but do the same laws of Wales, over in Great Britain, allow shooting?"

"What has that——"

"Why, that rabbit may have been a Welsh rabbit?"

The Soft, Purring Answer.

Ethel—Mr. Jones has asked me to go to the theater with him to-morrow night.

Helen—That's strange. He asked me also.

Ethel—Yes. I told him I wouldn't go without a chaperon.—New York Times.

High Art Marked Down.

Speaking of the government in business, perhaps it is not generally known that this government is selling fine engravings cheap. The subject is Martha Washington on the new 8-cent stamp. —Philadelphia Ledger.

A devoted father is one who takes care of the children when he doesn't have to.

White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"Speak to me, Louise," uttered Goupart, now speaking quickly and eagerly, "and tell me if you have forgotten those words I used to speak. Have you forgotten them?"

"No—not one."

"Then let me speak them again. Let me now speak them as one who knows the ways of life; and to one who can judge for herself of the deep meaning that passing years have given to all those emotions that have outlived the destroying wear of time. In the heart where thine image was first enshrined, none other has ever come. I have cherished your sweet face, and in humble prayer have I begged that I might see you once more on earth. And, at times, my soul has been wild enough in its flights of hope to picture that one most holy thought of all—life-union with the dearly loved one. When my feet first touched these shores, I dreamed not that I was near to thee. But I found you, and here I sat me down to pray with more of hope, and to hope with more of promise. And now, Louise, let me ask you, as I have asked you a hundred times before, will you be my wife?"

"Goupart, I have a father whose every earthly wish is for the good of his children, and not for worlds would I—I——"

"I understand," said St. Denis, as the maiden hesitated and stopped. "And be assured that I would not ask, even for life itself at thy hands, against thy noble father's wish. But suppose I ask him and he bids me take you?"

"Then I am by his permission only what in heart I have been for years."

A short time longer those two sat there, and their words had a solemn, prayerful cast, such as marks the holiest gratitude of the human soul; and as they walked towards the house, they spoke not of the subject upon which their life joys hung.

It was already dusk when they reached the hall, and while Louise went to remove her moccasins, St. Denis went to seek Brion St. Julien. He found him in his library.

"How now, Goupart?" cried the old man, as his young friend took a seat. "What has happened? Any more Indians? What on earth makes you look so sober?"

"It is a deep and sober subject which is on my mind," answered the youth.

"Then out with it, for I am father confessor here."

St. Denis knew the marquis too well to hesitate, and he spoke boldly and to the point.

"My friend," he said, "that I love every member of your immediate family must be apparent to you; but you will not be jealous if I also inform you that my love for Louise is rather stronger than for any one else."

St. Julien arose and placed his hand upon the youth's head, and, while big tears gathered in his eyes, he said:

"Goupart, my noble boy, you have made me the happiest of men. O, I have prayed for this moment many a time, and now it has come. Among all my acquaintances, you were the only one to whom my hopes could turn. You shall take my child, and you shall take me. I am growing lazy, if not old, and not much longer will Simon remain with me."

"Ah," uttered the youth, with a look of relief, "is Simon going?"

"Yes. He isn't just the man for me. I will not have dissension, and so we keep peace; but yet much of my nephew's conduct makes me nervous. I do not like his plans about the estate, and yet he shows an abrupt, willful spirit if I offer a word of expostulation. He seems bent on realizing all the ready money he can from the place without the least regard to its future worth and improvement. I do not like it. Yes, yes—Simon must seek some other home."

"Hark!" interrupted Goupart. "What was that noise?"

"I heard nothing," said the old man.

"Let me look a moment." And thus speaking, the youth went to the door and looked out. But he saw nothing. He stepped out into the entry; but there was no one there. "I must have been mistaken," he said, as he returned to the library and closed the door after him.

Ah! he did not look in the right place. Had he cast his eyes up to the ceiling, he would have seen a small hole where the host once had a copper pipe lead down to feed a showering bath. And had he but gone up into the small lumber room overhead, he would have found a man there, lying flat, like a serpent, with his eye to that small aperture; and he would have seen at a glance that the watcher could both see and hear all that transpired in the library!

CHAPTER VIII.

Days flew on now upon golden wings, and suspicion had ceased to work in even Goupart's mind. Old Tony had watched carefully, but he could find nothing to excite fear. Only one thing came up to help the doubts the young men had entertained, and that was a sudden visit of Simon Lobois to New Orleans. He professed to have business there. He said he would see how much corn he could find a market for, there being several hundred bushels now in the granary; but the marquis informed him that he need not trouble himself about the corn, as he already had a use for it, meaning to keep a large quantity on hand to serve in case of a failing crop. Yet Simon must go, for he had business of his own; and one fine morning, down the river he went, in company with some men who had come down from Fort Rosalle.

Lobois had been gone a week, and the remaining members of the family were having some joyful times. In a few days more, the priest would be there, and then the two waiting hands would be united. Father Languet sometimes made it his home at St. Julien's place, but he had now been for some months upon a mission among the Yazoos; but he had been heard from, and he would soon be there.

It was a bright, moonlight evening, and the young people had been more gay than usual. Goupart, and Louise, and Louis had been playing at childish games, and as they went out and snuffed up the sweet, balmy air of the beautiful evening, Louise clapped her hands and proposed a game of "hide and seek." The others shouted acquiescence, and even the old man was bound to join in the sport. Louise and her brother knew all the hiding places within the enclosure, and the former pulled Louis aside, and whispered merrily with him.

"Now, none of that," said Goupart—"none of that! It is not fair for you to conspire against me. If you two put your heads together I'll go and charter old Tony to come and help me. Now mind!"

But the only answer he received was a joyous laugh as Louise ran away to dress herself for the out-door sport.

* * * * * * *

The moon rode high in the heavens, and her face was but slightly turned away from earth. In the wide courtyard the merry voices rang tunefully out upon the calm night air, and the glad notes were caught up and flung back by the distant forest.

Away over the brow of a gentle hill, where a copse of beautiful acacia trees were left standing, moved many dark objects. They were crouching in the wood, and listening to the shouts that came from the distant dwelling. Anon they gathered together and conversed in a strange tongue, and then they moved slowly up the hillside, and crept down towards the corn field. On they moved, like specters in the moonlight, until they neared the high barricade, and then settled lower down and crept on like huge cats approaching their prey. Straight they moved towards the postern, and there they lay, beneath the wooden wall, and listened to the merry voices from within. Soon one of them arose to his feet. He was in the shade of the wall, but yet the many colored paint upon his dark skin could be seen, and the dusky-browed warrior was no more concealed. They were all—a score of them—painted in the same fantastic manner, and the same dusky hue marked the brow of each. He who had arisen to his feet produced something from his pouch, and applied it to the lock of the heavy postern. It was a key! And how came that child of the forest by the key of St. Julien's gate?

The shouts now come from the garden. Hark! Yes—they are all there upon the other side of the house. They have just found Goupart, and are now dragging him forth from his hiding place.

Carefully the Indian turns the key in the lock, but the gate is fastened within. The heavy bolt has been surely thrown back, and yet the gate opens not. But there is no time to be lost. The red men whispered together a moment, and then one of them bends upon his knees, and when a second has mounted upon his shoulders, he arises. They are both tall men, but he who stands upon his companion's shoulders cannot quite reach the tops of the stout pickets. Another man stands firmly by the side of the lower one and then he above places one foot upon the second shoulder thus offered him. Now a third man springs nimbly up, and having mounted upon the shoulders of him who stands thus elevated, he gains the top of the barricade, and in a moment more he drops upon the ground within. Soon the postern is opened and six men enter, leaving the remaining ones without, and then the gate is almost closed, and thus held, so that it can be opened when need comes.

Away towards the stable these specters glide, and soon they are hidden; for they, too, will play at the game that the pale faces have set on foot.

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Many times had Goupart hidden, and as many times had he been easily found. And now he and the marquis chose to hide together, and after a deal of shouting, the brother and sister pull them out from behind the thick cluster of vines that grow against the garden fence. Next Louis and Louise scamper away, laughing and clapping their hands, for the utter delight of the father, when they purposely let him find them, has warmed them into almost a frenzy of joy.

"Stop—stop!" cried the marquis, as his children start. "Isn't it becoming too damp for you Louise?"

"O, no! Never fear for me."

"But the dew is now fairly wet upon the grass, and I fear you'll take cold.

"No—no, father!" cries the joyous girl. "Don't let the first chill frighten you."

"Well—go this once, and then we'll go in. I'm growing chill and cold."

"Ay—you shall have a job before you find us. Now watch for the word."

Away they went towards the barn, and as they turned the angle of the house, and were thus lost to sight, Goupart remarked:

"It is growing cold."

"Ay," returned the old man. "This dew is falling fast, for I can feel the dampness on my feet. While we were excited I did not feel it. But I can stand it, only I feared that Louise might take some cold; and you know that would not be pleasant."

"No," said Goupart—and the tone of his voice showed that he, too, had entertained some fears. "Hark!" he added. "I think I heard them call. Ah, they've got some deep hiding place this time, for I heard the voice as though it were stifled. But we'll find them. Come!"

And away they ran towards the point from which the voice had proceeded. They searched all around the barn, under the cart, in the straw, behind the doors; and then they went to the stable, and here, too, they overhauled everything they could move, the old man even moving a board that lay against the fence.

"They must have slipped around into the garden," said Goupart.

And so back to the garden they turned. They hunted and hunted, but the hiders could not be found.

"It's getting too late," said the marquis, at length. "I think I must call them."

"I'll give up in welcome," returned Goupart; "for I'm sure I should never find them. Shall I call to them?"

"Yes."

So Goupart shouted that he gave up the game.

"I give up!" he cried, at the top of his voice. "Come, Louis!"

He waited a few moments, expecting to be assailed with a burst of joking at his want of success. The smile was already on his face, and the exclamation with which to meet the hidden ones was upon his lips all ready for utterance. But no one came.

"They could not heve heard," suggested St. Julien.

"Ah," uttered Goupart, "they must have gone into the house."

"So they have," said the father. "That's hardly fair. They ought to have spoken to us. But we'll find some way to punish them."

They then went into the house, but neither was there.

"Why, it's funny—isn't it, Goupart?"

"It is, surely."

"I'll start up some of the boys."

And accordingly, half a dozen of the men were sent out in different parts of the enclosure to inform the hiders that the game was up. But they returned bootless. It was old Tony who announced that they couldn't be found. The marquis gazed upon Goupart, and Goupart gazed upon the marquis, and thus they stood for some moments.

"Do you think any danger can have befallen them?" whispered the youth, with a trembling lip.

"I don't think there could," returned the old man, nervously. "But we must search."

In a very few moments the whole household was in alarm. The startling adventure with the Indians some time before had prepared the minds of the people for an easy access of fear, and as soon as it was known that Louis and Louise were not to be found, consternation was depicted upon every face. Huge bundles of pitch-wood were always kept in readiness to be used in case of alarm at night, and some of these were lighted, and soon the whole household were in the wide court. They divided at the barn, and in fifteen minutes they all met there again. But they had found nothing.

Pale and trembling, the old man turned to the gate. It was locked, but the bolts were not shot. He called for the key. Tony had it, and the postern was soon flung open, and the torches dashed out upon the broad hillside back of the buildings. Suddenly a sharp, quick cry from old Tony startled the party, and quick as thought, Goupart was by his side.

"What is it?" the latter asked.

"See that foot!" the black man gasped, trembling like an aspen.

"What of it?"

"It had no heel! It is the print of a moccasin!"

While the people were crowding about the spot, one of the women found an arrow, and in a moment more a moccasin was picked up.

"The Chickasaws!" exclaimed Tony, as soon as he saw the moccasin.

"O heavens!" gasped Brion St. Julien. And with a deep groan he staggered back. But he quickly revived, for the thought of pursuit came to him. Goupart hastened the men to pursuit in wild, frantic tones.

Just as the great old clock in the hall told the hour of four in the morning, the party returned to the house, pale and fatigued. The first gray streaks of dawn were pencilling the eastern horizon as the marquis and Goupart stood in the sitting room. One of the women brought in a lamp, and the youth started when he saw how pale his host looked. And St. Julien started, too; for he looked into his companion's face, and it looked terror-stricken even to death.

They spoke not a word. The old man moved forward and extended his hand, and on the next moment his head was pillowed upon Goupart's shoulder, and such deep, mighty sobs broke forth from his lips that it seemed as though his heart were rent in sunder. And one by one the eager servants came into that room, for they dared not yet trust themselves to sleep. They stood and witnessed the great grief of their loved master, and with one accord they wept with him. Truly that was a dark hour!

(To be continued.)

COULDN'T FOOL THESE GIRLS.

They Had Heard of City Frauds and Were Wary.

It was a brand-new and enterprising advertising dodge that caused these two young women to think they had been "bunkoed" and likely to get into difficulties. The "dodge" consisted in a 15-minute vaudeville performance which one of the big retail houses put on in a room in its building to amuse customers and to make people talk about the store.

The two young women were from one of the suburbs of the city, and on the lookout for traps and sharpers. Having finished their shopping they were in the elevator on their way out when the elevator man called:

"All out here to see the famous show!"

With the other passengers the two young women left the car, and found themselves in a little theater, says the New York Times. It was dimly lighted, had a small stage, a smaller orchestra and chairs in which a number of people had seated themselves. Suddenly an idea occurred to one of the young women.

"Helen," she whispered to her companion, "this is some trap that we have fallen into. I know mamma told me of a similar case once. When she and papa were spending their honeymoon twenty-three years ago at Niagara Falls they went into a show that was all just as this is. On the outside there was a sign which said: 'Entrance Free.' All went well until it came to going out, when there was another sign, 'Exit $1.' That is what this thing is, and I know it. Let's get out before the show begins."

They made at once for the door of the elevator shaft. "The show will begin in an instant," politely announced the attendant, at whom the young woman looked scornfully.

"You must think we are easy," said one of the girls, falling into slang to show that she was no ordinary proposition to be dealt with. "We know this dodge, and have seen it before."

Then both went down to the street feeling sure that they had escaped one of the shrewd "dodges" of a great city.

His Servant Was Well Trained.

At an auction sale of snuffboxes which enlivened London some time ago one of the most valuable mysteriously disappeared and has not yet been recovered. The loss has brought up a host of similar occurrences, and one newspaper corespondent recalls a story current two generations ago, the Duke of Sussex being the hero. He had presided at a dinner of virtuosi, and a distinguished diplomatist among the company produced a snuffbox set in precious stones, the gift of a crowned head to one of his ancestors. The precious souvenir was handed around for everyone to examine while the conversation went merrily on.

Presently the owner said to his next neighbor: "Kindly pass me the snuffbox." The inquiry went around the table, but nobody knew what had become of the article. A thorough search of the room and the servants failed to reveal any trace of it, and the party broke up in a gloom. Some months after the Duke had occasion to don once more the particular uniform worn on this occasion, and, putting his hand into one of the pockets, felt a bulky substance and drew out the missing box.

"You rascal," he said to his body servant, "you must have noticed it when you put away my coat."

"Yes, your royal highness," was the reply. "I noticed, and indeed I saw your royal highness put the box in your pocket."

"And you never mentioned it?"

"Certainly not. I hope I know my duty to your royal highness better than that."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Paid the Freight.

"Your wife," remarked the old friend, "tells me you are getting into society now."

"No," replied the plain man, who had to pay for his wife's ambitions, "society is getting into me."—Philadelphia Press.

Dead ancestors are said to occupy too much of the areable land in China. Famines would be less frequent if the country was not one vast cemetery.

The only reason some men leave an estate is because they can't take it with them.

CERTAINLY in few fields has the progress been more rapid than in the care and training of wild beasts for the instruction and entertainment of the public. Of course it is natural that, with the growth of knowledge and experience in their handling, the treatment has become more humane, and the methods by which they are schooled have undergone the most radical changes. The man who has charge of a modern animal spectacle calls himself a trainer, rather than a tamer; and he is really a teacher in every sense of the word. He must be a man of fearlessness, to be sure, but he must also possess the magnetic qualities, the quick understanding and the ready sympathy which characterize the successful teacher of men. Indeed, it is something of a commentary on human educational systems that the trainer of animals is selected with far more care and receives a much larger reward than the instructor of men and boys. Then, too, he has this advantage over the public-school instructor—he chooses his pupils slowly and with an eye to their future. Indeed, the most important factor in attaining a complete, interesting exhibition is the choice of the animals who are to form the nucleus of the show. For this purpose the very young are always given the preference, and those born in captivity are obtained whenever they are physically perfect specimens of their kind, though the domestic-bred beasts are not numerous. Such cubs are always tamer to start with, and their attention is much more easily fixed. They do not have the far-away, longing look which can be seen in the eyes of a desert-bred lion. They have never learned to strike and to exult in the feel of quivering flesh beneath their paws.

As soon as a cub is able to crawl around its cage, the trainer gets acquainted with it and feeds it and shows it that it has only kindness to expect while its behavior is good. When it is four or five months old, easy tricks are undertaken—sitting on a chair, lying down and rising at command, playing with a ball, and so on. At first, the trainer devotes all his time to a single animal until he has impressed it with his ability to control and direct its movements. Then an older, thoroughly trained animal of the same breed is introduced, partly for the example it can set in illustrating how the more difficult tricks are done and partly to accustom the cub to association with its kind. Many a trainer bears deep and permanent scars as a reward for performing the first introduction or for offering to arbitrate early differences of opinion between two future friends.

The hardest task of all is to accustom animals of one kind even to tolerate the presence in the same cage of animals of another kind, and months of patient effort are necessary before a newly assembled aggregation of animal actors will perform even the simplest combined tricks. The make-up of such an assemblage must be carefully studied out, for the methods of teaching vary with each new combination of animals.

Their health, too, is a matter of never-ending anxiety, and gives a trainer more trouble than the impresario feels over that of his high-salaried opera singers. If an actress is indisposed, her understudy can take the part at a moment's notice; but the animal actors have no understudies, and the omission of a beast or even his chair or pedestal from an act often disconcerts all the performers. On the other hand, to compel a sick animal to perform sometimes turns the act into a tragedy for the trainer; for if he once turns his back on his charges, and flees for safety, he may never be able to control them again, and if he stays to face the trouble serious wounds may result. Once let a beast see that you fear him, and discipline is destroyed; and, indeed, a crisis in which a trainer flees or is rescued by helpers as a rule works so on his nerves that even if he should wish to enter the cage the secret that he feared his beasts would be discerned by them in spite of all he could do, and his mastery of them would be lost. Sometimes it happens that a trainer relaxes his caution or commits an error of judgment. Many a trainer takes desperate chances because he or she had been fascinated by the beauty of a particular lion and has determined to master it at whatever risk.

Almost all animals have more discernment than they are usually given credit for. They fix the responsibility for their discomfort where it belongs, and harbor grudges long after a trainer has forgotten the entire incident which aroused them. The greatest factor in the safety of a trainer and the success of the show as a whole is the health of the animals, and this is dependent directly on food and exercise. In its natural state a wild beast kills when it is hungry, eats what is good for it, and fasts until hungry again, but in captivity it seems to lose its judgment, and if given the opportunity will usually indulge in gluttony or, in some instances, deliberately starve itself.

Very few proprietors of great shows capture beasts through their own agents. The organization of this business, with the mass of detail—advertising, transportation and finance—occupies all their time. Most of the animals now in captivity, therefore, are purchased of dealers who make this business a specialty.

There is a great deal of financial risk involved in a large business of buying and selling wild beasts. Risks must be carefully figured, and profit from sales and loss from deaths must be constantly kept in mind and balanced. Purchases are often made on the spot where an animal is captured, and the buyer stands the risk of transportation. The way in which a beast can bear a rough sea voyage plays a great part in determining its value. Even after its safe arrival, there is a continual liability to colds and disease. The loss from deaths, even among the animals safely installed in such a menagerie as that of Jamrach in Hamburg, is rarely less than several hundred to a thousand dollars a month.—Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, in the Cosmopolitan.

PROTECTING THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

To the average American, the precautions taken to protect the Sultan of Turkey against possible poisoning must seem utterly absurd, yet long experience has taught those who surround the imperial presence that too

PREPARING THE SULTAN'S DINNER.

many safeguards cannot be hedged about Abdul.

Before a meal is prepared the palace officials visit the royal kitchen and inspect the dishes, which are tasted and then sealed up with long ribbons, the ends of which are held by the major domo. Guards, reinforced by strong armed escort, then carry the food to the imperial presence.

AN HONEST SEWER PURGER.

Surprised Bank of England Managers by Appearing Among Its Treasures.

The strong room of the Bank of England, which probably contains more treasure than any other inclosure in the world, was once entered by an humble sewer cleaner and the directors of the institution knew nothing about it till a watchman who had accidentally stumbled upon the intruder informed them of his presence.

"You think you is all safe hand you bank is safe," wrote the man, "but I knows better. I been hinside the bank the last 2 nite hand you nose nuffin about it. But I am not a theaf, so hif yer will mett mee in the great squar room with all the moneys at twelf 2 nite, Ile explain orl to you, let only there 2 come down, and say nuffin to nobody." The strong room was guarded the next night, in spite of a disposition to regard the letter as a hoax, by police and—nothing happened.

The next phase of the mystery was more astonishing than ever. A heavy chest of papers and securities taken from the strong room arrived at the bank with a letter complaining that the directors had set the police upon the writer and that he had, therefore, not appeared as promised, but to prove that he was neither a thief nor a fool he sent a chest of papers he had taken from the bank. Let a few gentlemen be alone in the room and he would join them at midnight, said the writer, and to cut short a long and strange chapter of bank history a man with a dark lantern burst into the strong room of the bank at midnight after calling from behind the stone walls for the directors to put out the lights. He was one of a strange class of men who gained a living by searching the sewers at night, and through an opening from a sewer he had found his way into the richest room in the world.

Sympathy Was Powerless.

To exercise a general supervision over lost children and stray pets is characteristic of a kind-hearted resident of South Paris, Me., who is represented by the Lewiston Journal as ready to sympathize with every childish trouble. He was walking along the street recently, when he noticed a little boy on the sidewalk, evidently in the deepest trouble. His chubby fists burrowed into his fat little face. Great round drops of misery rolled down his cheeks and fell on his little blouse.

"Did ye get hurt, sonny?" asked the kind-hearted man.

"No!" howled the boy.

"Lost?"

"No," with a wilder burst of sorrow.

"Where do you live?"

The boy pointed.

"Waiting for your dad?"

"No. Boohoo!"

"Well, then, what is the trouble?"

The boy sobbed bitterly, and answered in tones of anguish:

"I've got the tummie-ache."

After an unmarried woman has reached 25, and no takers, she regrets that she commenced to do her hair up and started out so early.

One thing a physician gets with a good practice is criticism.

How readily cheap men accuse others of "selling out."