Eugene Weekly Guard.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.

EUGENE .....OREGON.

If women are more irritable than men, as alleged, the fact may be due to the French heel.

Now that a use has been found for the pituitary body there is renewed hope for the vermiform appendix.

And still the dispute continues as to which shall be considered the national flower. We nominate the hen.

The Sultan has his woes after all. Nobody ever suggests him as an arbitrator when the nations have quarrels to be settled.

The American girl has been crowned the world's queen of beauty—and by a woman. This should make her exalted position secure.

If Venezuela would put a tax on the title of general, some headway might be made in the revenue problem confronting that country.

Dispatches indicate that people will learn that rifles, in the hands of small boys, are dangerous only after said small boys have punctured their relatives.

An Eastern contemporary remarks that all this "less" business began with the "chainless bicycle. We may be in error, but it seems to us the bottomless pit was mentioned earlier.

They are gradually doing away with corporal punishment in our penal institutions. The inmates of the Missouri State prison are no longer compelled to wear the shoes they make.

Ambassador Herbert has just been created a C. G. M. G. He was already a C. B., a K. M. G. R., a B. L. U. D. and a T. R. U. M. P. Some people think he is in line to be made a D. U. B., but this is probably a mistake.

There is no limit to Standard Oil enterprise. Having cornered the outside of the earth, it is now headed inside. Five millions is what the Popocatapetl sulphur cost. Old theology taught that there was a place where it was given away.

It is not with the slightest intention of being disrespectful that we see the logic of fate in the fact that Dr. Gatling died suddenly. Although Dr. Gatling was a graduate in medicine his bid to fame rests on an invention which reduced sudden death to a fine art.

In existing conditions it is much easier to set afloat enormous sea monsters than it is to obtain the necessary quotas of disciplined seamen for the naval service. When intelligent and spirited American youths see that there is no prospect of promotion in the navy save for a select few they prefer the merchant marine, in which there is no bar to their advancement.

The Methodists propose to issue a "secular" paper that will have no sporting news. Presumably, and for the same broad and intelligent reason, it will also be shy a dramatic department. Yet there are sports and sports; there are plays and plays. Clean, wholesome, unmercenary sport, the sort that makes men and women with red blood and buoyant spirits, is as essential to our everyday life and to our well being as is the gospel of or the pulpit. A secular newspaper without news of such sports and pastimes will leave something sadly wanting even to the majority of Methodists.

Greed for gold is a conspicuous evil of our time and country. We want money to burn; wealth to squander. It appears as if some men, and women as well, vie with each other in thinking out original and striking ways in which to make their wealth conspicuous. They imagine that they thus aggrandize themselves. It is something to be grateful for, that there is a growing sentiment in favor of saner living. There is a strong influence at work for greater simplicity and more genuine lives. There is gain in respect for the "plainer living and higher thinking" manner of life. By the truest standards, parade of wealth is deemed vulagr. To dress, to act, to order our households and our lives by how it looks, by the opinions of others and to make an impression, betrays a shallow mind and a weak character.

President Eliot has been telling the good people of Cincinnati that manual training in the schools is worth nine-tenths of the work that comes under the head of arithmetic. This Harvard official rarely minces matters, and his statement may seem to those who hold fond devotion to the three "R's" to border decidedly on the radical. Yet teachers of manual training relate curious and interesting experiences. They give as a common occurrence the stupid pupil's marvelous development in all his studies the moment he finds that he can use his hands as well as other children who appear to be smarter than he with their heads. All of us can do what we really believe we can do. Stupidity is more often than not sensitiveness combined with lack of confidence. Remove those two unhappy qualities and the fool is replaced by the competent.

A sense of humor is more valuable for a busy woman than all the latest inventions for making housekeeping easy. The patent dish-washer, the self-feeding and self-shaking range, the washing machine, the bread-mixer and the egg-beater all put together will not help "mother" through Saturday morning so well as the ability to laugh long and heartily. Unfortunately there is no school where this accomplishment can be learned. The giggling girl is not sure to grow up a laughing woman. She may regard herself and her own affairs with a portentous seriousness. Egotism is fatal to a true sense of humor. So is a lack of imagination. So is that morbid conscientiousness, which is our least desirable inheritance from Puritanism. That family is fortunate indeed where the mother is first to see a joke and to lead the mirth. In too many homes her sole share in merriment is her dismal "I'm sure I don't see what you're laughing about!" The mother, an invalid for years, who could answer an inquiry about her health with a quizzical smile and a quick "Sick abed, and worse up!" was not a burden but a joy to the children who found her room "the jolliest place in the house." A nonsense rhyme, a droll conundrum, a lively repartee, a story of misadventure, may all serve as sauce for a dull day. The appetite for fun may be coaxed to grow by what it feeds on until the mature woman, laden with responsibilities, can smile at her own small trials and help others to follow her example. She will learn first not to cry over spilt milk, and later will master an even more useful accomplishment, and will laugh over it.

The Rev. John W. Malcolm, of Cleveland, is said to have collected an irresistible array of proof that Abraham Lincoln never split rails. Parson Weems' good old story of the boy Washington chopping his father's cherry tree with his little hatchet and being unable to lie about it is also generally discredited in this day. And now Dr. Edward Everett Hale comes forward with the positive assurance that Daniel Webster was not a drunkard; that he knew him intimately, saw him thousands of times, read thousands of his letters, ran in and out of his house constantly, and never saw him under the influence of liquor. And thus the good old superstitions perish! We are not content to have great men; we must have them gods. We must remove from them all trace of human nature. In investing them with high qualities that command admiration we must divest them of all the little human weaknesses that make them one of ourselves. In the perfect embalming of a body it is considered necessary to remove the viscera and brain; and in popular estimation something of the same process must be gone through with to make a great hero. Right and wrong are white and black, with no shades of gray between, and the popular favorite is preserved in cold, white marble, without blot or blemish to hint of human life. We piously close our eyes to the fact that James Parton, the eminent biographer, after gathering a vast amount of material for a life of Washington, gave up the task on the ground that, if he wrote the whole truth, the American people would detest him for having despoiled an idol to restore a man. Abraham Lincoln's rail-splitting and his coarse jests marked real red blood in his veins, and brought him into reach of men's sympathies. They marked him as made of common clay, like the rest of us. But the historical ghouls have stolen him from us and given us in his place a marble statue, without veins or viscera. And now we learn that Daniel Webster's one great fault had no existence. He, too, was of godlike purity, and the touch of death has brought him into his natural estate as a deity.

As stands the pyramid, a mystery,
Cleaving, wedge-like, the misty realms of Time.
And hides within its depths the unknown king
'Twas built to memorize; so common fame
Covers with cloudy fiction all the real man
And leaves a shadow to the worshipers.

BUSY MEN SHORT OF FRESH AIR.

Indoor Workers Find It Difficult to Renew Store of Oxygen.

Men of affairs in New York find it as difficult to get fresh air as exercise. Some of them find time for an hour with an athletic trainer, but are too occupied to devote another hour to taking the air; that is a long process nowadays in this city. It perversely happens that the men who are absorbed by the large matters of life here are those who are most strenuously urged by the physicians to take the air, says the New York Sun. Certain maladies to which they are especially subject are best treated by periods of time passed out of doors. Gout, for instance, yields more promptly to such a course than to any other. But it happens to be just the thing that most busy men are unable to do.

One or two of the athletic trainers whose services are so much in demand at high prices have all their clients work in what is practicaly the open, as the windows are unclosed and the patients protected from the cold by heavy clothing. But more usual is the prescription of a doctor who has numbered many well-known men among his patients. He told them to ride always with the windows of their cabs open, whatever the weather might be. By that means the journey to and from their offices could always be made a method of taking the air. And most of those who tried the prescription were so convinced of its value that they stuck to it. William C. Whitney attributes his general good health for years to his devotion to this habit, and he has not been seen in a long time riding in a carriage with the windows closed, no matter how cold the weather.

He Thought Too Much.

An Indian servant never answers back when rebuked, but enters on a vigorous conversation with himself, in the course of which the faults of his master are carefully rehearsed. In "Behind the Bungalow" the author declares that the hamal, or house servant, could be endured if only he would not try to think. It is in vain to impress upon him that he is engaged to obey orders, and that his employer prefers to do the thinking himself.

Now and then he sets his intellect in operation, and the consequences are appalling. It was our hamal's duty to fill the filter, and at the time when the water was very bad orders were given that it should be boiled before being filtered.

One day my wife saw the hamal in the act of filling the filter, and it occurred to her to warn him to let the water cool first, lest he crack the filter.

"Oh, yes," said he, "I thought of that. After boiling the water, I cool it down by mixing an equal quantity of cold water with it, and then I put it into the filter."

HIGH ART IN BANK NOTES

Designers' Chief Concern Is to Balk the Ingenious Counterfeiter.

First in consideration in making a bank note is to prevent others from making a counterfeit of it. Therefore, all the notes of a certain denomination or value must be exact duplicates of one another. If they were engraved by hand this would not be the case. Hand engraving is more easily counterfeited than the work done by the process actually used.

"Every note," said an official of one of the leading bank note companies, "is printed from a steel plate, in the preparation of which many persons take part. If you will look at a $5 greenback you will see a picture in the center, a small portrait, called the vignette, on the left and in each of the upper corners a network of fine lines with a dark ground, one containing the letter V and the other the figure 5.

"To make a vignette it is first necessary to make a large drawing on paper with great care, and a daguerreotype is then given to the engraver, who uses a steel point to make on it all the outlines of the picture. The plate is inked and a print is taken from it.

"While the ink is still damp the print is laid face down on a steel plate, which has been softened by heating it red hot and letting it cool slowly. It is then put in a press and an exact copy of the outline is thus made on the steel plate. This the engraver finishes with his graver, a little tool with a three-cornered point, which cuts a clean line without leaving a rough edge.

"Now, this plate is used for making other plates—it is never used to print from. It must be made very hard, and this is done by heating it and cooling it quickly. A little roller of softened steel is then rolled over it by a powerful machine until its surface has been forced into all the lines cut into the plate. The outlines of the vignette are thus transferred to the roller in raised lines, and after the roller is hardened it is used to roll over plates of softened steel and thus make in them sunken lines exactly like those in the plate originally engraved.

"The center picture is engraved and transferred to a roller, like the vignette, but the network in the upper corners and also on the back of the note is made by the lathe. This machine costs $5,000—a price that puts it beyond the reach of counterfeiters. Its work is so perfect that it cannot be imitated by hand. The lathe engraves the network on softened steel and the figure in the middle of it is then engraved by hand. It is now hardened and transferred to a roller like the others.

"The plates from which the notes are to be printed are of softened steel and large enough to print four notes at once. Four engravings of the note must, therefore, be made on it, and this is done by rolling the hardened steel rollers containing the raised pictures over it in their appropriate places until the pictures are pressed into its surface.

"The fine lettering around the borders of the note is transferred in the same way, but the other lettering is put on by hand. This process saves a great deal of time and it secures absolute uniformity in the four engravings on the plate.

"The back parts of the note are printed first and when the ink is dry the green back is printed, to be followed by the red stamps and numbers. It is then signed and issued. For greater security one part of the note is engraved and printed at one place and another part at another place, when it is sent to Washington to be finished and signed.

"But, needless to say, after all this care and all these safeguards many skillfully executed counterfeits have been made and issued, some of them so good as to deceive expert judges of money."—New York Herald.

FORMER NEW YORK GIRL.

Now One of the Most Successful Entertainers in London Society.

One of the most popular American women in London society is the young Countess Donoughmore, formerly of New York. She is the daughter of Michael Grace, brother of William R. Grace, former Mayor of the new world metropolis. Miss Grace was one of the belles of New York and was noted for her beauty, wit and charms. She is not unmindful, even amid the gay scenes of foreign society, of her old home, and frequently visits New York. Her husband is very wealthy, having made many millions in successful speculation in South America. When in London they entertain lavishly and the countess is regarded as one of the most successful hostesses in the English capital.

DONOUGHMORE.

Skating a Very Old Art.

To what race belongs the credit of having first invented skating is still a problem over which men of science are disputing. There is much doubt among historians upon the subject, for traces have been found among prehistoric remains all over Northern Europe indicating that the art was practiced by primitive peoples. The Esklmos of the farthest North are also found to be in possession of runners carved from whalebone. Skating is mentioned by a Danish historian about 1134, and Fitzstephen in his "History of London" says that in the twelfth century young men fastened leg bones of animals under their feet by means of thongs in order to slide along the ice. This statement is confirmed by the pair of bone skates of that period now in the British Museum. It is likely, however, that these early Londoners borrowed the idea from Holland, probably via Lincolnshire, where skates have been used on the frozen fens from very remote times.

Not a Definite Reply.

Deacon Johnson—What yo' doin' now, Abe?

Abe Hardcase—Cleanin' out a bank.

Deacon Johnson—President, cashier, bookkeeper or janitor?—Leslie's Weekly.

White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"Simon Lobois," she said, in a freezing tone, "spare me from your professions of love, for they only add to my misery. Now answer me a solemn question: Where is my brother?"

"Your brother?" Simon uttered, starting in spite of himself. "What should I know of him?"

"But do you not know of him?" she asked, looking him steadily in the eye.

"I do not." But he trembled while he spoke; he could not help it.

"But you know he was seized by the Indians on the same night that I was."

"How should I know?"

"Simon, it is strange that you have never once asked me concerning the event of my abduction!"

"I—I—a—have had enough to think of without that. My love for you has engrossed my every thought, and claimed my whole attention."

"Then you know nothing of him?"

"I—I—why, how on earth should I?"

"Never mind. If you do not, then that is enough. Now, appoint the time for the wedding when you will."

"It shall be this very day."

"As you will. If it must be so, I care not for time. Henceforth all times are alike to me."

"Ay, sweet Louise, all of joy."

"Yes—such joy as the lost child feels in the deep wood; such joy as the poor orphan feels when she stands by the cold corpse of her dead parents!"

"Nonsense! But come; you shall find better quarters than these."

So Simon Lobois led his promised bride forth from the prison house back to the dwelling from whence she had been taken on the previous night, and then he went out to hunt up some more fitting garb for her to wear. He went to the Governor, and there he succeeded in purchasing a suitable habit. It was a dress made after the fashion of the times, of pale blue silk with scarlet facings, and worked with silver lace and thread. It belonged originally to one of Perier's daughters, but she had never yet worn it, it having been made for her wedding dress, and her lover dying on the eve of marriage.

The dress fitted Louise to a fault, and when thus prepared, she suffered herself to be led to the church, for Simon had determined that there should be no subsequent question about the legality of his marriage. When they entered the rude church they found quite a number of people collected, and the aged priest was there in his robes.

The poor girl's head ached, and when she stood before the priest she trembled violently, and even Simon was startled when he saw how pale she looked.

"Go on," she whispered. "O, go on, and let me out from here, or I shall die!"

The priest commenced the ceremony, and Simon answered the questions distinctly. Then the holy man turned to the bride, and he asked her the usual questions. She looked up, and in a faint, forced voice, she replied:

"To the best of my abilities I will do all this."

What more could human law require? Even Simon was surprised, for he had feared she would hesitate. But he knew not how sick and faint she was, and that she might have answered thus promptly in order to hasten the ceremony, for she wanted fresh air. The ceremony was finished, and the nuptial tie had been formed, and the marriage was registered in the great parchment book of the clerk. The fee was paid, and then the bridegroom turned away.

"In heaven's name, my wife," cried Simon, as they reached the open air, "what is the matter? What is it that thus affects you?"

"O, I am sick—sick as death!" was the faint reply. "Hasten—hasten to our home, or I shall fail and sink by the wayside!"

Simon saw that his companion spoke the truth, and with quick steps he hurried on, sometimes bearing his bride in his arms, and anon helping her to walk. At length they reached their dwelling, and Loppa was at once sent for the physician. The old man came, and at a glance he saw that his patient had a relapse of her fever, and this time he shook his head as he remarked:

"We can't drive it off this time, Monsieur Lobois. It is firmly seated, and must have its run. But the lady has a sound constitution, so you need apprehend no danger. But she has not followed my directions, I am sure, or she would not thus have sunk. Has she had the nutritious food I ordered?"

Simon stammered out a reply to the effect that the negro woman might have neglected it.

The physician dealt out his medicine, and having given directions for the care of his patient, he retired. Simon procured for his wife another attendant, so as to have two of them, and then he informed Louise that his business called him up the river.

"To the chateau?" asked she, faintly.

"Yes. I was in hopes that you would have accompanied me, but that is now impossible. However, I must go, though I shall return as soon as possible."

"And what will you tell my father?"

"Simply that you are my wife. Of course I shall explain how I rescued you from the savages, and how, in return, I claimed your hand. But I have prepared the best of care for you during my absence, and you shall not want for anything. The physician will be regular in his visits, and I hope to find you well when I return."

The invalid betrayed no sorrow at the departure of her husband, nor did she exhibit any extended signs of deep affection at his adieu. She closed her eyes as he spoke the parting words, nor did she open them again until old Loppa came and whispered in her ear that her husband was gone.

CHAPTER XV.

Up and down the wide walk in the garden paced Brion St. Julien and Goupart St. Denis. The old man was pale and wan, and his steps were short and tremulous. The silvery streaks seemed to have multiplied themselves upon his head, and surely many a deep line of care was added to his brow. St. Denis looked not so pale, but a sorrowful look was upon his face, and in his dark, rich brown eye dwelt a melancholy light, such as could only come from a bruised and bleeding heart. His hands were folded upon his bosom; his eyes bent upon the ground, while within his own stout arm was locked that of his companion.

"We can search no more," said the marquis, in a broken voice. "They must either have been slain, or else borne away off to the far homes of the Chickasaws."

"And do you think old Tony's report can be relied upon?" asked Goupart.

"Yes. He says he is sure, and if he feels so, then it is so."

"Then our only hope is in enlisting the whole French force in our behalf, for these Chickasaws are a powerful warlike people, and not easily conquered."

"Ah, we cannot do that," returned the marquis, sadly. "The Governor, Perier, is not a warm friend of mine. He had his eyes upon this place before I set his eyes upon it, and he meant to have it himself, if I died. He dares not do anything openly to me, but he would not help me."

"Then," said Goupart, "I will myself go in search, even though I disguise myself in the outer semblance of the red man."

But the marquis shook his head dubiously at this.

"No, no," he said. "You would only throw away your own life, and then I should be left all alone. I could not live, Goupart, if you, too, were gone. Alas! what of life is left to either of us now! I had just seen the opening of life's promise—the budding of my soul's great hope—when this drear midnight came!"

For a while after this they walked on in silence. All search had been made that could be planned with reason, but in vain. Old Tony, who was quick of wit, and who had not forgotten the wild life of his youth, had followed the trail of the marauders a distance of forty miles, and there he lost it upon a branch of the Tickfah. This trail led in a southeasterly direction, so the bereaved ones had not a shadow of doubt that Louis and Louise had been taken to the distant homes of the Chickasaws.

The day was drawing near to its close when one of the female domestics rushed into the sitting room and announced that Simon Lobois was coming. Both the marquis and St. Denis started to their feet, and gazed upon each other earnestly.

"O," uttered the old man, "I wish I knew that Simon was innocent of all crime in this." The words were spoken with strong, sudden emotion, and showed that the speaker had been racked with dark doubts.

"I would not say that he is guilty of all this," returned Goupart; "but things rest most darkly against him. However, we can easily tell. His face is very apt to reveal the emotions of the inner man, and I feel assured he will betray himself."

The marquis took a turn up and down the room to compose himself, and by the time he had done this, Simon's footstep sounded in the hall, and in a moment more he entered. He moved quickly up to St. Julien and caught him by the hand.

"Ah, my good, kind father," he uttered, "I have been detained longer than I expected. But I am happy to find you well."

Then the black-hearted man turned to Goupart, and with a stiff, formal bow, he said:

"Monsieur St. Denis, I hope you are well."

But the noble youth spoke not in reply. He could not. He detected in Simon's eye a look of triumph that was not to be mistaken, and from that moment his suspicions were all alive again.

"But I do not see Louis. Where is he?" asked Lobois, after he had taken a seat.

The marquis gazed fixedly into the speaker's eye, but he could detect nothing there out of the way.

"Louis is—is—gone!" the old man uttered.

"How? Have you not found him yet?"

"Then you knew he was gone?" said the marquis, with a quick glance of fear.

"Yes—I knew that both your children were gone from here."

"How?" the old man asked.

"Louise herself has told me the story," was the calm response.

Both the old man and the young started to their feet.

"Louise! Louise told you?" gasped Goupart.

"Yes, monsieur," returned Simon, gazing upon the youth with a look of malignant triumph. "I had the good fortune to rescue the loved damsel from the hands of the Indians."

At this juncture the marquis sank back to his seat, and Goupart followed his example.

"And where is she now?" the stricken parent asked, in a whisper.

"She is at New Orleans. I should have brought her with me, but the state of her health would not permit. She has a fever; but you need not fear, for I have left the best of care for her."

"But how—where—did you find her?"

"It was most strange," answered Simon, assuming a devout look. "While in New Orleans, I heard that a small party of Chickasaws were on their way towards Lake Pontchartrain with a white girl a prisoner. I knew, of course, that the red villains had been lurking about here; and, moreover, I knew of no other point from whence they could have brought such a prisoner, short of the fort at Natchez. The fear became so firmly fixed that I resolved to set out; so I engaged the services of one who knew the region round about the lake, and having hired some men who belonged to a ship then lying in the river, I obtained two small boats and set out. We crossed the lake, and landed as near as we could to the opening of the trail that I had been informed the Indians were upon. We mounted the bank, and almost the first thing that met my eye was the form of an Indian pacing up and down by the side of an open space in the woods. I knocked the sentinel down, and in a moment the whole party were upon their feet. At a little distance I saw the form of a female asleep upon the ground. I demanded that the prisoner should be given up to me, but I had to use some heavy threats before they would yield. At length, however, upon my promise that I would not cause them to be molested further, they gave the prisoner up, and you can imagine my deep joy when I knew that I had saved Louise St. Julien."

For some moments there was silence in the room. Goupart, who was very pale, but whose lips were firmly compressed, was the first to break it.

"How long ago was it that you found the lady?" he asked.

"About two weeks," was the reply.

"And has she been sick ever since?"

"No. I had meant to bring her with me, but she was taken down with a fever on the very day before I started."

"St. Julien," cried the youth, turning to the old man, "I will away at once and seek her, and as soon as she is able she shall be with you. Tony shall go with me."

A satanic smile dwelt upon Simon's features as Goupart ceased speaking, and in a tone of the same nature he said:

"You need not trouble yourself, Monsieur St. Denis. I assure you I should not have left Louise, had I not seen her in the care of those who will be faithful. She has her own servants to attend her."

"Her own servants?" uttered Goupart, changing color.

"Yes, monsieur."

"But Goupart had better go down, Simon, and come home with her," suggested the old man.

"Excuse me," answered Lobois, "if I object to that. Monsieur St. Denis is not just the man that I should select as an escort for my wife!"

Goupart St. Denis started half up from his seat and then sank back like a man who has received a stab through the heart. His face was deadly pale, and his hands were clutched upon his knees.

"Your wi—i—fe," gasped the old man, starting up and taking a step towards his nephew.

"Yes, my dear father," Lobois replied. "I am the happy man. The sweet child has accepted me as her husband. And why should she not? She wed her very life's [illegible] in gratitude she rewarded me with her hand."

"But not yet, Simon! You are not married?"

"Most assuredly we are."

"No, no; that is impossible! Louise would never have done——"

"Hold, sir! We will have no argument about it. Here is the document that will satisfy you."

Thus speaking, Simon took a paper from his pocket, which he opened and handed to the marquis. It was a legal certificate—an attested copy of the record—bearing the seal and signature of the colonial clerk, and vouching for the legal marriage of Simon Lobois and Louise St. Julien. The old man read it, and then, with a deep groan, the paper fell from his hand. Quick as thought, Goupart picked it up. The hope had flashed upon his mind that the document might be a forgery; but as his eye rested upon it, the hope passed away, for he knew it was a legal transcript of the record. The paper dropped from his hand, too, and he sank back into his chair. The thing had come with a thunder-crash upon him, and for the moment he was unable to speak. But one look into the face of Lobois started his heart to life again.

(To be continued.)

NOTHING GOES TO WASTE.

Chemistry Has Found Uses for What Were Once Refuse Products.

There is no such thing as waste product in the industries of the present day. Everything is wheat that comes to the mill of the manufacturers. In every big factory now there is a chemist, whose business it is to find out what can be done with the refuse. In the packing house every particle of grease is extracted from it and sent to the soap factory. The residue is converted into a fertilizer and sold to the farmer. Buttons and knife handles are made from the horns and bones and the scraps are ground into bonemeal for feeding poultry. Glue and gelatine come from the hoofs and the bristles and hair are used in making brushes and for putting into mortar. The hide, of course, is tanned and made into leather.

In making coal gas, ammonia, carbonic acid, acetic acid, coal tar and various nitrogen compounds are also produced. From coal tar many fine dyes are made. From crude petroleum are made kerosene, gasoline, naphtha, paraffin and vaseline. A still heavier oil, left as a residue, is used for axle grease, and the carbon is turned into sticks for electric lights. The sulphuric acid used for purifying the products of petroleum is recovered and turned into fertilizer for farms where there is too much phosphate rock, which is thus dissolved.

Cream of tartar is made from the residue of wine factories. Cotton seeds are stripped of lint for making paper. They are then crushed for the oil and the meal is pressed into cakes for feeding stock or burning as fuel. If the cakes are burned the ashes are so rich in potash that they are used for fertilizing tobacco plants. From the oil comes a good quality of salad oil. Combined with beef suet it makes cottolene, which is used as a substitute for lard. The crudest part of the oil goes to the soap factory and the various washings and refinings make it yield glycerin. This in turn, besides being used medicinally, helps to make nitroglycerin, the explosive.

These are only a few illustrations of how the chemists make profitable use of refuse, a branch of the various industries that people in general know little about.

A Question of Bills.

A traveller in England rested at noon at a wayside inn and took luncheon. The landlord was a social person and after presenting his bill sat down and chatted with his guest.

"By the way," the latter said, after a while, "what is your name?"

"My name," replied the landlord, "is Partridge."

"Ah," returned the traveller, with a humorous twinkle in his eyes, "by the length of your bill I should have thought it was Woodcock!"

This story, as it appears in a recent book by a distinguished English diplomat, is credited with having amused Bismarck.

The Joke on the Joker.

A Long Island justice has decided that to send a worthless package by express to a person, requiring the recipient to pay charges, comes under the head of petty larceny and is punishable as such. In the case the justice decided one man had sent by express a worthless package to another as a joke. The express charge was 35 cents. The man who got the package couldn't see anything funny in the business and complained to the magistrate, who entered a charge of petty larceny and extortion and fined the joker $5 and costs.

Says Mr. Meddergrass.

"As to this here plan to kill moskeeters with coal oil," said Mr. Meddergrass, while the grocer was filling his can, "I don't know that it is fatal to them insects, but if they are anything like about a dozen hired girls that has started the breakfast fire in this town and subsequently gone out through the roof, it will be hard times for them Jersey biters when the coal oil campaign sets in in dead earnest."—Baltimore American.

Reformed.

"Willie, didn't I see you matching pennies with Willie Blimmer?"

"Y-yes, mamma!"

"Well, don't you know it's very wicked?"

"'Deed I do, mamma!"

"Then don't you do so, again."

"I w-won't, mamma—I'm busted!"—San Francisco Bulletin.

The Magnet.

"Look here, Dunwell, how do you manage to bring out all your apartment house debtors? When I ring the bell no one shows up."

"It's dead easy! I go down disguised as a health-food sample distributer. In two minutes every occupant of the house is in the hall."—Chicago News.

White blackberries and green roses have been propagated in Louisiana.

OLD FAVORITES

Ben Bolt.

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt—
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown.
In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls round the walls as you gaze
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button ball tree with its motley limbs,
Which nigh to the doorstep stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek for in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved
Are grass and golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shady nook in the running brook
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then
There are only you and I.

There is a change in the things I love, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the deeps of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelve months twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends—yet I hail
Your presence a blessing, your friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt sea gale.

—Thomas Dunn English.

The Holy City.

Last night I lay a sleeping there came a dream so fair,
I stood in old Jerusalem beside the temple there.
I heard the children singing, and ever as they sang,
Methought the voice of angels from heaven in answer rang.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, lift up your gates and sing,
Hosanna in the highest, Hosannas to your king.

And then metho't my dream was changed, the streets no longer rang.
Hush'd were the glad Hosannas, the little children sang,
The sun grew dark with mystery, the morn was cold and chill,
As the shadow of a cross arose upon a lonely hill.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Hark! how the angels sing,
Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna to your king.

And once again the scene was changed, new earth there seem'd to be,
I saw the Holy City beside the tideless sea;
The light of God was on its streets, the gates were opened wide,
And all who would might enter, no one was denied.
No need of moon or stars by night, nor sun to shine by day,
It was the new Jerusalem that would not pass away,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, sing for the night is o'er,
Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna for evermore.

—F. E. Weatherly.

Returned to Roost.

One of the theories of James B. Reynolds, the head of the University Settlement Society in New York, and now Mayor Low's private secretary, is that much of the drunkenness on the part of poor and ignorant men is caused by the fact that their equally poor and ignorant wives do not know how to cook nourishing food properly, and that, exhausted by manual labor and insufficiently nourished, their systems naturally crave stimulants. One day this theory came home to roost. The husband of an Irishwoman had beaten her unmercifully, says the New York correspondent of the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, and had been locked up for it. The morning after the wife approached Mr. Reynolds.

"Oh, sir," she said, in great distress, "come and help me get my Michael out. Sure, I had 'im locked up last night for beatin' me; but for the love of heaven come and help me get him out!"

Her face was badly banged up, her head was bandaged, and she walked with a limp.

"But you don't want to get him out," said the settlement worker. "He's almost killed you. Leave him in. It will do him good. I'll see that you don't suffer for lack of his wages while he's in prison."

"Oh, no," she said. "'twas all my fault. You told me it was bad cookin' drove 'em to the rum shops, and faith, I cooked the praties in the same old way. Of course he got drunk. 'Twas my own fault. I didn't cook 'em in the way I was told at the settlement, and of course he got drunk."

What Did She Mean?

They were at supper. Between the courses the young man with the voracious appetite discoursed eloquently on things in general.

"Do you know, Miss Dash," he remarked, "I think there is a very intimate relation between our food and our character. I believe, don't you know, that we grow like what we are the most fond of."

The fair girl smiled sweetly.

"How interesting!" she murmured. "May I pass you the ham, Mr. Jones? I am sure you will like it."

And the young man relapsed into deep thought.—London Answers.

In trying to make friends rapidly you are apt to make enemies.