

EUGENE CITY GUARD

LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE.

General Grant will not visit Mexico before the middle of March.

The Indians in Dakota say that the weather is the coldest ever known. The average temperature has been 14 below zero.

A further reduction has been made in immigrant rates of fare. The total reduction since January 1st to competing points, is 52 per cent.

The civil appropriation bill will be reported to the house early next week. The committee is at work also on the general deficiency bill.

During the week ending February 5th, 104,499 standard silver dollars were distributed from the mints. For the corresponding week 1880, the amount was \$117,195.

John Brown's Sons, Philadelphia, have failed; liabilities three-quarters of a million, assets about 25 cents on the dollar. Seven hundred workmen are out of employment.

One Chicago firm shipped 45,325,000 bushels of corn during the year 1880. The same firm shipped about 27,000,000 bushels of wheat and smaller amount of other cereals.

It is reported from Fort Craig that 300 Navajos are on the war path, but only a few bands of renegades have painted. A scout from Black Range says that the mountains are full of Indians.

The report of Prof. Rodgers of the coast survey in favor of Trinidad as the best site for the proposed Pacific coast harbor of refuge, was received by the senate today and referred to the committee on commerce.

Three children of Rev. Manning Hunter, colored, in Sumner county, were burned to death recently in a fire caused by a kerosene lamp exploding. The father was away preaching and the mother was also absent.

William H. Vanderbilt has purchased the Manhattan market property bounded by Eleventh and Twelfth avenues and Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth streets, for railroad purposes, paying \$375,000. He also purchased land in front extending to North river.

Suits of the Georgia Importing and Exporting Co., known as the cotton suits, involving \$548,000 and interest, since 1865, against ex-secretary of the treasury McCulloch, so long on the calendar of the United States court, and which were peremptorily set down for trial Monday, were withdrawn to-day, plaintiff paying costs.

The order retiring Gen. Ord was issued on the 5th inst. Schofield, commander of the military division of the gulf, announces the following staff officers: Major Thomas M. Vincent, adjutant general; aids-de-camp, Capt. Wm. H. Wherry, 6th infantry; Lieut. Edward E. Wood, 8th cavalry; Lieut. Charles B. Schofield, 2d cavalry.

Only one of the persons engaged in the Northampton bank robbery is at large, and he goes free in consequence of giving information which led to the arrest of the others. The amount of plunder obtained by the robbers was \$40,000 in government bonds which could not be covered, and bonds of the city of Northampton, face value \$1,250,000.

An attempt to blow up the Long Island Sound steamer Bridgeport was made recently. Two barrels of nitro glycerine cartridges were shipped. The carriers had no bill of lading and as they acted suspiciously the clerk knocked out the head of one of the barrels. He was surprised to find it filled with cartridges and more surprised that there was not an explosion. The cartridges were sent down the bay.

Scarcity of water is felt in New York city and many adjoining localities. There are some actually suffering, and many experiments are resorted to. Sickness increases. The depth of water in reservoirs has been lessened in a short time from 28 to 23 feet. Croton river is only running about forty-five millions daily, making it necessary to draw fifty-one millions from storage reservoirs. Water inspectors are preventing waste, and everything is being done to avert what may be a great public calamity.

The front of E. C. Palmer & Co.'s paper and printers' warehouse New Orleans was destroyed by an explosion on the night of February 5th. Windows were blown entirely across the street and the building fired; cause of the explosion and extent of damage unknown. The explosion was apparently the work of inexperienced burglars. The safe and vault doors were blown open. The safe and vault doors were blown open. The safe and vault doors were blown open.

At a meeting of the cabinet on the 1st inst. Goff, secretary of the navy, read the statement prepared by Commodore Jeffers, in regard to the importance of sending a vessel of the navy to the Arctic in search of the exploring steamer Jeannette. It is understood that the secretary will at once, in accordance with the president's request communicate to congress views in accord with the statement of Commodore Jeffers, and accompanying it will be a copy of the letter of Justice Daly to the president urging prompt action by congress in making the necessary appropriation.

George Preiatt, a bachelor, aged 90, and his sister Mrs. Elizabeth Goodpaster, some years older, have lived together five miles from Owingsville several years. Mrs. Goodpaster has been paralyzed and bedridden for months. On the evening of the 3d inst. Preiatt had got in his wood for the night and before retiring started to throw on a log and build a fire. He lifted a log and in throwing it on the fire fell with it and being unable to rise was burned to death. His sister was lying in bed but was unable to render him any assistance. At last she got out of bed and dragged her brother's body out of the fire, managed to get back into bed and being completely exhausted and unable to turn, with her brother's dead body lying in full view. Nothing was known of the affair for two days when Mrs. Goodpaster's son who lives about a mile off went to his mother's to help his uncle feed the stock. He stepped to the door and a blood curdling scene was opened to view. There in bed lay his mother with eyes widely distended while on the hearth lay the body of his uncle stiff and stark in death, badly burned, and with eyes, cheeks, ears and a portion of the neck eaten by cats, the head presenting a ghastly sight. Mrs. Goodpaster had never closed her eyes.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Portland, February 12, 1881. Legal tenders in Portland, buying, par, and selling at par. Silver coin in Portland banks quote at 1 per cent. discount to par. Coin exchange on New York, 1 per cent. premium. Coin exchange on San Francisco, par to 1 per cent. premium. Telegraphic transfers on New York, 1 per cent. premium.

Some Produce Markets. The following quotations represent the wholesale rates from producers or first hands: FLOUR—Standard brands \$4 50; best country brands, \$4 60; \$4 50, superfine, \$5 75; \$5 50.

Wool—Valley 22@27c. Eastern Oregon 20@25 WHEAT—Good to choice, \$1 75. HAY—Timothy baled, buying at \$16@18 per ton. POTATOES—Quotable at 10 per bushel market glut.

MIDDINGS—\$20@22; shorts \$18, chop feed \$18@20; fine \$25@27 1/2 ton. BRAN—Jobbing at per ton, \$14@15. OATS—Feed, per bushel \$2 64@27 cts.

BACON—Sides, 14c; hams, Oregon 8 C 12 1/2@14; Eastern, 14@15c; shoulders, 10@12c. LARD—In kegs, 12; in tins, 13c. BUTTER—We quote choice dairy at 20@22c good fresh roll, 30@32c ordinary, 27@32c, whether brine or roll.

DRIED FRUITS—Apples, sun dried, 8@9c; machine dried, 13c. Pears, machine dried, 11@12c. Plums, machine dried, 13@15c. Apples, market overstocked, at 40@70c per box.

EGGS—20c per doz. POULTRY—Hens and roosters, \$2 1/2@3 Turkeys 14@16c per pound. Geese, \$8@9 per doz. CHEESE—Oregon, 15@16c; California, 16c. HOGS—Dressed, 6@6 1/2c; on foot, 4@5c.

BEEF—Live weight, \$2 to \$2 1/2 for good to choice. SHEEP—Live weight, 2 1/2c gross. TALLOW—Quotable at 9 1/2c. HIDES—The market is firm at 15c for first-class dry; 7 1/2@8 1/2c for green; culls, one-third off.

General Merchandise. RICE—Market quoted at China, 5 1/2@5 1/2; Sand which Island, 7@7 1/2. COFFEE—Costa Rica, 17@18c; Java, 25@26c; Rio, 16@17c.

TEAS—We quote Japan in lacerated boxes 50c 70c; paper, 37@47 1/2. SUGARS—Standard Island, 9@10c; Golden C, 10@11c; hf bbls, 9 1/2; Crushed bbls, 11c; hf bbls, 12c; Pulverized bbls, 12c; hf bbls, 13c; Granulated bbls, 14c; hf bbls, 15c. SARDINES—Qr boxes, \$1 75; hf boxes, \$2 75. YEAST POWDER—Donnelly, 8 1/2 3/4 gross; Dooley, \$20@22 1/2 gross; Preston & Merrill, \$24 gross.

WINE—White, per doz in case, \$3 50@4; per gal, 70c to \$1 50; Sonoma, per doz in case, \$3 50 to \$5; per gal, 60c to \$1 50. Claret—California per gal, \$1 to \$1 25; imported per gal, \$1 50 to \$2. Sherry—Cala per gal, \$1 50 to \$2 50; Spanish, \$3 to \$6; assorted brands, \$12 to \$18; imported per gal, \$2 50 to \$7.

Port—Various brands in qr cases, \$2 50 to \$5; \$1 50 to \$2; imported, \$2 to \$7. WHISKY—Fine old Hennessy Brandy in qr case and octaves, \$5 50 to \$7 50 per gal; Duval's Irish Whisky in cases per doz, \$12; James Stewart & Co.'s Scotch Whisky in qr case and octaves, \$4; Hennessy Brandy in case, per doz, very fine—1 star \$10, 2 star, \$17 50, 3 star \$19; Holland Gin, large cases, \$18 to \$20; Old Tom Gin in cases, \$12; Rye Whisky, per gal, \$2 50 to \$5; Bourbon, per gal, \$2 50 to \$5; A. Cutter, \$3 25 to \$5 50; O. K. Cutter, \$4 50 to \$5.

OLLS—Ordinary brands of coal, 36c, high grades; Downer & Co., 37 1/2@40c; boiled linseed, \$1; raw linseed, 95c; pure lead, \$1 10; castor, \$1 50@1 60; turpentine, 50@55c.

Curiosities of New Mexico. Some very interesting curiosities are to be seen at the jewelry store of Albert Call, on San Francisco street, one of which is perfectly round sandstone, weighing perhaps 350 pounds, found in the Gallistoo district. It is supposed to be a water formation, and is smooth and evenly shaped, resembling an immense cannon ball. Another article of interest is a splendid specimen of alabaster, found about eighty miles from Santa Fe; but the most peculiar of all the curiosities is a large piece of white stone, said to have been broken from a continuous lining of a kind of natural tunnel or culvert within thirty miles of this city. The stone is perfectly smooth on one side, as if worn so by water, is rough on the other, and is about three or four inches thick. The man who brought it in says the tunnel from which it was taken is about six feet in diameter, is perfectly round, and is coated with this sione lining on all sides, forming a kind of stone pipe. The discoverer went into the tunnel only about twenty yards, but says that he walked on top of it for miles, being guided by the hollow sound made by striking above the culvert. It is thought that the tunnel is about thirty miles in length, and that it was formed by a stream of water, which gradually became coated, as above described, by this water formation. There is also on exhibition a perfect cactus, about eight inches through one way and five the other. It is as perfect as when in its original condition.—[Santa Fe New Mexico.

USEFUL RECIPES. For a Cough.—For a tight, hoarse cough, where phlegm is not raised, or with difficulty, take hot water often—as hot as can be sipped. This will give immediate and permanent relief. Don't fail to try this remedy because it is simple.

Catarrh.—The best way to deal with the disease is not to have it—to keep clean, to eat wholesome food, to live in clean, well ventilated houses, to dress warmly with flannels next the skin, and, above all, to keep the feet warm and dry. Children sitting with damp shoes on are almost certain to contract catarrh. The evaporation of the moisture produces a constant chilliness which is dangerous even to those in robust health. Children's feet and legs are ordinarily not more than half clothed, and it is little wonder that catarrh is so prevalent among them.

The Ear.—Dr. Roosa, in a lecture on the ear, said that no small amount of trouble in the ear was caused by too frequent syringing and boring out with a twisted towel or handkerchief, not to mention hair-pins, bodkins and other metallic instruments. In his opinion, one should never put anything in the ear smaller than the little finger, although one writer said put nothing smaller than the elbow. The avoidance of many ear troubles was to be assured by taking care not to duck the head in cold water, or to syringe the deeper part without the order of a physician, or introduce any body which can push the wax lower down in the drum.

No, as I understand it these cold waves come from the vast deserts of snow in the Siberian plains, and radiate thence over the globe, but principally in this direction. "Well, why the dickens don't they stay there?" "Why, it's too cold, idiot."

A Corner in Coffins.

Once, in a certain town in Nevada, a man died. It was an isolated town, and its people had to procure their supplies from a long distance. The man died because, among other reasons he could not postpone it.

The brother of the dead man ordered a handsome coffin for the occasion. He ordered it of an undertaker by the name of Hotchkiss. The mother-in-law of the deceased, not knowing this, ordered a coffin, too—a cheap one. She ordered it of Sudberry, another undertaker.

Hotchkiss came, measured the corpse, and withdrew. Shortly afterward Sudberry appeared. He took the measure of the remains, too, the attendants supposing that he was in some way connected with the other undertaker.

In the afternoon Hotchkiss came with his coffin. It fitted like a glove. Just as he was giving the finishing touches and making the corpse feel comfortable, Sudberry arrived with his coffin. They looked at each other. Hotchkiss smiled; Sudberry didn't. The latter saw that the former had got ahead of him; but that was not all. Hotchkiss' coffin was not only a very handsome one, but he had arranged things so that the corpse looked like it was proud of being dead. Its appearance cheered grief-stricken friends and relatives. They were elated. Sudberry's coffin was cheap and coarse—it was empty.

They had words. Sudberry blurted out: "You've taken a mean, sneakin' advantage of me."

"Coffin was ordered of me in a reg'lar way," returned Hotchkiss.

"I'd like to furnish a coffin to bury you in," continued Sudberry.

"I'd rather live forever than to be buried in one of your old cheap coffins."

"I'll cut down the price of coffins until you'll have to pack your blankets out of town."

"Cut away."

He did cut down prices so low that he got all of Hotchkiss' business. Then Hotchkiss cut below Sudberry's prices. It was getting cheaper to die than to live. Several availed themselves of the cheap rates. Old Gudgey, who, as a matter of economy, ate only one meal a day, took this occasion to get off and avoid the expense of even one meal a day.

Sudberry cut again. Hotchkiss met it. Then the former began to pay \$1 for the privilege of undertaking a corpse. His business lived up. Teddy O'Flynn, who had a partner in a boot-black stand that he could not get along with, availed himself of this opportunity to dissolve the partnership, and make \$1. His partner died very unaturally. The increase of the death rate of the town was very noticeable. A good many people seized the occasion to get rid of their enemies and turn an honest dollar.

Hotchkiss, too, began to offer a reward of a dollar a corpse, and a drink of whisky thrown in. The next morning Rattlesnake Bill, a desperate character of the town, stopped before Hotchkiss' shop with four dead Chinamen in a wagon. He wanted \$4 and the drinks. The undertaker objected to taking the Chinamen. Bill told him he could take them or be dumped dead in with them, and go over to Sudberry's. Hotchkiss took the four Chinamen. Bill took the four drinks. Hotchkiss had cut prices about as far as he could. He had a large family dependent upon him. Sudberry had no family—no family at the time. He had previously buried the several members of his family, as it came right in his line, and he did it at first cost. The former approached the latter to see if they could not agree to restore old prices. Sudberry would not entertain any such proposition. Said he would sell. Hotchkiss bought.

Then, to retrieve his losses, he put up coffins to exorbitant prices. He knew if any one else set up in the undertaking business, weeks would elapse before his coffins arrived. There was a great falling off in the mortality that had prevailed. None but the wealthy could afford to die that is, to die decently. There was a great deal of dissatisfaction. People expostulated with Hotchkiss. They said it was perfectly legitimate to make a corner in any other article of trade, but to make it in coffins was sacrilegious and not to be endured. He answered by showing that he had as much right to put up the price of his wares as a baker or a butcher had to put up prices in his business; that he did not cause the death of people, and was under no obligation to bury them. Said, though, that he would bury all he killed. He further explained that there was no overwhelming necessity for a man to have a coffin, or even to be buried, as to that matter; that no man would make any complaint if not buried. Such arguments did not satisfy the people. None of them were needing coffins either.

Old man Eli Stone was taken sick before the undertakers had compromised matters, and was not keeping abreast with the coffin war. He was known to be the most contrary man in Nevada. He was old and failed rapidly. The doctors told him to make whatever preparations he desired, as the end was not far off. A lawyer, being called in, was writing the old man's will. The dying man's words were scarcely audible, and he would have to cease speaking, at short intervals, to get his fleeting breath. He could hear good. As the writing of the will progressed, he overheard some of his friends in an adjoining room talking about the monopoly in coffins—the unheard-of charges. He told the lawyer to stop right where he had got. Said he was not going to die. He didn't.

The feeling of hostility towards Hotchkiss increased. There were mutterings for a day or two. Finally a mob gathered in front of his establishment. The men composing the mob did not appear to be suffering for coffins, either. They were healthy looking, and some of them would weigh 200 pounds. One Dutchman—he was very mad—once would have weighed 400 pounds. No one ever thought of his being buried in a coffin. Hogshead. The men hardly knew how to proceed, their knowledge of mobbing coffin-shops being quite limited. It was at first proposed to burn the building and contents. This was objected to, as it would leave the town without coffins, and, consequently, without inducements to the citizens to die. Then one infuriated little man shouted:

"We can use his coffin."

"I don't want to use one," said another.

"Durned if I do," exclaimed a third.

"Me nuther," chimed in a man dressed in buckskin.

And "me nuther" seemed to be the general feeling.

At last Hotchkiss, speaking through an auger-hole, agreed to a compromise. He was to reduce prices for poor people, and where a whole family died to allow them excursion rates.

Old Eli Stone got well. It was thought he would put up an opposition undertaker's shop, to punish Hotchkiss for his meanness. No; he presented Hotchkiss a \$200 gold watch inscribed, "Yours, gratefully."—[Californian.

Affecting Incident.

A Boston merchant dying, left among his papers a parcel of unpaid bills against poor debtors, with a written suggestion to his sons that perhaps the claims might as well be destroyed, as collecting them would undoubtedly cause distress. The young men made a careful schedule of them, and placed a large proportion of the debtors' names on the "forgiveness list"—never intending to collect them. One day, shortly afterwards (says one of the brothers) an aged man entered the office, saying he had come to pay an old debt. He was from Cape Cod, and his bowed form and humble dress and hard hands indicated that his life had been one of struggles and sorrows. My brother (says the narrator) turned to his desk, and found the old man's name on the "forgiveness list."

"Your note is outlawed," said he; "it was dated twelve years ago, payable in two years. No interest has been paid; you are not bound to pay this note. We can never recover the amount."

"Sir," said the old man, "I wish to pay it. It is the only heavy debt I have in the world. It may be outlawed here, but I have no child, and my old woman and I hope we have made our peace with God, and wish to do so with man. I should like to pay it."

And he laid his bank notes before my brother, requesting him to count them over.

"I cannot take the money," said my brother.

The old man became alarmed.

"I have cast the simple interest for twelve years, and a little over," said he. "I will pay you compound interest, if you require it. The debt ought to have been paid long ago; but your father, sir, was very indulgent—he knew I'd been unlucky, and told me not to worry about it."

My brother then set the whole matter plainly before him, and taking the bank bills, returned them to the old man's pocketbook, telling him that, although his father left no formal will, he had recommended to his children to destroy certain notes, due bills, and other evidences of debt, and release those who might be legally bound to pay them.

For a moment the old man appeared to be stupefied. After he had collected himself, and wiped the tears from his eyes, he said:

"From the time I heard of your father's death, I have raked and scraped, and pinched and spared, to get the money together for the payment of this debt. About ten days ago I had made up the sum within \$20. My wife knew how much the payment of the debt lay upon my spirits, and advised me to sell a cow and make up the difference, and get the heavy burden off my mind."

"I did so; and now, what will my old woman say? I must get back to the Cape, and tell her this good news. She'll probably repeat the very words she used when she put her hand on my shoulder, as we parted—I have never seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging their bread."

Giving each of us a hearty shake of the hand and a blessing upon our dear father's memory, he went on his way rejoicing.

Cellars.

Experiments prove that the air in a cellar rises and circulates through the house, and that too, not only by means of the frequently-opened doors, but even when every door is kept shut and the keyholes are stopped. It is simply impossible to keep a dwelling free from contaminated cellar air.

Yet how many sources of contamination are found in cellars! Rotting wood—the entire floor often being pervaded by decay; vegetables stored there for the winter and their refuse left the year round; musty barrels of vinegar or cider; leaky gas-fittings; badly-constructed furnaces, from which escape various noxious gases; water-closets, foul at the best, and often foul through defects; defective sink and sewer-drains, not infrequently saturating the soil beneath the floor with filth.

Many cellars are dug directly into "made" land, and the gases of the decayed matter with which the soil is more or less filled pour directly into them, just as the water of the soil finds its way into the well.

This latter point is more important than most think, for the air circulates freely through the soil, even when frozen. Persons have been repeatedly poisoned and killed by gas which had traveled for a distance—in one case, twenty feet—through the soil, and had penetrated into the cellar and thence into the rooms above.

As the ground water rises or falls, the air follows it. Barometric influences—changes in the pressure of the atmosphere—force it down further, or lift it out of the earth. Changes of temperature similarly affect it, and particularly does the warmth of a house establish an upward current from the cellar to the rooms above, and from the soil into the cellar. Hence—

1. Keep everything out of the cellar likely to vitiate its air.

2. Get the best constructed furnaces possible.

3. Have the gas meter and fixtures frequently examined.

4. Let the drains be of the best material and construction, and be ever in sight—suspended from the ceiling instead of being buried under the floor.

5. Have the floor and sides made as impervious as possible.

6. Let the cellar be constantly and thoroughly ventilated with sun-purified air.

7. If vitiating sources must remain, use the best disinfectants—not mere deodorizers.—[Youth's Companion.

These cold mornings are favorable for abbreviated salutations. The latest is: "Good morn." "Morn." "Horn this morn?" "No horn." "Good morn."

A Theatrical Sell.

Many years ago, when I was not so well known in the theatrical world as I am now, I was a party, writes Mr. W. J. Florence to the Era, to what I am afraid was a sad hoax on my good friends, the play-going public of New York. The idea originated with the late Mr. John Broughman, then manager of the Lyceum Theater, where I was engaged as "general utility." A piece was produced called "A Row at the Lyceum Theater, or Greenroom Secrets," each member of the company assuming the part of himself or herself. Mr. Broughman playing Mr. Broughman, Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Vernon, and so on. Each appeared in the ordinary dress of the street, and the scene was the greenroom of the theater.

The performance was exceedingly realistic, and deeply interested the audience. Everything proceeded smoothly until the entrance of Miss Buggins, a debutante who, after greeting her friends, looked over her "part," objected to some of the "business," and laid claim to something "more tragic." Thereupon a stout, middle-aged man, clothed in a Quakerish garb, who had hitherto quietly listened and laughed with the rest, rose in his place in the center of the stalls, and, to the astonishment of the house, exclaimed:

"That woman looks for all the world like Clementina. Her voice is very like; and the form is the same."

After a pause, he added, with a great emphasis, "It is, it is my wife!" following this up leaving his seat in a state of excitement, rushing toward the footlights, and shouting at the top of his voice:

"Come off the stage, thou miserable woman."

The utmost confusion quickly reigned in the theater. The audience, at first amused at the interruption, soon saluted the Quaker with cries of "Put him out!" "Sit down!" and "Police!" and altogether quite a tumult arose. Up in the third tier, in a corner near the stage, and visible to all, was a red-shirted fireman, who added greatly to the excitement by threatening to give "Old Broadbrim" a sound thrashing if he laid a hand on the "young man." Saying, moreover, he would go down and do it at once, he rushed down stairs to carry his threat into execution.

The uproar entirely stopped the performance. Ladies were endeavoring to leave the house, and gentlemen were addressing the people and vainly striving to restore order. All this time the irate husband was struggling to reach his wife, and he ultimately climbed over the orchestra, followed by the red-shirted defender of the "young man."

Finally both were seized by a couple of stout policemen and dragged upon the stage. When there they were made to face the house, and immediately the regulation semi-circle was formed, the epilogue was spoken, and the curtain dropped, almost before the audience had time to recognize in the red-shirted fireman your humble servant, W. J. F.; in the indignant husband, Mr. Broughman himself; in the recovered wife, Mrs. Broughman, and to realize that they have been the victims of a stupendous "sell."

About Carving.

When at last the work of carving is done, the delicate and difficult duty of "helping" begins. There can be no peace of mind for the man who helps his family and his occasional guest to any food, except soup or oysters, both of which can be accurately and fairly divided. In the case of chicken he can never give satisfaction. There is no rule in this matter, beyond giving the chicken legs to the boys, which can be followed.

To ask people what part of the chicken they prefer is simply madness. Either everybody tells the truth, and demands the best cut, in which case all but one will be exasperated by failing to have their wish gratified, or everybody will reply, "Any part." "It makes no difference," or words to the same mendacious and aggravating effect. Of course, when the man who says "It makes no difference" is helped to anything but the breast, he becomes an enemy of the carver for life, and nothing can disabuse him of the impression that he has been wantonly insulted. It is far better to boldly help people without making any pretense of consulting their wishes.

They will then regard the carver as a rule and careless host; but they will acquit him of any intention to press open insults on his guest. Perhaps the most difficult person to deal with is the lady who says she "prefers a leg." In the presence of this trying person the carver is almost certain to make a mistake. The chances are that she abhors chicken legs, and expresses for the sake of politeness an alleged preference which she confidently expects to be disregarded. To help such a one to a leg is to abuse her confidence and earn her undying hatred. On the other hand, if she is one of those rare women who really have an abnormal fondness for legs, she feels herself outraged if legs are withheld from her, and decides that the carver is a selfish brute, who has not sufficient decency to respect a lady's wishes. We shall never know how many happy homes have been broken up, how many friends estranged, and how much miscellaneous misery has been suffered merely because the duty of carving has been placed in the hands of the fathers of American families.—[N. Y. Times.

Crisp and Satisfactory.

A correspondent wishes to know if we can recall the rest of that beautiful poem commencing:

A farmer sat in his easy chair, Smoking his pipe of clay, While his babe out with busy care Was clearing the dinner away; A sweet little girl with blue eyes On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

It gives us a good deal of pleasure to say we cannot. In the first place, no man ever found an easy-chair on a farm. Secondly, no farmer ever left any dinner for his hale old wife to clear away. Thirdly, there never was a child that could catch flies—we used to try it. When you come to analyze one of these sentimental poems it never fails to turn out a mass of prettily worded lies.—[Chicago Tribune.

Having traced a number of Hibernisms to a Greek origin, Dr. Hopkins wittily remarks that Irish bulls were once calved in Greece.

SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

Writes of error—Love letters to another man's wife.

To preserve woollens from moths—Give them to the poor.

Baby aphorism—Time out of mind—mislead dates.

Acids and pickles are usually the contents of the family jar.

A goose and an elephant's trunk both grow down. Make your own conundrum out of the fact.

Cast-off stove-pipe, cut in slices, makes very handsome bangles for ladies' wear. It just suits them.

A man may be a splendid marksmen and still miss the hickory nut and knock the nail off his thumb.

To reconcile the useful and agreeable beat your mother-in-law's clothes while they are on her back.

The English dragoons are merciful on the Zulus. When they ask for "quarter," they cut them in two.

Why do all world-be-wise people try to look stern? Because the wisest of them was a Soltman' un.

It was a wise and cunning Jew who said: "I tell you vat it ish, I buys my experience fresh every day."

Law is a sieve—you may see through it, but you must be considerably reduced before you can get through it.

"What is fame?" asks the Philadelphia American. Fame is the result of being civil to newspaper men.—[Boston Post.

The water in Newburg is so bad that a correspondent of the Journal says "it is almost cruel to squirt it on a decent fire!"

Guibollard, most candid of philosophers, remarks, "Would that I had ten thousand a year." "To do what?" "To do nothing."

Curiosity shop—"O what a lovely vase. It's antique, is it not?" "No, ma'am, it's modern." "What a pity! it was so pretty."

We trust that in his inexperience, Secretary of the Navy Giff will not be so unfortunate as to sit down on the tack of a ship.

Prof. Holden has written a biography of the great astronomer, Sir. William Herschel, which Charles Scribner's sons are publishing.

"Will you have your oysters scalloped?" asked a Galveston waiter of a green customer from the interior. "Have the scalloped? No, but you can scalp the butter if you want to. It needs it worst kind."

"No, marm," said the shoe dealer, "I would like to give you a smaller pair, but to sell you anything below eight would render me liable under the statute for prevention of cruelty to animals."

When a boy walks with a girl as though he were afraid some one