

EUGENE CITY GUARD

LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE.

Auction sales of the pews of Plymouth church netted \$37,000, a decrease of more than \$1000 compared with last year's rentals.

A Chicago dispatch of Jan. 10th says the circuit court has granted Mrs. Geo. Scoville a decree of divorce from her husband.

The bed-maker of the Whatchee house, Stockton, on going into the room of Wm. Julius Damerans, on the 10th, found him hanging to the bedpost by the neck and dead. The cause of the act was depression at not being able to obtain work.

An Indian territory dispatch says the troubles of the creek nation are virtually settled. The forces of Spioches and Cheote, rival chiefs, are disbanding. The result of the war has been the death of about 12 men and the wounding of about as many more.

John Cody, aged 60, died at Manistee, Michigan, on the 19th, after fasting 103 days. He served during the war in the 16th Wisconsin regiment, and leaves a wife and five children, all married. During the fast his weight was reduced from 190 to 107 pounds. His habits were temperate. The supposed cause of the fasting was ulceration of the stomach.

A Chicago dispatch of Jan. 10th says a blizzard has been raging in southern Minnesota. Trains are stopped by drifts. Shoveling is going forward rapidly. The blizzard came unexpectedly, finding thousands of people unprepared, and will probably do much damage. Two engines are stuck in the drift at Lake Benton. It is the worst storm for two years, and appears to extend 350 miles.

The National Tobacco association has passed resolutions asking for a reduction of the tax on tobacco to eight cents per pound and on cigars to \$3 per thousand, with a rebate equal to the reduction on stock, if it would amount to \$10 or more, the reduction to go into effect May 1st next. A vigorous protest against allowing producers to sell to consumers free of tax was made.

The New York World says of Vanderbilt's proposed California trip: He proposed to leave this city at the end of January in a special train of five palace cars, thoroughly fitted out, for a four weeks' trip to the Pacific coast and back. He will take with him a party made up of his own family and some intimate friends. They will go to California by the new southern route through Texas and return by the Central Pacific. In this way the travelers will reach California at the height of the most beautiful season of the year in that state, besides an inspection, on their way out and home, of the vast area which has been thrown open within the last few years to settlement and civilization by the rapid and systematic development of railway communication between the Mississippi and the Pacific.

A Bethlehem, Pa., dispatch of January 10th says: A frightful boiler explosion occurred to-day at No. 1 blast furnace of the Bethlehem Iron Co., resulting in the death of four men and women, and serious injury to several others. Ten boilers are located over the engine house at an elevation of 35 feet, two of these being 40 inches in diameter and 36 feet long; the others being smaller are used for heating purposes. Two of the largest boilers exploded with terrific force, wrecking the interior of the engine house and demolishing nearly half of the pattern shop adjoining the engine house. One boiler was carried through the ventilators and broke through the roof of an old mill and fell to the ground. Of the ten boilers only three are left in position. The interior of the engine house is filled with debris and men are at work searching for the missing. The bodies of Geo. Grady and Jesse White, engineers, have been found. Samuel McCandless, boiler tender, was scalded to death. Another man, who was taken from the ruins, is unrecognizable. The wife of one of the puddlers named Graft, while feeding his dinner, was killed. Wm. Burch and R. Cluett, pattern makers, are badly injured. The search continues to-night. One or two employees are still missing. The boiler thrown through the roof of the old mill was hurled 300 feet and fell among 100 workmen. The damage to mill machinery is great. Last week the boilers were cleaned and inspected and pronounced safe.

In July last a jeweler of San Francisco, named Eberberg, was searching for a capitalist with money to loan on diamonds. He represented that the owner of the gems was of noble family, and temporarily embarrassed, but felt averse to dealing with pawn brokers. He encountered Bernard Von Ammon, a grain broker, to whom he repeated the story, at the same time introducing Joseph Benrimo, a curbstone broker. During the interview between the parties the latter produced an elegant casket with eight superb pieces of jewelry, containing 13 diamonds. Von Ammon mistook the purity of the gems and submitted them to the inspection of the leading jewelers in the city, each of whom pronounced the lot worth from \$7000 to \$10,000. Benrimo asked the loan of \$6000, saying he would redeem them in six months. The grain broker concluded to decline to advance more than \$3000 and the offer proving satisfactory, he had the diamonds critically assessed upon a second time, with the assurance from each jeweler that they were the same as the original lot. On reaching his private office on California street Von Ammon sat down to write a check for the money and a receipt for the jewels, of which an inventory had previously been drawn up. He was scarcely gone two seconds and returning saw the casket in the same place he left it. A glance at the jewels was taken, the casket shut and sealed in the presence of witnesses and the check passed, and in due time collected. When the six months had passed and no redemption made, Von Ammon called the witnesses, opened the casket and to the surprise of everybody found only eight diamonds, which, when submitted for inspection to the jewelers, who examined the lot in the first instance, pronounced that the second lot was not worth more than \$1000. Benrimo was arrested on a charge of grand larceny. Other persons have made similar charges against him.

Dr. S. M. Ballard, a prominent politician and land owner was robbed of \$57,000 cash at his isolated farm in Audubon county, Iowa, on the 10th.

A competitive exhibition of the Bruah and U. S. electric lights will be held in Louisville, Ky., the defeated party to pay \$1000 expenses and donate \$4000 to the Polytechnic institute.

German citizens of San Francisco have started a subscription list for the relief of sufferers by the recent flood. Some \$500 have been collected so far, and arrangements are in progress for an entertainment, the proceeds of which will be sent forward at once.

The superior court at Indianapolis gave a decision on the 11th which, if the principle announced therein is carried out, will cost the state \$200,000. It is that the state must return the money paid by counties to the state treasury, by mistake or otherwise, in excess of balance due.

Paddy Ryan, who is spending a week in Omaha, says that he proposes to challenge the winner of the fight between Sullivan and Slade, as soon as the match is made. He says he is in better condition now than he ever was in his life, and he is anxious to meet Sullivan in the ring again some time this year. He says Mace's judgment as to Slade's ability as a pugilist is worth something and the probability is that Sullivan will find Slade a hard man to whip.

Considerable excitement was caused in San Francisco on the 11th by a large crowd which collected in front of a prominent bank on Montgomery street and the impression was created that an extensive run had been inaugurated. Rumors to the effect that the bank had collapsed were circulated but an investigation revealed a man with a placard on his hat bearing the inscription, "I want work." This method of cheap advertising was successful, for the man was soon given employment by a gentleman who saw the conspicuous placard.

The secretary of the treasury has a telegram from Capt. L. M. Stodder, commanding the revenue cutter Oliver Wolcott, dated Victoria, B. C., Jan. 10th, as follows: Have received a communication from the prime minister of British Columbia asking assistance at Fort Simpson. There is an Indian trouble and no British naval vessel is in these waters, and assistance is urgent. Secretary Folger sent an answer to-day, as follows: "The revenue steamer Wolcott will be permitted to be present at Fort Simpson and prevent violence, but no force is authorized unless to repel an attack imminent against the whites, and then only on a written requisition by the British Columbia authorities."

A Milwaukee, Wis., dispatch of Jan. 10th says: The Newhall house, a six-story brick hotel was burned to the ground this morning. The fire was discovered at 4 A. M. In less than half an hour the entire building was one sheet of flame. The first alarm came at 3:47, followed quickly by a general alarm. By this time almost the entire south front of the Newhall house was one sea of flames. In a moment every window in the large six-story structure was filled with struggling guests, frantically and pitonously beseeching the few below for aid, which it was impossible to render. But few of the unfortunate inmates gained the front entrance on Michigan street, although some immediate attempt at systematic rescue had been made. In the halls was a scene of the wildest confusion. Men, women and children rushed up and down the halls in the dense and suffocating smoke, avoiding the blinding flames and roaring blaze, and in their frantic efforts rushing by stairways and windows leading to fire escapes, stumbling over bodies lying unconscious on the carpeted walks. The scenes during the conflagration were terrific in the extreme. The hotel register was burned so that it is impossible to state definitely the number of guests at the time of the disaster, but all accounts agree that the dead will reach 100. The scene at the morgue a few hours after the fire was sickening. Thirty-two bodies of men and women lay upon the floor, many burned to an unrecognizable mass, while the efforts of a strong police force were required to keep back the agonized crowd who were frantically searching for missing friends. The cold was intense and many wounded suffered from both the extreme of heat and cold. The hotel was built in 1857 and has long been regarded as a "death trap." The elevator and passage ways were almost at the first alarm enveloped in flames cutting off all retreat to the frenzied guests and employees. Telegrams from all parts of the country are pouring in asking for missing friends. Inquiry has been made by at least a dozen wholesale houses in the east regarding their traveling men, who were due here Tuesday. Not one of those inquired for can be found, and it is safe to assume there were a great many more transient guests in the house than at first reported. The finding of the two bodies so near the edge, that had not before been seen, has given rise to the idea that there are at least 100 bodies in the ruins. It will take several days to remove the debris, with as large a force as can be worked, and as the register is preserved in the safe, it will be impossible for a long time after the bodies have been recovered, before it will be known who all the victims are. A further dispatch on the 11th says: At daylight this morning a large gang of laborers resumed the awful work of hunting for the dead in the ruins of the Newhall house. The streets in the vicinity of the ruins are packed black with people. The greatest excitement prevails. The fire department is engaged in pulling down the remnants of the walls, and with each succeeding crash, the excitement increases. The police and firemen are confident that fully 50 people are buried in the ruins, including a number of guests not mentioned in the published list. Crowds of people are arriving on every train. The hotels are filled with fearful and anxious people seeking friends or relations supposed to have been in the fire. The telegraph wires enclosing the building on the south and east sides played sad havoc with those who made the frightful leap from the windows for life. Several bodies were fairly out in two by the wires, and the torn and bleeding forms would drop to the ground. Others would hit the wires crossways, and be hurled to the ground with a dreadful crash. To the unfortunate waiter girls, all lodged in the sixth story and attic, the saddest lot has fallen. Of the sixty young girls only eleven were heard from alive as late as yesterday evening.

MAID-OF-ALL-WORK.

Rachel Ramsay looked very pretty, indeed, as she came down the narrow wooden staircase in the little brown farm-house that afternoon, dressed in a white muslin dress strewn all over with tiny pink rosebuds, and a fresh lace frill around her neck, tied with pink ribbon, while her pretty feet were buttoned into a new pair of boots, with high French heels, and her hair was curled in loose, glossy coils of shining bronze.

"Eh!" said Granny Ramsay, looking up from her everlasting knitting work, over which she was half-asleep; "going to church, hey?"

"It isn't Sunday, grandma," explained the girl, laughing and coloring. "I'm going to the Tower, to see Miss Calhoun. She has often invited me there—she and Miss Bell."

"Pshaw!" said Granny Ramsay, who was one of those venerable people privileged to speak their mind on all occasions; "what do the fine city ladies at the Tower want of a farmer's daughter like you?"

"But, grandma, they've invited me!" "It reminded me," said grandma, "of the old story of the iron pot and the china pot swimming down stream together and they don't nowise suit."

Rachel said no more, but, escaped into the shady lane, where the maples were beginning to turn pale yellow in the first September frosts.

"Grandma is always criticizing everybody," she thought. "I know the ladies at the Tower will be glad to see me. Miss Alice wants to sketch my head for 'Elaine,' and Miss Bell asked me to sing duets with her. She said I had a voice like a lark, and perhaps Mr. Harold Haroldson will be there! For I know he often visits the house."

And Rachel smiled to herself, as she crossed the rustic bridge and went through the woods to the Tower, a fantastic wooden cottage with a semi-circular front, which was let for the summer, the owner thereof preferring to live in a square brick structure in the little village.

The little side door was open and Rachel went in. From the left of the passage-way, a door opened into the kitchen, and there to her infinite amazement, she saw Miss Alice Calhoun herself, in an aesthetic dress of pale sage green and roses in her hair, contemplating a pair of decapitated fowls which lay on the table.

"Miss Alice!" she exclaimed. "Is that you, Rachel?" cried the city young lady, pouncing on her as a drowning man pounces on the nearest floating straw. "Oh, I never was so glad to see anybody in all my life! These horrid hens! Bridget has gone away in a rage because I presumed to find fault with the coffee this morning, and we have got company to dinner, and I haven't an idea how to get the feathers off these creatures. But now that you are here everything will be all right!"

And she shook off the big bib-apron, and stepped back with a sigh of relief. Rachel looked perplexed. She had come there, not to enact the role of kitchen-maid, but to visit Miss Calhoun, to sit in her drawing-room and enjoy the conversation of her guests, and she did not exactly relish this summary dismissal to the kitchen.

"There is soup stock," went on Miss Alice, "and a delicate piece of halibut, and with the fowls roasted, and a pie or a pudding, or something which I dare say you can make, we shall do very nicely. I'm particularly anxious about the dinner, because we are to have company. You'll excuse me now, because I have to dress."

And away tripped Miss Alice, selfish and smiling as ever was Queen Cleopatra's self. Poor Rachel! She stood a minute in the hot kitchen, the tears springing to her eyes, a pang of disappointment at her heart. She knew all about it. Harold Haroldson and Mr. Dallas were to dine there that day, and she—she was to be cook, waitress, maid-of-all-work—what signified it what she called herself? She remembered what grandma had said, and for once in her life gave that venerable old lady credit for discrimination.

There was no help for it, however. She tied on the bib-apron, tucked the curls back of her ears, and went to work to prepare the chickens for the roasting pan, and now and then pausing to brush away the round, bright tears which rolled down her cheeks.

These young ladies evidently intended to make her useful. She might have known that they did beforehand. She could hear the soft sound of Bell Calhoun's guitar; the sweet subdued tinkle of Alice's laughter; the deep monotonous undercurrent of gentlemen's voices; and then she glanced down at her pretty muslin dress and bows of pink ribbon, and began to think that Miss Calhoun had taken an unfair advantage of her.

If she could only have heard the energetic colloquy which transpired between the two sisters in their dressing-room, when first Alice came up stairs, she would perhaps have better comprehended the drift of things.

"Good news!" Miss Calhoun had cried, waving her scented pocket-handkerchief in the air. "I've got a girl in the kitchen!"

"No!" said Miss Bell, a fair-haired, cream-complexioned Jansel, with pale blue eyes, and a perpetual smile.

"Rachel Ramsey," nodded Alice, "came up here in her best bib and tucker, to spend the day. Of course I confiscated her at once."

"The bolt, pushing thing!" said Bell, with a disdainful gesture.

"She's a deal too pretty to bring into the drawing room for Haroldson and Armine Dallas to flirt with," added Miss Alice, knowingly. "And I don't see any way that I could have avoided it, if it had not been for those jumpy chickens, and Bridget's fortunate fit of temper. Make haste, now; they'll be here in a minute. And I know little Rachel is a first-class cook, for I have been there to see."

So the young ladies of the Tower were enjoying the feast of reason and the flow of soul in their cool drawing-room with books, new-gathered roses and blue-ribbed guitars, while poor Rachel Ramsey was broiling in the kitchen over peach tarts and Neapolitan creams.

She had forgotten her disappointment, but, artist-like, she had thrown herself into her occupation with engrossing interest, and she was stirring the creams with a quick, energetic hand, when a step crossed the threshold.

"Here are some fresh trout, Bridget, to surprise your mistress," said a clear voice.

And to her infinite amazement Harold Haroldson stood before her, in his hunting costume, with a fishing rod lightly balanced on his shoulder.

"I'm not Bridget," said the girl, laughing, but still stirring on. "I'm only Rachel."

"Miss Ramsey!" he exclaimed, lifting his cap. "How, in the name of all that is wonderful came you here?"

And then, without humor, Rachel detailed the manner and incidents of her capture.

"I am the maid-of-all-work, if you please," she remarked with a courtesy.

"Then let me help you," said Haroldson, briskly tying a second bib apron around his hunting suit. "Used to be a good hand at spider and gridiron when I camped on Lake Capsucite in Maine."

"But you are not engaged," Rachel said, half pleased, half-frightened.

"I can volunteer," observed the young man. "Give me the oil and vinegar, and you will see what dressing, 'a la mayonnaise,' I can provide for that salad of yours."

And if a pair of cooks ever spent a delightful unconventional sort of morning in the kitchen, this pair did.

They laughed, they made innocent jokes, they behaved like two school children.

And at last when Rachel ran out into the garden to gather some water-cresses to deck the newly roasted fowls, Mr. Haroldson heard the voice of Miss Bell Calhoun calling down the stairway:

"Rachel! Rachel! you may serve the dinner. Every one is here but that tiresome Haroldson!"

"And he's here, too," calmly responded that gentleman, who was washing his hands at the pump.

"What!" cried Bell, shrilly.

"The cook and Butler are expected to take their meals in the kitchen," said Mr. Haroldson, with commendable gravity. "And I've no objection to that arrangement."

And nothing could induce Harold Haroldson to come up to the dining-room. He and Rachel together ate their picnic sort of repast and washed the dishes—although the matter somewhat lost its spice when the Misses Calhoun and their company all adjourned, "en masse," to the kitchen and persisted in joining their ranks.

And when the purple sunset came dreamily down over the dark cedars that overhung the brawling stream, and the gay guests had all departed, Alice and Bell Calhoun gazed dubiously at each other.

"Was ever anything so provoking," said Bell.

"He has actually gone home with her," said Alice, bursting into angry tears.

"And after all the pains we took to keep them apart!" sighed Bell.

"It was all your fault," petulantly exclaimed Alice. "Noticing that farmer's daughter, and dragging her out of her sphere, in that sort of way!"

"But it was you that plumed yourself on getting her into the kitchen!" scolded Bell. "And a nice mess you've made of it!"

"But how were we to tell that it was going to end so?" groaned poor Alice.

"Well, Rachel," said Granny Ramsay, when the girl came in, just as the lamps were lighted, "what sort of a day did you have?"

"Humph!" grunted Granny, after her answer. "That's a queer way of entertaining visitors. But praps that's city manners."

"Perhaps it is," said Rachel, demurely.

"Who was it came home with you?" asked Granny, who was not quite deaf or blind as yet, "and left you at the garden gate?"

"One of the other servants," said Rachel.

"Well, I never," said Granny. "Where's all your pride, Rachel Ramsey?"

"I never was prouder in all my life than I am to-night," said Rachel. "Lis ten, grandma, for I have much to tell you. Mr. Harold Haroldson, of New York, walked home with me; and I've met him ever so many times this summer, at picnics and archer parties and such places, but I never knew that he cared for me. And to-night he asked me to marry him, and he is to come here to-morrow morning to see father."

"Do you love him?" said Granny Ramsey, huskily.

And Rachel answered: "Yes."

"Then God bless you, my child, and give you both a long and happy life!" said the old lady, softly smoothing the girl's bright head.

And every one was satisfied, except the ladies of the Tower.

First Glimpse of Holland.

A very large opal or the inside of a mother of pearl shell would make a good background for this thin strip of distant Holland that lies blinking away in the early morning light. A long, narrow ribbon of a picture it makes, with its little spots and dots and splashes of color here and there, accidental here and methodical there, as if part of a pattern. By carefully looking through a glass these dots of various shapes and sizes soon resolve themselves into windmills, cows, sheep, Dutchmen, churches and steeples, and little red-tiled houses with green or blue shutters. I do not pretend that this is a peculiar or striking instance of the first glimpse of a foreign strand consisting of cows, windmills, and steeples—I know of other such places—but I contend that the Dutch sand slip is cleaner, the cows are sleeker and fatter, the windmills more jaunty and active, the cottages more spick and span and more recently out of a toy box, the specks of humanity more rotund and well-to-do. Never, except in some other strip of Dutch strand, will you see just such specks as these. And as we draw nearer the shore, and the bits of color take more definite form, there is no mistake—this is Holland, and no other land at all.—(George H. Bronghton, in Harper's Magazine for January.)

You should make friends again. It is absurd for an engaged pair to quarrel. Laura—Well, then, let Edgar say the first word. Edgar (with a lively recollection of the recent tiff)—Yes, so long as you have the last, you don't care.

English Troops Dying.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, writing from Alexandria, Egypt, under date of Nov. 29, says: I have stated in my previous letters that the grim old gentleman with the scythe and hour glass was playing sad havoc with the English soldiers quartered in this country, and that funerals were far more frequent amongst them than were promotions, but it was not until last week that the army Gazette published a word on the subject; I send you the substance of the article merely for the reason that it corroborates my letters, and plainly sets forth the fact that the Arabs have a chap on their side who is considerably more potent than was Arabi. "The alarming mortality among the British troops both at Cairo and Alexandria, is attracting general attention, and is giving rise to many uncomplimentary comments in regard to the army medical department. We understand that the British Vice Consul at Cairo has taken the matter in hand, and is preparing a report on the subject for the home government. In the meantime our men are dying like flies, and a general outcry is raised against the water, and against what is termed the unhealthiness of the climate, by persons who are not competent to offer an opinion on the subject. We do not think we are going too far in saying that, in regard to the health of the troops which form the army of occupation here, a panic is threatened in public opinion at home which is likely to equal that which existed at the time of the occupation of Cyprus. Then, as now, there was an outcry about the water and the unhealthiness of the climate. The island was likened to "a charnel house and a graveyard," and the government was severely taken to task for dispatching British troops to die in what was described as a fever stricken island situated in a forgotten corner of the Mediterranean, but experience has shown Cyprus to be no more unhealthy for persons who take ordinary precautions than any other island in the Levant. We do not think that it is bad water or the natural unhealthiness of the climate of Egypt so much as bad living and immoderate indulgence in poisonous liquors at low drinking places that cause such fearful mortality among our men. There is a movement on foot to start a cafe where the soldiers will be able to procure coffee, tea, milk, bread, cheese, lemonade, sherbets and other non-intoxicating drinks, but it cannot be expected that Tommy Atkins "out on the spree," will be likely to patronize this establishment in preference to his usual haunts on such occasions, and his incorrigible habits will cause trouble to those to whom the care of his health is intrusted for all time to come. Aside from this, there are many other causes for disease; no blankets had been served out to the men until quite recently, although the nights were exceedingly cold. At the citadel they had to lie down on the cold, damp ground, with only their wearing apparel to keep them from getting chilled. The army medical department has been faulty in many particulars, as there was opportunity of seeing at Ismailia and throughout the line of march. This is a great deal, also, to be said in regard to the treatment of the maladies from which our men suffer on account of the peculiarities of the climate, and valuable lives are lost through what is really criminal ignorance. We would advise the government to call to their service some of our local medical practitioners who understand the diseases and the remedies suitable to the climate and not permit the men to be killed off on general principles.

The real cause of the soldiers dying is on account of their immoderate beer and porter drinking at their own cantens; they are not allowed spirits, but they can drink English ale ad lib., and that stuff drunk in quantities in this climate is certain poison; it is not what they get outside at the "low drinking places" that kills them, for the reason that they do not have frequent opportunities of visiting them.

There could be but few more critical tasks than to write a treatise on the choice of wives or husbands; but we need not be over scrupulous about warning ladies in search of husbands to beware of men of literary habits, and we shall be doing a kindness if we advise literary men contemplating matrimony to select for their wives judicious and patient nurses rather than charming and brilliant women.

There is a comfortable doctrine held by wives that all husbands are more or less selfish, and we admit that there is much to be said in support of this theory. Hunting husbands, shooting husbands, parliamentary husbands and business husbands generally seek their own amusement as the principal end of their lives, while the pleasures of their wives are regarded as desirable but secondary objects; but none of the above-mentioned are so purely selfish as are certain literary husbands. Strictly pleasure-seeking husbands often study their own amusement only, while they worship their wives. Literary husbands also study their own amusement only, while they worship themselves. Moreover, in intercourse with their fellow-creatures, ordinary mortals usually imbibe some fresh ideas or learn a little entertaining gossip, and are consequently more or less agreeable companions to their wives. But the literary man spends the day at home in his own den, where his brain feeds chiefly upon itself, with a few books, by way of condiment, by writers holding their own identical opinions; so that he is unlikely to be very fresh or amusing when he seeks the society of his wife.

Like a savage animal that cannot be approached without danger, the literary husband, as we have said, spends his time in his study. He may be concocting jokes for a comic paper or writing a treatise on Christian gentleness; but for all that, while sitting at his writing-table he will be as ill-tempered and as snappish as a bull-terrier on his chain. The judicious wife will be wary in approaching him on such occasions. If the kitchen chimney is on fire, or if the pipes are bursting, "dear George" must not be disturbed on that account, or the heat of his wrath and the explosion of his temper are likely to exceed the worst that can happen from those domestic calamities. He may be writing the most calm and unpassioned judgment on the

disputes between the Guelphs and the Ghiblins; but it would be unwise in his wife to calculate on his giving an equally temperate decision on a squabble between the cook and the butler during the hours that he spends in his chair of literary jurisdiction. It is true that there are some literary husbands who will make attempts to be courteous when invaded in their sanctums. They will assure their wives that they "are not in the least in the way," while their nervous restlessness too plainly betrays their words they may even assume a ghastly smile when a thorough reorganization of their rooms is suggested, and there may be a very pretty struggle between the parental and the literary instincts when their youngest children are brought into their dens; but it only requires half an eye to see that they are in reality as much put out as a servant disturbed at a meal, which we take to be the extreme example of human acidity. Perhaps the most remarkable expression ever assumed by a literary husband is that which he wears when his wife requests him to come into the drawing-room to help to entertain some friends, especially when she assures him that they are aware he is at home. His face, again, is a study, if she enters his room when he is in the middle of a long and carefully prepared sentence, with the pleasing announcement that the housekeeper complains of "a smell" in one of the back passages.

Bill Nye's Lecter.

To remove oils, varnishes, resins, tar, oyster soup, currant jelly and other selections from the bill of fare, use benzine, soap and chloroform cautiously with whitewash-brush and garden-hose. Then hang on wood-pile to remove the pungent effluvia of the benzene. To clean ceilings that have been smeared by kerosene lamps or the fragrance from fried salt pork, remove the ceiling, wash thoroughly with borax, turpentine and rain-water; then hang on the clothes-line to dry. After pulverize and spread over the pie-plant bed for spring wear. To remove starch and roughness from flatirons, hold the iron on a large grindstone for twenty minutes or so; then wipe off carefully with a rag. To make this effective the grindstone should be in motion while the iron is applied. Should the iron still stick to the goods when in use, spit on it. To soften water for household purposes, put in an ounce of quick lime in a certain quantity of water. If it is not sufficient, use less water or more quick-lime. Should the immediate lime continue to remain deliberate, lay the water down on a stone and pound it with a base-ball club. To give relief to a burn apply the white of an egg. The yolk of the egg may be eaten or placed on the shirt-bosom, according to the taste of the person. If the burn should occur on a lady she may omit the last instruction. To wash black silk stockings, prepare a tub of lather composed of tepid rain-water and white soap, with a little ammonia. Then stand in the tub till dinner is ready. Roll in a cloth to dry. Do not wring, but press the water out. This will necessitate the removal of the stockings. If your hands are badly chapped, wet them in warm water and rub them all over with Indian meal; then put on a coat of glycerine and keep them in your pockets for ten days. If you have no pockets convenient insert them in the pocket of a friend. Woolen goods may be nicely washed if you put half an ox gall into two gallons of tepid water. It might be good to put the goods in the water also. If the mixture is not strong enough put in another ox-gall. Should this fail to do the work put in the entire ox, reserving the tail for soup. The ox-gall is comparatively useless for soap and should not be preserved as an article of diet.—[Boomerang.]

A Presbyterian In-od.

Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, has a witty and wide-awake Presbyterian elder of pronounced Scotch antecedents, who, although a persistent advocate of the "Westminster Confession," will occasionally, for convenience sake, and from an innate love of social religious intercourse, attend the meetings of his Methodist brethren.

At a recent prayer-meeting of the latter body of Christians that was held as preparatory to a centennial service in commemoration of the progress of Methodism in Nova Scotia, the presiding minister dwelt eloquently upon the wonderful growth and prosperity of the Methodist church, and of its great founder, John Wesley. He also expressed thankfulness that to-day there were one hundred and nine Methodist ministers in Nova Scotia.

The meeting thus very naturally assumed a denominational character, and the minister asked our good Presbyterian brother to lead in prayer at the close. The elder complied, and after thanking the Lord for the many good things he had just heard "about this branch of Zion," he added, with much depth of feeling, "O Lord, we thank Thee for John Wesley, but we especially thank Thee for John Knox; we thank Thee for one hundred and nine Methodist ministers in our country, but we especially thank Thee for the hundred and thirteen Presbyterian ministers who are preaching the Word of Life throughout our land. Amen."

Presbyterianism will not lose any lustre by that earnest elder, even in a Methodist prayer-meeting.—Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for January.

A Just Cause.

During the war, while Gen. Steele commended the post at Little Rock, an old Arkansas lawyer was drawn up before the general on the charge of shooting a soldier.

"I had a right ter shoot him, general. "Did he insult your wife?" "Wasen that, general." "Did he strike you?" "A heap worse than."

"What did he do?" "Why, general, the ornery cuss said that I was an uneducated man. That was mor'n I could put up with. He hit my darter with a churn-dasher and said that my wife was as homely as a cow, but general, when he insewated agin my college trainin' I couldn't stand it any longer, and I lifted him."—[Arkansas Traveler.]