

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL. Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Maggie Mitchell will write her stage experience for a New York magazine.

The Queen of Portugal has the reputation of being the best dressed woman in Europe.

The daughter of General Banks, who has just gone upon the stage, has a perceptible and very pretty moustache.

James Garfield, the oldest son of the late President, is tall, blonde and athletic. Harry, his brother, is short, dark and wears brown side whiskers.

A Hartford newspaper, after recounting Ignatius Donnelly's wonderful literary achievements, past and prospective, concludes: "We are glad Donnelly didn't miss being born."

Miss Marie Van Zandt made her first appearance on the stage at Groton, Mass., when she took part in a flower cantata. Since then her pathway through life has been strewn with posies.

Five octogenarians, the oldest of whom was ninety-four years, died in Marathon, N. Y., recently inside of one week. Three weeks previous they were all in good health. Each one of them had lived all his life in that vicinity. *Syracuse Journal*.

As between Germany and the United States, the relative literary activity of the two countries is shown by the following figures: In 1883, American publishers issued 3,481 books, the German, 14,802; in 1884, the American, 4,038, the German, 15,607.

Mrs. John Maxwell, better known as Miss Braddon, the novelist, lives at Litchfield House, Richmond. It is an historic structure. Built for the first Earl of Abergheny, it later passed into the possession of the Bishop of Litchfield, and became his Episcopal residence. Afterward Catalani, the singer, got it and gave notable receptions there. It is a handsome old palace in Sir Christopher Wren's best style.

A printer on the Erie (Pa.) *Herald*, known as "Father Quinn," has in a long life set, it is estimated, type enough to weigh 187,700 pounds, or ninety-four tons, which this old man has lifted piece by piece in the specified time. In setting type the average distance the hand travels is a foot and a half or thereabouts. Consequently his hand has traveled 516,000,000 feet, or a matter of 97,727 miles, or within a few hundred feet of being four times the circumference of the earth.

Of Richard Grant White it is said that "while literature was his profession, music was his solace and delight, and he was far prouder of his knowledge of violins than of his reputation as a Shakespearean scholar." Of this violin connoisseurship wonderful stories are told, and there seems no doubt that he possessed a rare and peculiar faculty of discrimination in regard to these instruments. His own instrument was the 'cello, upon which he played in a quartet that met at his house weekly. *Chicago Inter Ocean*.

HUMOROUS.

"Oh ma," said a child of five, "I am so glad there was a flood!" "Why, child?" exclaimed mamma. "Because, if there hadn't been any flood I shouldn't have had a Noah's ark."

A new song is called "The Coming Step." The coming step is probably that of the old man, and if you are a prudent young man make your exit via the window and over the garden wall.

A woman recently entered a store in Connecticut, and sat down in front of an iron safe to warm her feet. After sitting some twenty or thirty minutes, she remarked thus: "I never did like them kind of stores. They don't throw out scarcely any heat, those gas-burners don't." *N. Y. Independent*.

First Boston girl: Going to vocal practice this morning, Minerva?
Second Boston girl: No, my dear Calliope, I have a bad cold and am quite hoarse.
First Boston girl: Ah! been exposing yourself to the weather?
Second Boston girl: Yes, I went out yesterday and forgot to put on my spectacles! *Boston Courier*.

Railroad intelligence. — When Major Converse was laying out the line of the Sunset Route to San Antonio, he one day took observations with his instrument near the cabin of an old negro on Cibola Creek. "Boss, am de railroad gwinter come neah my house?" "It will go right through it," replied Converse. "Hit will? Why boss, hit ain't gwinter be safe for ole woman and de children in de house of de kears runs smack fur hit." *Texas Sitings*.

Mr. Bashful—My daughter is making surprising progress as an amateur artist. She recently painted a landscape which was so real that the bellowing of cattle could be heard distinctly. Mr. Bashful—Pretty good; but my darter Sal kin beat that. Mr. B.—What has your daughter been developing as an embryonic artist? Mr. H.—I don't know es she has bin doin that, but she painted a picture of a green cucumber so natural that it give the hull family the cholera morbus.

"Mary Had a Little Lamb" in French-English:
Marie possesses one small mutton,
Her hair was black like snows,
And all over that Marie promenades
Those sheep follow her nose.

In German-English:
The Marie a diminutive lambkin had,
So white as snow was her fur,
And every where whither Marie a walking made
Identical lambkin was companion of her.

—She had a voice like a siren and when she sang:
"Mid play sure, sand pal aces, though beam a home,
Be it averse, oh wum bull there, snow play sly comb."

H, arm from thesek eyesam stew wallow a sheer.
Witch seek through the whiri discernet at twilidweez:
There wasn't a dry eye in the tabernacle, but if the programme hadn't said in clear unmistakable print that she was going to sing "Sweet Home" a man might have thought his teeth loose without ever guessing it. *Brooklyn Eagle*.

WILLIAM PENN'S RAPACITY.

The Delaware Fishing Question—A Grant that Has Been Disputed for Two Hundred Years.

The Delaware fishery question is an example of the cases which have made every lawyer of prominence in New Jersey an antiquarian, with all sorts of curious facts at his fingers' ends. Ex-Attorney-General Robert Gilchrist engaged in the fishery case in 1873, and he has been associated with Cortland Parker, John P. Stockton, ex-Secretary Frelinghuysen and others in its discussion, and Secretary Bayard has championed the claims of Delaware. Mr. Gilchrist's connection with the case has made him curiously familiar with the times of Charles II. and with the peculiarities of the Duke of York and that "able politician" William Penn, who seems to have been successful in getting almost anything he wanted from the Duke until the latter ran away from Whitehall and threw his great seal as James II into the River Thames. One of the strange phases of the Delaware claim to exclusive privileges on the River Delaware and Delaware Bay is that its people, or some of them, fought the claim a hundred years ago and up to near the beginning of the present century repudiated the gulfed Quaker's claims. Mr. Penn was a grantee under the Duke of York as a Jerseyman, and a claimant from the same source in Delaware and Pennsylvania. The Jersey grant, in 1663-64, renewed after the Dutch defeat in 1674, was made to Penn among others, and the claim for Delaware was subsequent to and inconsistent with this. New Jersey's title to land were confirmed in 1702 and by the Revolution.

Delaware's claim to the fishing privileges and to the right to keep Jerseymen from the waters of the river date back to 1682. William Penn had obtained the grant of Pennsylvania, but when he arrived he found ten Swedes in Delaware occupying the fair water front. He fixed his eyes upon the place, and at length got a grant from the Duke of York for the town of Newcastle and all that lay within a twelve-mile circle thereof. The Duke, unfortunately for Penn, had no right to make that grant, his brother, King Charles, having never given it to him. Penn evidently understood the deficiency in the grant, for when the Duke became King he got his deed redrawn, and it passed through the preliminary stages and needed only the King's great seal. Just at this juncture King James thought London was getting too hot for him and ran away. It is recorded in an ancient chronicle that "during an unguarded moment that able politician, Penn, confessed to the Board of Trade that had King James remained two days longer at Whitehall he would have obtained a grant under the great seal for the three counties of Delaware." In 1708 the Delaware Assembly knew that Penn had a claim on the counties, but denied its legitimacy, and before that the King and council had repudiated it. There was a war over the possession in 1737 between Lord Baltimore's men and the Penn tenants, and again the council decided that the province belonged to the crown; and in 1794 the people of Delaware themselves formally, at a popular election, decided that the crown had possessed the State until its claim had been transferred by the Revolution. It has seemed strange, therefore, that the Penn grant should be made the basis for a claim in the river, which had been, in fact, always possessed by the crown, or general government—a fact the Delawareans had used violence to maintain.

The Penn grant, which was never really granted, has therefore been a subject of dispute for just two hundred and two years. Rejected at first by the residents of the colony, admitted to be void, fought by Lord Baltimore "with drawn swords," fretfully alluded to as a source of trouble by the Delaware Assembly one hundred and fifty years ago, formally repudiated by the King and Council, rejected again by the Delawareans, further invalidated by the Revolution, it might have been considered as dead as the wily Penn himself if it had not come forth as an argument upon the question of who owned Pea Patch Island in the Delaware River forty years ago, and had not then been misunderstood and misconstrued so that Delaware was able to lay some claim to its genuineness, and, a few years ago, set up that it was, as heir to Penn's privileges, the sole possessor of jurisdiction over the Delaware River within twelve miles of Newcastle, and has the right to make Jerseymen pay a license for fishing therein. An injunction of the United States Courts has sustained operation since, and is admitted to be effective still. The end is not yet, for the case is not fully adjusted. It affords, at least, a glimpse of early colonial history which is not without interest. *Trenton (N. J.) Cor. N. Y. Tribune*.

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL LIFE.

Well Founded Statements of the Corruption of Russian Officers.

I wonder if the reports of the corruption of Russian official life are all true. I remember a gentleman connected with an enterprise having an establishment in a Russian Pacific port, telling me of the miserable condition of the place and the people.

"Does the Government do nothing for them?" I asked.
"Yes; that is, the Government gives an appropriation, but the place never gets the benefit of it."
"Who does?"
"The officials. There was a Governor there once who received an appropriation of some sixty thousand rubles to be devoted to the improvement of the towns. He had no place to keep it—no safe; so he built a brick kind of mausoleum in the garden or back-yard of his official residence, which was completely closed with brick or stone. It was never opened."
"I don't understand."
"Another Governor came out and took this one's place. He did not dare to open that mausoleum, so it remains closed till this day."
"Why?"
"Because the money is not there. It never was put in, and the officials have to stand in with one another." *San Francisco Chronicle*.

GRANDFATHER CLOCKS.

How Credulous People Are Imposed Upon by Skilled Artificers.

The real grandfather clocks are still much sought after, not only by the nouveau riche, but by those whose aristocratic ancestors failed to hand down the tall timepiece which stood in their hallways in the days of yore. The word real is used advisedly, for the demand for these old-fashioned timepieces has given rise to the manufacture of imitation grandfather clocks. A year or two ago some were brought to this market from the New England States, but at present Baltimore is the only place where the imitation clocks are manufactured and sold as genuine. Many of our largest jewelers, however, are making clocks, the cases of which are constructed of mahogany, walnut, rosewood, and cherry in imitation of the ancient timepieces, but these are invariably sold for just what they are. Indeed, the fact is that it has been found impossible to build an imitation grandfather clock so that the deception could not be detected by experts, the defects being found in small details.

In New England a century ago a large number of these clocks were made, the works being constructed out of wood, and while they are said to have been excellent time keepers in their day, such of them as are in existence now have long since outlived their usefulness, except as ornaments or curiosities. The real antique grandfather clocks, with metal works, are dated from 1790 to 1810. The style known as the "Dutchman" represents by far the finest of these antique clocks. These are made in Holland and some of them that are still in existence are dated as far back as 1700. Many of them are of exceedingly fine and intricate workmanship, chiming old Dutch airs, striking the hours and quarters, and showing the phases of the moon's calendar. They are perfect timekeepers and are worth from \$400 to \$1,000 each.

Early in the eighteenth century England also manufactured similar clocks, and quite a number of them were increased in frames by Chippendale, the famous cabinet-maker of a century and a half ago, and those now command fancy figures. A clock made for a London firm, which is increased in a Chippendale case of rare beauty, but simple in design, is now exhibited in an establishment on Union Square. In addition to keeping correct time, it shows the motion of the planets, the calendar, many astronomical data, and plays thirteen tunes. It is valued at \$2,200.
"Is it possible," asked the reporter of an expert in the business, "that the clock of the future will run perpetually, being so constructed that the changes of the temperature between night and day will wind it up?"

"No doubt that such clocks will be manufactured, as it is perfectly feasible to construct one to be run not only by changes in the temperature, but by other simple forces, such, for instance, as the draught from an chimney. Clocks can be also constructed to run for an almost indefinite period without being wound up by extreme delicacy in manufacturing their works."

"Do you think that clocks of this character will ever come into general use?"
"That is not likely, as the delicacy of their works would prevent them from being of practical value for everyday use." *N. Y. Mail and Express*.

WAYS OF ELEPHANTS.

Particulars in Which They Resemble Human Beings—Whisky Preferred to Medicine.

"An elephant is nobody's fool," said George Arstingstall, the animal trainer, as he leaned over the ropes and looked at two score of huge pets. "They're very like human creatures. Some of them are good-natured and some are ugly. As they grow older their tempers grow worse. The cow is generally amiable enough to support the reputation of her sex, but occasionally she strikes a wicked specimen. Just there," pointing to an elephant whose immense ears and abnormally developed bump of philoprogenitiveness gave her a look of preternatural benevolence, "has killed her man, and would do it again if she got the chance. The elephant will live a long time in captivity after he has become accustomed to feed food, but like the cobbler's horse that was kept on shoe-pegs, he is very apt to die before adapting himself to the diet. Elephants have been known to live seventy-five years in Europe. In India, where they feed on green food, canes and the like, they often attain the age of one hundred and fifty. There is no proof of a longer lease of life than this, though big stories are told of elephants turned loose after the name of some king had been inscribed upon their tusks being found again 300 or 400 years later."

"They're just like children. When I have them out in the morning for a dress rehearsal, they're as quick as cats, minding almost before the word is out of my mouth. But in the afternoon they are gapping this way and that, doing everything but attending to business, because they know that I won't strike them before a crowd of spectators. They hate to take medicine, too, unless it has a little of the 'cravherin' in it. Are elephants ever sick? Oh, yes! They often have the colic. When they begin to double up I give 'em a dose of five or six gallons of rum and ginger. That straightens 'em out. An equal quantity of boiled linseed oil mixed with aconite and molasses does for physic, while about five gallons of rum and whisky are prescribed for chills. Solid inches are given in pills. A pill eight inches in diameter and containing \$6 worth of quinine does the business for a cold, while a poppin pill is given when one gets off his feed. I gave Juno over \$50 worth of quinine in one fit of sickness. They don't like the pill as well as the whisky, and it's a good deal of a job to get them down. The best way is to put a pill on the end of a stick, make them open their mouths, and shove it down before they realize the situation. Sometimes we cut out the middle of a turnip and put the drugs inside the vegetable, but they're apt to 'spit out the core.' Yes, elephants are queer creatures." *N. Y. Tribune*.

STYLES FOR GENTLEMEN.

Novelties in Neckwear, Hose, Gloves and Handkerchiefs—Suspenders With Diamond Buckles—A Remarkable Outfit for a Chicagoan.

"Plaids are all the rage now in gentlemen's neckwear," said a dealer in men's furnishings. "The tendency of the day, too, is toward an increase of color. Everything nearly, except for full-dress evening toiles, is bright-hued. The plaids are broken, similar to those seen in ladies' dress fabrics this spring, and in pin-head checks. The styles are the 'four in hand,' which has been popular for some time, the 'Gordon Knot,' which is a similar design, partial flats, and small flats. 'Dude bows' are used exclusively for evening wear, and all come in knits, white being now excluded in neckties as well as in gloves. This is the style," and he displayed a tray containing small, flat bows of pale heliotrope, pink and blue, with tiny polka spots of deeper color.
"Are turn-down collars still considered stylish?"
"Certainly, although there is a disposition, transient, of course, and bound to disappear with warm weather, to affect very high standing ones. The extreme style can not be becoming to any neck, no matter how long or scraggy it may be. No man looks well whose head appears to receive its support from an expanse of stiff, board-like linen, that completely conceals even a suspicion of his neck from the gaze of the world. It may be illustrative of a superb triumph of modesty and a rebuke to the feminine décolleté bodice, but it is far from enchanting. The highest collar we sell is two and a half inches wide; the narrowest three-fourths of an inch."

"Do half-hose still come in fancy designs?"
"Oh, no, that's all out. They are all in plain colors this season and nearly all in green or brown wood-tints. Lisle thread is the standard, of course."
"How about the full-dress shirt?"
"That has the bosom made in small plaits, twenty-one being considered the requisite number. It is open in front, and handsome studs, small in design, are worn in it. Pearls are just now in favor, especially with ultra exquisite young men who profess an extra amount of refined perception and sentiment. No, there is little change in underwear, except that the colors are quieter and in silk goods the natural tint is more worn than the dyed."
"What is the regulation glove?"
"Tan color, whether for evening or street wear. Those for the street are stitched up the back and of a deep red tan, while those for evening wear have plain backs and are of a golden tan hue. No one wears white gloves now but waiters."

"Are silk handkerchiefs in vogue?"
"Not to any extent except pure white, with a monogram in one corner, or the pin-head check in black and white. The linen handkerchiefs with colored borders now show only a mere line of color. The hem-stitched white is no longer carried. The most fashionable handkerchief for gentlemen now is a twenty-four inch square simply hemmed. They are used on all occasions."
"Here's a mighty nice thing for a present," continued the gentleman, taking down a box containing a pair of satin suspenders, embroidered with moss rosebuds and leaves, and having gold-plated buckles. "Now, these suspenders are lined throughout with k. d. Notice how beautifully they are bound. They are just the thing for a birthday gift to a young fellow. These are wedding suspenders, and he showed a couple of pairs of pure white, embossed, with silver buckles. These are only \$4 a pair. Fine suspenders run from \$8 per pair to \$15 or \$20, or where jewels are set in solid gold buckles, they may be got up to be worth more than the price of a fine farm."

"Speaking of weddings," he added, "I furnished the outfit not long since for a gentleman who married a Chicago girl the other day. It was a daisy outfit I can tell you. He had several suits of spun-silk underwear, none of which cost less than \$25. They were all in the natural color. His hose were delightful things of beauty and joy, and it d'd seem almost too bad to think of holes being made in them by horny toenails and corns. His handkerchiefs were twenty-six inches square, with a monogram in the corner of each, and worth \$3.50 apiece. With the exception of his wedding suspenders, which were of the accepted nuptial tint—pure white—they were all of satin, and embroidered. His night robes were of surah, part being cream-tinted, with polka spots, some of pale blue, others of gold and various hues, and furnished with silk cord and tassels. They were made with ruffles and puffs from the waist up, the sleeves being ornamented. The exclusive wedding garment was, however, of the same original color as the suspenders, and most lavishly trimmed."

"He was a very youthful bridegroom, no doubt," hazarded the reporter, gently.
"Not so very—somewhere between forty-five and fifty."
"And the bride?"
"Oh, a glowing girl about eighteen or nineteen years old. I chanced to have an opportunity to see her wedding night-robe, too. It was a most beautiful creation of Canton crepe, a mass of embroidery from the neck to the floor. I tell you, there were lots of magnificent trappings to set off that marriage." *Chicago News*.

Scientists tell us that there will not be a total eclipse of the sun until 1922. This is a very discouraging state of things, truly; and some persons may be unwilling to wait so long to see the phenomenon; but if we continue to get three meals a day, and the peach-crop doesn't fail oftener than once a year, and that in February, we should try to worry along without a total eclipse of the sun. *Norristown Herald*.

"Why should a red cow give white milk?" was the subject for discussion in an Arkansas literary society. After an hour's earnest debate the Secretary was instructed to milk the cow and bring in a decision according to the merits of the milk. It was blue.

New York women put tissue veils on their poodles to protect them from dust. *N. Y. Sun*.

FOUR ACTS PLAYED!

Sad Report About Ex-President Arthur.

Will the Fifth and Final Act be a Tragedy!
[Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.]
"Dr. Lincoln, who was at the funeral of ex-Secretary Frelinghuysen," says ex-President Arthur looked "very unwell. He is suffering from 'Bright's disease. During the past year it has assumed a very aggravated form."
That telegram is act IV. of a drama written by ex-President Arthur's physicians. In Act I. he was made to appear in "Malaria," of which all the country was told when he went to Florida.

In Act II. he represented a tired man, worn down, walking the sands at Old Point Comfort and looking eastward over the Atlantic toward Europe for a longer rest.

The curtain rolls up for act III. upon the distinguished actor affected with melancholy from Bright's disease, while Act IV. discovers him with the disease "in an aggravated form, suffering intensely (which is unusual) and about to take a sea voyage."

Just such as this is the plot of many dramas by play-wrights of the medical profession. They write the first two or three acts with no conception of what their character will develop in the final one.

They have not the discernment for tracing in the early, what the latter impersonations will be. Not one physician in a hundred has the adequate microscopic and chemical appliances for discovering Bright's disease in its early stages, and when many do finally comprehend that their patients are dying with it, when death occurs, they will, to cover up their ignorance of it, pronounce the fatality to have been caused by ordinary ailments, whereas these ailments are really results of Bright's disease, of which they are unconscious victims.

Beyond any doubt, 80 per cent. of all deaths except from epidemics and accidents, result from diseased kidneys or livers. If the dying be distinguished and his friends too intelligent to be easily deceived, his physicians perhaps pronounce the complaint to be pericarditis, pyæmia, septicæmia, bronchitis, pleuritis, valvular lesions of the heart, pneumonia, etc. If the deceased be less noted, "malaria" is now the fashionable assignment of the cause of death.

But all the same, named right or named wrong, this fearful scourge gathers them in! While it prevails among persons of sedentary habits—lawyers, clergymen, Congressmen—it also plays great havoc among farmers, day laborers and mechanics, though they do not suspect it, because their physicians keep it from them, if indeed they are able to detect it.

It sweeps thousands of women and children into untimely graves every year. The health gives away gradually, the strength is variable, the appetite fickle, the vigor gets less and less. This isn't malaria—it is the beginning of kidney disease and will end—who does not know how?

No, nature has not been remiss. Independent research has given an infallible remedy for this common disorder; but of course the bigoted physicians will not use Warner's safe cure, because it is a private affair and cuts up their practice by restoring the health of those who have been invalids for years.

The new saying of "How common Bright's disease is becoming among prominent men!" is getting old, and as the Englishman would say, sounds "stupid"—especially "stupid" since this disease is readily detected by the more learned men and specialists of this disease. But the "common run" of physicians, not detecting it, give the patient Epsom salts or other drugs prescribed by the old code of treatment under which their grandfathers and great-grandfathers practiced!

Anon, we hear that the patient is "comfortable." But ere long, maybe, they "tap" him and take some water from him and again the "comfortable" story is told. Torture him rather than allow him to use Warner's safe cure! With such variations the doctors play upon the unfortunate until his shroud is made, when we learn that he died from heart disease, pyæmia, septicæmia or some other deceptive though "dignified cause."

Ex-President Arthur's case is not singular—it is typical of every such case. "He is suffering intensely." This is not usual. Generally there is almost no suffering. He may recover, if he will act independently of his physicians. The agency named has cured thousands of persons even in the extreme stages—is to-day the mainstay of the health of hundreds of thousands. It is an unfortunate fact that physicians will not admit there is any virtue outside their own sphere, but as each school denies virtue to all others, the people act on their own judgment and accept things by the record of merit they make.

The facts are cause for alarm, but there is abundant hope in prompt and independent action.

"Johnnie! is your father an inventor?"
"You're right he is; a pretty good one, too; I'll tell you." "And does he give himself to different channels of his line of art?" "Oh, no! He can't devote himself to more than one kind. He's kept so busy inventing lies about his staying out late at night that he doesn't get a chance to invent anything else." *Boston Post*.

The two oldest brothers in Connecticut are "Uncle Orrin" and Uncle Samuel Harwood, aged respectively ninety-six and ninety-four. Their home is at Stafford Springs. *Hartford Post*.

The Possibilities of Hair.



HOW THE PRESENT FASHION MIGHT BE UTILIZED.

Why Stanley Has Been Spared.
[Bloomington Through Mail.]

It is now stated that Henry M. Stanley, the great African explorer, wears a swallow-tail coat. We can now understand why he was able to travel among the cannibals for years without being roasted and eaten. No man looks juicy in a swallow-tail coat. It makes him appear old and tough.

A Romantic Idea.
[Cincinnati Merchant Traveller.]

"What would you do if I should die?" asked a wife of her husband, as she laid her fair white arms around his neck. "Well, really, my love, I hadn't thought of it," he answered abstractedly, "but I presume I'd bury you."

A Bouncing Bed.



An automatic bedstead arranged to get the servant up in time these cold mornings.



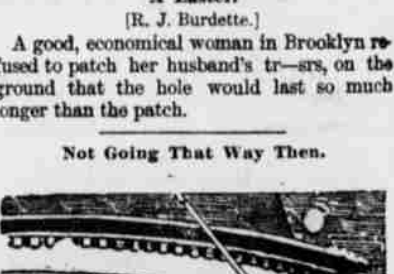
Bound to Make His Mark.
[New York Sun.]

Illinoisian—You have seen William Shakespeare's plays, of course?
Missourian—One or two of them only.
Illinoisian—What do you think of Shakespeare as a playwright?
Missourian—I look upon him as a rising man.

A Laster.
[R. J. Burdette.]

A good, economical woman in Brooklyn refused to patch her husband's trousers, on the ground that the hole would last so much longer than the patch.

Not Going That Way Then.



Important Passenger—Say, pilot, what's the boat stopped for?
Pilot—Too much fog.
I. P.—But I can see the sky overhead.
Pilot—Wal, 'til the bilor busts we aint a goin' that way.

Choosing His Language Carefully.
[Drake's Travellers' Magazine.]

Little Man—"In referring to me as a hog, sir, am I to understand that you speak literally or figuratively?"
Big Man—"Oh, figuratively, I assure you, sir, figuratively. It would be absurd to speak literally of only one hog."

A Mother's Love.
[Boston Courier.]

She snote him with the shingle
Till she made him thrill and tingle
Because he did not mind his baby brother,
But he soon forgot his pain
And went singing down the lane
And the best friend a boy has is his mother."

Delay Might Be Dangerous.
[Fleigende Blatter.]

Officer: "Why did you strike my dog?"
He snuffed at you?" Visitor: "Well, captain, you don't expect me to wait till he has had a taste of me, do you?"

Boston Globe: A "Constant Reader" wants to know how much ashes coal will assay to the ton. He says he bought 16 tons of coal, but he is sure he has shoveled 19 tons of ashes out of his furnace so far, and the winter is not over yet.