EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL, - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

THERE are 6,000,000 miles of fences in the United States, costing over $2,000,000,000.

THERE are in the United States over 45,000,000 head of swine, valued at more than $226,000,000.

THE QUEEN favors the bestowal of medals upon the Canadian soldiers who suppressed the Riel rebellion.

TWO TONS OF GOLD, worth $1,400,000, are lost every year from the wear and ear of commerce and personal use.

ACCORDING to reliable estimates the visible supply of wheat in this country is over 42,120,000 bushels, and of corn about 7,700,000 bushels.

THE largest artificial tree plantation in the world is located in Scotland. It is known as the Scotland Tree Plantation and comprises 310,000 acres.

THERE are three sugar factories in Kansas and they produced last year 602,000 lbs. of sugar. This product was manufactured from 19,300 tons of sorghum cane.

IT IS ESTIMATED that there are 100,000,000 acres of land on this coast that are especially adapted to wheat culture. Of this amount California has 25,000,000, or one-fourth of the whole; Oregon has 18,000,000; Washington Territory has 16,000,000 acres; Colorado and Idaho, 10,000,000 each; Montana, Utah and Wyoming, 7,000,000 each, and the bulk of all this wheat land lies yet untouched.

IN AN ARTICLE on the industries of the United States, the *Commercial List* gives the following figures: In 1860 the wood industries employed 130,000 persons; today they employ 340,000, while the value of their annual product has trebled. The woolen industry employed 60,000 persons then, and now employs 160,000, while the mills which produced goods of the value of $80,000,000 in 1860 now turn out an annual product worth $270,000,000. The iron product amounted to 900,000 tons of ore; now it foots up over 8,000,000 tons a year, almost a nine-fold increase. The silk industry employed 5,000 persons; now it employs 35,000, seven times as many.

THE STEAMER GREAT EASTERN will soon be offered for sale under a mortgage. She cost $6,000,000, and has already been sold three times to satisfy mortgages, the sales realizing $980,000. The Great Eastern had hard luck from the very start. Her launching cost fifteen men their lives, while over twenty were wounded. She is the largest ship ever built. Length, 629 feet, or nearly 300 feet longer than the largest steamboat ever seen on the Hudson river; depth, 53 feet; breadth, 83 feet; burden, 25,000 tons; will carry 10,000 troops; has four decks, ten boilers, 112 furnaces, five engines (capacity 10,000 horse-power) and ten anchors; draught of water when light, twenty feet; loaded, thirty feet; spreads 6000 yards of canvas; gas in all parts of the vessel, with electric lights at the mast head. To walk around a deck of the Great Eastern exceeds one-fourth of a mile.

ONE OF THE most wonderful pieces of engineering in the world is the railroad stretching from Lima and Callao to the crest of the continent, where the famous mines of the Cerro del Pasco are the source of the ancient riches of the country, from which tons upon tons of silver have been taken, and which still hold, if the testimony of the mineralogists can be relied upon, the richest deposits on the surface of the globe. The railroad was never completed. Mr. Meiggs carried it from Lima to the summit of the Andes at a cost of $27,000,000 and 7000 lives, and gained for himself a reputation for energy and ability surpassing any man that ever came to this continent, but he died with fifty miles of track yet to be laid. No one had been found with the courage to finish the work, until a few weeks ago Michael Grace, of New York, whose brother and partner in that enterprise is the Mayor of that city, made a contract with the Government under the terms that he is to be given the road as it stands, with all its equipments, if he will complete the remaining fifty miles of railroad and pump out of the mines of Cerro del Pasco the water that has been accumulating in them for a half century. In consideration for which the Government gives him all the silver he can get out of the mines during the next ninety-nine years, he paying the nominal rental of $25,000 a year for the use of the property.

LITERARY BUDGET

A WARNING.

They met beside the sea-beat shore
In dog-days apathetic;
He was a learned pedagogue,
And she a maid poetic;
They met, they loved, within a fog,
Which made the clam a mystery,
The maiden and the pedagogue.

She doted on the picturesque,
And he on natural history,
And while he mused above the shell
Which made the clam a mystery,
She sweetly chanted poetry
On summer by the dark blue sea.

Or tinkling of her light guitar
Upon the wavelets flowing,
He in pursuit of jelly fish
And her came lightly rowing.
The moon blinked softly through the fog
Upon the maid and pedagogue.

They wedded ere they went to town;
But oh, the sad confusion!
They found in clearer atmosphere
Their love it was delusion;
That dreams and natural history
Would not by any means agree.

And now they lift a warning voice,
Fraught with intense emotion,
To all the summer men and maids
Who tarry by the ocean.
"Deceit," they cry, "is in a fog."
The sad wife and the pedagogue.

—*Susan Hartley Swett, in Harper's Weekly.*

TOUGH STOMACHS.

The "Dainty" Things That Some People Swallow.

A Man Who Lived on a Peck of Stones a Day—Foreign Bodies That Enter the Mouth and, Apparently, Disappear—Odd Articles of Diet.

There have been of late an unusual number of cases of people of all ages and sexes who have shown a disposition to swallow all sorts of foreign bodies, that in the words of the old lady, "Go the wrong way," or are unfit to receive proper treatment if they go the right.

An adventurous sixteen-year-old boy, Alexander Hibbard, of Milwaukee, tossed up a dollar, and, catching it in his mouth, pretended to swallow it, much to the amusement of his auditors. The dollar probably got tired of this treatment and decided to go on an exploring expedition. In fact, the youth turned pale, and said: "My God, I've swallowed it." This was a scene not exactly on the bills, so doctors were sent for to make exploring expeditions. They forceped and probed and sounded, but no dollar. The boy is only allowed a milk diet, and if the coin of our fathers doesn't go to the stomach, where a surgical operation will be necessary, he will go to that bourne whence none return.

A St. Louis fellow, not to be outdone, bet he could put a billiard-ball in his mouth. He did, but he did not get it out. He was not aware that the teeth bend inward, and that a large body can frequently get in, but not come out. Surgeons made a slit in the cheek, however, and pried the ivory out. The youth won't try that experiment again.

"Oh, doctor," exclaimed a lady, rushing into a physician's office, "come to my house quick! My little Freddie has swallowed a mouse."

"Oh, well, that's nothing. You go back and let him swallow a cat."

They tell an amusing story of the great Dr. Abernethy, the famous London physician, whom a lady sent for in great distress, saying her little son had swallowed some blue. The doctor had retired, and, not wishing to be disturbed for so trivial a matter, he asked how much the blue was worth. "Five pence," was the reply. "Oh! Well, she doesn't want to pay five pounds to get five pennies, does she?"

The late Mr. Turner, father of Mr. Jack Turner, the well-known United States Marshal of this District, came to his death by swallowing, while asleep, a portion of a set of false teeth that he had neglected to remove before retiring.

An actress some years since while stopping at the Palace Hotel swallowed a piece of chicken-bone. She neglected for a time to have it attended to, and shortly after died in New York.

Four sorts of foreign bodies are apt to intercede themselves into the air passages—vegetable, animal, mineral and mixed. In the country boys and girls take to grains of corn, beans, melon-seeds, pebbles and cherry-stones. Bits of meat, bone and gristle are frequently intruders. One person swallowed a cockle-burr, and Dr. Foote, of Indiana, relates a case where a child between three and four years of age had swallowed a brass pen-holder about three-and-a-half inches in length by three lines in diameter. It was found in the left bronchial tube after death nine months after the accident had happened, surrounded by thick matter.

Worms have been known to creep into the windpipe; hence the importance of the simple advice, shut your mouth, especially when asleep—a habit which the Indian mothers teach their babes by closing the mouth when asleep, even fastening it shut. The habit thus acquired becomes permanent. Gautier tells of a man who lost his life by the introduction of a leech into the larynx and death has ensued from swallowing a small fish.

Teeth have been often swallowed, connected with some piece of metal. In one case the substance remained thirteen years, and in the post mortem was found in the right thoracic cavity, where it had escaped by ulceration.

There are two recorded instances of men having swallowed bullets—one in Indiana, and the other in Kentucky. In 1867 a man in New York swallowed a cork, which he inhaled while having a molar tooth extracted, being under the influence of nitrous oxide gas. The man died two hours after the accident. The cork was found in the lower extremity of the trachea.

When foreign bodies enter the mouth there are a variety of places where they can lodge themselves and thus defy medical skill. The body may be stopped in various positions of the windpipe, or it may remain loose and move up and down during the expulsion and introduction of air. Occasionally it is stopped at the very entrance of the larynx, which is a cartilaginous cavity connected with the trachea and forming Adam's apple, but generally it passes into the interior of the tube, and lodges in one of its ventricles or cavities. It is not apt to stay long in the trachea, which is a cartilaginous tube that separates into the two bronchial tubes, into one or the other of which the body generally enters.

A needle or a bit of bone does however, sometimes conclude to stay in the trachea, as its extremities could be implanted in its walls. On the other hand, a heavy body as a bullet, pebble, shot or grain of corn will descend by the laws of gravity into one or other of the bronchial tubes. Here the tendency is to lodge to the right.

School girls and children have frequently shown a predilection for swallowing needles and pins, probably to verify the old rhyme:

Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries his trouble begins.

These substances may remain in the body for a number of years without causing perhaps even annoyance. A very old man came under the notice of Cohen who in his youth had swallowed two pins with twisted heads. They could be distinctly felt under the skin over one of the man's shoulders, where they had remained for over thirty years but he refused to have them cut out, and they went to his coffin with him. Another man swallowed a needle; in ten days it reached his stomach and worked its way through into the left lung, where it produced bloody expectoration.

There is a case of an insane woman who swallowed a fork with suicidal intent, expecting to die under the operation. Singular to relate, she recovered. An abscess formed in the abdominal walls, from which the fork was removed. Tellier is authority for a case in which a fork worked its way from the stomach to the thigh.

A curious case happened to a person who was eating a banana while walking along the street. Asphyxia and death ensued. The dissection showed that there was a deficiency in the palate, which had been kept habitually stuffed with rags of lint. These had got loose, became entangled in the banana the man was about to swallow, which stopped immediately over the epiglottis, and thus kept it closely shut down. Thus a piece of banana with a rag wrapped around it, may kill one man, while a fork which another swallows may not.

What is one man's food is another's poison is exemplified in the case of Francis Battalia, who, it appears, was born with two small stones in one hand and one in the other. Dr. John Bulliner in his rare book, "Man Transformed," says he devoured about half a peck of pebbles a day, and when he jumped up you could hear the stones inwardly rattle, all of which in twenty-four hours were resolved in the usual way. Other food he could not eat. Meat, bread, broth or milk made him sick, but he could go beer. He was short of stature, swarthy and black, and served as a soldier in Flanders and Ireland, and made such good use of his extraordinary power that he acquired a competency from charging to allow people to see him eat.

In 1804 the young son of Mr. Norton on his way to school, while jumping a fence with the blade of a knife in his mouth, swallowed it, and in a few days was well, and returned to school. But the most remarkable of all the knife swallowing cases was that of John Cummings, sailor, who lived ten years after having swallowed a number of knife-blades. Dr. Alex. Marcet, late physician to Guy's Hospital furnishes the case to the Edinburgh *Philosophical Journal*. In June, 1799, John Cummings, an American, aged twenty-three, being with his ship on the coast of France, went on shore with some friends two miles from Havre de Grace. Here they were attracted to a tent where a man was pretending to swallow cheap knives. When they returned to the boat they were talking the event over, when Cummings said that he was nothing and he could do it as well as Frenchmen. They dared him. He took a glass of grog, and slipped his own clasp knife down into his stomach. The spectators were not satisfied with one experiment, and asked John if he could swallow more. He replied: "All the knives on board ship." Upon which three were produced and he swallowed them. The next day he passed one of the knives, which was the one he swallowed first, and the day afterward the other two. The other remained in his stomach, but never gave him inconvenience. In March, 1805, being in Boston, he boasted of his feat while drinking. A small knife was produced, and he swallowed it with ease as well as five more. The news of his exploit brought crowds of people to see him, and he swallowed eight more, making fourteen in all. He paid, however, dearly for his frolic, for he was seized with violent and constant vomiting and pain in his stomach, yet on the 28th got rid of them all. At Spithead, December 4th, he was challenged to repeat his feat, and, being a man of his word, swallowed five. Next day he got nine down, but this was his last performance. Within a few days he swallowed thirty-five knives in all. On the 6th he became indisposed, and in 1807 was in Guy's Hospital. He lived miserably until 1809 when he died in a state of extreme emaciation. On his dissection forty-one pieces of knives and handles were found in his stomach of various sizes and shapes, and in various stages of decomposition.

The first feeling after swallowing foreign bodies is a severe paroxysm of pain and coughing. Sometimes suffocation takes place and death at once ensues. Again the swallower is seized with a feeling of annihilation. He gasps for breath, looks wildly around him, coughs and almost loses consciousness. His countenance becomes livid, the eyes protrude from their sockets, the body is contorted in every possible manner, and froth, and sometimes even blood, issues from the mouth and nose. Sometimes he grasps his throat and utters the most distressing cries. The heart's action is greatly disturbed, and it beats fast or slow, and not unfrequently the individual falls down in a state of insensibility, unable to execute a single voluntary function. In short, he is like one who has been choked by the hand of the assassin or rope of the executioner. Sometimes a disposition to vomit or actual vomiting occurs immediately after the accident, especially if it took place soon after a hearty meal.

Dr. Grant relates the case of a street sword-swallower who forced a long round-headed sword down his throat, when he suddenly sprang into the air and fell in a state of collapse. He was carried to the University Hospital, when it was found the sword had obliquely penetrated the throat and base of the heart. In March, 1862, a copper penny was removed from the œsophagus of a boy, where it had been for three months. There was no ulceration, and the boy recovered.

But what the public want to know is what are the chances and how safe is it to swallow foreign bodies and recover. Hence, a few statistics are permissible. Of 159 cases in which spontaneous eject on took place, only eight died. Inversion of the body was only successful in five; six died.

Of 68 cases the operation of tracheotomy saved 60. Of 17 upon whom laryngotomy was performed only 4 died. Thus, in 98 cases where the wind-pipe was opened 83 were successful and 15 fatal, or at the ratio of 5 1-2 to 1. Of 554 cases of foreign bodies in the air passages, of 271 where no operat on was performed, 115, or 42.5 per cent., died.

Spontaneous ejection took place in 164 and 15 died; 95 per shed without ejecting the body, 5 recovered after taking emetics. In 283 cases operations were performed and 61 died. It would appear that an operation is, therefore, advisable. Seventeen per cent. recover where surgery is resorted to than where treatment is withheld. Nearly seventy-five per cent. recovered in cases where operations were performed.

The moral, therefore, is, keep your mouth shut, spank babies when they crawl round the floor and swallow tacks, and on no account allow them to sleep with their mouths open, as they will surely grow up to snore.

Mechanics should keep theirs shut, as there are thousands of impurities afloat in the shops which enter their lungs and produce ill-health; painters would be freer from colic and not inhale so much white lead.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

STRAIGHT SKIRTS.

The Kind of Outer Garments at Present in Vogue.

While many new dresses are made in the old style of draped overskirts, tabliers, hip draperies and puffs and bouffant loopings in the back, the straight skirts are most in vogue, and are popular with ladies as much for the relief they give the wearer, the dressmaker, and the laundress as for their classic beauty. But such is the variety and latitude permitted in this as in other matters of dress it is still possible for every lady to attire herself according to her individual taste and in conformity with the requirements of fashion without wearing what everybody else does. For straight skirts the style called the coulisse is in high favor at the moment. The coulisse is a shirred skirt, the shirring being repeated several times within a space from two to three inches below the gathering thread at the top, where the skirt is fastened on to the corsage. All gathered or pleated straight skirts are now attached to the waist, whether it is pointed or round, belted or with a short basque. In these shirrings the fullness of the skirt is not equally divided all around. The greater part is massed at the back. The rest is scattered over the hips and sides to the front, where it is almost plain or ungathered. The lighter the stuff the more ample the skirt, of course. The weight and amplitude of the skirt at the back are sustained by a rigid protuberant bustle, which is further enlarged by a moderate pad of hair placed under the skirt at the back, and sometimes extending on the hips. This style is very new, and not universally adopted, but it shows the tendency of fashion in the matter of dress skirts. All skirts of dresses not trained or demi-trained are now cut shorter. That is to say, the bottom of the hem barely touches the instep in front, and shows the whole foot, heel and all, just covering the ankle. Girls with big feet, Cincinnati girls especially, will seriously object to this fashion, but those with such feet as the Chicago girls, and all the girls along the lakes to Buffalo will be in ecstasies over this short skirt. To add to its captivating grace, but making it more emphatically the skirt of the woman with a pretty foot, the coulisse skirt is finished only with a flat trimming at the bottom. No plaiting or balayeuse is permitted. Nothing but a selvedge border woven in the material, or some ornament of braid or embroidery, but more frequently nothing but a hem. A small ruche or flat plaiting is sometimes placed under the hem, but it must not project more than a line, or a quarter of an inch below it, and must be rather suggestive of an underskirt of the same color than a trimming or a balayeuse. This coulisse skirt admits of more variety than might be supposed. Sometimes it is slashed on one side or the other, or directly in front, or on both sides, opening halfway up over a deep band of embroidered stuff, or of plush or velvet, or any substantial material preferred trimmed with rows of braid or galloon of a contrasting color or of gold tinsel, and producing the effect of a petticoat. This idea is then carried out by opening the coulisse in front over a waistcoat of the same material as that of the skirt under slashes, and trimmed also to match the same.—*Clara Belle, in Cincinnati Enquirer.*

—An interesting estimate of the amount, in weight, of one inch of rainfall on one acre of ground is thus given: An acre of ground contains 6,272,640 square inches. Rain one inch deep would give that many square inches, 1,728 cubic inches make one cubic foot. Ran one inch deep would give 3,630 cubic feet. A cubic foot of water weighs 62½ pounds; 2,000 make a ton. This will give 226,875 pounds, or 113 tons and 875 pounds to the acre of rain one inch deep.—*Chicago Tribune.*

FAMILY BOXES.

Suggestions to Those Who Live in Restricted Quarters.

To those who are living in close quarters, whose closet room is not extensive, what a boon is found in the covered boxes that are at the same time a convenience as a seat and a useful receptacle! What a comfortable look a sitting-room has if the windows are furnished with broad window seats whose artistic covers do not give the faintest suggestion of the motley contents of toys and books in one, or the pile of garments waiting for the leisure moment in the other. The stool covered with carpet, with tassels at the corners and rollers that allow of easy movement from one place to another, is just the thing for fancy-work that is only picked up when the friends make an evening visit. Then there is the more homely and less artistic soap box, covered and lined, and standing ready in the bedroom for the shoes that persist in tumbling out of the shoe-bag, or, with pocket in the cover for darning-cotton and darner, is used to hold the damaged hosiery ready for the mender; for some people have the same repugnance to doing the family darning before the chance public of the sitting-room that they have to doing the family washing. The *Decorator and Furnisher* has a suggestion for a paper-box that is timely and will be welcome:

"Ribbon-decked bamboo frames are pretty and useful contrivances for holding the current literature of the day, but every woman knows that every man, through some inborn perversity peculiar to his kind, is always liable to demand the immediate production of some especial newspaper of a date more or less remote, and, unless afraid of some small olive branches an example of profanity, is too apt to rend the air with clearly expressed adjectives not designed to compliment the mistress of a house, etc., etc. A happy relief for a housekeeper who does not love to have three hundred and sixty-five newspapers upon her sitting-room table simultaneously, is a box to stand under desk or table, or, not inappropriately, in a corner by itself. Take a soap-box—it would be hard to find a paper upon home-made furnishing that does not introduce the inevitable soap-box—nail the top on closely, so that it is a complete box, and have it sawed in two, diagonally (let an expert handle the saw or mutilation to box or sawyer may be the result). Line both sections with thick pink satin paper, and cover the outside with dark felt, putting a row of furniture gimp with brass-headed nails all around the sawed edge. Put the two parts of the box together with hinges, and by the aid of screw-eyes fasten two slender metal chains on each side like trunk braces to keep the lid from falling back.

"In putting on the hinges let the bottom pieces of the box be the highest in the back, so that the opening is lowest in front. A little experimenting with scissors and a paper match-box will make the position clear. No fastening is necessary, but a hasp and padlock can easily be added as a safeguard against the ravages of combustible-seeking house-maids and other foes to man's divine rights."—*Christian Union.*

REST IN ACTION.

Absolute Rest and Perpetual Activity Equally Incompatible With Life.

Absolute perpetual rest and absolute perpetual activity are equally incompatible with life. Each, duly balanced, is the complement of the other. Sleep is simply rest in its completest form—rest of muscle, rest of brain and rest of all the organs, save those necessary to existence. The tough heart rests between the beats, nor can it be much accelerated by stimulants without immediate or remote injury. The harder working lungs rest between inspiration and expiration.

The brain must have rest, or fail. Such a case of unresting activity as that of Henry Kirke White—and there have been thousands like it—should show scholars that nature holds it an unpardonable sin to rob the brain of its rightful rest. Others, who trifled like White, instead of paying the penalty in early death, have exchanged genius for madness or imbecility.

But a large part of our needed rest may be secured in connection with a high degree of activity. The clerk threatened with "writer's cramp" may escape, not so well by lying for a month in a reclining-chair as by engaging in athletic games, chopping wood, or rambling in the forests.

Generally only a small part of the brain is unduly used, and that may be recuperated by calling into action some other part; that is, by change of mental application. Gladstone doubtless rests his brain from the cares of State as much by such studies as Homer as by the sturdy blows of his ax. The pastor's calls at the homes of his flock not only double the good of his preaching, but most effectually rest his brain by the change.

The mere money-getter tends to become a monomaniac. The miser dying in filth and rags beside his hoarded gold, is the end of avarice. The power and the disposition to accumulate need to be balanced by the disposition and the power to use acquisitions properly and wisely.

If one has overworked both stomach and brain, let him beware how he yields to the temptation to stimulate them artificially to their wonted activity. On the contrary, let him give each a long rest, while he bestirs himself to a general invigoration of his physical system.

So whatever organ has been overused, rest *that*. And this can commonly best be done in connection with a full, or a special activity of other parts.—*Youth's Companion.*

—"Yas, boss," said Uncle Cephus, "dem Jonsings am de highest toned colored people in de hull State. De pride ob dose young ladies is sumpin dat's past de understanding ob a common niggah. You see, dere grandfader hed de lumbago, an' he died ob a high-toned misery in de back, wich de doctors called de cebrum spinal men in jeters, an' upon dat fac' de fambly hab been founderea. No, boss, I doan know what kind ob men dem 'men in jeters' is, but I spec dey is way up. Case Miss Libbie she dun 'lowed dat de fambly hab a-goin' to hab a cote ob a'ms."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"HOW'S YOUR LIVER?"

In the comic opera of "The Mikado" his imperial highness says:

"To make, to some extent,
Each evil Liver
A running river
Of harmless merriment."

A nobler task than making evil livers, rivers of harmless merriment no person, king or layman, could take upon himself. The liver among the ancients was considered the source of all a man's evil impulses, and the chances are ten to one to-day that if one's liver is in an ugly condition of discontent, someone's head will be mashed before night!

"How's your liver?" is equivalent to the inquiry: Are you a bear or an angel to-day?

Nine-tenths of the "pure cussedness," the actions for divorce, the curtain lectures, the family rows, not to speak of murders, crimes and other calamities are prompted by the irritating effect of the inactivity of the liver upon the brain. Fothergill, the great specialist, says this and he knows. He also knows that to prevent such catastrophies nothing equals Warner's safe cure renowned throughout the world as a maker of—

"Each evil Liver
A running river
Of harmless merriment."

A POPULAR SUPERSTITION.

The Happy Agriculturists of the Lone Star State.

A popular superstition has prevailed in all ages, to the effect that the typical farmer harvests more solid joy and happiness to the acre than any other class of agriculturists who toil in the Lord's moral vineyard.

After mature deliberation we have come to the conclusion that the average Texas farmer, at least, suffers as much from the canker-worm of care as does the man who "rastles his hash" in the busy haunts of men.

Some years ago, while engaged as a local reporter on the San Antonio *Bugle*, we knew a hardy agriculturist who tilled the soil on the Rosillo Creek about ten miles from the Alamo city, the Thermopylae of Texas. His name was Macbeth Simmons.

He did not come to town often, but when he did the black pall of gloom settled down on the place worse than it did the day after the fall of the Alamo. He came to town on an old flea-bitten gray mare, so thin and gaunt, and suggestive of an impending famine, that at the sight of Simmons on that pale horse, the people whooped up all the grain in the country, expecting a rise.

"What's the matter, Macbeth; has anybody died out on the Rosillo, and asked you to come to town to order a sarcophagus?" we asked.

"There is nobody dead yet, but we might as well be. We are going to have a late frost, and then it will be Good-bye John to the crops."

"Perhaps we will not have any late frost at all."

"May be not. If we don't have no late frost the eggs of the grasshoppers will hatch out and eat up the crops, anyhow. There's no silver lining to the cloud. We poor farmers don't work for ourselves nohow. We toil and sweat, and sweat and toil, for the grasshoppers and the San Antonio merchants. If we manage to keep them filled up I suppose we ought not to grumble. Texas is no farming country nohow."

"Cheer up old man, you will raise the biggest kind of a corn crop this year, if you don't stop it growing with your discouraging talk."

"Suppose we do raise a big corn crop—what's the use anyhow," he exclaimed, indignantly; "if we raise a big crop the price will go down to forty cents a bushel, and then it won't pay to haul it to town. I reckon I'll raise enough to keep the weevils busy all winter. If I don't, if I reckon I ought to be mighty glad." And then he mopped his moist eye with his elbow, he lifted up his crow-bait and started for his ranch on the Rosillo.

We did not have the pleasure of seeing Macbeth Simmons again for some time. In spite of all his groaning and sighing, the clouds let their garnered fullness down, and the crops were simply immense.

Once more Macbeth turned up with his old pale horse hitched to a wagon. He had sold his cotton at a good figure, and he carried a bag of money in his pocket. He looked about as happy and contented as he did the last time we saw him.

"Got the toothache, Macbeth," we asked, pleasantly.

"No," he replied, surlily.

"You probably haven't got any use for your teeth this year. You haven't got anything to bite. No corn, no watermelons, no nuthin," we remarked, ironically.

"Yes, we have got something to keep our teeth goin' now. We are all gwine fer to be down with chills. We won't do nothin' this fall with our teeth except to chatter and gnash 'em. It will take every cent of money I've got to get quinine. That's the way it is whenever it rains enough to make crops." And with a sort of a "we-are-all-poor-worms-of-the-dust" expression, he climbed up into his wagon, which was loaded down with canned goods, demijohns, smoking tobacco, etc., and moved slowly out of town.

Of course all Texas farmers are not like Macbeth Simmons, but we think the average farmer in any part of the United States is happier than the lawyer, the merchant, or even the overworked journalist, or the tired banker, we have nary doubt.—*Texas Siftings.*

—The saltpetre beds of Nevada are far better situated for the development of their deposits than the nitre region of South America, which is a desert entirely devoid of water and all vegetable life. Water for all purposes is condensed from the ocean water, and carted to the nitre fields, while fuel has to be procured from the mountains in the South of Chili. In Nevada the saltpetre deposits are in the vicinity of a rich farming country, with an abundant supply of water and wood close at hand.—*Chicago Journal.*