

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

NIGHT.

[From Victor Hugo.]
A little child, beside me, fresh and fair,
In slumber so profound and calm you slept
You did not hear the doves that murmuring
In the deep shade, their tender vigil kept.
Because I breathed the somber sweets of night—
The solemn night.
I heard the angels flutter round your head,
And watched your close-lid eyes; pale
Primrose flowers,
With noiseless touch, upon your sheets I
spread.
And prayed, with wet eyes, through the
silent hours,
Thinking on all that in the darkness waits—
Lies hid and waits.
One day will be my turn so sound to sleep
That I, like you, shall hear no murmuring
dove:
The night will be so dark, the rest so deep.
Then you will come, then you will come,
my love,
And pay me back my gifts of fair white
flowers,
Prayers, tears and flowers.
—Argo.

CURIOUS MARRIAGES.

Cupid's Disdain for the "Consistent" Actions of His Victims.

According to some of the novels of the present day, it is only the lovely nymphs of seventeen or eighteen, and the fascinating swains of three or four and twenty, who have any business to think of matrimony. The poor plain ones or those who have passed the meridian of life, are looked upon as completely shelved; the hymeneal torch is not to be lit for them, and the little god of Love passes them over with contempt. But is this really the fact? On the contrary, there were never more extraordinary contradictions than we find in the history of marriages; we see women marrying men young enough to be their grandsons; crabbed Age and Youth often live together in perfect harmony; and May and December are constantly united with the happiest results. Almost every marriage is a nine-days' wonder, and creates much astonishment, speculation and lifting up of hands. Quite recently, a Dorsetshire clergyman of eighty years of age electrified his congregation by publishing his own banns in the parish church. It is always necessary to be prepared for these surprises. The blind, deaf, halt and maimed are not exempt from the contagion of matrimony; and so far from youth and loveliness being the only victims of Hymen, we find some of the loveliest women consigned to single-blessedness; while their less favored sisters are happy wives and mothers. The particulars of many curious marriages are not revealed to the public; but during the last century less reticence was observed in the matter; the ages of the respective parties were frequently put down without reserve, and the fortunes of the ladies were mentioned with much unctious gusto.

Among these announcements a few of the more remarkable are worth selecting. Here is one from an old magazine for June, 1778: "A few days ago, was married at St. Bridget's Church, in Chester, Mr. George Harding, aged one hundred and seven, to Mrs. Catherine Woodward, aged eighty-three. So singular a union could not fail of exciting the admiration and surprise of a numerous congregation, before whom the ceremony was performed. The bridegroom served in the army thirty-nine years, during the reigns of Queen Anne, George I., and part of George II. He is now particularly hearty, in great spirits, and retains all his faculties to an extraordinary perfection. This is his fifth wife; the last one he married in his one hundred and fifth year; and he is Mrs. Woodward's fourth husband. It is also worthy of observation that the above old man's diet has been for the last thirty years past chiefly butter-milk boiled with a little flour, and bread and cheese." As a pendant to this, we come across another announcement a few years later: "Mr. Thomas Dawson, of Northallerton, aged ninety, to Miss Gollightly, a bonnie damsel of sixty-four. The anxious bridegroom had been a widower almost six weeks."

As instances of youth and age going together, we may give the case of "Mrs. Horn, an agreeable widow with a genteel fortune, aged seventy-nine, who married Mr. William Steptoe, aged about thirty." We are again startled by the following announcement in the month of January, 1805: "At Tynemouth Church, a young man about twenty-three to a woman aged eighty-six, who had been the mother of seventeen children. Notwithstanding the banns had been twice published, the experienced lady repaired to the church, where she was soon joined by her lover, and declared she would not leave it without her errand. She waited till the forenoon service was over, during which time she was frequently requested to leave the vestry, but all to no effect. She complained bitterly at her negligence in having forgotten to bring her pocket bottle and tobacco-pipe with her. The groom apologized for not being acquainted with the forms of the church, as he had never been in one since he was christened; and if appearances could be believed, water did not seem to have been upon his face since that period."

We find another curious marriage, which is announced in the following terms: "Lately, at Newcastle, Mr. Silvertop to Mrs. Pearson. This is the third time that the lady has been before the altar in the character of a bride, and there has been something remarkable in each of her three nuptial engagements. Her first husband was a Quaker; her second, a Roman Catholic; and her third is a Protestant of the established church. Each husband was twice her age. At sixteen, she married a gentleman of thirty-two; at thirty, she took one of sixty; and now, at forty-two, she is united to a gentleman of eighty-four."

A great sensation was created in the

year 1778 by the marriage of the then celebrated female historian, Mrs. Catherine Macaulay, who was far advanced in years, with a surgeon's mate, under age, of the name of Graham. Mrs. Macaulay was quite a literary lioness; and Dr. Wilson, an elderly and learned admirer of her talents, had actually built a house for her, called Albert House; this he presented to her with furniture and a valuable library. He went so far as to have medals struck in her honor. Great, therefore, was the amazement amongst the literary and fashionable world of Bath when Mrs. Macaulay, who had always been considered a rock of sense by her friends, made this extraordinary match.

In Mr. Cudworth's interesting book, "Round about Bradford," he mentions the low status of the colliers of Wilsby in the year 1851, and says that the humiliating spectacle of the wedding of "Johnny and Betty" is not yet forgotten, nor the collection of oddities and absurdities that passed through the streets of Bradford in that year, on the way to the Parish Church. On a couple of yards of painted calico, the secret of all this rejoicing was told in the following words:

"At John's and Betty's wedding
We will merry be,
For Johnny's sixty-five,
And Betty's seventy-three!"

Mr. Cudworth also relates that the incumbent of Wilsden, Mr. Barber, was once called upon to perform a "marriage in trust." There was a person living at Haworth Parish known by the name of "Moses o' Lukis." Moses having persuaded a woman to take him "for better, for worse," they appeared at Wilsden Church to be married; but when the knot was tied, the happy couple had no money to pay the fees! Moses promised to pay the reverend gentleman in *besoms*; and honestly kept his word. This reminds us of a couple who, not having the wherewithal to buy a wedding-ring, the large key of the church door had to be temporarily used for the purpose.

Ireland was not behindhand in the oddity of its marriages; we come across whole clusters of them in Walker's *Hibernian Magazine*. Among them are the following: "Mr. John Hogarty, of Ballymanduff, County Dublin, aged twenty, to Mrs. Flood of said place, aged eighty-six." "The Rev. Athanasius Huring, aged eighty-two, to Miss Carr, aged twenty-two, an agreeable young lady, with a fortune of fifteen thousand pounds." Mr. Richards, gardener, to Miss Mary Roper. The bridegroom is in the sixty-second year of his age, and five feet four inches high; the bride aged twenty-one, and only two feet eleven inches in height."

A match in high life between a certain Dowager Duchess and a handsome Irishman, Mr. Hussey, created a great deal of heart-burning and envy. Hanbury Williams, one of the rejected suitors, composed some very spiteful verses on the occasion.

The problem how to unmarry a couple was attempted by a clergyman in the West Riding of Yorkshire in the year 1805. He found out on inquiry that he had married a young man and woman who were brother and sister by marriage (probably a deceased wife's sister). The clergyman, afraid that he might be punished for uniting this couple, attempted to unmarry them by taking the bride's bonnet from her head and placing the church Bible thereon; but the charm was not successful; and the loving pair firmly resisted this innovation of undoing the hymeneal knot.

Some very curious changes of names have taken place in marriage. In Derbyshire, there now lives a woman who has been married three times. Her maiden name was Wildgoose—quite a common one in that locality—she changed it first for that of Fox, then for that of Goodlad, and finally settled down as Mrs. Derbyshire. A Mr. Bacon was once married to a Miss Beans; and a Miss Pane married a Mr. Glass. Abundant instances of the same sort might be multiplied; but enough have been given to show how strangely things sometimes work out in the important matter of matrimony.—*Chambers's Journal*.

KING LEOPOLD.

How the Monarch of the Belgians Appears on the Promenade.

Leopold is one of the most democratic of Kings. He saunters about Brussels in the most leisurely way, and is as familiar a figure on the Rue Royale or du Midi as President Grant used to be on Pennsylvania avenue. He is fully six feet tall, has an angular form and an awkward manner, and one day when I saw him on the Rue du Midi he had the gout so bad that he hobbled along in anything but a kingly fashion. He has a dark complexion, wears a full sandy beard that is long and tinged with gray, and his small eyes are so close together that there is scarcely space for his big Roman nose between them. Here is the dress which Leopold thinks the proper one for a King's street wear: A coat of dark blue broadcloth, cut in the style of a Norfolk jacket, and trousers of the same material, but a shade or two lighter in color. In all the seams of both coat and trousers was set a small gold cord; boots of heavy calfskin, with soles fully a half inch thick, cap similar to that worn by an American army private, with a miniature gold lion of Brabant over the forepiece, and gold-bowed eye-glasses with a pendant chain. A heavy cane was held in a hand whose third finger was encircled by a gold ring that bore the square, compass and letter G of the Masonic order, set in diminutive diamonds. His only attendants were two portly middle-aged gentlemen, elegantly dressed in black broadcloth and fine linen, who walked a few feet behind the King, and who occasionally answered a question put to them by their royal master.—*Cor. Boston Post*.

An eminent scientist attributes the remarkable longevity of a woman who recently died at the age of one hundred and nine to the fact that she never wore a high bonnet in a theater. We also understand that the vigorous health of a Philadelphia man now in his ninety-ninth year is due to the fact that he never went out between the acts to make astronomical observations through a glass.—*Norristown Herald*.

SAID PASHA.

A Sketch of the Career of the Sultan's Right-Hand Man.

It was interesting many of your readers to know the career of Said Pasha, the present Grand Vizier of his Imperial Majesty the Sultan. His father was Turkish Ambassador at the court of Persia, and a native of Erzeroum. When a lad Said spent some years with his father at Teheran, and returned with him to Constantinople during the reign of Sultan Abdul Aziz. On the death of his father, which occurred shortly after his return to Constantinople, Said obtained a clerkship in a government office. He was an assiduous worker and a remarkably good correspondent.

At the time important inspections were ordered to be made in various parts of the Empire. One of these inspectors was Subhi Pasha, son of Sami Pasha, and now Minister of Commerce. He chose Said as his Secretary. Subhi Pasha was greatly pleased with the manner in which Said executed his work, and when the mission of inspection was accomplished he got him named to an appointment in the Council of State, to which Subhi Pasha became Vice President. Said was thus made *chef de requetes* of one of the sections of the Council of State. He distinguished himself in his new post, but excited the jealousy of a very able and ambitious colleague, who intrigued against him and succeeded in getting free of his rival by having Said named "Mektonbgi," or correspondent to the vilayet of Salonica. Although without fortune, Said refused the post to which he had been named, and remained for a short time without employment. Subhi Pasha, displeased at the intrigue against his *protege*, continued to interest himself in Said, and procured for him the post of Mektonbgi to the Ministry of Commerce, whence he afterwards became Director of the Imperial printing office. In these posts he attracted the attention of Mahmud Galaladeen Pasha. When Hussein Avni Pasha became Grand Vizier he applied to his friend, Mahmud Pasha, to find him a capable First Secretary of the Grand Vizierat. He selected and recommended Said, whose exceptional talents Mahmud Pasha had come to appreciate very highly. Thus Said was Secretary to the Grand Vizierat during Sultan Murat's reign. A shrewd observer of men and things, without doubt Said foresaw the future probabilities, and got introduced to Abdul Hamid, then a simple Prince. As others had been before, the Prince was struck with the qualities of Said, and when he became Sultan on the deposition of Murat, Abdul Hamid made him his Chief Secretary attached to the palace. The new Secretary grew in the esteem of his master, and the constant contact which his functions permitted gave Said a knowledge of the Imperial mind which is not possessed by any other functionary. He was rapidly promoted, and at length made Grand Vizier in 1875. This highest position in the State he has since filled continuously, with the exception of a period of twenty-four hours, when Ahmed Vefik Pasha supplanted him. The shrewdness of the Sultan led him quickly to appreciate the integrity of Ahmed Vefik, and no false pride deterred him from at once reinstating Said Pasha.—*London Standard*.

LIFE AT WEST POINT.

Class Standing No Criterion by Which to Judge of Military Ability.

"It is impossible to judge of a person's military ability by his standing at West Point," said an old cadet recently. "If a young fellow is a trifle careless and forgets to invert his wash bowl a few dozen times a year, and goes to parade with a spot on his trousers, or with his boots unblackened, he may pile up demerits that will give him a poor place in his class, though he may have a good standing in his studies. The boys who avoid any kind of fun that might lead to black marks are far from favorites at West Point."

One cadet, who spent the last two months of his cadet life in light prison, was found at graduation to have more than one hundred demerits for the preceding six months. He passed his examination in studies, but his deficiencies in discipline caused his discharge. Had it not been for them he would have stood second in a class of sixty. He managed to get an appointment in the army from civil life, and is now a Lieutenant of infantry.

The opportunities for being reported for breaches of discipline at West Point are very numerous. There are a dozen chances during the day for him to get a bad mark for being late. At the inspection of quarters the cadet gets demerits if he is found in his room coatless, if the floor is dirty, if his overcoat hangs on the second nail in the alcove, or if the shell jacket has changed places with the night shirt. The wash bowl must be bottom up, the soap dish clean, the water pail full and towels immaculate.

"My room-mate and I once smuggled into the barracks a basket of fruit which a friend had sent to us. We placed the basket upon a board wedged far up the chimney, where it was to remain until we had a chance to invite a few friends to the feast. My chum was at the section-room and I working at my mathematics, when a little flaxen-haired Lieutenant of cavalry came in and I stood at attention during his inspection. He found nothing out of the way and started to leave, when suddenly he stopped, sniffed a little, and said:

"There is fruit in this room, is there not?"

"I decline to answer, sir," said I. My refusal to criminate myself, a right that I was at perfect liberty to exercise, made him angry. He turned everything in the room upside down, until his attention was directed to the chimney where the fruit was found. He ordered it turned into the guard-house, and the next day, being called to the Commandant's office on business, I saw the last of the fruit disappearing down the throat of the officer in charge.—*N. Y. Sun*.

MODERN ALCHEMY.

How Unwisely Dirt and Rock Are Converted Into Gold and Silver.

The ore, fresh from the mines of Montana, Colorado, Idaho or Utah, reaches the works in its native condition. The greater part of the mineral earth is as foreign to the appearance of the treasures it contains as can well be imagined. Look through the rough rock or ash like dirt as you may, and the unpracticed eye can not detect a mineral trace. Yet it is a notorious fact that this ugly substance is richer than the clear quartz which exposes its free gold or virgin silver. The bonanza carbonate of Leadville, for instance, is a dried clay, which will crumble between the fingers, and was long overlooked by the pioneer miners of California Gulch, until some enterprising "fool" assayed the "worthless stuff."

The first step toward delivering the metals from their native disguises is taken in the smelting-house proper. A furnace cupola is filled with ore intermixed with broken rock, and operated upon by fires fanned to an almost incredible pitch of heat. When this mass becomes molten the metals, obeying the laws of gravity, fall to the bottom and are drawn off and molded into white leaden bars called crude bullion, and containing usually lead, copper, antimony, silver and gold. The molten refuse, the slag, is then removed, and when cooled, broken up and dumped along the river bank, as above stated. The bullion is first passed through the cleaning or softening furnaces, and the copper and antimony taken out. The remaining lead, silver and gold, go then into large kettles and melted. Zinc is thrown in, and with its affinity for those metals it takes up the silver and gold and floats to the top.

The lead is drawn out, and after passing through a refining furnace is cast into bars for commercial use. The zinc amalgam of silver and gold is skimmed off, and the little remaining lead sweated out. In the retorts the zinc is thrown off and the silver and gold taken to the cupel shops for the removal of impurities. The gold and silver is separated by reducing the silver to a solution in sulphuric acid, through which the gold falls free in granular form to the bottom, and is then remelted and cast into ingots. The silver is freed from its solution by precipitation and cast into bricks, and the process of producing the precious metals is completed.

Meanwhile the copper and antimony have been operated upon. The mass is melted, and the two metals separated by the forces of their relative specific gravity. The antimony is a white mineral, commonly known as Babbitt metal. After the copper is thoroughly worked for all the gold and silver it may have retained it is converted into the chemical form of a sulphate or blue vitriol, in which condition alone it is shipped from these markets.

This lengthy and intricate process requires the large number of buildings which constitute the smelter. All the refuse except the rough slag from the first furnaces is submitted to repeated tests to thoroughly extract the metals; and so much care is taken to save every precious particle that the flue dust and soot are collected periodically and smelted.—*Omaha Bee*.

THE HIRED MAN.

A Number of Points to Be Considered by Employers.

Curiously enough, the term "hired man" is only applied to a man that works on a farm, as though other men were not hired. There are many grades of hired men. A good one is cheap at high wages, and a bad or indifferent one is dear if he works for nothing and boards himself.

Usually, farmers do not seem to realize the important position that such a man holds, nor is sufficient caution exercised in filling it. In the first place, the hired man is brought continually into contact with the boys on the farm. He has seen considerable of the world, at least more than they have, and his daily walk and conversation exerts a material influence over them. Many a farmer's lad has received his first lesson in iniquity from such a teacher, yet the fathers of these same have wondered at their deviations from the paths of rectitude. When the farmer has but one assistant it is obvious that much must be left to his discretion, and that the employer's success depends largely upon the information and zeal of the man that is employed. He should certainly be interested to an extent beyond the question of wages. Notice your man. Does he allow a barn door to be slammed off its hinges by the wind? Does he care for the stock as though it is his own? Is he economical in the use of your implements, seeds and tithes? Is he a careless driver? Does he leave stock exposed to the cold and storms? Does he drink or gamble, and is the language he uses such as you want your children to hear? Such questions are deserving of consideration; indeed, they are of vital importance to one who has the welfare of his family and the success of his business at heart. But I am not writing in disparagement of these men; on the contrary, I believe the good qualities of some are never fully appreciated, and that not enough difference exists between the wages paid the worthy, and the worthless hired man.—*Forest, Forge and Farm*.

A physician who has studied the causes of insanity offers the suggestion that the brain of modern men may adapt itself in the course of time to the greater demands made upon it. He argues that overpressure in schools chiefly affects children whose parents did not enjoy school training, and who therefore did not inherit a capacity for brain work. In a few generations this factor will disappear.—*Chicago Times*.

The students of science in Indiana propose to form a State Academy of Science, similar in its scope to the American Association for the Advancement of Science.—*Indianapolis Manual*.

The fool who kills himself never mistakes the wrong person.—*N. Y. Independent*.

FRANCE AND CANADA.

An Interesting Statement Which Finds Credence Among Some French-Canadians.

Le Monde, of this city, prints a letter from its Paris correspondent saying that "there exists in the archives of the Marine in Paris an elaborate plan for the invasion and occupation of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the province of Quebec in the event of a war between France and England." He says, too, that "the visit of the French ironclad La Galissoniere to Quebec four years ago was for the purpose of exploring and finding out the points of vantage along the coast. That visit," the Paris correspondent says, "was made because the English Government at that time threatened to seize the Suez Canal." In conversation with one of the most prominent French-Canadian journalists in Montreal about this incident, your correspondent was told that the existence of such a plan was no news to him. "The English Government," he said, "is well aware that France has an eye on Quebec, and that knows, too, that if war ever takes place between the two countries, the French-Canadians will side with their mother country. War between France and England would mean war in Canada. This is no secret, and not only has the French Minister of Marine an elaborate plan for the invasion and occupation of Quebec, but the French Minister of War knows exactly the state of public feeling here, the number of men the French-Canadians could put in the field, what arms they possess, the strategical features of the country, and the assistance France might expect in the event of attempting an invasion of Canada. The crumbling condition of the citadel at Quebec, the neglected state of the forts at Point Levis, the temper of the French-Canadian people on the national question, the relative strength of French-Canadian and English militia battalions, the strength and weakness of Halifax, and everything that goes to make up what the Paris correspondent of *Le Monde* calls 'an elaborate plan for the invasion and occupation' of this country have, to my knowledge, been on record in the French archives for some years past."

"But do you believe that the French-Canadian people would support such a venture on the part of France?" I asked.

"Why, yes, of course, you know they would," he answered. "They would, I grant, rather be left alone. They have been until lately fairly well satisfied, but a war between France and England would at once precipitate a war of races here. I happened to be in Paris at the very time that England was, as *Le Monde's* correspondent says, threatening to seize the Suez Canal, and if I had one I had one hundred conversations on the subject of the invasion of Canada by a French expeditionary force. Military men, naval men and journalists all spoke to me about it. A few swift cruisers with ten thousand troops and one hundred thousand stand of arms on board would do the work. And to tell you the truth we here do not pooh-pooh the 'idea, because we know that the English people will respect our rights all the more when they understand that we have an outside nation to whom we can look for help, just as you Irish people are better able to hold up your heads here because of the neighborhood of your Irish relatives in the United States."

No French-Canadian in the Dominion understands his people or the situation better than my informant.—*Montreal Cor. N. Y. Sun*.

EFFORT AND RESULT.

A Thing Not Always Valuable in Proportion to the Labor It Costs.

Effort and result are not always commensurate. It takes years of patient toil to erect a building, which, when erected, will be the wonder of centuries; the same amount of toil might be expended in attempting to empty the Atlantic Ocean, but the labor in this case would be followed by no fruitful result. It is a mistake to imagine that a thing is always valuable in proportion to the labor that is spent upon it. The value of a diamond is increased by the labor of the lapidary; but all the filing and polishing would be valueless if it were expended upon a brick. It is the part of wisdom, therefore, to ask whether the result will justify the labor before the long toil is begun, rather than to rush blindly into it, only to learn, after years of patient effort, that life has been spent "laboriously doing nothing."—*S. S. Times*.

Dumas the Elder and Wagner.

The following amusing anecdote of Richard Wagner and Alexander Dumas *pere* is told by M. Ch. Monselet: Richard Wagner generally received his visitors in mediæval costumes, such as he always wore when composing. Alexander Dumas, calling on him one day, was highly amused at the masquerade. "You are all dressed up to play *Gastier*," said Dumas, with his good-natured laugh, which rather hurt the feeling of the author of "Tannhauser," who, nevertheless, returned M. Dumas' visit when next he was at Paris. After some considerable delay, M. Dumas appeared at last dressed magnificently in a dressing-gown with a large flower pattern, a helmet with flying plumes, a life-belt round his waist, and enormous riding boots. "Pardon me," said he, majestically, "for appearing in my working costume. I can do nothing without being dressed in this manner; half of my ideas live in this helmet and the other half are lodged in my boots, which are indispensable to me when I write my love scenes."—*N. Y. Post*.

A leading publishing house states that when a manuscript is received it is turned over to a "reader," who, after examining it carefully, returns it, with his opinion as to its merit, or lack of merit. If a reader returns a manuscript with a strong endorsement, the merits of the work are considered from a commercial point of view—whether it is likely to sell, how much it will cost for production, etc. Frequently the manuscript is turned over to a second reader, sometimes to a third. If all say, "This is a strong work; think it will pay you to publish it," or words to that effect, of course their recommendation goes a long way in the question of publication.—*N. Y. Sun*.

PERSONAL AND IMPERIAL.

Bonanza Mackay's wealth stated at one hundred and eighty million dollars.

Luce Hooper says Mrs. P. is tempted to America again for a ter with Yankee dollars.

Senator Jones, of Nevada, lacks again, as he has a large interest in gold mines on Douglas, Alaska, which are yielding him a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year.

Jay Gould says that the day on his charity from strangers is an average of one million dollars a week. No one asks for less than a thousand dollars, and the amount wanted seventy-five thousand dollars.

After a service of forty-four years in the navy, Rear Admiral Frank Roe has retired from active duty because of attaining his sixty-third year. He has, since 1881, been acting as Governor of the United States Asylum.

Dr. H. S. Lucas, of Chicago, discoverer of the emery mines and the corundum mines in the Ridge Mountains of North Carolina and Georgia, has been searching more than forty years, beginning the fact when he was a student in the Shore Medical College at Pittsburg, Boston Budget.

Mrs. E. G. White, the prophetess whose published visions, beginning the Seventh Day Adventist church, is founded in her old age has England. She is said to be a stern Christian in principles and ability; and none of her objectacles believe in her revelations as firmly than she does herself.—*Post*.

The Czar of Russia has been upon Alvan Clark, of Cambridge, Mass., the golden honorary member of the Empire, "in acknowledgment of the excellent performance of the object glass" made by Mr. Clark for chief telescope in the Pulukowa observatory. The medal is given very rarely and only for extraordinary merit. Only one other has been granted by the present Emperor.

In the early days of the war, medals used to command their Col. to make speeches. The Twenty Illinois, having been fired by a general from Colonel Logan, who was their camp, called for "a few remarks from Colonel Grant. Colonel Grant equal to the occasion, rose and said a tone of command, "Go to your tents at once." The regiment then realized even then that Colonel was a man of few words, every inch a Colonel.—*N. Y. Independent*.

The average man fails to find wherein lie the fascinations of female school teacher for his sex. Colorado a new supply of school teachers is needed every year for the fact that they get married, and neglect they are refusing to enter them unless they promise to renounce all love-making during their term of the ferrule. It ought to require a courage to propose matrimony to schoolma'am, and yet it would be that the number of brave and able men is continually on the increase.—*N. Y. Mercury*.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

The first thing in a boot is the—*Chicago Sun*.

When the livery man was a boy he painted "Excellior" over the door of his stable, he explained "Hire" was his motto.

A minister having some of his sermons, was asked what he had in package. "Dr ed tongue," was reply.—*Christian Union*.

Carl: "Mother, in the milk box a dead mouse was." Mother: "Oh, hast thou it therout taken?" Carl: "No; I have the cat therein thro."—*The Omnibus*.

Sidney Smith said in his vestry reference to a block pavement proposal to be built around St. Paul's: "All have to do, gentlemen, is to put their hands together and the thing is done."

First female: "What has been you engaged in now?" Second female: "I am a book agent." F. F.: "What have you to do?" S. F.: "Not but talk." F. F.: "How delighful."—*Boston Courier*.

"Yes," said Fenderson, speaking an accident which had befallen a friend, "when I arrived he did not know thing." Fogg: "And, of course, appeared directly to your sympathy."

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