

# EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

## TIME AND DISTANCE.

Why drives you cabin over on  
So rapidly in dauntless flight?  
He's here one moment and he's gone  
The next away, far out of sight.  
Why, tell me why he hurried hence  
With a restless, hurried pace.  
(He has accepted fifty cents  
To drive one to a certain place.)

And why does yonder cabin creep  
So slowly through the busy throng?  
His feet are in the air and he's gone  
And like a snail he moves along.  
The grass beneath his feet doth grow  
Yet on he crawls with listless power.  
He bids his time; for, stranger, know  
His cab is chartered by the hour.  
—Rambler.

## "TOWERS OF SILENCE."

Malabar Hill and Parsee Homes of the Dead.

The Five Cylinders of Black Granite Used For Those Worthy of Sacred Burial—A Square Tower Set Apart for Criminals.

One must be born a Parsee, for, like the Brahmin, his sacred faith admits of no proselyting. On purity as the foundation-stone is built the superstructure of his belief, and Zoroaster's three precepts, "good thoughts," "good words," "good deeds," are his rule of life. That he may be constantly reminded of his duty to move within the circle of these precepts, he wears his girdle triply coiled. A Parsee child should be born on the ground floor of the house, that by humility at the beginning and correctness of after-life he may merit advancement, not only in this world, but in that which is to come.

When seven days old an astrologer is called upon to cast his nativity. He first gives a list of names that the child may bear, and allows the parents to choose one of them; then drawing a set of hieroglyphics with chalk on a wooden tablet, he predicts the future of the infant, which the relatives receive with implicit faith and admiring reverence. This document is carefully preserved among the family records, and often has a marked influence on the after-life. Having attained the age of about seven years, the first religious ceremony is performed, which makes the child an accountable being, and brings him into full fellowship of the faith of his fathers. The ceremony begins with an ablution for purification. The priest then invests him with the sacred girdle, and tying the cord around the waist, he pronounces a benediction, and throws slices of fruit, seeds, perfumes and spices upon the head. This kusti, or sacred cord, is woven only by women of the priestly class, and is composed of seventy-two white cotton threads, the number emblematic of the seventy-two chapters of the Yasna, a portion of the Zend-Avesta. Should the child die before the performance of this ceremony his soul is supposed to return to Ahura Mazda, from whom it came, as pure as when it entered the world, not having yet reached the age of moral accountability.

Childhood is the usual time of marriage, though it is sometimes contracted between grown-up people. To the parents of the bride and groom, who make all arrangements, the event is one of absorbing interest, and is attended with much ceremony and display. The Parsee women hold an honorable position; they are allowed to appear in public, to mingle in society and to them is given full charge of household affairs.

Running out into the sea from the western part of Bombay Island rises Malabar hill, a picturesque ridge, terraced to the top, and covered with tropical trees and shrubs and flowers, among which are scattered the luxurious homes of the more wealthy residents of the city, both Indian and European. The summit of this hill commands a view of surpassing beauty. At its foot, on the right, lies the sea-side village of Breach Candy; on the left the city of Bombay, with its beautiful bay and harbor studded with rocky islands, the blue water of the Arabian sea widening out in the distance on one side and the range of the Western Ghats rising on the other, towering grandly to the height of six thousand feet and stretching along the line of the main-land coast as far as the eye can reach.

There, in the midst of a garden of loveliness, where the silence seems sacred and every suggestion is one of peaceful rest, the Parsees have erected their Sagris, or Houses of Prayer, and the Towers of Silence in which they lay their dead. In the largest Sagri, with religious ceremony, they kindle years ago the sacred fire, which, being constantly fed with incense and fragrant wood, is never allowed to go out.

The Parsees emphatically deny the common imputation that they worship fire, declaring that they hold it sacred, not as God, but only as a symbol of deity. Zoroaster taught that "earth, air and water should never be defiled by contact with putrefying flesh, but that the decaying particles of our bodies should be dissipated as rapidly as possible in such a way that neither Mother Earth nor the beings she nourishes should be in the slightest degree contaminated." To the Parsees, therefore, belongs the name of towers, so peculiar are their proportions. Built of black granite and covered with white chunam (a stucco made of calcined shells), they gleam among the luxuriant foliage like huge white cylinders of solid masonry. The largest of the five is about forty feet in diameter, and not more than twenty-five in height. The smallest and oldest was built by an ancestor of the Modi family more than two hundred years ago, when the Parsees first settled in Bombay, and has been used only by his descendants. The second was erected in 1756, and the remaining three at intervals during the following century.

Standing quite apart from the others is a sixth square tower, and here are brought the bodies of criminals, ostracized in death as in life, for their bones must not be allowed to touch those of good men.

On the iron gates which guard the entrance to the garden is a notice that only Parsees are allowed to enter the sacred precincts. Could we pass beyond the gates and approach one of the towers, we should find it to consist of solid masonry for some twelve or fifteen feet in the center, where a well six feet in diameter leads down to subterranean chambers beneath the stone, where are four drains crossing at right angles, and terminating in holes filled with charcoal. The top of this solid cylindrical structure is divided into seventy-two compartments or stone coffins, arranged in three circles around the well, their common center, from which the divisions radiate. Here again we see the sacred numbers three and seventy-two. A narrow ridge of stone separates them one from the other, and each circle is divided from the next by a pathway, the smallest lying around the well. Leading from the single door which admits the Nasasalar, or corpse-bearers, from without, is another pathway crossing the others, thus giving easy access to all the divisions, in the outer circle of which are laid the bodies of men, in the second those of women, and in the third and smallest those of little children. Rising from this solid masonry, and joining it in the same line, is a wall or parapet some ten feet high, also of stone covered with chunam, which quite conceals the interior from view.

After the solemn ceremonies consecrating the towers to their special use, only the corpse-bearers may enter, and all other persons are forbidden to approach within thirty feet.

When a medical attendant decides that a Parsee can not recover, a priest is sent for, who approaches the bed and repeats various texts from the Zend-Avesta calculated to afford consolation to the dying man. Prayers are also said for the forgiveness of his sins. When he dies a funeral sermon is preached, exhorting the friends of the deceased to live pure and holy lives that they may meet him in paradise. They are reminded that they must one day be called from this world to the presence of God to give a full account of their deeds here, and as they do not know how soon that may be they are urged to prepare for death, and to meet it with a resignation and willingness. Riches, wealth, influence and friends have no avail in the next world. Those who desire to reach the eternal paradise, must spend their days here in holiness and prayer, and in doing good to their fellow-creatures.

# THE HAT BUSINESS.

Profits of a Trade in Which Changes in Style Play an Important Part.

A reporter desirous of information asked a Brooklyn gentleman formerly engaged in the retail hat business in this city whether exceptional profits were made in that line of trade. He said:

"The profit in the hat business ranges from 25 to 50 per cent. There is more money in cheap hats than high-priced ones. For instance, when I was in the business I sold a five-dollar hat (Derby) on which I made a little over a dollar profit. For the quality of hat named I paid \$45 per dozen. I also sold a hat for \$3.50 which by the dozen cost me \$24. While on a cheap hat I made a profit of \$1.50, on a better quality I realized much less money. I would rather sell three one-dollar hats than one three-dollar one. Why? Because there is more money in the cheaper quality of hats. Wool Derbies which sell for one dollar each cost from five to eight dollars per dozen. For a time a wool hat will make as good an appearance as a felt one, but when the rain strikes the wool the hat loses its glossy appearance. Probably you don't notice it, but silk hats are not worn so much now as formerly. Certain sets of Americans or Anglo-manias have discovered that Englishmen in a measure have tabooed the high or silk hat. This fact may have some thing to do with its present unpopularity. Of course, for dress occasions, the silk hat is the thing, but I think a fine quality of Derby makes almost as good an appearance. In comparison with former years but few high white hats have been worn during the past summer. High hats are unwieldy for business, and should only be worn by elderly men in the day time. What can be more ridiculous to a man of taste than to see a high silk hat worn with a short coat or a Norfolk jacket? Yet men who pretend to know how to dress often commit this breach of good form."

"What is the prevailing style in hats?" was asked.

"The style differs but little from last year. The brims are, perhaps, curled a little more, and in many cases the crowns are made lower. Still, a man who bought a hat late last spring might wear it through the winter, that is, if he doesn't wish to follow the style in the minutest particular. The public have an erroneous idea that a hat becomes a man and not that a man becomes a hat. It is all nonsense that certain men can't wear different shaped hats simply because their physiognomies are peculiarly formed. When you go home take down a hat, if you have preserved it, that you wore say four years ago, put it on and look in the glass. In your own eyes and those of others you cut a ridiculous figure, but still you wore that hat four years ago and no one remarked any thing odd in your appearance. Why this sudden change in your appearance, you ask? Simply because the old hat which you put on is out of style, and the styles since you bought it have been so different that it appears old fashioned in your sight. If you observe closely the hats worn by your friends you will find that it is not the hat which becomes the man, but the man who becomes the hat. Do you remember some years ago when the English curled brim hat was so much worn? The style the previous year was not nearly so much curl, and hatters who had stock left over simply curled their hats to the prevailing style. It is seldom that hatters can dispose of their over stock in the manner named."

"What becomes of the hats left over in stock each season?"

"They are sold or given away. Farmers who are on to the trick will on entering a store ask for the last season's style. They don't care if the hat is just a trifle out of style if they can buy it fifty per cent. cheaper. Irresponsible hatters who do a transient business often sell a countryman off-season styles at the same prices obtained for prevailing ones. Hats which can't be sold are sent to male institutions. Hatters often sustain heavy losses in stock left over. Stock left over and big rents have much to do with the high price of hats. If I should leave the country for ten years and hold no communication with those at home, I could find out whether times were good or bad by a visit to a hat factory. When times are flush manufacturers make fine qualities of hats, and when they are dull the poorer qualities have the largest sale."

"Do not manufacturers change their styles for the purpose of compelling fashionable men to purchase new hats yearly?"

"In a measure, yes. If the styles were not changed each season the factories could not be kept running. Soft felt hats are popular with many men. They are costly, and are worth from five to twelve dollars each according to quality."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

## Minerals in New South Wales.

New South Wales abounds in minerals of commercial value. The aggregate value of mineral raised in New South Wales up to the end of 1885 was \$26,637,698, made up of the following amounts: Gold \$26,102,834, silver \$282,884, coal \$17,919,594, kerosene shale \$285,437, tin \$9,334,803, copper \$2,796,585, iron \$231,853, antimony \$2,217, silver lead \$257,026, asbestos \$488, bismuth \$10,010, and other minerals \$20,106. During 1885 19,216 miners were engaged in mining for the following minerals: Gold 5,911 miners, coal and shale 7,137, tin 3,330, silver 1,513, copper 1,000, slate 20, iron 180.

## German musicians.

Handel, Mendel, Mendeisohn; Brendel, Wendel, Jodassohn; Muller, Hiller, Heber, Franz; Pothow, Fiesler, Hulow, Gaetz;

Hansen, Jansen, Jensen, Kiel; Niemann, Gade, Haade, Stiel; Neumann, Neumann, Hunnerfurst; Neumann, Rosmann, J. von Wurst.

Kochler, Doehler, Fabianstet; Kimmel, Hummel, Rosenstet; Lauer, Bauer, Knebeck; Romberg, Plomberg, Knebeck.

Meyer, Bever, Meyerbeer; Meyer, Weyer, Heber, Heer; Lieber, Laebner, Schaefer, Dietz; Hill, Will, Brull, Orel, Dr. H. Ross, Rietz.

## Well-Founded Conviction.

Most persons have opinions. Now and then a person has convictions. A man with an opinion is of small consequence for or against a cause about which he has an opinion. A man with a conviction is always a power in the direction of his conviction. As a rule, the men who have opinions are led by men who have convictions. Commonly one man with a conviction can lead, say from one hundred to five million, men who merely have opinions. It's a great thing to have a well grounded conviction—on any subject; and it is comparatively a rare thing.—S. S. Times.

"What is the matter with you, Johnson, you bark so?" "Oh, nothing, only I slept out under a tree last night."—*Carl Prezel's Weekly.*

# THE SOLDIER'S REST.

One of the Most Unique Institutions Brought into Existence by the War.

Among the many institutions which were brought into existence by the war in this city was the Soldier's Rest and Retreat. Many citizens are now entirely ignorant of this institution. Thousands of those who were refreshed therein by food and lodging when on the way to the front have now forgotten even the location. The institution was located near the north end of the Baltimore & Ohio depot, on the line of North Capitol street, between C and D streets, and was established immediately after the first battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861. The building taken possession of as a retreat is still standing, although in a dilapidated condition, and is now used as a store house. It had previously been used by Mr. J. P. Critchett as the Mount Vernon cane factory, where mementos from the resting place of the father of his country were prepared for the market. It covered a space of about 40 by 160 feet of ground and was made into a dining hall, where often as many as 500 of the boys in blue took meals standing. At the time it came into existence the city was full of soldiers, many having been stamped from Bull Run. The terms of service of many had expired, while others had just arrived on their way to the front. It was given the name of "Soldier's Rest—Receiving and Forwarding Depot for Troops" by Captain Beckwith, Commissary of Subsistence, who appointed as Superintendent Mr. James H. Searle, now living at No. 9 Sixth street, northeast. Mr. Searle continued during the entire war. A force of cooks and waiters were employed, and in kitchens erected outside the preparations for the meals were made. In these kitchens were the cauldrons for soups, etc., two of a capacity of 140 gallons each, and twenty-five others ranging from 30 to 60 gallons. The bread was at first obtained from the Capitol bakery, located in the rooms on the west front of the Capitol basement, and afterwards near the observatory.

It was not long before it was found necessary to enlarge the depot, and General (then Colonel) Rucker caused to be erected frame barracks east of the "Rest" from the timber from the old Lincoln inauguration hall building in Judiciary square. Then Captain Ed. M. Camp (afterwards Major) was placed in charge of the depot.

The capacity of this depot was simply wonderful, for on one occasion, with but a few hours' notice, 20,000 men were fed within twenty-four hours, soup, bread, coffee, ham, pork, tongue, beef and hard-tack being on the bill of fare. This was done without any friction whatever, for, as near as possible, 500 were marched to the tables at a time. The serving of meals and lodging soldiers was not all that was done, for the exigencies of the service often required cooked rations to be furnished, and to fill these orders the force had to be augmented often so as to work night and day. It is estimated, from the reports made by Major Camp, that during the four years' existence of the depot 20,000,000 meals were served to soldiers during the war.

Sometimes sailors and exchanged prisoners were regaled here, and towards the close of the war when Confederate prisoners were sent here, they were also entertained. Near the end of hostilities a number of Confederates had deserted and come within the Federal lines, and when they reached the "Rest" they were so pleased with their entertainment that they asked the privilege of complimenting the officers under whom the Rest was established. This request was granted, and Major Camp, General Rucker, Secretary Stanton and the President were presented by a band made up of desecrating musicians.—*Washington Star.*

## Farming in America.

Farming in America is to a great extent carried on by machinery, the farm laborers are often the farmer's own sons and daughters, and it is by no means uncommon to see a male agriculturist in a "claw-hammer" coat and a "stove-pipe" hat guiding the plow, while several young ladies with "Langtry" bangs to their hair and dress-improvers to their skirts are shaking peas in the barn, or churning cream, or squeezing curds for cheese in the dairy. These damsels would, as a rule, spurn the bare idea of going into domestic service; and when they lack the capacity to become "sch-ol-marms," they contentedly stay in their country home, where they work ten times harder than the farmer's daughter does in England. They cook, they wash and iron, they do domestic "chores," but they are all young ladies, they all have parasols, and own carte-de-visite albums and birthday books.—*London Telegraph.*

## Sale of Public Lands.

Commissioner Sparks has made his report showing the sale of public lands for the fiscal year ending June 30. It exhibits considerable activity in public lands yet, the entries amounting, during the year, to 20,991,967 acres, for which was received \$7,412,967. The greatest number of acres of land were taken up in Kansas, 3,636,324, or 17,615 farms of 320 acres each. Next comes Nebraska, where the entries were 3,511,518 acres, or 10,978 farms of 320 acres. Dakota follows, with entries amounting to 3,075,085 acres, or 9,609 farms of 320 acres. In Colorado the entries were 1,282,674 acres, and in California 1,348,678 acres. In the rest of the States and Territories the entries were less than 1,000,000 acres, the greatest number being 911,554 acres in Montana.—*Prairie Farmer.*

## Prisoners at the stockade in Atlanta, Ga.

Prisoners at the stockade in Atlanta, Ga., are getting to be ugly about work. Orders have been given that if any more refuse each one shall receive thirty-nine lashes on the back.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

# A TERRIBLE DISEASE.

The Spread of Glanders and Practical Means of Detecting Its Presence.

The prevalence of glanders in many States, and especially in some stables of our larger cities, the contagious nature of the disease, and the difficulty in disinfecting a stable carrying the contagion, call for the utmost care in buying horses, and the necessity of having a thorough inspection when the disease is suspected. The loathsome nature of glanders, its virulence—there being no known cure for the disease—and the fact that it is freely communicated to man, and when communicated there is no hope of recovery, make it doubly important that the disease be detected at the earliest possible moment.

Unfortunately, this disease assumes various forms, all fatal, and often a long time elapses before the most virulent and fatal form of the disease shows itself. In the incipient stage, as farcy, for instance, there is no chance of eventually saving the life of the animal. Hence the necessity that the animal be killed as early as possible.

The horse with glanders or farcy is dangerous not only to every other equine in the stable, but also to all that an infected animal may come in contact with. A stable once infected it is difficult to eradicate the contagion. Hence it is criminal to sell the horse once the disease is suspected. The plain duty is to have a careful inspection made by a competent veterinarian. To enable every horse owner to judge of himself, measurably, the symptoms as usually exhibited may assist in determining whether a disease may be glanders, even though the horse may be able to do his work, and with nothing appearing wrong to a casual observer. Notwithstanding this he may be able to communicate the disease if he be infected himself.

In the acute or pronounced state of the disease, there will be a starting coat, the pulse will be accelerated, eyes watery, appetite impaired, and with general prostration. Yellowish or purple streaks may be found in the membrane of the nose, and with a discharge from one or both; first watery, and at length sticky or mucous. Small elevations may be observed upon the membrane by turning up the nostrils. These will eventually change into malignant ulcers of irregular form and color. When these symptoms are present, any horse-owner may determine the disease as well as the practiced veterinarian. Glanders and farcy are one and the same disease; a specific poison affecting the whole system. When it attacks the membrane of the nose, the lungs and the lymphatic glands between the branches of the lower jaw it constitutes glanders. If the lymphatic glands and other tissues of the legs and body are swollen it constitutes farcy, and while the two forms of the disease may occur separately, usually the symptoms of both will show in the same animal. The virus is contagious and lasting, but only by absolute contact, and the contagion is by the virus of the ulcers of glanders or farcy, each being capable of inducing either form of the disease. This virus is so lasting that a year even may elapse after a hitching post, manger, etc., have received it, and yet the object be capable of communicating the disease.

Farcy is recognized by one or all of the limbs being swollen, by swellings along the lymphatic veins of the limbs or any part of the body. Small nodules called farcy-buds will appear and eventually break and discharge a glairy matter, dry up and leave a bare spot or scar, which remains. Others successively appear, follow the same course, and the disease eventually assumes the fatal form of glanders.

There is no possible cure for the disease, whatever empirics may pretend. The only successful issue is to destroy the animal, bury deeply or burn in a furnace, and then thoroughly disinfect every portion of the stable. A preparation of corrosive sublimate will do this when applied under the direction of a veterinary surgeon; but where it may be applied a jet of highly heated (dry) steam is the surest agent known.—*Chicago Tribune.*

## A STRANGE SAIL.

Curious Appearance of the Gigantic Sword-fish of the Indian Ocean.

In the warm waters of the Indian Ocean a strange mariner is found that has given rise to many curious fables among the natives of the coast thereabout. They tell of a wonderful sail often seen in the calm seasons preceding the terrible hurricanes that course over those waters. Not a breath then disturbs the water, the sea rises and falls like a vast sheet of glass; suddenly the sail appears, glistening with rich purple and golden hues and seemingly driven along by a mighty wind. On it comes, quivering and sparkling as if bedecked with gems, but only to disappear as if by magic. Many travelers had heard with unbelief the strange tale; but one day the phantom craft actually appeared to the crew of an Indian steamer, and as it passed by under the stern of the vessel, the queer "sail" was seen to belong to a gigantic sword-fish, now known as the sailor-fish. The sail was really an enormously developed dorsal fin that was over ten feet high, and was richly colored with blue and iridescent tints; and as the fish swam along on or near the surface of the water, this great fin naturally waved to and fro, so that from a distance it could easily be mistaken for a curious sail.

Some of these fishes attain a length of over twenty feet and have large, crescent-shaped tails, and long, sword-like snouts, capable of doing great damage.

In the Mediterranean Sea, a sword-fish is found that also has a high fin, but it does not equal the great sword-fish of the Indian Ocean.—*C. F. Holder, in St. Nicholas.*

Prisoners at the stockade in Atlanta, Ga., are getting to be ugly about work. Orders have been given that if any more refuse each one shall receive thirty-nine lashes on the back.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

# YOUNG WRITERS.

Disinterested Advice Which Is Cheerfully and Enthusiastically.

Aminadab writes: "How shall I to work to write for the papers?" We only on one side of the paper unless, of course, you are writing on both sides of the question. Don't write on the edge of the paper, because paper is too thin. Rolled manuscript rolls too easily off editor's table, and he can't afford to chase around the room; fold it flat so that the editor can readily see that is the flattest thing that ever came to the office. Always inclose stamps, plenty of them, not for the purpose of publishing the stamps, but as an evidence of good faith and friendship; they will always be acceptable and handy. Always have a margin around your pages—often if you leave that margin it will be better. Write legibly if you do not write sensibly. Be every sentence with a capital, although there is nothing else capital in it. Be very particular about your "head," although none of the other lines contain any thing like "head."

When you think of it and can do so a period or some other solid impediment at the end of a sentence to keep it from sliding upon the next one and knocking it clean off the other end of the page. Be sure you have plenty of punctuation points in your article, even if it contains no other points of any kind. Give plenty of dash—though the editor will supply a good deal of the dash if it gets into his hands.

After it is finished the proper work would be to go through it and here and there and everywhere scratch out, or continue scratching, until there is nothing left to scratch out any more. The blots in your MS., to be effective, should be of some artistic shape, so you can easily take up your pen and touch up their outlines. An artistic editor hates unsightly blots. Occasionally you might do to use a little grammar, or change your spelling from your old way to the new.

Never sit down to write an article for a paper without a subject, unless you happen to have none handy. Never allow personal feeling to bias you, unless you think the man deserves it, then go in. Never write any thing that you would not be willing to see for pay and plenty of it. Do not make your articles too long, unless you are where you can get your writing paper cheap. A large pile of manuscript, while it makes the editor's eye glow with the prospect of how much it will fetch him at a cent a pound at the paper mill and help out his weekly paper bill, is apt to create mistakes. A melancholy case of the kind occurred in these editorial rooms last week. A young man, with intellectual hair and elbow intelligently threaded, entered and approached the earthquake editor, confidently bowed formally and asked, confidently: "Are you the proprietor, sir?"

The editor had just got to where the houses began to dance and waltz around the squares and the earth yawned as it was being so rudely awakened from its sleep, when with his right eye following his flying pencil, his left slowly wove around and, becoming stationary, fixed itself on the young man.

"We have already laid the contract out for papering this room," he said, as he let his left eye drift back to keep company with the other one at work.

"Paper this room!" said the young man, with surprise and grease spots all over him.

"Yes, we want no paper-hangers." "But, sir, I am no paper-hanger." "Judging from those rolls of wallpaper under your arm I supposed that you were. Excuse me for a moment."

"Wall paper! I beg your pardon, this is a story I have just completed in seven chapters: 'The Incandescent Muskalong, or, From French Flats to the St. Clair Flats,' by L. M. Flatt."

Then he turned white—except his shirt—and backing towards the door, fairly hissed through his nose: "Wall paper! Sir, I would not let you have this story now for double its price. I'll take it to some other office, I shall, sir." Here he tripped and disappeared down stairs, MS. and all.

Yes, Aminadab, the field for young writers is very large, and even though you should find that yours turns out to be the corn field, you can sit down on a pumpkin and remember that these little nibbings of advice were offered as freely as the air that blows or the sweat that flows from your nose. If you are badly in need of any other information do not fail to write, and don't forget the stamp.—*A. W. Bellan, in Detroit Free Press.*

## A Dangerous Man.

"I understand, Softley, that you are going to board at Mrs. McCarty's this season," observed Nilson.

"That is the arrangement." "You had better look out for her husband."

"What is the matter with him? He seems to be a quiet and unobtrusive sort of a chap."

"He is a terrible man. He carries a carving-knife, and will do you a great deal of damage if you don't keep on the right side of him."

"Mercy on us! Is he a murderer?" "No; but he does the carving for the house, and he will be sure to give you the toughest parts of the steaks and the roasts."—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine.*

## It Almost Took His Breath.

"Darringer, that was polite in you to give your seat to that lady in the car this morning."

"Well, yes, Bromley. I always try to be polite. I was extremely embarrassed, however."

"What at?" "She thanked me. It was so unexpected that it almost took my breath."—*Philadelphia Call.*

## Happy Effect of the Climate.

"I have gained three pounds in one day," said Robinson.

"How do you account for that?" "Effect of the climate. I have put on all my heavy clothes."—*N. Y. Sun.*

# THE TORONTO MAIL.

The Toronto Mail, from a careful study of statistics, has found out that the people of the United States are comparatively a short-lived race.