

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL

Chang Yen Hoon, Chinese Minister at Washington, is famous at home for his possession of a magnificent palace and extensive gardens, filled with rare plants.

Bismarck took sixteen drinks of whisky while making his recent great speech. Beauséjour used to drink a bottle or two of champagne before an important oratorical effort.

Prof. W. R. Brooks, of Phelps, N. Y., the astronomer who makes a study of the sun-spots a specialty, has been selected a fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society of England in recognition of his astronomical discoveries.

Charles Stewart Parnell stands six feet high in his stockings, and is as straight as his maternal grandfather, the famous Admiral Charles Stewart—"Old Ironsides." He is, according to his latest interviewer, in the full enjoyment of good health.

A noted physician requires his shoemaker to keep a pair of shoes made in advance. As soon as one pair is delivered another is put in process of manufacture so that the doctor may have them when he is ready for them. He is impatient of delay.

Horace Bushnell Patton, who is a graduate of Amherst College, has recently achieved a great honor in being made Associate Professor of Mineralogy at the University of Heidelberg. He is a son of the president of Howard University in Washington.

It is said that, notwithstanding his enormous wealth, Mackay is haunted with the fear of the poorhouse. Meantime Mrs. Mackay makes merry in London and Paris, and does not appear to entertain any horrid dreams of possible poverty in the near future.

Mrs. Eliza Garfield was the only woman who ever saw her son inaugurated President of the United States. Washington's mother was living in Fredericksburg, Va., when the Father of his Country was inaugurated, but she did not witness the ceremony, which took place in New York.

A Bronson Alcott was in his early years a sort of transcendental Anarchist, opposed to government. Taxes he especially disbelieved in and for a time persistently refused to pay any. He was once imprisoned for non-payment of taxes, and owed his release to Mr. Samuel Hoar, father of the present Senator, who paid them for him.

It is told of the Mayor of Hannibal that he whipped out his red handkerchief the other day and blew a terrible blast, whereupon an unhitched horse, terrified at the great noise, dashed down the street, ran against an electric light tower one hundred feet high, toppling it to the ground, and then into a coal wagon, from which it was rescued unharmed.

Mazzanti, the noted Spanish bull fighter, now in Mexico, is a man of fine education, having been graduated with honors a few years ago from a college in Rome. He was for a time the private secretary of one of the confidential advisers of King Amadeus of Spain. He is a first-class telegraph operator, who was successful as a railroad man, is a good singer, and has no rival as the best bull fighter in the world—and yet he is only twenty-eight years old.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."—Girl violinists are becoming numerous. Girls are always after beaux of one sort or another—at least in leap year.—Lowell Courier.

Dimples make an interesting study, but to examine them too closely and persistently may be as fatal as it is to look down the barrel of a gun to see the powder when it explodes.—Journal of Education.

Thirteen pretty red-haired girls were counted in a school teachers' excursion in Philadelphia recently. They were the most attractive girls in the procession, but they stamped every lively stable they marched past.—Burdette.

Farmer (to old darky driving canal-boat mules)—"I say, uncle, what d'ye git a day fer drivin' them mules?" Old darky—"I don't git nuffin' 'cept my passage. I's gwine ter Albany, an' de cap'n' greet ter let me wuk my way."—Harper's Bazar.

In the Shipyard.—Mrs. Rooral—"What under the canopy is that man pounding away at those cracks for?" Mr. Rooral—"Why, Jane, are you so green that you don't know what he's doing? Well, that's a caulker?"—Springfield Union.

A writer says that there is "more beauty than ugliness in this world." This is no doubt true, so far at least as our own country is concerned, for the census shows that there are more women than men in the United States.—Norristown Herald.

Madam—"Can you cook choral croquettes?" Cook—"Yes, madam." Madam—"Can you make a hashish omelette?" Cook—"Yes, madam." Madam—"Do you speak Volapuk?" Cook—"Fluently." Madam—"Well, I think you will do."—Tid-Bits.

Bobbie (sentimentally to his cousin whom he adores)—"Maud, won't you give me some souvenir of yourself to take back to school with me?" Maud—"Why, Bobby dear, of course I will." Bobbie (with much pathos)—"And you'll let it be something to eat, won't you?"—Punch.

Magistrate—"You've been up before me a good many times, Uncle Rastus. It's the same as usual—thirty days or ten dollars." Uncle Rastus—"I has ben up befo' yo' a good many times, yo' Honah, Ise ben a good customer, an' ef yuse got any wholesale rates I spec' I oughter hab 'em."—N. Y. Sun.

SWEET, BUT PLAIN.

Hard Lines For the Girl That is Not Considered a Belle.

The girl who is not a belle receives an invitation to a dance, accepts it, buys a new gown, and starts out hopefully. Arriving at the house, she sees a number of men whom she knows, and, perhaps, has entertained. They all bow pleasantly and pass on. If any one asked their opinion of her they likely would say that she is a "sweet girl," but somehow they do not seem to care to dance or talk with these "sweet girls."

Once in a while a man discovers her worth, sees in her those virtues which he wishes his wife to possess, and marries her. Then she has her household duties and becomes a happy wife and mother, but she never quite forgets the disappointment of her youth. If she does not marry she takes care of her father and mother, is charitable, and spends the rest of her days in making others happy or wretched, according to her disposition.

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

Though Living in the Heat of Air She Takes No Advantage of It.

One of the reasons the farmer's wife is apt to look sallow and jaded, and why she grows old before her time, is that the minute the weather grows cold she stays in the house from one week's end to another. In summer time, gathering berries or garden vegetables, or feeding the chickens, will take her out of doors, but just as soon as necessity no longer compels her to go into the open air she remains inside. One of her excuses is that she has no time for out-door exercise. This doubtless is true, for there is no woman so hard-worked as the farmer's wife, but she must go out for a short walk or drive, if somebody or something has to suffer in consequence.

NOVEL COLLECTION.

Counterfeit Presentments of All the Gods Ever Worshipped.

A Parisian genius is getting up a museum in that city which will contain probably the most unique collection of curiosities ever gathered under a single roof. His object is to obtain counterfeit presentments of all the supposed supernatural beings that man has ever worshipped. There will be in this museum reproductions of the South Sea Islanders, the images of the Japanese and Egyptian gods, the wooden divinities of Africa and Oceania, the deities of China and India, of Greece, Italy and Gaul, the stone and graven monsters of Mexico and Peru, the goggle-eyed gods of the Pacific, the amulets of the North American Indian, and, in fact, every species of divinity that art can possibly represent.

Passenger (on Western railroad)—"What train is this, conductor?" Conductor—"It is called the Great Northern Limited." Passenger—"Why limited?" Conductor—"Because it runs only a limited number of miles an hour. Tickets, please."

CONCERNING NITROGEN.

Where the Farmer Must Look for the Chief Supply of Plant Food.

The unscientific farmer is of the opinion that leguminous crops, such as clover, beans, alfalfa, etc., add to the fertility of the soil, instead of draining it. Such, however, is not really the fact. This class of plants have deep-reaching roots, and obtain from deeper in the earth the rich supplies of nitrogen, which the shallow rooted plants do not reach. The leguminous plants above named incorporate more nitrogen in their composition than many other kinds. And when the crop is removed more nitrogen is removed from the soil than with a crop of wheat or corn.

But the best authorities almost astonish us with the statements which they make as to the amount of nitrogen in good soils. Kicker showed long ago that good, cultivated soil contains not less than one per cent. of nitrogen, or 3,500 pounds to the acre in the loam one foot deep. And A. Miller, in his chemical analysis of soils found as high as 26 per cent. Bonssingault also, on analyzing a number of loams of a good quality, taken from different localities, found from 6,000 to 30,000 pounds of nitrogen to the acre, taken to the depth of eighteen inches. This is soil nitrogen. Storer says there are 22 pounds of nitrogen in each ton of timothy hay, in a ton of clover 43 pounds, and if three tons of red clover be taken from an acre, which is not uncommon, a crop takes from the soil 129 pounds per acre.

Lewis and Gilbert by careful experiments proved that cropping continually, without returning nitrogen in some shape to the soil, will render it barren and unfruitful. Storer says (volume one, page 351): "It is to the soil that the farmer must look for all the chief supply of nitrogen, as well as for all of the other kinds of plant food except oxygen and carbonic acid."

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Practical Philosophy for All in Search of Happiness and Content.

Many a cook is not handsome, but she can do what the lady of the house can not—eat her own cooking.

Money Talks.

"My beloved brethren," announced a preacher from his pulpit, "on Sabbath morning next a collection will be taken up for our blessed Fiji mission."

CONCEIT OF TO-DAY.

The Debt Which the Nineteenth Century Owes to the Eighteenth.

There is always to be heard and read, under one form or another of expression, a great deal of indulgence in mutual congratulation as to this nineteenth century of ours and all of its accomplishments, its tremendous intellectual force, its wonderful achievements, while we speak and think of it as though the nineteenth century were something that had suddenly wheeled out of space, unrelated to any thing that had gone before.

It is not so flattering to our vanity to acknowledge our debt to those that have preceded us, those for whom possibly we entertain some indifferent disdain, as like Mr. Boudryer, to imagine and proclaim ourselves self-made. But it is interesting now and then to get a glimpse of the truth, and to understand, not only as a truism as respects the passage of time, but as a fact respecting the work, discovery and general greatness of this era, that there never would have been any nineteenth century if also there had not already been an eighteenth—Hibernianism though the statement may be.

Reminiscences of Miss Alcott.

One sort of homage, alone, she never refused or resented, in however crude form it might present itself, and that was the adoration of her "flock," as she tenderly called the thousands of children who, from near and far from every part of the compass, were constantly pouring in upon her.

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THE ARIZONA KICKER.

A Western Journalist's Quarterly Review of the Situation.

The last issue of the Arizona Kicker contains the following: "Another three months have passed away, and those galoos who predicted the demise of the Kicker weeks ago have been badly left. We are still here and here we shall remain, and years after the coyotes have licked the bones of our detractors the Kicker will be a power in the land."

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