

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

You may get learnin' at school, but sense comes nat'ral or not at all.—Detroit Free Press. The woman who cuts her hair short rarely applies the same process to her speech.—Terre Haute Express. Fond Mother—"See the darling drink" Visitor—"Yes, indeed, the little cunning! How much he resembles his pa!"—Time. A Minneapolis man claims to have invented a motor which will do all kinds of kitchen work. It is understood to have no cousins.—Boston Transcript. Hello, Billy, said a traveling man, as he hailed a friend, "You've changed your residence." "Yes, Where are you living now?" "I am not living anywhere. I am dying by degrees at Mrs. Hashem's boarding house."—Merchant Traveler. Ten well-known women are going to write on the subject "Some Things We Should Do if We Were Men." One of the things they would do if they were men would be to remove their hats when they go to the theater, or else get ejected.—Norristown Herald. Jobbins and his wife are putting after a domestic "scene," when their son Bob ruffles the treacherous calm. "Mamma, which is the king of the beasts?" The poor abused wife casts a withering glance at her spouse and replies: "Man, my dear."—Judge. Jones—"I hear that your cousin Emily, who is such a beautiful young girl, is engaged to an ugly old man, who is not very rich." Smith—"Well, in one respect he has a decided advantage over Emily." "In what respect is that?" "He has a great deal hotter taste than she has."—Texas Siftings. Customer—"I'll have some more of that brown sugar I bought last week." Grocer—"You like it then?" "Yes, and so does the canary." "Why, the bird doesn't eat sugar, does he?" "O, no; I use the sugar to spread in the bottom of the cage. Beach said is a little too sharp, you know."—The American. Sweet Girl—Mother, Mr. Nicefellow is coming to take me out riding this afternoon. I may go, mayn't I? Mother—"If he drives up with a span of spirited horses, you may go; but if he comes with that broken down old nag he had last time, you shan't." "Why, mother, I didn't suppose you would ever have such foolish pride." "My dear, a young man who comes with a pair of spirited horses expects to drive with both hands."—N. Y. Weekly. Baldhead (and very homely) old gentleman, to photographer—"Doak such pictures! Can't you make me look any better than that, after five sittings?" Photographer (thoroughly exasperated)—"I think I can, sir, if you allow me to take the back of your head. It hasn't so much expression as the other side, but it's a blame sight prettier."—Burlington Free Press. TRIALS OF AUTHORSHIP. Why It Is Unsafe to Make Calculations on Products of the Pen. There is by far too prevalent an impression that literature is a bed of roses, where all seed bears flowers. No calculation is safe that is made on products of the pen. I have known of several instances where young authors have assumed obligations based upon the probable success of their work. Disappointment invariably follows in such cases. In few professions are there so many uncertainties. Because a story is accepted this week, is no guarantee that you will have another accepted next week. Yet, again and again have I heard rising young authors make such a calculation. A young writer receives \$50 for an accepted story which has probably cost him a week's work. Immediately follows the multiplication of \$50 by 52 weeks. It apparently never occurs to him that for weeks, and perhaps months, he will receive only dictations. Literature makes a precarious foundation for financial calculations, and it would save much unhappiness and disappointment if this was more generally understood and credited. As in all callings, success in literature means hard, steady work, plenty of it, and even then success may not come. There are ten, yea twenty and forty failures to every success. The literary market has never been so full as at the present day, with sharp competition at every turn. Never have there been more people with pen in hand striving for a livelihood, each doing their utmost to outdistance the other. It will be well for young authors, too ready to adopt literature as a profession and too sanguine of success, to consider and digu some of the disadvantages of authorship as well as the more-colored joys of fame and praise which are spread upon the canvas of their inexperienced visions.—Edward W. Bok, in Ladies' Home Journal. Jeff Davis as a Pioneer. The first saw-mill ever built in Wisconsin, and I think the first in the Northwest, was built by Jefferson Davis, was the novel historical statement made to me recently by I. M. Weston, ex-mayor of Grand Rapids, Mich. His statement was followed by this explanation: "I found this fact in some old pamphlet I was overlooking the other day. Davis was a Lieutenant in the United States army, serving under old Zack Taylor, whose daughter he afterward ran away with and married. Taylor was in command of Fort Crawford, near Prairie du Chemin. It became necessary to build other forts in the Northwest. The government sent a saw-mill to Taylor to prepare the lumber. Davis was sent up the Chippewa river to locate the mill and operate it. That was the first saw-mill in what is now one of the greatest lumber sections of the country. It sounds queer that Jeff Davis should thus be entitled to be classed as a pioneer lumberman of the Northwest."—N. Y. Press. Brought Him to Time. "You are not going to stay down-town late to-night, are you, John?" "Not very late, Maria. I have to help put a man through the third degree at the lodge. Fil come straight home as soon as it is over." (Kindly, but firmly)—"If you can repeat the password, 'Six silas silas silas,' distinctly when you come home from the lodge, John, the outside guardian will admit you, and if you can't you needn't ring any alarm at the outer door. You'll stay on the outside all night, my dear." [John came home early.]—Chicago Tribune.

News of the Week

An English syndicate is trying to buy the famous Granite Mountain mine, owned at St. Louis. L. M. Ramsey, president of the company, frankly admitted this when asked. He said that some time ago he received a letter from a New York broker, asking if the mine or a controlling interest could be bought and money was offered. There was some correspondence, and finally the New York broker made an offer of \$45 per share for a controlling portion of the 450,000 shares, placing the value of the mine at \$18,000,000.

Discussing the Alaska seal fisheries one of the stockholders in the Alaska sealeries, said: "The new lease of the seal islands will be made for twenty years. Parties securing it will have to pay a royalty to the government of \$1 more per seal than now, and will be limited to a catch of 60,000 seals per year, instead of 160,000, as under the present lease."

Governor Mellette says that South Dakota will be obliged to close up some of her institutions. The receipts of the state will fall so far short of expenses that there is apparently no other alternative.

In North Dakota Governor Miller in his message to the legislature estimates the deficiency for the first year at nearly \$100,000, and calls attention to the imperative need and importance of the strictest economy in all departments of the new state. Subsequent developments show that the governor understood the deficiency, and that the outlook is little better than bankruptcy if his advice is not followed.

The secretary of the navy has adopted a new design for the flag of the navy, to take effect July 4. It will be applied to both flag and union jack of the navy, and consists of a rectangular arrangement of forty-two stars.

In view of the perpetration of various heinous crimes in New Hampshire recently, Governor Goodell has just issued a proclamation attributing them to failure to enforce the prohibitory laws, and calling on all municipal and other officers and law-making citizens to use their best efforts toward securing their enforcement.

The citizens' warehouse, containing 6000 bales of cotton, burned at Yazoo, Miss., together with several freight cars. The fire was the most disastrous in this city during many years. The losses will aggregate \$350,000; insurance about two-thirds.

Mrs. Della Parnell, mother of Charles Stuart Parnell, states that she has received only one-quarter of the \$5000 reported to have been presented to her, and that when all her obligations are met there will be but a small margin left for future necessities.

The number of persons in New York and Brooklyn suffering from influenza is very large, and constantly increasing. While no instances of death due directly to influenza has been reported, the number of deaths from pneumonia has increased so remarkably as to indicate some connection between the epidemic of so-called influenza and pneumonia. There is hardly a business house or office down town whose force of clerks has not been shortened more or less by the "grippe." The same state of affairs exists in Brooklyn and Jersey City. The health boards of all three cities claim there is no danger from the epidemic.

Secretary Windom has telegraphed instructions to the various sub-treasurers to pay up presentation checks for interest on the 4 per cent. loan, due January 1, and on the Pacific railroad bonds, amounting to nearly \$8,000,000. The order also includes coupon bonds.

A special from Columbus, O., says: Isaac R. Hill, of Washington, an intimate friend of Samuel J. Randall, reports the latter very low, and the chances are that he will never resume his seat in the house of representatives.

Frank Coon, supposed to be now in Portland, is wanted at Peasland for leading a young girl astray by having a bogus marriage ceremony performed.

Work has begun on the Astoria end of the Astoria & South Coast road. Drilling of piles is going on between Trullinger's mill and Kinney's cannery. Two drivers are at work, and an additional one is to be employed.

The superintendent of the recruiting service has been directed to forward forty recruits to the department of the Columbia for assignment to the Fourth and Fourteenth infantry. Also ten colored recruits to the Tenth cavalry in the department of Arizona.

The whole amount of taxes assessed against railroad, in California for 1889 was \$6,850,224, of which \$29,738 was for the 1890-91 year, and \$3,500,000 for the year 1891-2.

train was derailed. Firemen Leighton and Engineer Murray were seriously injured.

A terrific explosion of gas occurred in a two-story brick building at the corner of Elysian, Fields and Victory streets, New Orleans, demolishing two buildings and burying six persons beneath the debris. Firemen and policemen succeeded in rescuing them without serious injuries.

THE OLD WORLD.

The trial of ninety-one socialists, accused of belonging to a secret society and conspiring to disturb the public peace, is ended at Eislehr, Germany. Deputies Bebel, Grillenberger and Schumann and forty-four others were acquitted. Deputy Han was convicted and sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

It is stated that the latest illness of the czar was brought on by the excitement caused by sudden extinction of electric lights in the Gatchina palace. There was a violent rush of blood to the lungs, and a consequent congestion of those organs.

Sarah Bernhardt came near meeting with a serious accident during the initial performance of "Jean d'Amor" in Paris. The funeral pyre used in the play became ignited and Bernhardt fainted. Two ensemble-entrances were seriously burned.

Berlin statistics show a great increase in all the maladies attendant upon influenza. Last week there were 377 deaths from laryngitis, 122 from inflammation of the lungs, and 10 from pleurisy. Dahn, the author, is ill at Breslau. Half the police at Mayence are affected. There are thousands of cases at Stuttgart, Augsburg and Cologne. There is no abatement in the severity of the disease at Vienna, where there have been many deaths from pneumonia.

The death of Dom Pedro's wife was quite pathetic. When it became evident that the end was rapidly approaching, the emperor was asked to summon her confessor. Although in great haste, she replied: "Yes, but we must await the emperor; he will give instructions." Her last words were: "I regret that my children and grandchildren are not around me that I might bless them for the last time. Alas, Brazil! Brazil! that beautiful country! I can never return there."

Count Alois Karolyi, former ambassador to Great Britain and Germany, died suddenly while hunting on his estate at Presburg, Hungary. He had been hunting on horseback. When found his neck was broken. It is uncertain whether he was attacked by apoplexy and fell from his horse or whether he was thrown.

Serpa Pinto is returning to Europe on a plea of ill health. His dispatches to the Portuguese government declare that English officials have written him their thanks for his services in Nyassa land. There is a serious shortage of coal in Belgium, owing to labor troubles in the mining regions. Manufacturing interests are beginning to suffer, and even the government is unable to obtain its usual supply of fuel. The singular specter is likely to be witnessed of the government of a coal-producing country sending abroad for its coal supply.

The eightieth anniversary of Gladstone's birth absorbed so much attention, as to make of it a day of national mourning. Telegrams and letters of congratulation and admiration, poured into Hawarden from not only all parts of England, but literally from all quarters of the world. All the members of the Gladstone family branches gathered at Hawarden to meet and greet their eminent kinsman.

ALONG THE COAST.

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Bridge repairs are constantly going on over the Union Pacific bridges. Truss work is being especially pushed at present. There are now thirty-four miles in all of Union Pacific railroad bridges west of Huntington.

It is reported by the Spring Valley Water Co., the company that supplies San Francisco with water, that it has a supply of water on hand sufficient to answer all demands for three years to come. The capacity of the company's reservoirs is 21,000,000 gallons.

M. B. Leavitt, the theatrical manager, said upon his return to S. Francisco from an Oregon and Washington tour: "I was surprised to discover such an exhibition of thrift and industry in the Northern towns. They have no signs of stolidity or rest. They go ahead with a business vim eminently Western. That is going to be a great country in a few years, depend upon it, and the population is daily augmenting."

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A few days ago a stranger hailing from Minnesota appeared at Walla Walla, claiming to be on a hunt for a runaway wife and child, exhibiting a photograph of the man who he supposed had taken his wife from him. It was soon discovered that the photograph was that of a Methodist minister going by the name of Wood, stationed on the Dixie circuit. Somewhere the minister obtained word, and with the dereet wife immediately vanished. Bond had charge of the circuit named since September and had been in every way exemplary and successful.

Captain George A. Pease, of Portland, was pilot on the Oregon night steamer run into the Cian McKeizer near Kalama.

Two sailors, who were instantly killed, are yet un recovered. San Francisco experts are looking at the sunken vessel with a view of seeing what can be done with her, if anything. Meanwhile the Oregon has gone to San Francisco where she will be taken into the dry dock, and be superceded by the Santa Rosa.

CRIME AND CRIMINALS.

At Ludlow, Mass., John Bassellette, a mill hand, killed his wife and stabbed himself six times and cannot recover. Jealousy was the cause. He expressed himself as well pleased with his work.

John A. Taylor and a man named Miller tried to gain admittance to the house of John Beach, at Northville, Mich. He fired at them, killing Taylor. At Kalona, Indiana, Tykle, a bath-house keeper, put an old man named John Clark into a bath tub and then turned the gas on under the tank. He momentarily left the room, was invited out to take a drink, and forgot about his customer. The old man was powerless to extricate himself, being a victim to paralysis. He was liberally hoisted to death while Tykle was painting the tank.

At Havana thousands of people assembled on the ground of the City Almohadras to witness a fireman's exhibition. The object of which was to give prizes for the fire department. A two-story wooden building had been erected, which was to be set on fire. After the torch had been applied and the firemen had taken their places in different parts of the burning structure, it was discovered that the water supply proper of the tank was tampered with by the fireman. The firemen were obliged to escape from the building quickly as possible, some being compelled to throw themselves from the roof. Twenty-two were injured, three fatally.

Chee Fong, a young Chinese merchant of New York, accused of swindling a number of Chinese, Jews, etc., out of over \$20,000, has been arrested and held without bail for examination. It is alleged to have used forged and other devices in his operations. Fong disappeared several weeks ago, and was traced him to Newark, but could not be had there before his arrival. Then they found the white woman with whom he had lived in Brooklyn, and through her traced him to a flat in West Fifteenth street, where he was arrested.

A well dressed and apparently wealthy man arrived at San Mateo a day or two since, and rushing into the presence of Father Callaghan threw himself on his knees, crying: "Save me, save me; I'm going to die. Evil spirits are after me." The father evinced him and directed him to a hotel. When he arrived he found his neck was broken. It is uncertain whether he was attacked by apoplexy and fell from his horse or whether he was thrown.

James F. Woodward, a prominent business man, died recently at Atlanta, Ga. Woodward was walking out Marietta street, when somebody stepped in front of him, pushed a pistol to his breast and fired. Woodward walked to his sister's house, a mile or more away, and told his father that he would get well, but a relapse in two days brought death.

Two telegraph operators named Ambrose and Davis quarrelled and then fought. Davis being badly bruised up about the head by kicks and blows, the next day they met and Ambrose shot, instantly killing Davis.

Charles Schenkel, a San Jose saloon-keeper, shot Timothy Kane a few days ago, and was released on bonds. Later the bondsman notified the sheriff that they surrendered him. Officers called at Schenkel's house for him, and he, supposing that Kane was dead, shot himself through the heart.

Charles W. Pierce, superintendent of lamps of the Brush Electric Light Company, was indicted by the grand jury at New York for manslaughter, in causing the death of Henry Harris by an electric shock from an electric lamp November 7 last.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Procter's new regulations governing recruiting for the army are reported as operating well. During the last three months a total of 220 has been made up of the army of the United States. The quota is still 640 short. All the recruits presenting themselves are the very best. The recruiting officers are enforcing the six day probationary period on all recruits about whom there is any question.

General Vandever has introduced his pet measure again. It contemplates the appointment of a joint commission by Mexico and the United States to formulate measures to bring about the closer relations between this country and Mexico. It has in direct view the reform of the customs service on the border, and absolute stopping of the extensive smuggling now going on, including the wine country. The free zone is practically abolished by the bill. It is, in brief, a scheme to annex Lower California.

Secretary Proctor, Senator Merrill, and others, on Monday visited the Bethlehem Iron Works Company at Bethlehem, Pa. It has a contract with the war department amounting to nearly one and one-half million dollars for steel forgings for new guns.

Among Congressional Herrmann's bills are the following: To provide for the construction of a public building in Portland, Oregon, which shall contain fire-proof vaults, and which shall be designed for the use of a custom house. To provide for the purchase of a site and the construction of a wharf in Astoria, in Oregon, for the use of the lighthouse department. Making an appropriation for the purchase of a site and the construction of a first order lighthouse at the mouth of the Columbia river in Oregon. Making an appropriation for the construction of a public building at Salem, Oregon, to be used for the accommodation of a postoffice. The cost of site and building not to exceed \$100,000. Making an appropriation for the construction of a boat railway at The Dalles and Celis falls, and at Three and Ten Mile rapids on the Columbia river, in the state of Oregon. Making an appropriation for the continuation of jetty extension at mouth of Columbia river.

The following appointments have been made for Oregon pensions examining boards: Dr. W. P. Geary, Roland Prentiss and Joseph B. Wait, for the Molokai, Jacksonville, Douglas county; Dr. J. Dorsey Spoonage, Coquille city, Coos county; Dr. L. N. Crosswell, Union, Union county; Drs. L. N. Woods, H. R. Stanley and G. L. Ketchum, Dallas, Polk county; Dr. F. J. Sorensen, Ashland; Dr. Thaddeus J. Dean, Joseph, Wallowa county; Dr. F. W. Van Dyke, Grant's Pass.

PORTLAND MARKET.

The shadow of the coming year is becoming more plainly reflected in the general condition of financial affairs, as indicated by the decreasing volume of trade, a disposition to delay fresh operations of importance, and preparations for closing up the accounts of the old year; but the slackening of business activity is not the result of depression, the favorable features of the situation outweighing the causes of dissatisfaction, and lending a cheerful aspect to the prospects of renewed energy when the New Year has dawned.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Agricultural Implements, Brooms, Saddles, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Bags, Flour, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Coffee, Sugar, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Wool, Hides, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Vegetables (Fresh), Apples, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Poultry, Chickens, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Fresh Fruit, Apples, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Grain, Barley, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Dairy Produce, Butter, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Flour, Portland patent roller, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Grass Seeds, Timothy, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Miscellaneous, Corn, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Feed, Bran, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Lumber-Rough and Dressed, Lumber, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Salt, Coarse-Fine, etc.

DUEL WITH POTATOES.

How the Reverend Mr. Bowman Downed a Desperado. "This seems to be a year of duels," said Dr. Morrison, of the First Methodist Church, "but I notice there's far more duels than blood. It reminds me of a famous duel fought in Kentucky in 1848. 'Bill Bowman was a noted preacher who lived near Millersburg. He was a typical Kentuckian, tall, angular and muscular. Like Sam Jones, he always said what he thought. In the midst of a revival meeting a well-known desperado came into the church and began making a disturbance. With cross flashing indignation Bill Bowman arose and in a ringing voice publicly reproved the desperado, who at once retired from the church. 'The next morning the desperado sent a challenge to Bowman to fight him a duel. Bowman accepted the challenge, and there was no four-column newspaper correspondence, no railroad trips to an adjoining State, nothing but two little notes—one a challenge and the other an acceptance—and then all was ready for the fight. The town was terribly excited, for such a thing as a preacher fighting a duel had never been heard of before. 'Old Bill Bowman being the challenged man had the choice of weapons. He selected a half bushel of Irish potatoes as big as his fist for each man and stipulated that his opponent must stand fifteen paces distant and only one potato at a time to be taken from the measure. The town was wild with delight, for every body knew that Bill Bowman could throw with his long muscular arms as straight and almost as swift as a rifle could send a bullet singing toward the desperado. 'The desperado was furious at being thus freshly insulted and made an indignant protest against such a fight, but Bill Bowman insisted that he was the challenged man and had a right to choose his own weapons and threatened to denounce the desperado as a coward if he failed to come to time. As there was no way out of the box but to fight, the desperado finally consented to face the preacher. 'The fight took place on the outskirts of the town. Every body in Millersburg was present to see the fun. The seconds arranged the two men in position, by the side of each being a half bushel measure filled with large Irish potatoes as hard as a brick. 'Bill Bowman threw the first potato. It struck his opponent a central shot and flew into his thousand pieces. A yell of delight went up from the crowd, which rattled the desperado and his potato flew wide of the tall, bony preacher. 'Bill Bowman watched his chance, and every time his opponent stooped for a potato another one hit him in the side, leaving a wet spot on his clothes, and then scattering itself to the four winds of Heaven. Old Bill hit the desperado about five times, and then the three potato-throwing men in the short ribs, knocking the wind completely out of him, and doubling him up on the grass. 'The people were almost crazy with laughter, but Bill Bowman looked as sober as if he had just finished preaching a funeral sermon. The desperado was taken home and put to bed, and there he stayed for more than a week before he recovered from the effects of his Irish potato duel. 'The old men in Millersburg still talk about that celebrated duel, but it was the means of breaking up dueling in that section.'—Atlanta Journal.

OAK FLAT'S POSTMASTER.

How He Maintained His Position Under Adverse Circumstances. The postmaster of Oak Flat, Ky., was sitting on a stump in front of his door when a well-dressed stranger came up and asked if that were the post-office. "Yes," the postmaster answered, placing his chin in his hand and squirting a yellow stream at a lizard. "I am expecting a letter and—" "What's yo' name?" "James Henwood." "Any kin to old Zeb Henwood that lives down beyond the forks?" "No." "Same name." "Yes; but that makes no difference." "It must not to you but it does to me." "How so?" "Well, if you air any kin to old Zeb you kin't git no letter outen this office." "I tell you that I am no kin to him, but even if I were that should make no difference." "But it do all the same. He plazed my pup last fall 'n' that settles it with him." "I don't care any thing about that. I want to know if there's a letter here for me?" "Yes, thar is one; come day before yistery." "Let me have it, please." "Not till you prove that you ain't no kin to old Zeb." "I tell you that I am no kin to him and I also tell you that it makes no difference whether I am or not." "I know what you tell me; kin that as well as you do, but you ain't proved nothin' yet." "I don't have to prove any thing. You don't know who I am." "And I don't care, nuther." "I am a United States Post-office inspector." "That's all right." "I know it is. Give me that letter." "Not till you prove what I want you to prove." "If you don't give me that letter at once I'll have you removed." "What frum?" "Frum this post-office." "Who'll remove me?" "The Government." "Well, now, lemme tell you: This is my post-office. I built this house myself." "But as postmaster you are under the Government." "No, fain't. I ain't under nuthin'." "Are yo' gain't give me that letter?" "Not till you prove." "What is your name?" the inspector asked, taking out a note-book. "Bose Hicks." "Well, Mr. Hicks, I'll see that you are removed." "All right." "And more than that I'll have you arrested." "All right." "I'll teach you what it is to keep back a letter." "I'll give you one more chance." "Better g'one two." "No, I won't give you but one." "Well, I'll shake you the dice for the other one." "You are a fool." "All right." "You haven't got the sense of a monkey." "Ain't compar'd mysel' with you yet." "If you were to start out to look for a river you couldn't find a 'spring branch'." "All right." "You give me that letter now, or you'll have trouble." "That's me." "Give me that letter, or I'll have you right here." "I'm yo' man." "Do you mean that you'll give me the letter or fight?" "Hatter fight, I reckon, under the circumstances." Just about that time the inspector knocked the old fellow off the sump. He got up, rubbed himself, and said: "You air a pretty quick pusson. Ef thar's a thing I like it's a man that ain't lazy." He went into the house and brought out the letter. Just as the inspector was turning away the old fellow said: "Thar's another letter here for you." "Give it to me." "No, not till you hit me ag'in." The inspector hit him ag'in and he brought the other letter.—Arkansas Traveler.

A RUST-RED DADO.

How It Astonished an American Visitor to a Wretched Siberian Prison. The first thing that particularly attracted my attention after I entered the camera (the convict quarters of Altaghi, Siberia), was a broad band of dull red which extended around the dingy, whitewashed walls, just above the sleeping platform, like a spotted dado of iron rust. Noticing that I was looking at it with curiosity, Lieutenant-Colonel Salsstein (warden of the prison) remarked, with a half-humorous, half-cynical smile, that the prisoner's had been "trying to paint their wall red." "What is it, anyway?" I inquired, and, stepping to one end of the sleeping platform, I made a closer examination. The dull red band at once resolved itself into a multitude of contiguous or overlapping blood stains, with here and there the dried and flattened body of a bedbug sticking to the whitewash. I had no further difficulty in guessing the nature and significance of the discoloration. The tortured and sleepless prisoners had been "trying to paint their walls red" by crushing bedbugs with their hands as high up as they could reach while lying on the naves, and in this way had so stained the dingy whitewash with their own blood that at a little distance there seemed to be a dado of iron rust around the three sides of the camera where they slept. How many years this had been going on, how many thousand convicts had helped to "paint" those "walls red," I do not know; but I had suffered enough in Siberia myself from vermin to fully understand and appreciate the significance of that dull red band.—George Kennan, in Century.

Milwaukee's Poor Vanderbill.

Quite a familiar figure on the streets is a little old man who wears a straw hat that once had a band, but long since parted company with it, and now slouches down over its wearer's shoulders, almost covering his head of curly gray hair. He is so round-shouldered that he appears to be hunched back, and his face is covered with straggling gray whiskers. He earns meager wages as a collector and lives nobody knows where. Yet this poverty-stricken man is a first cousin of Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, the widow of the millionaire railroad magnate. His father and Mrs. Vanderbilt's father were brothers. When in an extremity he appealed to his rich cousin for aid, he received a very polite note from her private secretary stating that Mrs. Vanderbilt had so many calls for charity that she was compelled to refuse some.—Milwaukee News.

Heart Disease.

Read the hospital reports, read the sanitary reports, read the medical publications, read the daily newspapers, and learn how wide-spread is heart disease, how difficult of detection it is to most people, how many and how sudden are the deaths it causes. Town and Dr. Fin's Treatise on Heart Disease, and learn what it is, what causes it, what diseases it gives rise to, what its symptoms are, and how it may be attacked. If you find you have heart disease, see your druggist for a bottle of Dr. Fin's Remedy. The treatise may be had on application to Mack Drug Co., N.Y.

OAK FLAT'S POSTMASTER.

How He Maintained His Position Under Adverse Circumstances. The postmaster of Oak Flat, Ky., was sitting on a stump in front of his door when a well-dressed stranger came up and asked if that were the post-office. "Yes," the postmaster answered, placing his chin in his hand and squirting a yellow stream at a lizard. "I am expecting a letter and—" "What's yo' name?" "James Henwood." "Any kin to old Zeb Henwood that lives down beyond the forks?" "No." "Same name." "Yes; but that makes no difference." "It must not to you but it does to me." "How so?" "Well, if you air any kin to old Zeb you kin't git no letter outen this office." "I tell you that I am no kin to him, but even if I were that should make no difference." "But it do all the same. He plazed my pup last fall 'n' that settles it with him." "I don't care any thing about that. I want to know if there's a letter here for me?" "Yes, thar is one; come day before yistery." "Let me have it, please." "Not till you prove that you ain't no kin to old Zeb." "I tell you that I am no kin to him and I also tell you that it makes no difference whether I am or not." "I know what you tell me; kin that as well as you do, but you ain't proved nothin' yet." "I don't have to prove any thing. You don't know who I am." "And I don't care, nuther." "I am a United States Post-office inspector." "That's all right." "I know it is. Give me that letter." "Not till you prove what I want you to prove." "If you don't give me that letter at once I'll have you removed." "What frum?" "Frum this post-office." "Who'll remove me?" "The Government." "Well, now, lemme tell you: This is my post-office. I built this house myself." "But as postmaster you are under the Government." "No, fain't. I ain't under nuthin'." "Are yo' gain't give me that letter?" "Not till you prove." "What is your name?" the inspector asked, taking out a note-book. "Bose Hicks." "Well, Mr. Hicks, I'll see that you are removed." "All right." "And more than that I'll have you arrested." "All right." "I'll teach you what it is to keep back a letter." "I'll give you one more chance." "Better g'one two." "No, I won't give you but one." "Well, I'll shake you the dice for the other one." "You are a fool." "All right." "You haven't got the sense of a monkey." "Ain't compar'd mysel' with you yet." "If you were to start out to look for a river you couldn't find a 'spring branch'." "All right." "You give me that letter now, or you'll have trouble." "That's me." "Give me that letter, or I'll have you right here." "I'm yo' man." "Do you mean that you'll give me the letter or fight?" "Hatter fight, I reckon, under the circumstances." Just about that time the inspector knocked the old fellow off the sump. He got up, rubbed himself, and said: "You air a pretty quick pusson. Ef thar's a thing I like it's a man that ain't lazy." He went into the house and brought out the letter. Just as the inspector was turning away the old fellow said: "Thar's another letter here for you." "Give it to me." "No, not till you hit me ag'in." The inspector hit him ag'in and he brought the other letter.—Arkansas Traveler. One of the professors of a Maine college once had a pupil (now grown to be the mayor of a Maine city) who was decidedly skeptical—and uncomfortably inquisitive very often. He was always asking if a demonstration could not be made in some other way, or if there was not some different method of performing a problem. "Couldn't this be done by a shorter process?" he inquired one day up in the recitation room. "Very likely," said the mildly-exasperated professor. "You know that if you wished to go down stairs you might jump out of the window. That would be the shortest way—but perhaps not the best way."—Lewiston Journal. All is not joy and sweet content even at the seaside resorts. Here is a note culled from an Eastern paper: "The saddest summer resort in Maine this week is Higgins' Beach, where a dead whale came without any invitation and occupies altogether too much of the air to suit other summer visitors." "A LITTLE NONSENSE." Juppkins has purchased a donkey for his children. He calls it "Maxwellton," because its brays are bonnie.—Puck. "Now, miss, jump in, please; train going on." Child—"But I can't go before I have kissed mamma." "Jump in, miss; I'll see to that!"—London Tidbits. Dressmaker—"And how will you have the costume trimmed, Mrs. Parvona?" Mrs. Parvona—"I guess you may put on delirium trimmings. I hear they are all the rage now."