

# EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

## A CLEVER TRICK EXPOSED.

High Priced Suits Are Made to Show and Not to Be Sold.

I have noticed in the windows of a certain ready made clothing establishment that advertises liberally and well, and works the bargain sale racket upon a scale of fairness well out of the beaten rut, upon several occasions one or more overcoats or suits of clothes made up in distinctly custom made material, and finished with all the high class make that is bestowed upon the high class made to order garment. I have out of curiosity frequently gone into this store on rush days to note the quality of the goods offered for the money, and it must be said that the prices quoted were generally away down below the rock bottom cost of manufacture.

Inside the store I encountered several more of these handsomely made suits. I even went so far upon one occasion as to try on one of the coats there, but it did not fit, and the obliging clerk informed me that they were all sold out of my size. The price quoted was \$12, and as a matter of fact such a suit could not have been manufactured for double that sum. The size was a small one—34 chest, and while I lingered for further information a small and slender man came along looking over the counters. He picked up the fine suit and I awaited developments. He asked the price, felt the cloth and tried it on.

The man was of a peculiar shape, and to the horror of the clerk it fitted him exactly. "Let me show you something else," "No," was the decisive answer; "I will take this," and the twelve dollars was counted out. When he left the store with his prize there was "wailing and gnashing of teeth."

"Could you not see he was a bad shape and it might fit him?" queried the manager.

"Well, I thought they were made," answered the clerk, "so that they wouldn't fit anybody."

The secret was out. And a clever catch trade device it is. I remember distinctly the sardonic smile of the little boy sided man as he strode out of the door in that, on him, perfect fitting gray cassimere ten strike. The decoy suit that will not fit anybody is the latest trick of the trade, and its projector is certainly a genius in his way.—Clothing and Furnisher.

## Two Ingenious Passers Caught.

Sympathetic spectators gathered one afternoon around a young man who fell down in front of the Louvre in what appeared to be an epileptic seizure. One of the bystanders stepped forward and proposed to carry the invalid to a chemist's shop not far off, and another offered to assist. The one who spoke first took up the epileptic's hat, and throwing sixpence into it said to the crowd, "I am a poor man myself, but if each one of you did as I do this unfortunate creature would have something to help to relieve his sufferings." Impelled by this generous example the crowd showered coppers and small silver into the hat until over ten shillings was collected.

Great was their astonishment when two constables walked up and seized both the benevolent originator of the alms collection and the epileptic sufferer. The latter, as soon as he opened his eyes and saw the policeman, forgot that he was an invalid and attempted to escape. They were both taken to the lock-up, and were identified as two well known lazy meddlers, named Carnet and Desmaretz. They had enacted the same dodge successfully in the Rue Saint Honoré during the forenoon, the epileptic and his colleague on that occasion fleeing the charitable to the extent of 8s. The chemist's assistant who relieved the pretended sufferer in the Rue Saint Honoré happened to pass the Louvre while his second performance was going on. Suspecting a fraud, he told the police. Hence their arrest.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

## Honest.

No man can pursue an honest policy for a long course of years without gaining a reputation more to be valued than great riches. It does one good, heart and soul, to remember that there are men who are like pillars of fire by night to more wavering consciences, men who can reject a bribe with the haughtiness due an insult. The late W. H. Y. Hackett, of Portsmouth, was an exceptionally honest man, one of those lawyers who, like Abraham Lincoln, would not undertake a case which did not seem to him a just one, and wherever he was known his influence over a jury was naturally great.

One day, after the termination of a certain case, Mr. Hackett met an old farmer who had been one of the jury, and who felt that too much time had been consumed in reaching a verdict.

"The fact is, squire," he said, "we shouldn't have been so long a-givin' you that case, but somehow or other there happened to be a couple o' men on there who didn't know you at all. Waal, the rest of us, we just told 'em what kind of a man we knowed Squire Hackett to be. An' we kind of insisted upon it that we could depend exactly on what you said. An' so, after that, we all came round together."—Youth's Companion.

Why They Have No Friends.

Gratitude is a short cut to sincere and lasting friendship. Some people complain that they have no friends. Have they never had a favor done them? Why, every man has had a score of favors done him every day of his life. Those who bear it in mind, who say a word of hearty thanks, who watch a chance to do a favor in return, never lack friends.—New York Ledger.

Bluffers Escape.

Whiffer—Narrow escape Bluffers had yesterday, wasn't it?  
Miffers—I didn't hear of it.  
Whiffers—Why, that bore De Gabble buttonholled him on the street and began telling him all about that first baby of his, but fortunately just as he got started a runaway horse dashed into him, and Bluffers was killed.—Good News.

Not a Fair Question.

"You are heartless, Ethel," said he.  
"How can I be, as you claim, I have your heart," said she.—Harper's Bazar.

## The African Pygmies.

The name of dwarfs, applied by some to these people, has been objected to as implying deformity or arrested growth, and therefore conveying a wrong impression. Nothing of the kind can be said of the African pygmies, who, though of short stature, are well shaped people of perfectly normal formation. It is true that the Hottentots and Bush men show certain strange anatomical peculiarities, but these may be said to be more or less accidental, being, in part at least, the result of special and unfavorable conditions of life.

The pygmies are nomadic in their habits, and neither keep cattle nor till the ground, but live by hunting and snaring wild animals and birds, or, under the most unfavorable circumstances, on wild fruits, roots and berries. Their weapons are always bows and arrows, the latter usually poisoned—the resource of the weak.

They have no fixed abode, and if they build shelters at all only construct rude huts of branches. They have no government, nor do they form regular communities; they usually wander about, like our gypsies, in hordes composed of a few families each. This, however, depends on the nature of the country—the parched deserts of the south they do not even unite to this extent. Sometimes they are to a certain extent dependent on more powerful tribes, who afford them protection in return for certain services. Their notions of the Unseen, when they have any, would appear to be of the very crudest. Their languages seem to be distinct from others, related among themselves and very peculiar.—A. Werner in Popular Science Monthly.

## New Finds at Pompeii.

At Pompeii some mural paintings of more than ordinary interest have recently been disclosed. In the Eighth Region, between Nos. 16 and 21 of the Second Insula, via III and IV, the remarkable discovery has been made of a house five stories high. The upper floor, which is entered from the higher level formed by a mound of prehistoric lava, is profusely decorated, and the principal hall displays on one wall the myth of Belleophon, a nude figure, who, holding with one hand the bridle of his horse, is in the act of receiving the letters and orders of King Prius, who is seated on a throne before him.

The lower part of the house, looking toward Stabia and the sea, was used as a bathing establishment. Three steps led into the frigidarium, which is perfect, the lower part of the surrounding walls being painted blue and the upper red. The middle of the right wall is occupied by a picture representing a nymph, semi-nude, borne over the waves on a sea horse. The horizontal band dividing the blue from the red surface is a kind of frieze of comic or caricature scenes, representing dwarfs or pygmies, in scenery evidently of the Nile country, fighting with various animals. One dwarf is in the act of throwing a large stone at an ibis, while another is trying to save by drawing to the land a figure (probably a woman) fallen into the river, when, seized himself by a crocodile, he has tied himself with a rope to another dwarf standing behind, who is striving with might and main to prevent his comrade from being drawn down into the water.—London Athenaeum.

## The Hottest Region.

Careful observations and comparisons made by scientific Americans prove that the hottest region on the earth is on the southwestern coast of Persia, where Persia borders the gulf of the same name.

For forty consecutive days in the months of July and August the thermometer has been known not to fall lower than 100 degs, night or day, and to often run up as high as 128 degs. in the afternoon.

At Bahrin, in the center of the torrid part of the torrid belt, as though it were unbearable as possible, no water can be obtained from digging wells 100, 200 or even 500 feet deep, yet a comparatively numerous population contrive to live there, thanks to copious springs which break forth from the bottom of the gulf, more than a mile from shore.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## An Interesting Reunion.

A family reunion was held at Lancaster, Mass., Aug. 16 which was somewhat remarkable. Mr. and Mrs. John W. Barnes were married there in May, 1833, and have been blessed with eight children, four girls and four boys. The entire family were gathered under the parental roof on the above date for the first time in eighteen years. Instances of fifty-five years of married life, without a break in so large a number of children, are certainly very rare, and the Barnes family of Lancaster ought to be desirable risks for life insurance companies. The average age of the whole family was found to be 30.8 years, ranging from 85 to 35, and the average weight was 167.3 pounds, ranging from 223 pounds (the weight of the baby) to 130 pounds, the weight of the oldest child.—Boston Journal.

## Lived on Three Cents a Day.

George Gilbert, a miser, aged 70, was found dead at his residence in Boardman. During the past fifty years he had lived alone, devoting his time to saving money, which he deposited in the banks. It was his boast that his living the year round did not cost him over three cents per day. In 1855 he sold a neighbor a load of hay for \$27. Gilbert punctually collected the interest each year, and last year accepted the principal, it having earned him over \$100. Gilbert leaves an estate valued at \$135,000 to \$150,000, and has no relatives residing in this section.—Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

## Didn't Accord.

It is remarkable to what extent refinement may be carried. There is in this city a young man who eats crushed violets and wears a searuck to every time he feels an attack of the blues approaching. The other evening he awoke in the middle of the night, and rousing his room mate, said:

"This is simply agonizing."  
"What is the matter?"  
"Those two mosquitoes that are singing in the room."  
"Well, what do you care so long as they don't bite you?"  
"They are not singing in harmony."—Washington Post.

The poet Swinburne is a little man with a big head, which is fringed with auburn hair. He is quick and nervous in his movements and a very brilliant talker. He is a bachelor.

## OLD SHOWMAN'S TALK.

HE EXPOSES THE METHODS OF MANUFACTURING FREAKS.

The Public's Fondness for Being Humbugged—Why the Showman is a Showman—In the Nermal Shop—The Making of Monstrosities.

It was our old friend the showman—the only survivor of A. Ward, Esq., truthful as the needle in the pole. He is a queer duck, in this friend of ours, the old showman, with a rare eye for seeing the curious and unique, with a strong fancy, with a cosmopolitan instinct and with a sense of the charm of successful humbuggery. He believes in the venerable sage of Bridgeport—that the public likes to be humbugged. A good square, snap side show attracts him as a drop of sugar attracts flies. He is never so happy as when, with his shifty eye, he is looking at the show.

He has his eyes on the excitement of the side show in front of the circle of pictures of the Circassian woman, and the fat woman and the line of freaks, orating a crowd of believers on the wonders of his show inside the canvas.

The showman's quoth he, "rises early and retires late. I know him. I know all about him. He puts all his nerve, strength, vigor and brains into the business. The showman is usually a showman because he couldn't be anything else. He'd rather be in the show than in a factory. He has walked miles of railroad ties in the current of hard luck, when, with his varied talents, he might have been enjoying the delights of life in the world. He has done everything from 'Richard III' in a troupe of the barn storming 'profess' to turning the hand organ at the feet of a mermaid stuff with sawdust. When the reporter says him he was of duty, eyeing with critical keenness the people on the circus grounds."

"I've been to city," continued our friend, as he sat on a property box and looked at the sky. "I've also in a mood of the things in which I'm interested, and you know what they are. Lots of them are the old chestnuts, but lots of them were not. I visited an old friend of mine on the Bowery, and some old acquaintances in Philadelphia. There is a certain Free Masonry in the profession that helps a fellow out in foreign lands, such as the Bowery. When I was in the latter place I called on a friend, one morning, and he says let's go up to the mermaid shop. You remember that mermaid of mine, don't you? Ha! ha! Well, that was a good one—the cheapest and best mermaid ever shown in this country. It wouldn't do to have carried it outside. A line of stowpips and a suvas skin won't work everywhere outside of the cross roads. Well, we went up to the mermaid shop. I called it the face factory. It's a good one."

"Go on," was the reporter's suggestion.

## MANUFACTURE OF FREAKS.

"Well, sir, I'm talking on the fake, did you know that the finest artist in the world in the manufacture of freaks and curiosities is in Alaska! It's a fact. I was surprised myself, for I always supposed that he would be a Yankee. He was away when we called, but his assistant did to have carried it outside. A line of stowpips and a suvas skin won't work everywhere outside of the cross roads. Well, we went up to the mermaid shop. I called it the face factory. It's a good one."

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## FATE COULD NOT HARM.

The Feeling of Security of a Man Whose Life Was Insured for \$10.

They are tearing down old houses all over the city to make room for the more modern house. While those houses are being demolished there is usually a class of people who crowd around, eager to pick up the stray pieces of wood which come in their direction. Colored people generally predominate in this class, and many a family is thus supplied with fuel. While tearing down a house in the northwest section of the city recently the workmen were very much bothered by these "wood hustlers," as they term them.

The "wood hustlers" in this case were composed, with but one exception, of small negroes. This exception was an old negro who had one leg shorter than the other, and was nearly bent double, but whether with age or not no one knew. He looked as if he had worked hard all his life, but appearances are deceitful.

The workmen became so incensed at the "wood hustlers" that they drove them all away excepting the old man. After a while the old man became more bold, and endangered himself in trying to get pieces of wood. One of the workmen spoke to him about it, telling him he would be hurt if he persisted in getting in the way. The old man mumbled out something, but paid no attention to the warning.

Finally he got close to the wall and stooped to pick up a piece of beam. Just as he was stooping a brick fell in front of him, and he narrowly escaped being hit. Seeing this a workman yelled:

"Look out, ole man, or you'll be killed."

"I don't care," replied the old man, and he continued to confiscate all the wood that came within his reach. Again he barely escaped being hit with another brick, and again the workman shouted:

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## PALMER'S DEALINGS WITH STEWART.

A Single Transaction Won the Admiration of the Dry Goods King.

A. T. Packard tells of a deal that once occurred between A. T. Stewart and Potter Palmer. "It was during the early days of Palmer's career in the dry goods business—1862, I think. He enjoyed a good credit in Chicago, but in New York he was not much known, and for that reason he went there himself to buy his goods and pay cash for them. Every day and sometimes twice a day the receipts of the business in Chicago would be sent to him, and he would place the funds in a safe in his quarters at the Fifth Avenue hotel until he went out to buy, and then he would carry the money with him. His banking business he did in New York.

"One day a friend advised him to buy prints, as a boom in the price was about to occur. Palmer posted off to A. T. Stewart's wholesale establishment, and was shown through the print department, in which were 420 cases of the goods. After looking them over and getting the lowest price he remarked as calmly as if he were purchasing one yard, 'I'll take the 420 cases,' and then went to his hotel. The sale caused a flutter in the house. 'Who is this Potter Palmer?' was the query. And as the bill amounted to \$200,000 the clerk, unwilling to take the responsibility of so large a credit upon himself, reported it to Stewart.

"The next morning Palmer received word that Stewart wanted to see him, and thither he posted. In the meantime, I should say, the price of prints had already advanced a couple of cents, and Stewart made up his mind to cancel the sale if by any possible, honorable means he could do so. You know what in the dry goods business 'cash goods' sometimes means 'payable in ten days,' and sometimes in thirty days, a fact upon which Stewart relied to help him out.

"Mr. Palmer," he said, when the latter appeared, "you bought a pretty large bill of goods yesterday. I suppose you know what terms you purchased?"

"Certainly; thirty days," Palmer replied.

"Not at all," responded Stewart in his sweet, oily way. "They are ten days' goods, and on no other terms can I sell them."

"At this Palmer was silent a moment, while Stewart chuckled inwardly at the thought of the ease with which he had saved the profit of the rise to himself. But wishing to appear liberal he said:

"Yes, that is the best I can do; but if you can pay spot cash I can give you a good discount."

"How much of a discount?" queried Palmer after the manner of a man thinking of something else.

"Oh, can give you 10 per cent. for spot cash; otherwise I must have the money in ten days or no sale." Stewart's manner was that of a fisherman playing with a well hooked trout. Palmer remained lost in thought for about two minutes and then, while his face grew longer than ever, thought inwardly he was laughing at the glee in Stewart's eyes, said, slowly drawing a big wallet from his inside pocket:

"Well, I guess I'll pay spot cash, and to the astonishment of Stewart Palmer counted out the amount, less the discount, and asked for A. T.'s receipt. The latter's admiration for his Chicago customer went up like a rocket, where to the day of his death it remained. Ever afterward Potter Palmer's credit was A. T. and he paid for his goods when he got ready."—Chicago Post.

At the Savings Bank.

In the long procession that passes before the cashier of a savings bank are many odd characters. The man behind the counter does not receive the deposits, little and great, without retaining also a good many amusing recollections. The other day a pleasant faced woman handed her book to the cashier in a Boston savings bank, and said, with a good deal of what the French call empressment, "Next week I wish to draw the full amount of my deposit."

"Very well, madam," answered the cashier, looking at the book.

"I thought I would mention it today, and then it would not cause any inconvenience," she continued, with a bright smile.

"Thank you very much," replied the cashier. "Come in any time next week and you shall have it. Or you can draw it today if you like. We have the amount on hand," and he smiled upon his customer as if he took a personal interest in her plans.

"No, I will come in next Wednesday, thank you," she tripped happily away with her precious book.

## PALESTINE'S DESOLATION.

The Country Roundabout devoid of About Every Necessity.

The traveler forgets for a little while his archeological interest in the land with which he is silently communing and asks himself, "What is the chief characteristic of Palestine, as compared with the European lands which I have hitherto known, I will not say with France or Germany, but even with the more backward districts of Italy?" I think the answer will be, "Chiefly its great withoutness." Here is a country without roads. The one or two good roads practicable for carriages, made by the forced labor of the peasantry, between Jaffa and Jerusalem or Jerusalem and Hebron, and the line road made by French engineers between Damascus and Beyrout, are entirely exceptional.

The "Sultaniyeh," the royal road between the two capitals of Jerusalem and Damascus, is generally a mere track across a moor, sometimes only the bed of a torrent, always hopelessly untraversable by wheeled carriages and rendering needful the possession of a sure footed horse if the rider is to reach his journey's end in safety. Distinction between highway and byway I can see none, except that sometimes the byway, as being more grassy, is pleasanter for the traveler and enables him to get over the journey more quickly. In short, let a person who has not visited Palestine think of the most bridle path he remembers in Cumberland or Switzerland, and he will form a pretty good conception of the Sultaniyeh, the royal high road of Palestine, at its best.

It is a country without shops. The commonest requisite of daily life in civilized countries breaks or is lost one must wait till one gets to Beyrout or Damascus before one can replace it.

It is a country without regular posts. The receiving of a letter at Nazareth, or its despatch from Tiberias, is a matter with which the government does not concern itself, and which the individual must accomplish by private assistance as best he can.

It is a country without newspapers—a most tolerable deficiency to a European traveler gorged with too much newspaper reading at home, but one which must be felt as an inconvenience at least by a permanent dweller in the land. It would be easy to lengthen the list of "withouts," as, for instance, to say that the country is without schools, except such as foreign missionaries provide; without doctors and hospitals (again with the same exception); without justice, for universal testimony is borne to the venality of the Turkish cadis.—Contemporary Review.

Choice in Pictures.

A woman who lives in the heart of the city said to me once as I was admiring a small sea view which hung near her dressing table: "Isn't that a rest? You see I gather here only quiet landscapes. Let the people in the country have the figure pieces, the grand situations and the activities on canvas. I need the breath of quiet." She had followed her thought; all about her walls were hung suggestive sketches; bits of green fields, country lanes, far away hills, flying birds and evening lights across stretches of snow.

The choice of pictures therefore resolves itself into a question of circumstance and relation. Edmund Russell, in his art lectures given with much success in London, and also with favor in New York, speaking of the decoration of our rooms, says: "The color of our wall we dwell in; it surrounds us, as sunlight and atmosphere; it embraces us and is as subtle in its effect as the spiritual. Pictures we study and feel; they are teachers; tell a story; we go to them to be interested, and are led away to other thoughts and new associations."—Housewife.

The Audio Telephone.

A new telephone has been brought out in England, the characteristic point of which is the mouthpiece. The particular advantage claimed by the inventors of this mouthpiece is that it intensifies the sound waves, and thus renders it possible to carry on conversation in an ordinary tone of voice. The mouthpiece is simply a truncated cone, which is clamped on to the telephone. By using an india rubber ring between the mouthpiece and the telephone any escape of sound is entirely prevented. The cone is double, the center cone being perforated with holes, the idea being that the vibrations caused by the sound waves on the interior cone have full freedom and are entirely protected from contact with external substances.—New York Telegraph.

How to Eat Peaches.

"The art of eating a peach" is, it appears, one of the questions of the day. According to one authority on the etiquette of the dinner table a peach should be picked with the fork, quartered, peeled and eaten piecemeal. But as so much manipulation would evidently leave all the juice of the fruit on the plate this method, to be palatable, requires the courage of the young lady in the story who, at her first appearance at a dinner party, raised her dessert plate with her two hands and calmly drank the sweet juice of the nectarines. The French rule of eating peaches will, therefore, be accepted with much favor, and that rule is, "Dy mordre a pleines dents."—Pall Mall Budget.

Ruby light for photographic purposes, in spite of all that has been said in favor of orange green, continues to hold its own in the dark room, although many who use it complain of its effect on their eyes. A remedy for this has been found in the introduction of a pane of ground glass between the eyes and the ruby.

The Saxon Heptarchy.

Heptarchy, or government of seven rulers, was gradually formed in England from 453, when Hengist became king of Kent. It terminated in 828, when Egbert became sole monarch of England. There were at first nine and then seven kingdoms, but Middlesex soon ceased to exist, and Bernicia and Deira were generally governed by one ruler, Northumbria.—Boston Budget.

Of the entire human race 500,000,000 are well clothed, that is, they wear garments of some kind; 500,000,000 habitually go naked, and 700,000,000 only cover parts of the body; 500,000,000 live in houses, 700,000,000 in huts and caves, and 200,000,000 virtually have no shelter.

## COMING ACROSS.

Every soul is full set, 'Till the day And the sea shall be left behind. And the moon shall rise, and the golden orb As St. Ursula's 'tilt. And the throng of angels never stop In the hour of the day, and the stars As her messengers of water and fire. She drinks down at a ship. Yet I never can think, 'Till the day And the sea shall be left behind. The sun shall rise, or by star, or by ship. I am coming across.

But by light that I know in dear eyes That are bent on the sea: And the touch I remember of hands That are waiting for me. By the light of the crystal could come. If the waves would all fall; And I think if the ship should go down That the land is never prevail. Ah! my darling, you never will know How I miss in the hour Of you all, and how I love and glad I am coming across. —Helen Hunt.

Man's Perversity.

The perversity of man is amusingly illustrated by an anecdote told by Max Muller in the course of a recent lecture at Oxford:

I was lecturing at the Royal Institute in London. The audience there is the most enlightened and critical one has to face in the world, but it is mixed. It being necessary to prove that Hebrew was not the primitive language of mankind I had devoted a lecture to this subject. I explained how it arose, and placed before my audience a genealogical tree of the Aryan and Semitic languages, where everybody could see the place which Hebrew holds in the pedigree of human speech. After the lecture was over one of my audience came to thank me for having shown so clearly how all languages, including Sanskrit and English, were derived from Hebrew, the language spoken in Paradise by Adam and Eve!

The learned philologist was overwhelmed with dismay, and thinking the fault lay in his inability to elucidate his point told Professor Faraday he must really give up lecturing. But the distinguished physicist consoled his friend with an anecdote from his own experience. He said:

"I have been lecturing in the institution many years, and over and over again, after I