

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

He Was "Deliciously" Sad.
A friend of mine, the younger members of whose family are given to using senseless phrases much affected by the youth of this good old town, tells me that, after many futile efforts, he succeeded in so forcibly bringing the absurdity of the habit to their attention that they have in a measure dropped it. With them every new thing was "awfully" sweet, every social gathering they attended was "awfully" jolly. One evening he came home with a budget of news. A friend of his had ridden uptown in the car with a noted raconteur and wit, whom he described as "horribly" entertaining, and to cap the climax, he spoke of some butter that was set before him at a country hotel as "divinely" rancid.
"I should think, papa," said the eldest daughter, "that you were out of your head."
"Not the least, my dear," he said pleasantly. "I am merely trying to follow the fashion. I worked out 'divinely rancid' with a good deal of labor. It seems 'awfully sweet' and goes it one better. You will find me 'in the swim' hereafter. And now," he added, "let me help you to a piece of this deliciously tough beef." Adverbs are not as much misused in his family as they were, at least not in his hearing.—Boston Post.

Parsons and Guide Posts.

In the winter of 1866 or 1867, I am not sure which, my friend the Rev. John Russell and myself were returning after a long day's hunting across Dartmoor (not Exmoor), and found ourselves in the neighborhood of the little village of Widdicombe-in-the-Moor. Mr. Russell proposed that we should call on his friend Mr. Mason, the rector of Widdicombe, and a well known eccentric. Being somewhat uncertain of the road, we inquired of a rustic the way to Mr. Mason's. "Be ye going to measter's?" was the reply; "go to vore, and ye'll see measter standing at t' corner of t' road." "He might have been there when you left," replied Russell, "but not now."
"Oh, yes he be. Stop, measter, I be goin' that way; wait till I shut this gate, and I'll show 'ee." With this he trudged along by our side till we came to a cross road, and pointing to the guide post said, "There he be," and upon Russell inquiring his meaning, he replied, "Lot', measter! don't 'ee know—allers pointing t' way ye should go, and never goin' hisself." When we repeated the story. "Dang him!" quoth the parson, "that's my man Jan; I'll give it him."—Thomas Fisher in London Spectator.

Prince Napoleon in Exile.

As to Prince Napoleon's daily life in his Prangins retreat, he rises with the sun, lounges or works in his studio and receives visitors, if any there, by ten and luncheon, which is announced for 11:45 a. m. and never lasts more than half an hour. Immediately afterward, and no matter what the weather may be, he takes a long walk beyond the confines of his park, and returns between 2 and 3 p. m. to open his mail correspondence, which comes to hand during his afternoon stroll, and which is always voluminous and very regular. This occupies him until the dinner hour. In the evening he plays chess with neighbors or with faithful Parisian friends, such as M. Adelon, Baron Brunet and one or two others who arrive in turn. Each shares his exile for a few days. He prides himself upon being a great player, but shows himself a very bad one, especially with M. Adelon, who vies with him in the wittiest and most comical manner imaginable. He retires toward 11 o'clock.—Paris Gaulois.

A Self Boring Well.

An artisan well, now partly completed, at Poth, Hungary, has reached a depth of 1,400 yards, and by the time it is finished will be the deepest of its kind in the world. It is intended to supply hot water for a great bath house, connected with a large hotel; at present that which is obtained has a temperature of 164 degs. Fahrenheit, and it is expected that 1,500 yards will raise the temperature to 184 degs. or 200 degs. The most curious feature about this well is the adaptation to it of automatic machinery for boring, the water power for which is supplied by the well itself. By this means the boring has been conducted at double its previous rate. Surely this is a great age when water spurting from a well can be so harnessed as to increase the depth of the well from which it comes.—St. Louis Republic.

Any Excuse Welcomed.

His Nurse—You are to be discharged to-morrow as cured.
Dorriton (who has fallen desperately in love)—My own, would it be presumptuous for me to ask you to give me an overdose of morphine or some thing, so that I could stay a day or two longer?—Judge.

A Fatherly Feeling.

Mr. Groatheart (capitalist)—I trust, Mr. Squeezem, that you deal kindly with my tenants.
Mr. Squeezem (agent)—Just like a father, my dear sir. In fact I have nothing but a paternal feeling for them all.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

No Danger.

Maudie—I'm so afraid our engagement will find its way into the papers.
Gawge—Never mind, darling; if it does our names will be so misspelled that no one will be any the wiser.—Pook.

Hogs are quarantined for twenty-one days at Victoria, B. C.
Sacramento officials propose to break up the highlander dens in that city.
Captain Thomas Woodruff has been appointed General Ruger's aide at San Francisco.

ANOTHER'S CRIME.

FROM THE DIARY OF INSPECTOR STERN.
By JULIAN HAWTHORNE, Author of "The Great Bank Robbery," "An American Penman," Etc.

(Copyright by O. M. Dunham, and published through special arrangement by the American Press Association with Cassell & Co., New York and London.)

"I am not altogether convinced that his being a friend of Percy would deprive his visits of significance," said the judge. "It is conceivable, at any rate, that he might have made a friend of Percy in order to facilitate his access to Pauline."

"He seemed a frank, straightforward young man, not one you would suspect of doing anything underhand."

The judge laughed; a very low, pleasant laugh he had, which made those who heard it disposed at once to like him. "You are more like a nun, in your unsuspiciousness and unworlship, than like a married woman who goes in New York society," said he. "Let me assure you, my dear, that a man in love is not to be held a criminal, or even a hypocrite, if he uses some strategy to get near the object of his affection. I should forgive Mr. Martin even if he went so far as to pretend a cordiality for Percy that he did not really feel, if so he might induce Percy to admit him to the intimacy of your household. No, if we are to take exceptions to him, it must be from another standpoint. What do you know of his personal history and his social standing in his own country?"

"I suppose it must be good," said Mrs. Nolen. "I think he said that his family owned a large estate in Cumberland."

"Is he the eldest son?"
"The next to the eldest, I believe."
"And what is his business in America?"

"I don't know. But a great many English people come here nowadays, you know. It is a part of their education."
"Yes; but some of them are pretty well educated before they get here," remarked the judge dryly, "and occasionally they manage to teach us something before they leave. There is in England the same difference between an eldest son and the other sons that there is between a rich man and a pauper. By the law of primogeniture the estates, and generally the bulk of the money, goes to the first born; the other boys get positions, if they can, in the army, the civil service or the church. They are seldom fitted to enter the learned professions, and it is not considered good form for a gentleman's son to go into trade. Of course the army and the church don't afford accommodation for all applicants, and the consequence is that every year a number of young Englishmen are thrown on the world, who by training and education are good for nothing but to be idle and ornamental, and who nevertheless have no means for honestly leading such a life. They form a class of gentleman adventurers. They are men of agreeable manners and culture, talk well, look well, are excellent at cards and billiards, and live no one knows how. Some of them come over here for reasons known only to themselves; they are very pleasant acquaintances, but it is well not to trust them too far. They have no fixed place in the world and no responsibility."
"You don't mean that Mr. Martin is an adventurer?" demanded Mrs. Nolen, in a voice of faint consternation.
"So far as I know he may be the best fellow in England. But I know nothing about him one way or the other. How did Percy become acquainted with him?"
"He met him somewhere—at some club, I imagine."
"That may be all right, or it may not. At all events, you will see that you should proceed with some circumspection. The rules that apply to our young men do not necessarily apply to foreigners. Mr. Martin may be much better educated, and have more polished and quiet manners, than nine out of ten of our American acquaintances; and yet it might be better that Pauline should marry the least attractive of the latter than Mr. Martin."

"I wish you would see him and find out whether he is nice," said Mrs. Nolen, with anxious earnestness.

"I would willingly do so, but for one reason," the judge replied, "and that is that the peculiar circumstances might disqualify me from forming an unbiased opinion."

"Oh, I am not afraid of that. My husband used to say that there could be no one more impartial and just than you."
"Even assuming that judgment of his to have been impartial, I should nevertheless be disqualified from presiding at a trial where, for instance, the prisoner was charged with the murder of some friend of my own."

"I do not understand, Mr. Martin has surely not murdered any one?"

"Bless me, no! I was only using an extreme illustration. But Mr. Martin might wish to obtain something which I had set my own heart on possessing."

There was a manifest embarrassment in the judge's manner. Mrs. Nolen looked puzzled. She began to suspect there was something behind all this, but she could not divine what it was.

"I began life pretty early, as you know," continued he, after a pause. "Since the age of 14, I believe, I have supported myself. Measuring my existence by that standard, I might be called an old man. But though, in the matter of years, I am not exactly a boy, yet I am but 43 years old, and you will admit, my dear, that men have been known to live a good deal longer than that."

"I am sure you will live to be twice 43," put in Mrs. Nolen kindly.

"Half that is all I would ask, if I might realize the happiness that I hope for," returned the judge, with a faint smile.

"And is this happiness anything that I can help to insure you?"

"I can hardly say that. In fact, it is essential in one way that it should come. If I come at all, as freely and spontaneously as the sunshine from heaven. Nevertheless, I am under obligation to speak to you of my hopes, that you may appreciate my position and understand my conduct." He stopped, and the color mounted to his face. "I love Pauline," he said, a strong emotion vibrating in his voice. "I hope to make her love me and to accept me for her husband."

"Oh, judge!" exclaimed Mrs. Nolen, taken wholly by surprise. She looked at him intently for a few moments, and then the startled look in her face softened, and she began to smile. She left her chair, and coming to where he sat,

put a hand upon his shoulder; and as he looked up at her she bent down and kissed him upon the forehead. She was still smiling, but there were tears in her eyes.

"Do you think me absurd?" said the judge.

"I think you are right," was her reply. "At first I could not believe—I had always looked up to you as to a sort of elder brother—I could not imagine you as the husband of my little daughter—my own son-in-law. But I think you are right. Pauline is a little girl no longer; in almost everything but years she is older than I; she is fitted to be the wife of a man even so much older than herself as you are. No one of her own age would suit her as well."

"Then you will not be against me?" he said, starting up.

"Indeed, I will not. All that I do shall be done for you." She put her hands in his, and he grasped them warmly. "It is more than half selfishness in me," she added. "It would give me some right to rely on you. I should not feel so lonely."

"However this may turn out, always know that you may rely on me," the judge returned, with deep feeling. "Our friendship began long ago, Mary, and doesn't need any other tie to bind it. If Pauline, when the question is put before her, decides against me—and I am fully aware how easily that may be her verdict—I shall accept it like a man, and you will remember that, so far as I am concerned, it will involve not the slightest change in my devotion to you and yours. I shall leave no honorable means untried to win her; but, above all things, I desire to avoid forcing her inclination, either by any act of my own, or through you. That you should approve of my purpose is all I ask. Leave the rest to Providence, and to her."

"I understand," said Mrs. Nolen, "and, indeed, if I wished to help you, I should not do it by singing your praises to her. You being what you are, the best thing to do is to leave her to find you out for herself."

"If Mr. Martin be my rival," resumed the judge, "let him have his chance and defeat me if he can. If he be the better man it will appear; and God forbid that I should make her my wife knowing that she would have been happier with another. But if love for anything, I love her well, and in all my life she is the first and only woman I have loved."

"You might have rivals more dangerous than Mr. Martin," returned the mother, with another smile, and so the interview came to a close.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. CUTHBERT TUNSTALL.

VENTS were shaping themselves for disaster; but, for the time being, they seemed to go smoothly enough.

Percy Nolen maintained his brilliant career, and attained a certain distinction among the persons with whom he associated.

He was a big, handsome youth, with broad shoulders and sturdy limbs, a clever boxer, a good whip, a fair billiard player; his spirits were exuberant, and he had more mental resources and ideas than are vouchsafed to the generality of young gentlemen of his kind. Thus he assumed, to some extent, the position of a leader among them; and, as he was uniformly good natured and yet not to be imposed upon, he was liked and not laughed at.

But his favorite companion and friend was Valentine Martin. The two men were nearly the same age, Martin being a little the elder, and were a good deal alike in size and personal appearance. Martin, being English, wore side whiskers, and Percy, being American, wore a mustache. Martin was inclined to be fair and Percy to be dark; but they might have been taken to be brothers. The Englishman, however, was of a somewhat gloomier temperament than the American; more reticent and more given to moods and inequalities of temper. He had brought with him several good letters of introduction and had duly delivered them, but he had availed himself but sparingly of the social courtesies

extended to him, seeming to prefer a less formal and regular life. He made no pretense of large wealth, but, on the other hand, he never seemed to be cramped for means, and no one could be found from whom he had borrowed money. If he were a trifle mysterious, nobody was concerned to fathom his mystery, for it was no one's interest to do so. Valentine Martin had not come to America to speculate, to organize a company, to raise capital, or to do any of those things that are apt to render engaging foreigners suspicious in our eyes. He had apparently come to amuse himself and mind his own affairs, and after a time he was permitted to follow this innocent inclination. The upper ten, who he neglected, ceased to take an active interest in him, and those with whom he associated relinquished the vain effort to persuade him to reveal his secret, and came to the sensible conclusion that there was probably no secret to reveal.

The acquaintance and subsequent friendship between Martin and Percy Nolen had sprung up spontaneously without any formal introduction. They had tastes and ideas in common, and they mutually pleased one another. Martin's was perhaps the stronger character, but Percy's was the more enterprising and lively; so that they were upon fairly even terms. One day the Englishman accepted an invitation to come and take afternoon tea at the Nolens'; he met Pauline on that occasion, and it was not afterwards necessary to urge him to repeat his visit. Pauline was interested in him as an Englishman, and after discussing his native country with him admitted him to a certain degree of friendship, partly on her brother's recommendation, partly on his own account. He seemed gloomy at times, and she was sorry for him, without knowing or even caring to inquire what made her so. At other times he conversed in a manner that interested her and stimulated her to talk in return; and, though Pauline was but a girl, she had a mind that was worth coming in contact with. The Englishman never made any direct demand upon her sympathies or emotions, and probably he gained rather than lost by this forbearance. When a woman has insight she would rather exercise her intuitions than have things explained to her.

Matters went on in this manner for several months, and the year's vacation which Percy had allowed himself was more than up. He had as yet shown no more than up. He had as yet shown no sign of being bankrupt, unless a certain expression of manner at times, accompanied by a biting of his nails, and a drumming with his foot, might be construed as symptoms of approaching insolvency. But another affair, not connected with finance, was going on at this period which, unless put an end to betimes, might result in trouble.

There was a young married woman in New York society named Mrs. Cuthbert Tunstall. Her husband, also young, had inherited from his father an immense business in coal. Cuthbert Tunstall was fond of activity, and he plunged into his coal with hearty good will, intent upon creating a fortune twice as large as that which his father had left him. As a matter of course, and of necessity, he was absent all day at his office, and was often obliged to run down to the mines to oversee things there in person.

His wife was the daughter of an aristocratic Knickerbocker family; she was a reigning belle in her coming out year, and the year following the match between her and Tunstall had been made. She liked her husband, because he was a good fellow, because he was in love with her and because he was considered a big catch; but she cared nothing for coal, and she was jealous of his devotion to it. She wanted him to be devoted to her and to nobody else. She hated to think of him working—actually working—all day long. He came home to dinner, it was true; but he was not found of dining out, and when dinner was over, he was tired, and liked to stay quietly at home and go to bed at half past 10. Such an existence as this was the next thing to unendurable to a woman like Sylvia Tunstall. Forty years hence, perhaps, this Darby and Joan kind of life might be practicable; but not now, in the flush of youth, variety and curiosity! She absolutely would not stand it!

Tunstall was a manly, straightforward, single hearted fellow, and at first he did not comprehend his wife's attitude. He had honest ideas of married life, and the routine of social dissipation was not his first. What was to be done? He would not consent to give up his business; on that point he was firm. Sylvia was equally convinced that it was impossible to give up society. For a time there threatened to be a deadlock.

Finally a compromise was effected. Sylvia had relations and particular friends who were in society, and of whose escort and countenance she could avail herself. Her husband could take her to places and her relatives or friends could bring her home again. By degrees it was found unnecessary to have him take her, and she both went and returned without him. His anticipations of domestic felicity were disappointed; but Sylvia was enjoying herself, and he always looked forward to a time when she would weary of gaiety and return to him. He loved her as much as ever, and was proud of her social popularity; he had perfect faith in her truth and honor. He ate his dinner and went to bed alone, and when he rose in the morning he was careful not to awaken his wife. That was the style of the menage.

But Cuthbert Tunstall was not a fool—a fact which his wife perhaps failed to fully appreciate. As long as her conduct was above reproach, according to the somewhat vague standards of society, he would not interfere with her pleasures; but he was not the man to permit the least step beyond this. And though he was naturally unsuspecting, and slow to wrath, any one who understood men would have known that it would be uncomfortable to arouse him. But Sylvia got the idea that she could do exactly as she pleased, and she did it.

One day Tunstall got a hint from some precious friend of his—a very distant, indirect, ambiguous and innocent hint, but a hint all the same. He appeared not to understand it, and passed it over without comment; but the repressed emotion which it aroused was so strong that he came near fainting where he stood.

He attended to his business the same as usual, returned home at his customary hour, sat down to his solitary dinner. His wife was upstairs dressing. By and by she came down to say good-by to him for the evening. She was beautifully dressed and was lovely to look upon. Cuthbert looked at her in silence.

"Good night, dear," she said, drawing on her gloves. "I suppose you won't be up when I come home."

"Not if you come at your usual time."
"I wish you'd drop your horrid business and come with me."
"I am more useful as I am. Do you know a gentleman by the name of Percy Nolen?"

"Percy Nolen? No—yes—I believe I do."
These were her words, but her face and the tone of her voice betrayed her, and they both knew it.

"He is an agreeable fellow, isn't he?" pursued the husband, quietly.

"I suppose he is like the rest; all men are alike to me—except you, of course, dear! But why do you ask?"

"Some one who knows him happened to mention him today. Well, and what is going on to-night?"

"Dine at Mr. Murray's, and then the theatre."
"Won't you want something to eat when you get home?"

"Oh, no. Don't bother. I shan't be hungry."
"It might be better to order something to be ready for you here than to take supper at Delmonico's," he said slowly, looking her in the eyes.

She turned away her eyes after a moment, ostensibly to pull up her cloak. "I had no idea of going to Delmonico's," she said, in a slightly strained voice.

"Of course not!" he repeated; and she then turned to his evening paper, and she went out, with a smile on her lips and fear in her heart.

[To be continued.]

HUSBANDS, STAND UP!

AMBER THINKS IT IS TIME SOME ONE TOOK YOU IN HAND.

Two Ways of Acting When You Come Home—Things You Should Do and Those You Should Not Do—Of Course This Don't Mean You, but It Fits Your Neighbor.

There is so much excellent advice given to wives, suppose, for a change, we turn around and read the husbands a nice little manual of correct behavior. It is high time some one took them in hand; but, although I have had my eye upon them for a good while, I have been bothered to find a ripe opportunity.

In the first place, to plunge right into the midst of things without further waiting, how do you go home to your wife at night? Chapters have been written as to how she ought to receive you; now let me say a word about the other side of the question. When you find a tired little woman who has been so hard at work all day with five babies and an incompetent girl, callers, and miscellaneous jobs of mending, pastry making and pickling, that she has found no time to curl her hair and put on her best gown to meet you, what do you do?

Do you, like a dear old sympathizing fellow, take her warm face into a warm embrace and whisper in her ear: "Warm mind, dearie; I have got home, and we'll share the cares for the rest of the day. You go and rest yourself while I put Johnnie and Trot and baby to bed?" Do you see that she sits in the easiest chair while you skip around and minister to her wants? Do you keep silent while she reads the evening paper (to herself), and are you mindful of draughts and slamming doors while she takes her ease in slippers? Do the stars dance the Newport, and does the moon sing palm trees? Just about as much as you do all this. You expect the hushed home, and the siesta with the paper, and the slippers for yourself, to be sure, and if you don't get them you think you're terribly abused, and ten to one flounce off to the club to escape the noise and confusion, but you never take it into your head to consider that the day has been just as long, and just as busy, and a thousand times more full of petty cares for her as for you.

You bolt into the house, and the first thing you say is: "Why isn't supper ready? I'm as hungry as a hound!" "Great Scott! Can't you keep that child quiet?" or, "What's the use of burning so much coal? Turn off the damper! You are enough to ruin a Vanderbilt!" That's the keynote of the song you sing, and yet you think it is dreadful if she ever makes a remark harsher than the bleat of a lamb. Suppose you had been a hansom cab driver, a board of trade man, cook in a restaurant, cash boy for a dry goods house, a kindergarten teacher and a hospital nurse all combined for the whole day long, wouldn't you be more tired, and wouldn't there be more excuse for your irritability than when you have simply attended to a single systematized branch of business.

A woman is required to be everything from a reception committee to receive calls in the parlor, to a nurse in the nursery, and a chief executive in the kitchen, while a business man devotes himself to a single trade or profession.

DON'T BE AFRAID OF "FOONING."

And next, how do you entertain your wife evenings? If you were invited into a neighbor's house to spend a couple of hours with his wife and daughter, how would you entertain them, I wonder? Why, you would put a posy in your buttonhole, and slick up your hair, and blow a little perfume out of the atomizer, all over yourself, and throughout the evening you would overflow with bright anecdotes and be so racy and charming that after you had gone away everybody would say: "What a perfectly delightful man Mr. Perkins is! What good company!"

Now let us see, sir, how you entertain your wife. You stand in front of the fire and pick your teeth with a wooden toothpick until she starts to put the children to bed, and every now and then you make a few cheerful remarks about the scarcity of money and the general cussedness of children who run through shoes and clothes so fast. When the time comes that all is still and everything nicely adapted for a chat or a game, you draw out your miserable newspaper and begin to read. And you read that paper all to yourself, word for word, and line for line, straight through from editorial to market report, as if it contained the secret of youth, wealth and eternal salvation! In the same way one might drink soda water by the pailful, or consume caramels by the ton!

Newspapers, read by husbands in selfish solitude, are answerable for many selfish heartaches. How many good stories and racy anecdotes do you tell your wife to make her laugh? How many roses do you pin on your coat and how careful are you of your appearance in the long evenings, when there is nobody but her to be captivated by your charms and bewildered by your manly beauty? There is just exactly as much excuse for her (and a little more, it may be), if her dress is slatternly and her hair untidy as there is for you, and there is precious little for either of you.

You excuse your indifference and neglect and the withdrawal of fond and foolish attentions, just as dear to her as forty as at twenty, with the thought: "O, well, she knows I love her; what's the use of 'spooning' at our age?" By and by there will come a time when you shall see her lying in her coffin, perhaps, and you will sell your soul that day to be able to shine away long years of cold neglect with the manifestation of the love that was always in your heart, certainly, but carefully kept on ice. Call it "spooning," if you like, or any other name of contempt, but I tell you there is nothing so sad in all life's history as the vanished opportunity to manifest a love for which some friend went hungry through slow years of unromantic and stupid reserve.—Amber in Chicago Tribune.

Method in His Silence.

"Bolton told me he had borrowed some money from you. I was surprised, because I never heard you say anything about it."
"No; I still hope to get it back."

Brayton Ives, the well known financier and society man, is a bibliophile. This may not seem to be an expensive pursuit, but Mr. Ives manages to spend a good deal of money upon it. Only the other day he spent some \$1,200 upon a rare copy of an early edition of the Holy Writ.

THE FIRST PARTING.

"Coma, Eva, the mamma good night, and go with nurse to bed.
What tears? for shame! a moment since you would be good, you said;
You're quite too big a girl now to sleep in baby's place.
Why soon you will be tall enough to go to school with (traces);
So kneel beside me, darling, here, and say your prayers, and I
Will sing that little hymn you love, of guarding angels night;
And when the birds wake you up, tell Mary you may run
To have a romp in mamma's bed; just think, what lots of fun!"

The mother in the morning came, in longing, anxious mood.
With throbbing heart and dewy eyes beside the bed she stood.
Where Eva still slept soundly, her arms embracing tight.
The gown her mother wore when she had kissed her pet good night.
Its ribbons with her silent tears were stained and limp and wet.
Around the white and dimpled neck an empty sleeve was set.
While Mary slept she stole away, ere dawn had lit the sky.
That something of her idol near her slumber brought might life;
Unheeded, save by him who marks each grief cool dured alone.
She sought and found her solace for the first that she had known.
—Philadelphia Times.

He Couldn't Eat the Soup.

An elderly gentleman in a restaurant having been served with a plate of soup he had ordered, said to the waiter:
"Look here, I can't eat this soup."
"All right, I'll get you another plate."
On receiving the second plate the guest once more remarked:
"It's no use. I can't eat this soup."
Then the waiter went to the proprietor and said:
"The old gentleman over there is complaining about the soup. He says he can't eat it."
"You don't know how to wait on people, I'll attend to him."
The proprietor went to the kicking guest and said, blandly:
"I understand you say there is something the matter with the soup?"
"I didn't say anything of the kind."
"You said you couldn't eat it."
"Yes, I said I couldn't eat it."
"Will you tell me why you can't eat that soup?"
"Certainly. I haven't got any spoon."
—Texas Sitings.

A Perfect Man.

Several years ago an artist of Dresden persuaded a locksmith there to give up his trade and become an artists' model. It was a good thing for the locksmith, who is now the famous "muscle man" of Dresden, whose magnificently developed body makes him probably the most renowned model in the world. In order to preserve for future artists an exact duplicate of his extraordinary figure, the director of the Royal Saxon Porzellanfabrik at Meissen, recently invited him there that a cast from life might be taken of the upper part of his body. It is said that "this muscular development is so complete and detailed that every muscle stands forth prominently, and his whole body looks as if it were woven together, or plated like basket work. His muscles have such a hardness that they feel to the touch as if they were carved in wood."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Silver Deadhead Ticket.

Probably the most unique railroad pass issued this year is that of the Silverton Railroad company of Colorado. It is a thin silver plate, about the size and shape of passes in general use. On the upper left hand corner of the face of the plate is a vignette showing a curve of the road between Silverton and Ouray. The pass is rolled from silver bars and stamped, the vignette and lettering, with the exception of the president's name, being in relief. The name is intaglio, and is gilded, as are the vignette and scroll. The number of the pass and the name of the person to whom it is issued are engraved by hand.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Floating Hospital.

A novel idea is the fitting up of a steamer in England as a "sea-going hospital." This is for the benefit of the deep sea fishermen, who are subject to sickness and accidents, and often have to endure great suffering before they can be taken ashore for treatment. One steamer has already been prepared and dispatched on this mission and another will be sent out as soon as it can be got ready.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Iron Crown.

The iron crown of Lombardy consists of a broad circle composed of six equal plates of beaten gold, joined together by close hinges of the same metal. Within is the iron band which gives it a name. It is about three-eighths of an inch broad and a tenth of an inch thick, and is said to have been made out of the nails used at the Crucifixion, and given to Constantine by his mother, the Empress Helena, to protect him in battle.—New York Telegram.

A Clinger.

A letter was dropped into the letter box at the Auburn postoffice recently, bound for Boston, with the stamp fastened on with a pin. It was pushed through the stamp near the right side, thence through the envelope and its contents to the back side, and back again to the front. It was stronger than the common lot of pins or it would never have stood the pressure.—Boston Herald.

They Were Little Girls.

Master Burrill was an old time teacher in the town of Fairfield. A writer in The Somerset Reporter says that he used to punish naughty whispering girls by "bearding them"—that is rubbing his unshaven chin with a week's stubble on it down their pretty cheeks. It almost took the skin off.—Lewiston Journal.

Better Than an Alarm Clock.

Alonso—What are you getting that alarm clock for, Augustus?
Augustus—To wake me up in the morning. Don't you have any difficulty in getting up in the morning?
Alonso—Not a bit.
Augustus—You must have an alarm clock, then!
Alonso—No. Fact is that the young man next door wears such loud clothes that when he dresses himself in the morning I can't sleep.—America.

How He Got Out of It.

Arabella Rosejar—Yes, Charles and I became engaged quite young, but he was killed in a railroad accident, poor fellow!
Mr. Mantell (serenely)—How fortunate for me, my dear.

Arabella Rosejar—Sir, how should this affect you?
Mr. Mantell—Oh—er—er—I mean, how fortunate for me that I did not witness the terrible calamity! Such things always depress me so.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

Accommodating.

Debtor and creditor:
"I want to know when you're a-goin' to get this here bill." I can't be a-runnin' here every day in the week."
"Which day would suit you best?"
"Saturday."
"Well, then, you may come every Saturday."—Judge.

Fields of Peat That Are on Fire.
"Hunters who go to the middle division of Roberts Island ought to be warned to be careful of their horses."
"What danger are their horses in?" inquired a newspaper man.
"They are liable to be burned so badly they will have to be shot," said Mr. Ditz. "Already this season two hunters have lost their horses in that way."
"How did that occur?" was asked.
"It was due to the burning peat," Mr. Ditz said. "You see, the land over there is made ground and the peat is easily ignited. What makes this fire dangerous is that it gives off no smoke, and hunters may ride through the peat without being aware that it is scorching the legs of their horses. When they turn off from the road they go through a long stretch of this peat to reach the water's edge. The horse's legs sink as much as if he were walking through a furnace. The peat may be burning where the hunter treads his animal, and there the horse's legs will continue to be roasted until his owner returns and sees the agony he is in."
Mr. Ditz went on to say that it has not yet been found out how the peat was ignited.
"It may be due to spontaneous combustion," he said. "The heat of the sun beating down on such dry and inflammable stuff is liable to set it on fire. Some people say that the hunters have caused the fire, and others that it has been caused by burning up the stable. No matter how it was caused, though, horses have been killed by it. They have not been roasted to death, but they have been so badly injured that they had to be killed, and hunters ought to be informed of the danger."