

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

The Origin of the Christmas Tree.

What is the origin of the Christmas tree? This question has been much debated. It has been identified with the cross of Christian tradition and with the Yule log of pagan antiquity. M. de Guernatis has contended that it is a reminiscence of solar mythology, and other savants have elaborately developed other theories more or less fantastic. Among the most probable, however, is the suggestion of Palus Cassel that it is a Jewish emblem in disguise. Dr. Cassel points out, in the first place, that Hanukkah and Christmas occur very closely together in the calendar. He then reminds us that both are feasts of lights, and that the menorah or candlestick used by the Jews on Hanukkah is frequently carved with representations of leaves, flowers and fruits, which give it a distant resemblance to a tree.

The transition of the early Christians from their old faith to the new was a slow process, and they doubtless carried many Jewish ceremonies and symbols with them. That the Hanukkah menorah figured in this baggage is most likely, and it is not difficult to see how it could become transmuted into the gayly caparisoned and illuminated tree which is the pivot of all Christmas festivities. —Jewish World.

Australian Tea Drinking.

In the interior of Australia all the men drink tea. They drink it all day long and in quantities and at a strength that would seem to be poisonous. On Sunday morning the teamster starts with a clean pot and a clean record. The pot is hung over the fire with a sufficiency of water in it for the day's brew, and when this has boiled he pours into it enough of the fragrant herb to produce a deep, coffee colored liquid.

On Monday, without removing yesterday's tea leaves, he repeats the process. On Tuesday da capo and on Wednesday da capo, and so on through the week. Toward the close of it the great pot is filled with an acid mash of tea leaves, out of which the liquid is squeezed by the pressure of a tin cup. By this time the tea is of the color of rusty iron, incredibly bitter and disagreeable to the uneducated palate. The native calls it "real good old post and rails" (the simile being obviously drawn from a stiff and dangerous jump), and regards it as having been brought to the very pitch of perfection. —New Orleans Picayune.

Poets and Dogs.

Poets have always loved dogs. In this poets and boys resemble each other. Walter Savage Landor was devoted to his dog Giallo, and Byron's epitaph upon his dog Boat-swain we all remember:

To mark a friend's remains, these stones arise: I never had but one, and there he lies. Cowper was very fond of his dog, and we know how Charles Lamb, who was a prose poet, loved his Dash, and how Mrs. Browning appreciated the little Flush to whom she indited a poem. The Earl of Shaftesbury kept his noble collie in his library with him at all times, and Samuel Rogers always walked out with his dog. Scott declined an invitation to dinner when his dog died, saying that he could not accept on account of the "loss of an old friend." —Harper's Young People.

Sandwiches That Are Toothsome.

What are known as "Pinard's sandwiches" are much used at high teas and afternoon receptions. They are made from narrow rolls that are about four or five inches long and quite thick, and known to the baker as finger rolls. Cut the rolls and scrape out a good part of the crumb without breaking the outside. Butter the shells and fill them with various mixtures of meat chopped fine and seasoned to taste. Chicken, tongue, ham, and sardine sandwiches may be made, or they may all be of a kind. Tie the halves of the rolls together through the middle with narrow ribbons of different shades. —New York Post.

Being Restored to Caste.

A Fyzabad Hindoo has been restored to his caste by the following process of "purification." He lost caste eating cooked food in a railway carriage, in which persons of another caste were traveling. He had to pay his own weight first in rice, the value reaching 180 rupees, and then in wheat. After being twice weighed in this way he was made to sit on a square stone, while his body was covered with manure, the face only excepted; he was then taken up by two men and thrown into the river, and after a bath was received by the Brahmans, fully restored to caste fellowship. —New York Sun.

A Sufficient Reason.

Uncle John—Well, my little dear, I suppose you bought lots and lots of pretty things with that money I gave you?

Woe Niece (just from shopping)—Why, no, Uncle John, only one. It took every bit of it to buy my doll an opera glass.

"Well, I declare! Why did you buy your doll an opera glass?"

"Cause she hadn't any." —Good News.

Naphtha Cleanses Gloves.

Undressed kid gloves may be cleansed by washing them in naphtha. Wash on the hands and hang them out in the air to dry. —New York Journal.

Weighty, Though Young.

At a family reunion in Missouri were present two children weighing, respectively, 107 pounds and 93 pounds. The heavier of the pair was five years old, while the other had been but two and a half years of life. Both should grow up to be men of weight.

Two Women and a Telegram.

One was perhaps 25, the other a little younger. They were pretty and were stylishly dressed. A carriage stood at the Fourteenth street entrance of Willard's hotel awaiting their pleasure. It could not be supposed that they were in very distressful financial straits.

They sat at a table in the reception room of Willard's, devising, concocting and instituting a telegraphic message to send to some friend. The slender one did the writing and scratching and rewriting, which used up six or seven Western Union blanks. The younger one leaned closely over the typewriter and furnished suggestions at just the right time to make the scrivener tear up blanks.

"We will be there to-morrow." That is what they wanted to say. That was what they did say in the very first writing.

"But," said the younger, "if we say we are coming home, we shall both have to sign it."

"Carrie and I will be there to-morrow."

That was the result of much mental effort spent in composing and much physical exertion spent in erasing.

"I guess that will do," said the younger, and the two seemed to breathe with that freedom which is of great responsibilities unshouldered.

"Hold on," said the other, at the door.

"What?" asked the other.

"Carrie and I will be there to-morrow." One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—only seven words.

"Well?"

"Why, we have to pay as much for seven words as we do for ten."

Here was more difficulty. It would never do to pay for ten words, and send only seven. That would be a reckless and a wicked waste. They proposed many ways to lengthen it, but each time they talked off a new message on their fingers they found they were actually too few or too many words.

"Haw!" said the younger one. "Why didn't I think of it before? I have it."

"Have you? Have you?"

"Why, of course. Leave it just as it is, and add 'Yours, very truly.'"

If the young lady had had an inspiration she could not have looked prouder of it; and as for the older one, she simply looked on the sweet face before her as that of a wonderful being.

"Carrie and I will be there to-morrow. Yours, very truly," was the message that went through some operator's hands yesterday afternoon. —Washington Critic.

Origin of the Mathematical Signs.

The sign of addition is derived from the initial letter of the word "plus." In making the capital letter it was made more and more carelessly until the top part of the p was placed near the center, hence the plus sign was finally reached.

The sign of subtraction was derived from the word "minus." The word was first contracted to m n s, with a horizontal line above to indicate the contraction, then at last the letters were omitted altogether, leaving the short line.

The multiplication sign was obtained by changing the plus sign into the letter X. This was done because multiplication is but a shorter form of addition.

Division was formerly indicated by placing the dividend above the horizontal line and the divisor below. In order to save space in printing the dividend was placed to the left and the divisor to the right, with a simple dot in place of each. The radical sign was derived from the initial letter of the word "radix."

The sign of equality was first used in 1557 by an algebra mathematician, who substituted it to avoid repeating "equal to." —New York Commercial Advertiser.

He Inspected the Hat.

When Chicago's Apollo commandery of Knights Templar went on a trip to Europe, Judge Bradwell was an honored member of the party. Now wherever Judge Bradwell goes he is bound to inspect everything that is to be seen. In London the lord mayor gave a dinner to the commandery, with all the pomp and ceremony of such an affair. Judge Bradwell had a front seat, and, mayhap, a tab on this red leather occasion. The lord mayor's herald, who officiated at the banquet, wore a wig, upon the top of which was perched a small three cornered cocked hat, boy's size, and the report flew around the table that this hat was 200 years old. It certainly looked it. When the report reached Judge Bradwell he thought he must see the hat, so he asked the herald to hand it over. That dignitary straightened himself up and addressed the lord mayor as follows: "My lord, the gentleman from Chicago wishes to see the 'at.'"

OHIO'S COLORED SENATOR.

A Negro Who Has Honorably Won His Way to the Front.

Hon. John P. Green, of Cleveland, is the first colored man ever elected to the upper house of the legislature in a northern state.



HE WAS CHOSEN state senator last November by a majority of 2,000. Few men in public life have had a more interesting career.

He was born in New Berne, N. C., April 2, 1845. His father was a slave, but purchased his freedom before marriage, and his mother was a freedman's daughter.

When Mr. Green was three years old his father died, and his mother was left with three small children to support by her needle. Seven years later she moved north, settling in Cleveland, where with only eighteen months' schooling John was thrown on his own resources at the age of thirteen. He did chores of all kinds, carried horses, worked wood, worked in restau-

rants and saved as store porter until out of his earnings he had saved enough to buy a comfortable home in a central part of the city, where his mother, now seventy eight years of age, still lives.

Then at the age of twenty-two he resolved to secure an education. By publishing a little book of essays he raised enough money for clothes and books and began working his way through the Cleveland Central high school. He was graduated in less than three years at the head of a class of twenty-three. In 1870 he was admitted to the bar. From 1873 to 1888 he was justice of the peace and earned the reputation of being one of the most able and amiable judges in the state.

Mr. Green enjoys a lucrative law practice. Less than 10 per cent. of his clients belong to his own race. He keeps up his studies, reads Cicero and Virgil in the original with ease, and is one of the most respected and best educated members of the delegation from Cuyahoga county.

A Post for Lord Lorne.

The Marquis of Lorne, eldest son of the Duke of Argyll—Macallum More—and husband of Queen Victoria's daughter, Princess Louise, has been made governor of Windsor castle, a post anxiously sought for by both the Duke of Teck and Prince Henry of Battenberg. The duties are nil, the salary \$7,000. It is well known in England that for some reason Lord Lorne is not popular with the generally of his wife's family, though the queen is fond of him. It has become the fashion to jeer at Lord Lorne in England as a weak and incompetent person.

Had he not been brought to a certain extent within the fierce light that beats upon a throne, it is likely that Lord Lorne would have enjoyed the popularity which usually comes to a correct living, right thinking and amiable nobleman in England. It is true that he has not those qualities likely to set a river afire, but he is far better than the average man or nobleman. His royal brothers-in-law were so opposed to his appearing in a conspicuous position in the procession from St. James' palace to Westminster when the queen celebrated her jubilee that they mounted him on a bucking horse that succeeded in rearing Lorne before the procession had passed the palace gates. They have snubbed him on every possible occasion, and other people taking the pattern from royalty have done the same thing so far as they could. And yet Lord Lorne is a better and an abler man than any of his wife's brothers.

A Curious Old Woman.

It is not often that an Indian, male or female, is an ardent advocate of temperance, but "Aunt" Margaret Boyd, an old aborigine, known as the "Ottawa Princess," who died recently in Harbor Springs, Mich., never tired of expatiating on the ruin which she said whiskey had wrought among her people. Queen Margaret was as legitimately one of the "whights" of northern Michigan as any true arch rock on Mackinac Island or Marquette's grove at



QUEEN OF THE OTTAWAS. She was also a remarkable character in some respects, and when warmed up on the subject of temperance her vehemence was transformed into eloquence.

A recent party of visitors to Queen Margaret's wigwag found a boy tied by a rope to one leg of the large stove, which served alike for cooking and heating purposes. When asked for an explanation, the old woman launched into a philippic against barrooms in general and the men who would teach her adopted grandson to drink and smoke in particular. Margaret made her living by selling baskets and beadwork at large prices to tourists seeking visitors. Her wigwag was a veritable museum of Indian relics and specimens of her own handiwork.

How He Saved Money.

"Can't I take your name for this new encyclopedic dictionary?" asked the book agent. "It is an encyclopedia and a dictionary all in one."

"No, sir," said the man addressed. "I have no use for it whatever. You see, I married a Boston girl." —Somerville Journal.

The Heaviest Man.

Nothing seems to be too mean for some men. There is an old fellow in Maine who is imposing on his neighbors in the most shameful manner. He has put an electric light in the bathroom, and the hens lay and night—Burlington Free Press.

HEATING A HOUSE.

Consumption of Fuel Is Not the Only Consideration in Keeping Warm.

How best to keep a house warm is a question that every cold and biting "wave" forces upon the attention of many a housekeeper. People generally imagine that with those to whom economy in fuel is no great object the problem is simple enough and is only a question of using more or less coal. As a matter of fact, however, the consumption of fuel is not the only chief factor; the exclusion of cold and understanding how fully to utilize the heat obtained by the various fires is quite as important. The importance of the former aids to warmth in a house is well exemplified in those northern countries where necessity is the law of existence and where we read of the Greenlanders' hut with an inside temperature of 90 degs., the only fire being from a piece of walrus fat, while outside it may be 40 degs. below zero.

We would find, however, but few advocates of this degree of exclusion of fresh air and ventilation, and the fewer the better, no doubt. Whole-some ventilation is of vast importance, but it should enter our houses through the channels provided for it, and not under the doors and through the window joints. People who reside in town and are protected by their neighbors on either side, with only the front and rear exposed, have but a simple problem to encounter. But to those who live in the country in frame houses, whose defenseless walls are exposed in every direction to the cutting wintry blasts, the subject is a very serious one.

In the west it is a common custom to bank earth around the house to the depth of several feet, and a single foot of manure placed in this way adds greatly to the warmth besides affording protection to the vines and plants. In old houses whose window casings and door lintels have become loose and shrunken tiny strips of felt put on with long, slender "brads" will be found very efficacious, and if cut extremely narrow are quite unnoticeable and can be put in many places where it would not be possible to insert weather strips.

In heating, furnaces are of course the chief factors. Of these there are many kinds, and we are told successively that each one is the best. People themselves, too, differ greatly as to what is the best method of heating a house, some preferring the hot air furnace, which seems, on the whole, to be more popular than any other contrivance, and others finding steam or hot water more satisfactory. There is this always to be remembered, however—no hot air furnace will carry heat satisfactorily through a pipe running any distance in a lateral direction.

For a rambling house, therefore, where there is but one furnace, hot water or steam will give a more diffused heat. The somewhat primitive but most effective base burning stove will be found a capital supplement to the hot air furnace, and if arranged with a "drum" and a register in the floor above will be nearly as efficacious as a second furnace.

Modern science has also managed to utilize the waste heat from down stairs open fireplaces in the rooms above in the most admirable fashion, making every fire heat a second room as well as the one in which it is laid; and when one considers the amount of precious warmth, not to say actual money, that goes up the chimney in smoke, it would seem there is a great field for further improvement still in practically utilizing escaping heat. —New York Tribune.

How Sleigh Bells Are Made.

"The making of sleigh bells is quite an art," says an iron founder. "The little iron ball is too big to be put in through the holes in the bell, and yet it is inside. How did it get there? The little iron ball is called the 'jinglet.' When you shake the sleigh bell it jingles. In making the bell the jinglet is put inside a little ball of mud, just the shape of the inside of the bell. Then a mold is made, just the shape of the outside of the bell. This mud ball with the jinglet inside is placed in the mold of the outside, and the metal is poured in, which fills up the space between the ball and the mold.

"When the mold is taken off you see a sleigh bell, but it will not ring, as it is full of dirt. The hot metal that the bell is made of dries the dirt so that it can be shaken out. After the dirt is all shaken out of the holes in the bell the little iron jinglet will still be in the bell and will ring. It took a good many years to think out how to make a sleigh bell." —Lewis-ton Journal.

Schoolboys' English.

In a recent examination some boys were asked to define certain words and to give a sentence illustrating the meaning. Here are a few: Frantic means wild; I picked some frantic flowers. Akimbo, with a crook; I had a dog with an akimbo in his tail. Athletic, strong; vinegar was too athletic to use. Tandem, one behind another; the boys sit tandem at school.

And then some single words are funnily explained: Dust is mud with the wet squeezed out; fins are fishes' wings; monkey, a small boy with a tail; stars are the moon's eggs; circumference is distance around the middle of the outside. —London Tit-Bits.

Some English Hints.

Among hints of English parlance recently perpetrated are these: "After the door closed," writes a novelist who is widely read just now, "a dainty foot slipped into the room, and with her own hand extinguished the lamp." "The chariot of Socialism," wrote an editorial writer, "is rolling and gnashing its teeth as it rolls." "The Charity association," wrote a reporter, "has distributed twenty pairs of shoes among the poor, which will dry up many a tear." "I was sitting," writes another novelist, "at the table enjoying a cup of coffee, when a gentle voice tapped me on the shoulder. I looked around and saw my old friend again." —Boston Globe.

HE CURES BY FAITH.

A Priest Whose Fame Has Spread Beyond the Limits of Brooklyn.

The city of Brooklyn is just now talking of the remarkable cures effected by, or as the priest would prefer it, through, Father Thomas Adams, of 144 South Fourth street. While he has been practicing the healing art for many years, the fact only became generally known recently.

Michael McCarthy is a hotel keeper of West street, New York city. Less than three years ago, while riding on an electric car, he lost his balance and fell to the street, striking his head on the cobblestones. He was unconscious for some time, and ever since, to use his own language, he has been "breathing like a steam engine." To be exact, he has been drawing 102 breaths per minute, whereas the average man contents himself with 18.

Besides this affection, which made life a burden to McCarthy, he was also subject to fits of temporary unconsciousness, and could go nowhere without an attendant. He consulted the best medical talent in the country, but could obtain no relief, and the possibility of death came to be, to him, not an altogether unwelcome contingency. Some one advised him to see Father Adams, and with a spirit of resignation than hope he called on the priest. He was informed that there was no certainty of a cure, but that if he would put his entire trust in God it might please him to hearken to his prayers.

At the foot of a little altar in the back room Father Adams and McCarthy prayed fervently. Then the suppliant was rubbed with the relics, through which the priest believes that the Almighty is pleased to bless his efforts in behalf of suffering humanity. When the hotel keeper arose there was no perceptible change for the better, but hope had displaced despair, and he returned to his place of business in a more cheerful frame of mind than he had known in three years. As 5 o'clock that afternoon the suppliant was breathing suddenly ceased, and since then his respiration has been about the same as that of any person in good health.

Father Adams has scores of visitors each day now, and asks no fee, only taking money when it is voluntarily offered by those who, he knows, can afford it. He is probably the most sought after man in Brooklyn today. McCarthy will shortly be exhibited at a clinic of medical students.

BUTCHERED HIS WIFE.

A Recent Horrible Case of Uxoricide at Chicago.

Murder most foul is in the best of us. But this most foul, strange and unnatural. These words of Hamlet's father's ghost might be applied to all wife murders, but to none more appropriately than to the case of a Chicago butcher, who, after a long and bitter struggle, was found guilty of the murder of his wife by Patrick Hurst, of 118 Townsend street, Chicago. This aged laborer, after three months' deliberation, as he says, went to his wife's bedside and stabbed her thirty eight times with a 6 inch bowie knife. This done he walked quietly to the nearest station and surrendered.

And he is not insane. Of this the police are positive and so are all who know him. He is simply brutal—thoroughly brutalized by a long career of domestic unhappiness. He is sixty-five years old and his wife a year or two younger, and they were married forty years ago in Ireland, where he owns eleven acres of good land, they lived pleasantly enough for fifteen years, or until the oldest child was big enough to cause discussion, and then their quarreling began.

According to his account his wife and children combined against him. He had three sons and three daughters, and all worked in Chicago and lived at home except one daughter, who is married. Three months ago he proposed that himself and wife return to Ireland and leave the children, the youngest being sixteen, and there they could agree. She refused, and he made up his mind then to kill her if she kept on finding fault with him. He manifests no sorrow, declares he would do it again, "expects to swing for it, and will make no defense." Such is the depth of brutality to which a plain man has sunk by a life of quarreling.

Saving a Christmas Present.

Mr. Paul Flint, of West Seventeenth street, in New York city, is a traveling salesman. His wife is an amateur actress. Recently Mr. Flint returned from a western trip, and his wife in rummaging through his trunks came across a pair of black silk tights, such as dancers and other actresses use on the stage. When Mr. Flint came home his wife asked for an explanation. He desired to postpone making any at that time. This excited Mrs. Flint's jealousy and a quarrel ensued. Mr. Flint was requested to leave the house and did so. In the course of time Mrs. Flint brought an action for divorce with the silk tights marked as "Exhibit No. 1." Mr. Flint in his answer says the tights were bought for his wife, and were to be given to her as a Christmas present when that holiday should arrive. The issue of the novel case is waited with breathless interest.

Two Busy Cranks.

The cranks are still hard at work. Peter Leonard thinks he has drawn a prize in the Louisiana lottery and that Inspector Byrnes, of New York, has part of the money. He has been arguing about the door of the chief detective's private house for several days and nights and until he was arrested. The other crank was probably a subject of King John Barleycorn, the banker. He was dismissed for drunkenness. Several times since he has drunk himself into the banker's house and raised disturbances which have thrown the servants and ladies of the family into great consternation. Mr. Belmont has made no charge against ex-Butler Nixon, but policemen guard the house for fear that Nixon may attempt some violence.

An Exclusive Person.

On one occasion a lady called and presented a check which she wished cashed. As she was a perfect stranger to the paying teller, he said very politely: "Madam, you will have to bring some one to introduce you before we can cash this check."

Drawing herself up quite haughtily, she said (trembling): "But I do not wish to know you, sir!" —Richmond Dispatch.

Tai Tai.

Spring Post handing a roll of paper to the editor—There, sir, I think there's some stuff in that poem.

Editor glancing at it—There is indeed, my boy! it's all stuff. Good morning.—Troy Times.

Character in the Nose.

Bonaparte, who was a man of keen and quick perception, never chose, if he could help it, a man with a poor nose for a place of great responsibility. He had remarked that when the nose was large enough to be a good ventilator to the lungs, elasticity in troublesome circumstances, resource and general efficiency might be looked for. The man with insufficient nose ventilations was liable to get into the blues, to lose presence of mind and to have a heavy head.

Marshal Ney had a poor nose and a weak character. He was incapable of conceiving a plan, and needed the stimulus of battle to clear the cobwebs from his brain. Massena, the most resourceful of all Bonaparte's marshals, was large nosed. So was Bernadotte, the most clever in heritage and the least given to hero worship. Gambetta had a large nose and a small amount of brain.

The same thing may be said of the greatest literary artist that France ever produced—Renaud. Jules Ferry is small brained and big nosed. Jules Simon has a big brain and a big nose, and is, taking all in all, one of the ablest of living Frenchmen. The Princess Clementine, whom I look upon as a woman of great capacity, has the large, hooked nose of the Seventeenth century Bourbons and Condés. —London Truth.

Not the Old Style Cat and Dog Story.

Here is a cat and dog story, for the truth and accuracy of which the proud inhabitants of the Swiss village where it occurred are one and all ready to vouch. A troublesome cat in the village had been doomed to a watery death, and the children of the owner had been told off to take it in a sack to the River Aar and there to drown it. The house dog accompanied the party to the execution, which was carried out according to parental instructions.

But much to the surprise of the inmates, a short time after the cat and dog, both soaking wet, reappeared together at their owner's door. This is what had happened: The dog, on seeing that the sack containing the cat was thrown into the river, jumped after it, seized it with his teeth, dragged it to the bank, tore it with his teeth and restored his friend, the cat, to life and liberty. It goes without saying that the death warrant of the cat was destroyed after this marvelous escapade. —Fall Mall Gazette.

The Origin of the Diamond.

The diamond is still one of the mysteries of geology. When the South African fields were discovered there was much astonishment to find the gem in a series of minerals quite different from those in which it had been hitherto found in India and Brazil. Instead of lying beside tourmaline, anatase and brookite, it was mingled with a breccia of magnesian rocks which had evidently been pushed up from below, and a great variety of minerals, such as diopside, mica, zircon and corundum, were imbedded along with it.

Some have supposed that the diamond was originally formed where it is now picked up, and the presence of carbonated gas and carboniferous rocks is in favor of the idea; but, on the other hand, the broken condition of some of the stones, and other facts, make it far more probable that the diamond has been ejected from a deeper source. —Good News.

The Price of Postage Stamps.

A man went into the postoffice of a neighboring town recently and told the postmaster that he desired thirteen two cent stamps for a cent and a quarter. The postmaster refused to give them to him, stating that the cost would be twenty-six cents. The man persisted in getting his order, claiming that he could get them at any office for that amount, and even threatened the government official if he continued to refuse him. Finally the postmaster ordered him out, but the man, nothing daunted, took a cent and a twenty-five cent piece from his pocket, and laying them down on the corner he received his stamps for a cent and a quarter. The postmaster was a little discomfited for awhile, but now enjoys the joke as well as any one.—Cause.

Buried Coin.

Some workmen digging up the roots of an old tree in a forest had their labors rewarded by a find of 150 gold and silver coins. This discovery was made in 1773, and the coins, although of the reign of Henry I, were in a good state of preservation. Sometimes the pulling down of a house will bring a treasure to light. On one such occasion a mason and his laborer found a considerable sum under a floor, but as they quarreled about dividing the spoil, the owner of the house heard of the find and demanded the booty. The coins, which were of gold and silver, were of the reigns of Edwards II and III, and looked as fresh as if just issued out of the mint.—London Tit-Bits.

Ottendorff Revised and Enlarged.

The French conversation books will contain brief colloquies, such as this: "Have you been to behold the long hair of William of the Buffalo?"

"Yes, and also I beheld the shooting of the balls of glass. How superb was it!"

"The infants of the cow, did you not them also see?"

"Of a truth. The entanglement of the steer with the rope was most skillful. Let us now of the absinthe to take a little." —Chicago News.

Ep to Snuff.

Go lucky—As I'm the special summer correspondent of The New York Daily Blowhard, I suppose your terms to me will be somewhat different from your terms to regular guests.

Summer Hotel Clerk (briskly)—Yes, sir; yes, sir; of course. Our terms to you will be cash in advance. —New York Weekly.

HOME AT LAST.

A little child! fair haired, with wondrous eyes,
Past, through an open door, into the street,
She wandered on, lost in a land of signs,
And wept, "Is there no rest for weary feet?"
Deep in the dark—a door stood open wide,
A light streamed from it brighter than the day;
A mother's voice kept calling: "Here! Abide!
Come Home, my little one, you've lost your way!"
Come Home!

A wretched man, forlorn, with matted hair,
Stood in a crowd of woe more beasts than men;
Deep curses rent the air, and dull despair
Supremely reigned in that accursed den.
But high above its revels rang a sound,
Clearer than seabird's over-roaring sea—
The wisest wife and woman: "Lost, but found!
Come Home, my Husband! Come On, for low me!"
Come Home!

A poor lost soul, cast down with wretchedness,
Pale death was ringing out his fatal knell;
No one to pity; no one there to help,
The parting hour of one who loved too well.
Then suddenly a voice—"Oh, whither hasten?"
To live or die? Ever to sing or sigh?
This voice eternal whispered: "Come and Rest!
Come Home, sad soul, and rest eternally!"
Come Home!
—Clement Scott in Theatre.

Size and Strength of the Gulf Stream.

Even those who navigate the waters of the Gulf stream do not fully realize the strength of its current. Two or three years ago a government vessel was anchored in the stream observing the current. The wind was very light when a sailing vessel was sighted ahead, drifting to the northward. As she came nearer and nearer it became evident that there would be a collision unless steps were taken to prevent it. The crew of the sailing vessel trimmed their sails to the gentle air, but it was useless, for onward she went, carried by the irresistible force of the current directly toward the bow of the steamer.

As the vessels approached each other, by a skillful use of the rudder on board the steamer she was moved to one side, and the sailing vessel drifted past a few feet distant. The captain of the latter was as astonished as he was thankful that his vessel was not lost. All that he could cry out in broken English as he flashed by was, "I could not help it; the water bring me here." —John E. Pillsbury in Century.

Seven Thousand Miles of Wheels.