

# EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

## Adding Insult to Injury.

"Talk about adding insult to injury," said Lavram, as with the aid of a heavy cane he hobbled to his favorite seat in the Rounders club the other afternoon, "something happened to me last night that capped the climax in that direction so far as my experience goes. I dined some friends of mine from out of town last evening. They were old college chums, you know, and as we had not met for years we lingered long over the table, and the loving cup was passed steadily around until my friends had to leave for a midnight train. It was a very hot night. I was very much bothered, and, as is my custom on such rare occasions, I turned my feet Turkish backward. I went down into the hot room. A strong desire came upon me to jump into the big cold plunge there without waiting for the usual scrubbing by the attendant.

"It has been my habit to forego the use of the stairs leading down into the plunge, and to simply get up on the marble railing and fall off backward into the cooling waters. So up on the marble railing I stepped and threw myself off. There was not a solitary drop of water in that plunge. The attendant had emptied it for the purpose of cleaning it. Down I went full six feet, and landed squarely on my back on the marble bottom. No, I did not break my back and fracture my skull, though it is a wonder that I did not.

"So much for the injury. Now let me tell you about the insult. As I lay there on my back partially stunned an attendant came, and shaking me roughly by the shoulder said, 'Say, if you do that again you will be put out!' If I did again I would be put out! Wonder if he thought I did it for fun?"—New York Times.

## White Paper Not Wasted.

"There is no such thing as waste paper," said the junk dealer to a reporter. "Hardly a scrap of white paper is wasted. Every bit of it that is thrown away is carefully gathered up and finds its way eventually to the mill again to be made over. The notebook in your hand may furnish material for the pages on which you will write a letter six months hence, and perhaps a year later you will unknowingly find it incorporated in a summer novel with yellow covers. Thus the stock of paper that supplies the world is used over and over again indefinitely through the medium of the scavengers, the dealers in junk and the factories, which are continually engaged in transforming the discarded material into fresh and clean sheets.

"Brown paper, however, is different. Because it is composed of nothing more valuable than straw it is mostly thrown away and never used again. I would not pay you twenty-five cents for a ton of it. A few years ago old newspapers were worth four cents a pound, being made of rags. Now they are manufactured out of wood pulp and straw, and their market value is only a quarter of a cent a pound. Office paper, such as old bills and such scraps, are worth the same price as newspapers, while what we call 'office sweepings,' composed largely of envelopes, are quoted at fifteen cents a hundredweight."—Washington Star.

## The Literary Ferment in France.

Philarete Chables relates in his memoirs how one afternoon, as he was at work in his newspaper office, a young man with a military air, looking as bold as if he were going to the wars, knocked imperiously at the door, walked in, sat down and said, without further preamble: "Monsieur, I am Hugo."

Then, after handing to Chables the famous yellow covered book with the powdered "Hicrro" on the title page, he asked himself he was on his side or not, and continued:

"Monsieur, not only are we going to change poetry, which needs a fundamental revolution, but grammar also. What do you think about our prosody? French prosody must be completely overhauled."

So it is in France, where neither centuries nor years count, but only minutes and seconds, the shock of contraries and the violence of reaction. The French must always be fighting about something—even for Boileau against Ronsard, and for Nonotte against Voltaire. Printers' ink must smell of powder, otherwise life seems insipid and thought without any savor. Victor Hugo's visit to Chables is typical.—Theodore Child in Harper's.

## Eccentricity.

Eccentricity, and nothing else, distinguishes the life of Henry Trigg, of Hertford, grocer, who directed that his body should be committed to the west end of his hotel, to be decently laid there upon a floor erected by his executors; and only sixty years ago, it is said, the bones of Mr. Trigg still remained unburied in the rafters at the west end of his hotel afterward. A provision, quite as bizarre, was made in the will of the philosopher Jeremy Bentham, who enjoined his executors to embalm his corpse and dress it in the clothes which he was accustomed to wear in his lifetime, in order that he might form the text of a lecture to be delivered annually at a literary institute held at a school of anatomy in Windmill street, Haymarket.

On the occasion of one of the lectures of Jeremy Bentham's mummy the venerable philosopher's head fell off and came to irretrievable grief, whereupon an artificial head was modeled in wax by Miss Margaret Gillies, the distinguished miniature painter, but the mummy with the waxen head has long since faded out of the public ken.—London Telegraph.

## Saving His Father's Hair.

Lord Charles was often troubled by impertinent acquaintances, who begged for some of his father's (the Duke of Wellington's) hair. On such occasions he said to an old servant, whose hair was like the duke's, "Sit down, John, I must cut off another lock!"—Fortnightly Review.

## Grandpa's Big Effort.

"I suppose you're going to Dr. Mason's funeral, grandpa?"

"Oh," snarled the infirm old man, "don't talk to me about other people's funerals. It's as much as I shall be able to do to get to my own."—Exchange.

## STAR TIME AND SUN TIME.

The Way Astronomers Find Out from the Stars When It Is Noon.  
The time for sending out the noon signal from Washington is the instant the sun crosses the seventy-fifth meridian. This, however, is not the sun which gives us light and heat, but an invisible, imaginary one; because, for certain reasons, the true sun does not cross the meridian at the same moment every day, but during one part of the year he gets over the little more ahead of time each day, and during the other part he is correspondingly behind time; and so this fictitious sun is used, because its apparent path around the earth brings it exactly over the same line at the same moment every day. Now at just what instant this sun crosses the meridian is determined by means of the stars, for time at the observatory is not reckoned by the sun but by the stars.

Every clear night an astronomer at the observatory looks through a large telescope for certain stars which he knows must cross a certain line at certain times, and by the use of an electrical machine he makes a record of the time each star passes, as shown by a clock which keeps sidereal or star time. He then consults a printed table, which shows him at just what time each star must have passed, and by as much as this time differs from that recorded by the clock the latter is wrong, and in that way the sidereal clock is regulated. This star time is then reduced to sun time, which requires some calculation, as there is a difference between the two of about four minutes each day.

These two clocks—the one keeping star time and the other sun time—are of very fine quality, and are as near perfection as possible. Although they cannot help being affected by changes of temperature and different conditions of the atmosphere, they very rarely are more than a fractional part of a second out of the way. No attempt is ever made to correct such errors, but they are carefully noted and allowed for in making calculations.

For the purpose of distributing time a third clock, known as a transmitter, is used. This is set to keep time by the seventy-fifth meridian and is regulated by the standard clock before mentioned. It is in all respects similar to the other clocks, except that it has attached to it an ingenious device by which an electric circuit may be alternately opened and closed with each beat of the pendulum.—Clifford Howard in Ladies' Home Journal.

## A Curious Cave.

The cave temple of Karli, India, is rightly considered one of the greatest wonders of the world. This gigantic recess in the mountain ledge has been chiseled by human hands from porphyry as hard as the hardest flint. The nave is 124 feet long, 45 feet broad and 46 feet from floor to ceiling. Before the entrance to the temple stands a monstrous stone elephant, upon whose back is seated a colossal goddess, all hewed from one solid block of stone. Like the temple walls and the outside ornaments, every article of adorning sculpture on the inside is hewed from the native rock.

There are aisles on each side separated from the nave by octagonal pillars of stone. The capital of each pillar is crowned with two kneeling elephants, on whose backs are seated two figures, representing the divinities to whom the temple is dedicated. These figures are perfect and of beautiful features, as indeed are all the representations of deities and divinities in this peculiar temple.

The repulchrousness so characteristic of modern Hindoo and Chinese pagodas is here wholly wanting. Each figure is true to life, or rather to art, there being no mythical half horse, half man or beast birds depicted in this underground wonder of Karli. This wonderful underground pagoda or cave temple has been a standing puzzle for the learned archaeologists of both Europe and Asia for the last 2,500 years, and is as much of an enigma today as it was in the time of Confucius.—Philadelphia Press.

## A Bibliophile's Index.

A lady left some very precious first editions of a book in three volumes in a hansom while she went into a shop—a risky thing in itself to do. When she came out of the shop she couldn't find the hansom, which had been made to move on by a policeman, and in despair took another, and just saved the train which she had to catch at Charing Cross. After waiting for an hour and a half the cabman thought there was something queer going on and endeavored to find his fare, without success of course. Then he looked inside the cab, saw the books and some parcels, and conveyed them all to Scotland Yard. And here comes the pith of the story. The lady applied the following day for her precious books and got them. It was suggested that she should pay a certain quite adequate sum as recompense to the cabman. But the lady was indignant. That sum, she averred, did not in any degree represent the percentage due on the enormous value of the volumes. They were worth something stupendous. She mentioned what Quarrier valued them at. And quite cheerfully she paid a sum that made a comfortable nest egg for the cabman. She also made the Scotland Yard official understand something about books that he hadn't a notion of before.—London Vanity Fair.

## Time to Swear Off.

The Rev. Dr. Primrose—I'm glad to hear your husband has given up meion stealing. It is some comfort for me to feel that perhaps my poor words have had something to do with his reform.

Mrs. Johnson—Dat wasn't de reason, sah. Yu see ob late do po man wuz gitteh catched eberty time.—New York Evening Sun.

## English and American Games.

A careful examination of the catalogues of English dealers in games shows that the popular games in England are in every way identical with those in the United States, and not a single game could be found in any of them that is not well known and current in this country.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## American Tipu Too Large.

Frenchman—Vat you gif zat waistcoat?

American—I gave the waiter half a dollar.

Frenchman—Mon dieu! Zat est un von trep; zat est un bribe.—New York Weekly.

## There is a Man in Montecuma, Ga.

Who has had his arm dislocated at the shoulder thirty-eight times and his leg dislocated at the hip eight times.

# A LEADER OF SLAVES.

## ROMANTIC RISE AND FALL OF TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

A Character in History Which Has Furnished a Theme for Poets and Orators. Napoleon's Base Treatment of the Great General—His Utterly End.

Thirty years ago Toussaint L'Ouverture was a name to conjure with. Poets and orators described his virtues and his genius and cited him as an illustrious example of the capabilities of his race. A romantic interest will always attach to his name. The fact that for fifty-four years he lived in deepest obscurity as a slave on a Haytian plantation and the epic character of his subsequent achievements give a tinge of antique heroism to his history.

The French colony in Hayti was long one of the greatest slave marts in the world. At the time of the French revolution there were in the colony 30,000 whites, 20,000 free mulattoes and 600,000 slaves. The mulattoes, many of whom had been educated in France, took advantage of the revolution and obtained a recognition of their political rights from the French assembly; the whites of Hayti refused to recognize the decision and a war broke out which was soon complicated by an uprising of the whole slave population. On a memorable night in August, 1791, the plantations were fired and many of the whites were murdered.

Toussaint had not at this time acquired the name of L'Ouverture. This word, meaning "the opening," was applied to him afterward because he opened a way for the freedom of his race through the chaotic conditions of the following years.

In the dreadful wars of the years following the uprising of the slaves his extraordinary genius gave him pre-eminence over all other chiefs. A design of freeing his race, which could only be accomplished by making it the ruling race of Hayti, gradually took shape in his mind and forms the key note of his career.

France, Spain and England each bid high for his alliance, but France declared for the freedom of the slaves and he finally ranged himself under the French flag. It was evidently his desire to maintain a desirable connection with a European power which would yet leave him at liberty to develop his plans for his own race, but the realization of his idea required a disinterested co-operation of which no European government was capable.

In a few years he had been recognized by France as commander in chief of the army of Hayti and was practically dictator of the island. As a ruler of Hayti he surrounded himself with the pomp of a prince, although personally he retained habits of severe simplicity. He was sparingly and slept little, being possessed of extraordinary powers of endurance. In dignity of manner he was entirely equal to his position. He endeavored to reconcile conflicting races, and his rule was impartial and able.

But Napoleon was not the man to allow a dictator under him. He sent an army of 30,000 men to Hayti to restore slavery and reduce the colony to subjection. Suspecting the true purpose of the expedition, Toussaint resisted the landing of the army, but finally laid down his arms after he had been assured that there was no intention of restoring slavery and that he injured the cause of his race by resistance.

He was still too powerful to be openly seized, but he was decoyed into the French quarters and was then hurried on board a vessel and carried to France. He hoped to meet Napoleon and defend his conduct, but on landing he was secretly hurried to a lonely fortress in the Alps, where he shortly afterward died. Many wild stories attributing his death to murder found credence at the time. Neglect and the change from a tropic to an Alpine climate doubtless hastened his end.

By his removal the progress of his race was incalculably retarded. While Toussaint's fate and place of imprisonment were still unknown, Wadsworth wrote the beautiful sonnet, "To Toussaint L'Ouverture." His history is the subject of a drama by Lamartine, and of a novel, "The Hour and the Man," by Harriet Martineau. During the antislavery agitation in the United States he was cited as a most illustrious example of the real capabilities of his race. A poem by Whittier and an oration by Wendell Phillips commemorate his virtues and his genius.—Detroit Free Press.

## An Aeronaut's Experience.

"I saw a balloon ascension and parachute drop down in Texas not so long ago," said Ed Reeder, a well known ball player now with one of the Southwest league clubs, "that was very interesting. The balloonist Leroy made an aerial trip from a small town near Austin one day and was to make a parachute leap. When at an altitude of about 2,000 feet he suddenly recollected that his parachute was a brand new one and had never been tested. Not caring to risk the thing he attached a fifty pound sack of sand (ballast) to the parachute and cut it loose. As he feared, the thing failed to work right and did not open at all.

"The sand and parachute dropped like a streak to the earth, gaining momentum with every foot of their descent until they struck the wooden roof of a house below, crashing through it like through so much paper. The balloon soared aloft, and in due time, as the hot air gradually escaped, sank slowly to earth in the midst of a farm several miles from the town. The farm hands had observed its coming and when it alighted seized upon the airship, which was a valuable object of the owner of the land because it had landed there. The rights of Professor Leroy, who happened to have landed right with his property, were entirely ignored. But the captors were obdurate and finally the professor departed.

"He obtained a writ of replevin for his balloon from the nearest justice, and a constable shortly after restored the captured airship to its rightful owner. The hole in the roof of the building caused by the professor's sandbag and the damage consequent thereon had to be repaired and settled for at his expense. Had he taken the place of his sandbag at the parachute's handle the funeral expenses would have far exceeded the damage to the roof."

## A Pin in a Human Heart.

Dr. Peabody, of the Association of American Physicians, tells a remarkable story of a case where a pin was found firmly imbedded in a human heart, where it had evidently lain for an indefinite period. The point of the pin was five millimeters from the external surface of the heart, seemed eroded and was broken by the scissors used in dissecting. There was no evidence of recent local inflammation, but the gold-cadmium in the neighborhood of the protruding head was greatly thickened, snow white in color and firmly adherent to the base of the pin.—Philadelphia Press.

## HER POSES WERE UNBECOMING.

### Distinction Between a Contortion and an Attitude of Adoration.

The natural ruggedness of her face had been materially softened by the hand of art when she seated herself carefully in the photographer's chair and turned her eyes in the direction of the camera. Yet the most careful observer could not be deceived into thinking her beautiful.

"Madam, if you please, look!"—The artist was interrupted by a deprecatory wave of the hand. "No directions, please. I know just how I want to sit. I have studied myself in many different poses, and I know what I am talking about."

She leaned forward in a careless way, rested her elbow on the table by her side, pressed one finger against her cheek, rolled her eyes until her glance rested upon the ceiling and sighed.

"There," she murmured in a soft ecstasy, "like that. An attitude of adoration, don't you know?"

"But, madam!"—"Not a word. I know what I want."

The photographer merely wished to call attention to the distinction between a contortion and an attitude of adoration. He concluded, however, to remain silent.

"There is only one thing," the siter explained, "upon which I wish to have your opinion."

The artist bowed.

"I can't really make up my mind whether a smile or a pensive look is the more becoming to me."

The artist would not willingly undertake to decide so delicate and intricate a problem without ample study. He essayed to look respectfully interested, but said nothing.

"Do I look better thus?" She assumed an expression approximating in severity that of the Gorgon Medusa.

"Or thus?" She stretched her face with a smile that would have caused the stoutest heart to quail.

"Which do you say?" The artist thought of the delicate mechanism of his camera and groaned in spirit.

"My dear madam!"—She was listening eagerly.

"If you could manage!"—"Oh, yes; certainly."

"Er—between the two expressions it is difficult to decide."

"Quite right."

"They are equally becoming."

She simpered a weak simulation of dissent.

"And if you could take little of each—a very little!"—She started in horror.

"And try something else!"—She was gone. She had scrambled into her wraps in a twinkling, made a few disjointed observations about being insulted and departed.

"A very little of each, to be sure," were the words which rang in the ears of the artist, and it seemed to him they came as in a dream.—Boston Gazette.

## John Webster's Genius.

There is something in Webster that reminds me of Victor Hugo. There is the same confusion at times of what is big with what is great, the same fondness for the merely spectacular, the same insensibility to repulsive details, the same indifference to the probable or even to the natural, the same leaning toward the grotesque, the same love of effect at whatever cost, and there is also the same impressiveness of result. Whatever other effect Webster may produce upon us, he never leaves us indifferent. We may blame, we may criticize, as much as we will; we may say that all this "ghostliness is only a trick of theatrical blue light; we shudder and admire nevertheless.

We may say he is melodramatic, that his figures are magic lantern pictures that waver and change shape with the curtain on which they are thrown; it matters not, he stirs us with an emotion deeper than any mere artifice could stir.—James Russell Lowell in Harper's.

## Ancient Sports Among the Hebrews.

Pigeons as letter carriers tradition tells us were employed at the time when Joshua invaded Palestine as mediums of communication between headquarters and camps in lands far off on the other side of the Jordan. At the time of the Talmud they were used in amusing games. The Talmud tells us that betting was indulged in at the pigeon play. The owner of the pigeon which reached first the point designated was the winner.

Another play connected with betting was the "kulya." Kulya means a small pot (Arabic kuba, a small glass). The kulya was a little pot wherein dice were shaken and thrown upon the table. The dice were numbered as our modern ones are. Against these two games the Talmud was in arms, and their players were not allowed to appear as witnesses before the bar.—Boston Transcript.

## A Basket at the Masthead.

When a sailing master wishes to buy oysters in the ports of the Chesapeake he runs up to the masthead an oyster basket, and presently has plenty offered at the vessel's side. Down at Chincoteague Island the basket at the masthead is sometimes accompanied by a flag of concentric squares in different colors. During the closed season for oysters the flag and basket indicate that the master wishes to buy clams.—New York Sun.

## Four Cholera.

Mrs. Youngblood, like every young wife, was very proud of her experiments in the art of cooking. One evening Cholera was asked to stop to supper, and it was one of the proudest moments in her life when Mrs. Youngblood handed him the plate of piping hot biscuit.

"You must really tell me what you think of them," she said. "He replied himself."

"They are delicious," replied Cholera, in a vain attempt to say the proper thing.

"In fact, they are so excellent that any one could see you must have had the recipe from the baker."—New York Evening Sun.

# HISTORY OF SHAVING.

## ONCE UPON A TIME ALL MEN EVERYWHERE WORE BEARDS.

Alexander of Greece is said to have been the first barber—beards have been common during the history of earliest races—Some Remarks.

To the Editor—Can you tell us when shaving came into fashion, also something of the history of beards? BROWN AND JONES.

This question is apropos. At this period, when the Nineteenth century is coming to the end of the division, the fire has been put out in the box and old father time has reversed the wheels and the past is particularly fitting that somebody, either Brown or Jones or both, should arise and put this question. It is a fine old classic question.

The first instance of shaving originated from the necessities of war. In the late autumn of the year 800 B. C., the Macedonians got their crops in early, and after the celebration of the harvest home things got pretty uninteresting in Macedonia. It was too cold to fish and too warm to skate, and the prospect for the Macedonian on pleasure bent when he fired up the baseburner and reflected that skates hadn't been invented yet was not a happy one.

Things continued to drag on until Thanksgiving time, 800 B. C., when the Macedonians got together, sailed down on the Greeks and did them battle. The Greeks got the worst of it, and for no other reason than that they sported long, flowing beards. The marauding Macedonians grabbed these Grecian ornaments and yanked the poor Greek forty ways for Sunday, leaving him a howling mass on the ground. It was this incident that probably gave rise to the couplet:

When Greek meets Macedonian Then comes the tug of beard, the An old veteran by the name of Alexander saw at once the weak point of the Grecian forces and he called in a loud voice, "Off with every beard!" That settled it. The next day a committee called on the army with a rip saw and a bucket of salve and amputated every beard in sight. This is an account of the first shave known to history. The record of the first barbering is a frontier of 3,000 made for a princess in the east five years ago, now in the British museum. Homer has the first reference to the razor in the Eighth century, B. C. He says, with some feeling:

Death or life stands on a razor's edge. After the rape of the beards of the Grecian army shaving became popular with some, but not until a much later day, and when Greece had started down the toboggan slide of adversity, did it become general. In fact it is a well known fact among historians that the fashion of smooth faces among the men has marked the effeminacy, weakness and final downfall of all nations. The Romans were always partial to beards until the Roman empire became too big for its clothes and acquired a swagger, when Hadrian set the example of a smooth chin in 101 A. D. and gave the Roman barbers a boom. The first mention of barbers is by Pliny. Somewhere along about 298 B. C. Scipio Africanus took a jaunt to Sicily and there saw some barbers. They pleased him, and he brought 200 back to Rome and had his beard taken off.

Scipio was a good deal of a Ward McAllister in his day, and the Roman swells rapidly followed suit. After that it got to be a common sight in Rome for a row of men to sit until 12 o'clock Saturday night and listen for "Next." But this was only among the Four Hundred. The bone and sinew of the Roman republic swore by their beards. All through the orient short hair and beardless chins have always meant a condition of mourning and servitude. A long beard was priceless, and the Mohammedans still swear by their beards. The prophet Ezekiel, as early as 585 B. C., was directed to take a barber's razor upon his head and upon his beard in sign of the ruin to come upon Israel.

The men were set free, but were ashamed to go to David with any of their beard gone. He found them, however, and sent them on a vacation to let their beards grow out. An old Greek, known among his friends as Zolius, who lived in 800 B. C., and was dropped off a precipice for criticizing Homer, had a very long beard, and so did Homer. He had that long hair on his head which detracted from the strength of the beard that he kept his noddle clean shaven. After Thomas More had taken leave of his daughter at the foot of the scaffold, in 1535, his chief anxiety was that the headsman might injure his beard.

The finest beard on record belonged to Guillaume the priest, bishop of Clermont, who founded the college for Jesuits at Paris late in the Eighteenth century. This beard was long, wavy and soft as silk. But his beard was his downfall. His brother bishops became jealous of it, and decided that it must come off. This was decreed at a secret council, and the next morning when the priest entered the chapel three men met him with soap, hot water, a razor and shears and laid hold of him. He broke away, skeddaddled and took refuge in a castle, where he died of vexation.

The only exceptions where beards have not been considered as advantageous appendages were among the Germans, the Egyptians and in the early colonial days among the Puritans. The ancient German youth was not allowed to shave until he had slain an enemy in battle, and among the New England Puritans long beards were sometimes forcibly reaped, because the idea prevailed that pride lurked behind a venerable beard. It was not until the beginning of the present century that the long beard went entirely out of fashion. Since then smooth faces have been on the increase, and any person who will take the trouble to notice the men who pass a given point for an hour on any of the busy streets of Chicago will see but a very few long beards. It is not improbable that in another century, if the beard is continually cropped, the long beard will no longer grow and will become a thing of history and story books.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## 16-4AT MAKES THE SWELL.

### Some Interesting Points About Two Apparently Well Dressed Men.

I was standing in the lobby of the Adams House in Boston. A New York club man came in and stood talking with some one in the lobby for several minutes.

After he had gone out the man he had been talking with came over to me—he was a friend of mine—and put this question: "How does Hicks Yardley dress so well? He has only \$5,000 a year, and yet he manages to dress himself so as to look much better garbed than any Boston man I know. Strange, isn't it?"

Not at all. The Boston man dressed on a cash account and an eye to color. The New Yorker's dress was not only an art, but a science—an art because he had an eye to harmony, a science because he had a comprehensive knowledge of means to ends.

Any one knows enough not to wear a red cravat and a bottle green coat; but how many men know how to have their coats cut or their shirts shaped? They leave it to their tailors, and most tailors cut a coat the same for a strapping of twenty as they would for an abederman.

Hicks Yardley would have informed the Boston man that his hat was too broad brimmed, his collar was too high in front and too low in the back; that his cravat was blue and his violet purple—Oh, horror of horrors!—that his outfit had one too many buttons on it; that his waistcoat hung down like an inverted V, whereas it should bind about him like a belt; that his trousers were tight to the knee and loose from there down, whereas they should have been the reverse; that his shoes turned up at the toes—the sole of the English made shoe touches the ground from tip to heel; that his gloves were rasset, whereas they should have been brick color; that his hair was short on top and long behind, whereas it should be long on top and short behind; that his mustache should not be waxed; that his topcoat was loose in front and tight fitting in the back, whereas the reverse should be the case; that his stick was a buckhorn, in the face of the well known fact that no true man of the world would carry nowadays any other than an all wood cane.

Mr. Hicks Yardley would then pause for want of breath and leave the lobby, while the Bostoner drew out his Browning and turned to "Home Thoughts from Over the Sea."—Frederic Edward McKay in Kate Field's Washington.

## He Liked Fishing.

In the performance of my pleasant duties as editor I am called upon to greet numbers of the craft from every part of a world where angling is followed as a pastime. I have yet to meet one who failed to respond to my earnest search for facts relative to the fish in their home waters with less eagerness and enthusiasm than evinced by myself. I have talked and queried with the ruddy and unkempt and with the polished and cultivated anglers of the brooks and the books, and I have found them, each and all, to be possessed of valuable information as to the byways if not the highways of the art recreative.

I have been caught by the eldritch of the stream; I have gained invaluable points from the bushwhacker fisher who matches 'em out; the cowboy fisher of the gulch holes, the "wum" baiters of the Mississippi sludges, the Canadian half breeds of the Laurentian streams and the malaria saturated dweller "away down on the Savanaw river" have all dropped angling pearls along my pathway, and last, not least, have I gathered consolation and enthusiasm from an ingenious remark made by an old but dilapidated angling rodster friend when he was first told of Sam Johnson's slur.

"Well," said he, "tell old Johnson for me that, rather than not go fishing at all, I'm willing to be the worm."

Could self-abnegation go further in sacrifice or enthusiasm?—American Angler.

## A Miser's Hospitality.

Sir Harvey Elwes, of Stoke, in Suffolk, next to boarding money, found his principal pleasure in netting partridges. He and his household, consisting of one man and two maids, lived upon these. In cold or wet weather Sir Harvey would walk up and down his hill to save fire. His clothes cost him nothing, for he ransacked old chests and wardrobes and wore those of his ancestors. When he died the only bear shed was by his servant, to whom he left the farm—value, fifty pounds per annum.

The whole of his property was left to his nephew, John Maggot, who thus inherited real and personal estate worth £250,000, on condition that he should assume the name and arms of Elwes. Of this man, who is better known as John Elwes, the miser, the following story is told: His nephew, Colonel Timms, visited him at Marcham, and after retiring to rest found himself wet through. Finding that the rain was dripping through the ceiling, he moved the bed. He had not lain long before the same inconvenience again occurred. Again he rose and again the rain came down. After pushing the bed quite around the room, he found a corner where the ceiling was better secured and slept until morning.

When he met his uncle at breakfast he told him what had happened. "Aye, aye," said Mr. Elwes, "I don't mind it myself, but to those who do, that's a nice corner in the rain."—Cassell's Journal.

## Warren's Idea of Dying.

Warren, aged four years, had formed his ideas of angels and their forms from the study of certain steel engravings, and told his mother if she scolded him again he would "die and go right to heaven." Being told that that was older said than done, and asked how he would get there, he suggested without hesitation: "Oh, I would pile up all the chairs and tables and boxes and ladders as far as they would go, and then I 'spect an angel would come down and set me. And anyway I'd a good deal rather go that way than have things screwed into me!"—New York Tribune.

## His Escape.

Patient—Great Scott, doctor, that's a frightful bill you've presented. Doctor (with dignity)—Not so large, sir, when you come to think that it is my first case and I had to study up on half a library full of authorities.—Detroit Free Press.