EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL, - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

A Regimental Tiger Cub.

In the hot season of 1902 two officers of the Fifth Lancers—Captains Chaffy and Thackwell—while on a shooting expedition in the Terai encountered a lioness tigress with cubs. They killed the tigress, but not until she had severely lacerated Captain Thackwell's arm—so severely, indeed, as to render amputation necessary, the operation, unhappily, resulting in the death of the unfortunate officer. The two cubs were captured and taken to Lucknow, where they used to play about the Fifth Lancers' mess. One, however, choked himself with a lump of raw meat which he had purloined. The surviving cub was presented by Captain Chaffy to the Madras Fusiliers, who gave him the name of "Plassey," and constituted him the regimental pet.

Plassey became very tame and was on most friendly terms with the men. He lived at the officers' mess, and when allowed to be at large he amused himself by stalking a small donkey, which was wont to wander about the mess compound. He was also introduced to an antelope and a dog, with whom he lived amicably while the regiment remained in India. Plassey accompanied the One Hundred and Second to England, being granted a free passage by the captains of her majesty's ships Jumna and Hesperus. Two young leopards and his canine ally were his fellow passengers.

Plassey landed with the regiment at Dover, where suitable quarters were provided for him in the main fosse of the citadel, beneath the officers' mess. There Plassey lived a happy life with his friend the dog, his "personal attendant" being the adjutant's groom, who fed and looked after him. At meal time Plassey always allowed the dog to have the first "go in," but when he thought his canine companion had taken a fair share he would give him a gentle pat with his paw as a reminder.

When Plassey was nearly full grown and in the zenith of his popularity with the Fusiliers an old lady resident of Dover wrote to the general commanding the district and stated that she had "seen Plassey disembark," and that ever since she had remained a prisoner in her house, fearing to go out lest Plassey should have escaped and be roaming about the town! So frequent were calls and lady's letters and complaints that at last the general felt compelled to take notice of them, and so poor Plassey was sent off to the zoological gardens, accompanied in exile by his faithful dog.—London Art Journal.

Why He Studied Law.

One of the members of the New York senate, who has passed through a good many experiences during his lifetime, was in his younger days a trackwalker on a New England railroad. At each end of his route was a small station. The only persons to watch him were in those neighborhoods. Put it in kindness to say he was an Irishman; lived in a small house beside the track, about half a mile from one of these stations.

He was the fortunate owner of an old horse and wagon. This is what led to his temptation and downfall. There was a good wagon road running parallel with the track all the way.

"Pat," said the tempter, "what's to hinder your riding between stations?"

"It wouldn't do," said Pat.

But the idea had taken hold of him and one rainy night he tried it. He left his house half a mile from each end of his beat and walked to the stations at his usual time. Over the rest of the distance he rode in the turnpike, trusting to luck that the track would be all right. The thing was so easy that it soon became a settled practice with him. For three or four months he guarded the company's property in this way, and no one was the wiser. Then he was spoken and a summary discharge followed.

"A man with your genius for dodging work ought to be a lawyer," said the superintendent.

"Faith, I think so myself," answered the discharged trackwalker, and a lawyer he became.—Buffalo Express.

An Irish Theatrical Manager.

Two funny stories are told about a certain theatrical manager famous for his "English as she is spoke." He was rehearsing a melodrama, the actual day in which, at the close of one act, the villain all make their exit choosing. As they went through the performance he shouted, at intervals, "Then, you come back! Now you people back there out with off way way or all, but I want you and you," naming the principal performers, "to do pyrotechnics." It was several minutes before the bewildered company got on the trail of the mysterious "pyrotechnics," which was the cue the stage manager meant.

A little bit later he found the leader of the orchestra writing. "What are you doing?" he said. "Writing some music," said the musician. "I don't see any necessity for that. What are those little things you are making?" "These are notes."

"Notes!" he shouted. "Is it meaning you intend to do? Look here, I pay you dollars to play and I want you to play not! Something won't do with me. I want music."—New York Sun.

Afraid of Gray Horses.

An old farmer in Massachusetts didn't allow the grief over the loss of his wife to break his superstitions. He was about to take a look at the funeral when his eye rested for a moment on the horses, pair of grays. "Not by a long sight!" he yelled. "I won't ride after a horse behind me while living." The undertaker and the other members of the party endeavored to induce the man to enter the vehicle, but he absolutely refused, saying: "I'll be the next of the family to die if I do, and I don't leaving any chance." Finally another pair of horses was sent for, and then the funeral proceeded on its sad journey.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Will Enough to Remember Them.

Several gentlemen were at lunch and the talk had been on Benedict Arnold. The mention of the traitor said: "Boys, I'bet one of memory. But how many did he do? We have had five presidents in the actual working year of office Washington, who was the first, John Adams, Jefferson, Lincoln and Garfield. Five vice presidents died in office Clinton, Gerry, King, Wilson and Hendricks. John Quincy Adams and Andrew Johnson, both vice presidents, died in political office, the former while a member of the house, the latter while a senator."—Chicago Tribune.

Vast Forests in Denmark.

It makes an Rhododendron worth while to visit Denmark, the crown forests of Denmark never cover 50,000,000 acres. The pine cones, which are used extensively in these forests, are of great size, some of them being 12 feet in girth, while there are pine trees 150 feet high. The mountain ash, the red pine, the weeping birch, the oak, and the beech wood are some of the more useful or ornamental trees of which the lucky Dane can possess a virtually unlimited supply.—Boston Herald.

Mr. Macdonald.

Farewell Letter of a Bachelor.—"Dear Young Lady: Since you have transferred your love to another, I have closed my account with you. I find myself your creditor to 300 smiles, which I spent for you, and which I now have to put down to profit and loss."—Fitzgerald Bazaar.

WAS IT WORTH WHILE?

The old man sat at eve in his chair,
Where his clerks had left him alone.
His cheeks were pinched with furrows of care
Thin were the locks of his once white hair
And weary eyes under them shone.
The walls with rows of volumes were lined—
A library dear to his heart.
They told of years in Mammon consigned
To toil, that left no room in the mind
For benefits of nature and art.

His gospel was to lose not an hour
In "sauntering life and vain,"
To him the perfume sweet of a flower
A song, a rainbow after a shower,
Weighed naught in the balance with gain.
At Charity's call sometimes he gave,
And he whined all evil to shrine,
But dwarfed his life to that of a slave,
Losing its best to scrape and to save
The wealth that might rule his sole.

What part did he taken the trickster's chance
And bought the gems shining among
These native and silver yonder course?
And why the chest of shame and sorrow
On that dulled face, old and so young?
Wherein the blame for evil ministers feed?
From whose hand comes the price God's stake?
Does the old man to his grave give heed
That he labored such social poisons to breed
And starved his own life for a rake?

—New York Advertiser.

UNCLE TOM BARKER.

Uncle Tom Barker was much of a man. He had been wild and reckless and had not had nor regarded men, but one day at a camp meeting, while Bishop Gaston was shaking up the sinners and scolding them over the infernal pit, Tom got alarmed, and before the meeting was over he professed religion and became a zealous, outspoken convert, and declared his intention of going forth into the world and preaching the Gospel. He was terribly in earnest, for he said he had lost a power of time and must make it up. Tom was a rough talker, but he was a good one, and knew right much of "Scripture," and a good many of the old fashioned hymns by heart. The conference thought he was a pretty good fellow to send out into the border country among the settlers, and so Tom scheduled his appointments, got his gray, and in the time was on his way to north Mississippi.

In course of time Tom reached neighborhoods and from his strong language and strange gestures and his wonderful eloquence they called him old "Sledge Hammer," and after a while "Old Sledge" for short. Away down in one corner of his territory there was a blacksmith shop and a wagon shop and a whisky shop and a postoffice at Bill Jones' crossroads, and Bill kept all of them and was known far and wide as "Devil Bill Jones," so as to distinguish him from Squire Bill, the magistrate. Devil Bill had always had an peculiar aversion to a horse to ride a horse to the settlements, and if any of the mixed populace were drive to stop at the crossroads held many hot dance a hornpipe and sing a hymn and whip his bottle.

And Bill Jones would just what he said for so had a mortal hate for the men of God. It was reasonably supposed that his spirit and would do what he said, for the trade at the store had made him strong and everybody knew that he had as much bone courage as was necessary. And so Uncle Tom was advised to take roundabout and never tackle the crossroads. He accepted this for a time, and left the people to the bad influence of Devil Bill, but it seemed to him he was not doing the Lord's will, and whenever he thought of the women and children living in darkness and growing up in infidelity he would groan.

One night he prayed over it with great earnestness, and vowed to do the Lord's will if the Lord would give him light, and it seemed to him as he rose from his knees that there was no longer any doubt—he must go. Uncle Tom never mulled about anything when his mind was made up. He went right at it like killing snakes, and so next morning on a "mule" passed on his way to Bill's shop. Uncle Tom said:

"My friend, will you please carry a message to Bill Jones for me? Do you tell him that if the Lord is willing I will be at the crossroads to preach next Sunday at 11 o'clock, and I am where the Lord is willing. Tell him to please remain! It is the settlement about, and as the women and children to come. Tell Bill Jones I will stay at his house, God willing, and I'm where he's willing, and I'll preach Sunday, too, if things are along harmonious."

When Bill Jones got the message he was amused, astonished, and he indignation knew no bounds. He raved and stormed at the "mule," as he called it—the "mule bearing the message of Old Sledge"—and he swore that he would burn him up and wipe him, for he knowed that he wouldn't dare to come to the crossroads.

But the "mules" whispered it around that Old Sledge would come, for he was never known to make an appointment and break it, and there was an old house that was used to run with Mormon's going, who said he used to know Tom Barker when he was a sinner and had seen him fight, and he was sinner's a man.

So it spread like wildfire that Old Sledge was coming, and Devil Bill was "spoiling" to whip him and make him leave and sing a "Gilead," and then to a gallon of peach brandy needs.

Devil Bill had his enemies, of course, for he was a hard man and was one way or another had grubbed up all the samples of the "universal" and had given nothing in exchange but whisky, and these enemies had hoped he would try to come and take him down. They had circulated the intelligence, and, without communicating the matter to other party, with that intent would come to Saturday at the crossroads, and that Old Sledge of the devil would have to go under.

On Friday the settlers began to drop into the crossroads under pretense of business, but really to get the bottom facts of the Tomkins-Jones trade afloat.

Devil Bill knew this well when they came for, and he talked and cursed more furiously than ever, and swore that anybody who would come expecting to see Old Sledge tomorrow was an original fool, for he wouldn't come. He said here his strong arms and shook his long hair and said he would be waiting for him, meaning figurative women, for he had been sign so to fourteen men when he had made a preacher dance.

Saturday morning as it which the settlers began to gather. They came on foot and on horseback, and in ox-carts, wagons, and children—and before 11 o'clock there were more people at the crossroads than had ever been there before.

Bill Jones was not at their credulity, but he had to stay in sentiment, and kept replenished his courage and said more whisky in an hour than he had sold in a month. As the afternoon wore on he began to show the long-weighed real that Old Sledge would come, if he came at all, and more than a dozen times he might just over the top of the distance hill was closely scrutinized.

Now Gus now day said, "Tempter to woman—check him, shove." But he it wasn't him.

Some half a dozen had old bullwhips all ready, and they surrounded him, and first at this which the old home could be informed.

"I see you drinkers a mule of the hill. I don't need his business cards, but, gentlemen, this will cost you at the last."

And it was so.

As he got nearer and nearer, a slow movement to be moving with him, and some said, "He's going to attend," another said, "He's going to find Almighty," and another said, "I'll be surprised if he isn't a preacher," and very soon it was decided that he was "magic of a mule."

Bill Jones was soon advised of all this, and boiling up to the front said: "Darned if he ain't singing before I axed him, but I'll make him sing another tune till he is tired. I'll pay him for his smoothing ways. I'm not a-going to kill him, boys. I'll leave life in his rotten and carcass, but that's all. If any of you'n want to hear Old Sledge preach you'll have to go ten miles from the roads to do it."

Slowly and solemnly the preacher came. As he drew near he narrowed down his time and looked kindly upon the crowd. He was a massive man in frame, and had a heavy suit of dark brown hair, but his face was clean shaved and showed a nose and lips and chin of firmness and great determination.

"Look at him, boys, and mind your eye," said the horse thief.

"Where will I find my friend, Bill Jones?" inquired Old Sledge.

All round they pointed him to the man.

Riding up close he said: "My friend and brother, the good Lord has sent me to you, and I ask your hospitality for myself and my beast," and he slowly dismounted and faced his foe as though expecting a kind reply.

The crisis had come and Bill Jones met it.

"You infernal old hypocrite, you crossed old shaved faced scoundrel, didn't you know that I had swored an oath that I would make you sing and dance and whip you besides if you ever dared to plant these crossroads with your shootracks? Now sing, d—d you, sing, and dance as you sing," and he emphasized his command with a ringing slap with his open hand upon the parson's face.

Old Sledge recoiled with pain and surprise.

Recovering in a moment, he said:

"Well, Brother Jones, I did not expect so warm a welcome, but if this be your cross-roads manners I suppose I must sing," and as Devil Bill gave him another slap on his jaw he began with:

My soul, be on thy guard.

And with his long arm suddenly and swiftly gave Devil Bill an open hander that nearly knocked him off his feet, while the parson continued to sing in a splendid tenor voice:

Ten thousand foes arise.

Never was a lion more aroused to frenzy than was Bill Jones. With his powerful arm he made at Old Sledge as if to annihilate him with one blow, and many horrid oaths, but the parson fended off the stroke as easily as a practised boxer, and with his left hand dealt Bill a settler on his proper as he continued to sing:

Oh, watch and fight and pray.
The battle ne'er give o'er.

But Jones was plucky to desperation, and the settlers were watching with bated breath. The crisis was at hand, and he squared himself, and his clinched fists flew thick and fast upon the parson's frame, and for a time disturbed his equilibrium and his song. But he rallied quickly and began the offensive as he sang:

Never think the victory won,
Nor lay thy armor down.—

He backed his adversary squarely to the wall of his shop, and seized him by the throat and mauled him as he sang:

Fight on, my soul, till death—

Well, the long and the short of it was that Old Sledge whipped him and bumped him to the ground and then lifted him up and helped to restore him and begged a thousand pardons.

When Devil Bill had retired to his house and was being cared for by his wife, Old Sledge mounted a box in front of the grocery and preached righteousness and temperance and judgment to come to that people.

He closed his solemn discourse with a brief history of his own sinful life before his conversion and his humble work for the Lord ever since, and he besought his hearers to stop and think. "Stop, poor sinner, stop and think," he cried in alarming tones.

There were a few men and many women in that crowd whose eyes, long unused to the melting mood, dropped tears of remorse at the preacher's first and humble exhortation. Bill Jones' wife, poor woman, had crept humbly into the outskirts of the crowd, for she had long treasured the memories of her childhood, when she, too, had gone with her good mother to hear preaching. In secret she had prayed and lamented her husband's hatred for religion and for preachers. After she had washed the blood from his sinning face and dressed his wounds she would kiss it if she might go down and hear the preacher. For a while she was afraid that she would be dealt with accordingly. He had never been whipped before, and had suddenly lost confidence in himself and his infidelity.

"Go, long Sally," he answered, "if you can talk like to-day Old Sledge, maybe the Lord did send him. He's all mighty strange to me," and he groaned in anguish. His calamity seemed to have changed his nature, wondering, curiously, and after Sally had gone he left his bed and drew near to the window where he could hear.

Old Sledge made no excuse, but reading prayer, and his pleading with the Lord for Bill Jones sinfulness and that of his wife and children reached the window where Bill was sitting, and he heard it. His wife returned in tears and took a seat beside him, and spoke her heart's desires, but said nothing. Bill here it for awhile in thoughtful silence, and then putting his brushed and trembling hand in hers, said:

"Sally, if the Lord sent Old Sledge here, and may be he did—I reckon you had better look after his horse." And sure enough Old Sledge stayed there that night and held family prayer, and the next day he preached from the points to a great multitude, and sang his favorite hymn:

Am I a soldier of the Cross?

And when he got to the third verse his mellowed but musical voice seemed to be filled a little higher as he sang:

Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord.

Devil Bill was converted and became a changed man. He passed the church, and closed his grocery and helped to build a meeting house, and it was always said and believed that Old Sledge scared the grace into his unbelieving soul, and it would never have got in any other way.—Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

Anybody's Allies.

Mrs. Jones (with assumed belief)—I wonder which side God is on?

Mr. Jones—You can quickly find out by opening it.

Mrs. Jones—Yes, but I am enjoying the mystery of suspense.—New York Weekly.

The Book for a Text.

Miss Dudley—Mr. Jones, do tell us what sermon you took your text from?

Miss Saffron—Yes, dear, do tell us, Clarence, are you really our minister?

Miss Dudley—Are you sure?

Miss Saffron—Not nearly, but they're so good.

Miss Dudley—Are we? Are we really?

Miss Saffron—Oh, I don't know. The only text we ever—The Sketch.

HE DISAPPEARED.

But Not Before He Had Collected Two Dollars in Nickels and Dimes.

He was a young fellow of slight build and with one arm gone. Just about noon he walked up North Walnut street a little way, mounted an empty box that the last fakir who had been there before him had used as a platform from which to extol his wares and began singing a comic song in a manner not half bad. The streets were crowded with people going to luncheon, and for a time no one paid any attention to him.

Finally one curious man strolled up, and then they began to come by ones and twos, and in ten minutes the one armed singer was surrounded by about a hundred men and boys. He finished his song, and then he took from one of his pockets a bundle wrapped with brown paper and tied strongly with about cord.

He held it up so that all might see, and then said: "Gentlemen, I am here today to show to you one of the greatest feats of legerdemain ever performed by anybody, not excepting the gypsies of the black art of the olden days. This feat, gentlemen, is done for two reasons—for your entertainment and my financial benefit. I would dearly like to show you the trick for nothing, and it is a trick such as none of you ever saw before or ever will again, but when my heart prompts me to do this my stomach says no!

"Although I am a cripple I must needs eat, just like mortals of ordinary build. If you will pardon me, therefore, I will ask you to pass up whatever offerings you would like to make, and if I receive enough to purchase a square meal I will show you this marvelous triumph of the mind over the limitations of matter."

The crowd by this time was thoroughly interested, and nickels and dimes were dropped into the young man's hand until he had accumulated at least a couple of dollars. When the money ceased coming he carefully stowed it away in his pocket, and then said, "If you are sure, gentlemen, that there is nobody else who wishes to contribute to this fund I will proceed." He held the package up again and continued:

"This, as you can all see, is but an ordinary package, and it is wound about with common wrapping twine. I have here also a large knife. The trick that I am about to show you is this: In full sight of everybody the string that surrounds this package will be parted, but you will not see me cut it. Here is the knife and here is the string."

The people crowded closer around him, and he held the package and knife up for inspection again. Then he said, "Now, watch, gentlemen, for the performance is about to begin." With those words he calmly closed the knife, and putting the package to his mouth, bit the string in two, and jumping down, pushed his way through the crowd and reached Main street.

Then he turned and said: "I am more obliged, gentlemen, for your close attention and liberal contributions. You did not see me cut the string, simply because I bit it. Good day, gentlemen, good day. My best regards." And before anybody could catch him he disappeared in the crowd.—Rochester Democrat.

Easily Saved.

A well known and estimable lady of the south side, accompanied by a young lady friend, were on their way to their friends in the Fifth ward one evening. While they were crossing the Fall Brook railroad bridge an approaching train frightened the ladies and they became confused. Just then a young man who was crossing the bridge from the Fifth ward side came along, and as he reached the frightened ladies the younger one threw her arms around his neck and frantically cried:

"Oh, save me! Save me!"

The young man, taken by surprise, was knocked entirely off his balance, and before he recovered himself the train had passed without doing any one any injury, as no one was in its way. Then the young man came to himself and, although doubtfulness with much reluctance, gently attempted to remove himself from the agitated young lady's embrace. Suddenly was still impressed with the idea that she was in danger and that the young man alone could save her, for she held him all the tighter and exclaimed:

"Oh, do not move me! Save me!"

It took some time for her companion and the young man to quiet her and bring her to a realization of the situation, and then her feelings may be imagined. The young man went on his way, no doubt rejoicing at the good fortune the incident had brought him. The young lady is still wondering what she could have been thinking of.—Corning Chronicle.

When Your Feet and Ankles Swell.

When a person's feet and ankles swell without being inflamed he should at once consult a physician. This symptom, as a rule, is caused by dropsy and points to the kidneys or heart as the cause. And yet it may be due to other causes, although very rarely, indeed. It is in summer that it most often occurs independent of grave disease. Physicians occasionally encounter persons, and usually women, whose feet and ankles swell at times. Girls that they are prevented from participating when in such humors by some to relaxation of the corsets and sling gathers of corsetwear. In the affected ankle tenderness, and one symptom, exercise, tend not to relieve appearance. The edematous cases, however, are so rare it should always be held a highly suspicious sign and deserving the consideration of a physician.—Boston Herald.

How the Horse Has Helped Science.

The horse has lost most of a long line of ancestry. Ages before the remains of lofty tree kings were laid in the pyramids the ancestors of the horse were imbedded in the most permanent sepulchers of ocean, lake and volcanic formations. There is such a succession, so vividly the time which modern scientists have performed over the serious question of evolution. Here, as always, the horse, though dumb, more to the assistance of man, giving a testimony in favor of evolution, showing as proof a fore foot having four toes, a hind foot with three—a later development having three toes on both fore and hind feet. And by a series of modifications of this kind to strengthened the belief in those gradual changes in which the principles of evolution are based.—Caroline K. Sherman in Chicago Herald.

Self Sacrificed.

People who jump too quickly at conclusions sometimes have occasion to wish that they had not been quite so clever. "You ought to be ashamed to make fun of my hat!" cried a little girl whose curly locks are red. "Why, I didn't!" was the indignant reply, not the aggrieved one returned. "I heard you. You said, 'Don't it beat all?' and you must have meant my hair!"—Youth's Companion.

The Best Kind of a Show.

The average person knows too common sense in the purchase of shoes than to that of any other article of his outfit. He is quite likely to be guided by the salesmanship as to the style and shape of what he buys. The shoes of whose goods for general wear are made with the soft side of the leather turned out. This renders them easier to wear. A soft cushiony shoe, made with the outside of the skin on the outside of the shoe is almost impossible to moisture and protects the foot from dampness as much as does India rubber, without any of the injurious effects of that material.—New York Dispatch.

WOOL TURNED WHITE.

AWFUL EXPERIENCE OF A NEGRO BESET BY ALLIGATORS.

He Spent the Greater Part of Twenty-four Hours on a Stump in a Deep Swamp—He Held a Pig on His Back and Was Surrounded by Hungry Saurians.

On the edge of a little lake about ten or twelve miles northwest of Tallahassee, there lives an old negro whom I see and with whom I talk every time I go hunting in that direction. At least I have always supposed he was aged, for though his wife is a young woman, he is white haired, though hale and hearty to appearance. The last time I was out there I learned that he was quite young, only about forty in fact, and that his snowy locks had a history. After urging I prevailed on him to tell me the story.

It seems that during the war this negro, Ben Aiken, had run off, and while hiding out in the woods subsisted as best he could on wild fruits, game, young corn, and an occasional chicken if he was so fortunate as to find one far enough away from a plantation.

One day he happened to slip up on a half grown pig and, getting close enough, knocked it over, and at once stuck it with his knife and started off with it to his improvised hut. While picking his way through the swamp and going from one little mound to another, stepping on logs and stumps and cypress knees, he noticed that one log he was just in the act of stepping on was not a log at all, but quite a vicious looking alligator.

He had lived long enough among gators to feel no particular uneasiness over this one, though he also knew that they are mean to have around. Ben stepped back to the mound he was on (which was only about ten or twelve feet square) and concluded to wait till the sluggish creature moved on. But the gator after awhile aroused itself, and in company with four or five others started toward Ben.

The negro concluded to beat a retreat, when he found that his little island was entirely surrounded by alligators, and he then realized that they had been attracted by the blood he was carrying, which had left a trail of blood behind him.

ALLIGATORS ON EVERY SIDE.

The darky was now thoroughly frightened. He saw the alligators crowding around his little island; he knew that at night they would come up after him, he had no weapon except a knife and a club, he knew there was no chance of any one hearing his cries, and it was now nearly sundown. A full grown alligator came crawling up toward him and he brained it with a club, but it gave him no consolation, for he knew he could not keep that up through the night.

There was one cypress knee or stump on the mound which rose about five feet or more, but he doubted his ability to get upon its smooth top and even if he got there he didn't think he could keep his place there long. Besides, it was doubtful even then if he would be out of reach of their jaws. Being the only chance, however, he tried it, and found that by close attention and sitting in a very cramped position he could keep his place upon the stump.

Night came on and he became sleepy. He dare not close his eyes. He did everything possible to keep himself awake. Finally, captivity itself would be a sweet relief compared with this, and he yelled long and loud for help hour after hour. He knew it was of no use, but he kept it up.

At last the first gray streaks of dawn were seen, and presently came the day. His little mound was covered with alligators, and the swamp seemed alive with them. He tried to frighten them away, so that he could at least get down and stretch his limbs, but they crowded all around him, glaring up at him, opening their horrid mouths for the feast they knew was coming.

The hot rays of the sun were becoming unendurable, for he had kept up his calling for help until his throat and mouth seemed parched.

DROPPED A SCREAMING FRIGHT.

He had all this time held the pig in his arms, and now, in slightly altering his position, it dropped in the ground. At once an enormous alligator from each side pushed toward it. It was the plunge of battle, and a gurgling, curious from each was followed by the crack. Never did say the willows such a crunch.

The enormous heads and powerful jaws crashing on united side, back and head, the final advantage gained by one in a grip under the neck, and the fearful strength of the other, the terrible strokes of each with his long tail, and the resounding echoes through the swamp-all, joined with Ben's frantic cry for help, made a din and commotion that almost deafened Mr. Aiken and his men, who now appeared upon the scene.

A crowd that had been out camp hunting the night before had been frightened by Ben's cries, and reporting it at the house Mr. Aiken concluded it must be his runaway hand, and he took a crowd of men and started after him and arrive upon the scene. The battle between the alligators was finished, and the conqueror was at once shot dead.

The others were driven away, and Ben was taken off his perch, a quivering, quivering stick. A week's rest restored him to his normal condition, however, except his kinky hair. That has always remained as white as the whitest tuft of cotton on the plantation.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Facts About the Heads of Criminals.

The belief of some anthropologists that the criminal section of mankind is sharply guished by certain definite physical characteristics which are susceptible of study and classification. Generally speaking, they assert, the cranial outline is undersized, the weight being disproportionate to its height, with a tendency to flat footed. He is heavy in his movements, lacking anatomical symmetry and beauty. Particularly his head is not symmetrical.

Indeed, want of symmetry so to the head and face is surprisingly prevalent in criminals, as it is also in the insane. It is so usual that a collection of portraits of thieves and murderers has all the effect of a series of caricatures. The upper cranial shape of head is the predominant type, and the length and breadth of the face are both excessive. Curiously enough, the average weight of the murderer's cranium is greater than that of the international type.—Washington Star.

They'd Better Look Out.

"Mamma," said heartbroken little Ben, whose pet dog had just died, "where has Jack gone, do you think—to heaven?"

"Perhaps," said mamma, to comfort.

Ben thought about it for awhile, and then resumed, "Mamma, I guess the angels'd be awful scared when they see Jack comin' along—he's so cross to strangers."—Exchange.

A curious fact in the early history of pins is that when they were first sold in "open stores" there was such a great demand for them that a code was passed prohibiting their sale only on two days in the year—the 1st and 2d of January. Those days the court ladies and the city dames flocked to the depots to purchase them in such numbers that they were announced festivals.

In Australia there is manufactured a hat which is said to resemble the Panama hat very closely. It is made from the sword leaves of a native plant, which are treatment in boiling water, and then dried. The fiber obtained by this treatment is plaited as in South America.

CATCHING TROUT BY HAND.

An Old Trick That Is Frequently Played on the Unsuspecting Tourist.

One day a well dressed man visited a certain hamlet, carrying the newest of fly rods. He intended to fish for trout. Could any one give him information as to the best place for his day's sport? As he asked for it at the bar of the small inn of the hamlet, the information was soon forthcoming. One of the customers there told him he knew where there was a big one, and no mistake, he could show it to him, and all he had to do was to catch it. The bait took.

After a generous "liquor up" and the tip of a shilling away they started. He saw the fish, and for nearly the whole of a day he threshed that water hard enough to frighten all the trout that ever swam in it. But not even a fish the size of a sprat did he capture.

At the inn, before his train started, as he rested for an hour, his guide of the morning appeared and asked him what sport he had had. "Not a single fish," replied he, adding, "I would spend half a sovereign in drinks if that trout lay in my basket, or give that sum to any one who would put me up to getting it there." Five minutes later the native whispered to him, "Did ye mean what ye said?"

The angler pulled out half a sovereign and showed it to him. "Bide here a bit," said the man, "your train don't start yet." In less than half an hour the stranger was beckoned out of the bar to see the big trout, still alive and kicking vigorously, on some flags in a basket. He had a hook attached to a piece of broken gut in his upper lip; not a bruise or a mark was on him.

"Take him, basket an all, for what ye said," quote the native; "he's a precious sight too big to go into that consarn o' yours. And I be worry much obleged to you for this ere half sov'rin, and no mistake." I was informed afterward that the fish had been so frightened by the threshing of that would be angler that he had retreated to the utmost limit of his hover under the bank, and there he had remained, as only a trout will remain.

The cute rustic knew this would be so, and he had simply gone down to the spot, taken off his shoes and tucked up his trousers and "groped him out." That is how most of the great trout are captured, but I never saw one that had been groped for that was not shown with a hook in his mouth. A gut hook does not cost much, and it looks so very much better. "Vile poaching!" No, that was waste land where the big trout was got out.—Blackwood's Magazine.

The First Baptism.

It was the first Sunday after my ordination, and my rector said to me: "W——, there will be a baptism in this afternoon's service. You may as well take it. It will be a beginning for you." "Very well," was my humble and somewhat tremulous reply.

The preliminaries of the baptismal office were over, it remained but to "name this child" and "baptize" it. Also it was more easily said than done, for the baby had a word to say against it. Yes, for he was eighteen months old, and could talk and walk. Oh, cruel fate, for a first christening by a nervous man! I seized him for it had to be a forcible grasp to perform my office. The rebel kicked and plunged like a frisky colt, twisted and twirled like a slippery eel, yelled with all the power of his lungs, and was deaf and indifferent to the persuasive powers of his maternal relative. I held him aloft by main force, and dipping my hand in the water, began the sprinkling.

But he took his revenge. What whiskers I had he seized on and held fast to with one hand, fighting madly with the other. The poor little chap was sorely frightened, no doubt, and perhaps in my anxious nervousness I had not been as careful of his feelings as I might have been. How I said the words, or whether they were ever said, I know not, so great was the noise and so tumultuous were my feelings.

With a crimson face, and bathed in perspiration, I disentangled his foot from my whiskers and gave him up to those who belonged to him, very glad to get rid of him, while I meekly concluded the service amidst of amusement and tittering among the congregation at the new curate's first christening.—London Tit-Bits.

Every Child a Poet.

The love of money and the love of everything else but nature is acquired; it is a matter of education. No boy sees any charm in lucrative. If he had his pockets full of money he would spend it all, or give it away. What for? A gun and fishing rod, a dog and a horse, a boat and a lunch basket, then he would start for the woods or the lakes. When you come to sift it down the child is born with no other passion but a love of nature. As for rainbows and storms, he may not prefer the latter, but it is impossible to find a child that does not go into ecstasies over a rainbow. How often have I seen them stand in wrapt delight as the storm swept eastward at night, and the setting sun, after filling the valley with gold, painted a double bow across the rear of the clouds.

More than this, and involved in it, is the great truth that every child is a poet. It takes a good deal of sobering down and compulsion to bring a boy or girl into blank prose. Up to about eighteen a child has a free home, and not too much repression, thinks and feels only poems. This is one reason why childhood is laden with dangers, because the young creatures see everything high colored.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

New Yorkers Are Great Leaders.

"What do you notice most about the people of New York?" was asked of a girl who was making her first visit to the metropolis. "That everybody reads newspapers," was the prompt reply. "The laborers going home with their pails at night are reading the last edition, the girls, with schoolbooks under their arms, are reading morning and evening, the women in the elevated trains are always reading; the messenger boys and the newsboys read, and sometimes I see a man who stops a newsboy and buys every evening paper that is published in the city. I never saw a city where everybody from prince to pauper took so much stock in the newspapers."—New York Recorder.

Railway statistics show that the American takes twenty-seven railway trips a year, the Englishman nineteen, the Belgian eleven, the Frenchman, the German, Swede, Norwegian and the Spaniard five each, while the Turk, the Servia and the Italian take but one each.

Here is something for people who keep their carriages. A mirror is attached to the girdle of a driver of a fashionable turnout in St. Petersburg. This enables the lady who rides in the phaeton to see all the following equipages without turning her head.

The hope of a home on the part of the average New York workingman is a hopeless one unless he gets out into some suburb. The census shows that out of 1,900,000 people in the city, 1,300,000 live in flats, tenements and boarding houses.

A drill sergeant in the British army was ordered to ascertain the religious views of some recruits, and this is how he did it: "Fall in! Church of England men on the right, Roman Catholics on the left, all fancy religious to the rear!"

The electrostatic resistance of the Atlantic cable reduces the speed of the electric current more than one third, requiring three seconds for it to travel to Europe.

INDIFFERENCE.

Now that my hopeless spirit beats no more
Against the portals of the iron gate,
Behind whose bars dwell the relentless Fates,
Nor dared I hope to win from yon deep store
Aught that is good—I stand at Fortune's door
And watch the throng that pass and will wait,
And smile to think how piteously earnest
And pain is treasured when the first death knell
Since all the ages have spent their wrath, and now
They nor the Furies have no more to give,
Nor bliss may longer set my soul aflame,
Unchanging quiet rests upon my heart
Let whatsoever will come of pain, I care
In certain calm eternally the same.

—May Lennox in Boston Transcript.

The Women of Bolivia.

As a rule the Indian women of Bolivia are superior to their lords in intelligence and earn the larger share of their mutual support. Being the older of the two, she is naturally the head of the house, and is more likely to thrash her dainty spouse than he is to mistreat her.

In the markets where farm products are disposed of she can drive a better bargain than he; she can carry as heavy burdens, endure as much manual labor, chew as much coca and drink as much alcohol. The Indians have little or no money, their mediums of exchange being whatever they may raise or the labor of their hands. They will eat when not hungry, drink when not thirsty, sleep when not sleepy, anywhere and any time when opportunity offers, "against the time of need," as they say.

The majority are in a state of semi-toxication from babyhood to the grave, alcohol being used on every pretext, freely as their means will allow, on occasions of births, deaths and feast days, the latter occurring nearly every day in the year. They are social creatures, and not at all inclined to live alone, hence their houses are always in groups, and a community of them, though numbering not more than half a dozen, is called an estancia.

In the interior of Bolivia, if an Indian desires to change his place of residence, he is not allowed to settle in another village until the authorities thereof have looked into his private history, when, if the record is not satisfactory, he is ordered to move on. But that seldom happens, for they are like cats in their attachment to places, and will cultivate the same lot of poor land from generation to generation, though barely able to keep body and soul together.—Brandon Buckeye.

Obesity Cures.

Dr. Schwenninger, of Munich, has made fortune out of his antifat sanitarium, where overweight persons are cured by means of constant exercise and dietetic restrictions. The Turks obtain the same result by sweat cures and Lord Byron doctored himself with vinegar salads and protracted fasts. A much less disagreeable method is that proposed by a French correspondent, who recommends his fellow sufferers to eat only one article of food at a meal. In that way, he says, the sense of satiety will be induced much more quickly and the temptation to overeating correspondingly lessened.—Philadelphia Times.

A Pious Fraud.

An Italian countryman tried to steal a hen. He caught hold of it by the tail, but the fowl escaped, leaving the feathers in his hands. The man afterward confessed his fault to the priest, who told him to bring five lire in expiation of his criminal intent. The countryman returned with a paper bag full of coppers, which he told in such a way that when the priest took hold of it all the money dropped out into the man's hat, and his reverence was left with the empty bag. Whereupon the sly, penitent remarked, "I, too, only got the feathers, but not the fowl!"—Il Messaggero.

Only One Set of Perfect Teeth.

I think the general run of teeth are becoming worse as the years go by. The ancients certainly had better teeth than people possess today. This is to be accounted for in great measure by the luxurious food people eat. The use of tobacco preserves teeth, but may cause spongy gums and absorption. In fact, I never knew of but one perfect set of teeth, and the owner of these was a girl of nineteen years. Before long, however, she suffered an attack of typhoid fever, and since then some of those splendid teeth have dropped.—Interview in Philadelphia Record.

The Greeks' Fondness for Horseflesh.

Sophocles instead of the horse of Attica, and Xenophon rested awhile from listening to Socrates and wrote a treatise on the horse that would reflect credit on a horseman of modern times. But if we had no other evidence of the Greeks' fondness for horses, the beautiful marbles on the Parthenon pediment and frieze would tell the story. These marbles show also the self mastery of the greeks who controlled the proudest of horses, for the Greeks knew well that the secret of power over others, whether man or brute, lay first of all in self command.—Chicago Herald.

Making it Useful.

Railway Superintendent (to car inspector)—Any of the cars out of order?

"Yes, number 111 is split for service."

"Well, use it only for excursions after this."—Nebraska State Journal.

Got on to It Finally.

They were at the theatre and she had thoughtlessly eaten at dinner some soup with the flavor of onion in it.

"Oh, Mr. Bowlingwell," she said, simply putting a morsel of perfumed sachet to her lips, "do you notice that some one near us has had the bad taste to eat onions before coming to the theatre to night?"

"Why, no, Miss Clara, I hadn't said yet onion."—The Epoch.

An Excellent Bargain.

Mrs. Bargin Hunter—How much are your handkerchiefs?

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