## EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Migrating Rock Crystals. It has long been assumed that of two igneous rocks in contact that containing crystals peculiar to the other was necessarily younger than the latter. Cole, however, shows that crystals may be floated away into a pre-existing rock of a low degree of fusibility from one of a higher degree which has intruded on it. At Glasdrumman Port, County Down, Ireland, a dike or eurite is flanked on both sides by dikes of mitted that he had been, and then the basaltic andesite, of which the andesites following conversation ensued, the govare unquestionably the older rocks, since the eurite on its contact with them incloses fragments torn from their sides. The eurite contains porphyritic crystals of pink orthoclase, while the andesite is normally devoid of them. Near its contact with the former rock, however, crystals exactly like those in the eurite are occasionally found in the andesite. Crystals of quartz and feldspar have also often been floated from the curite into the detached fragments of the andesite. The invading rock has melted the ground mass of the andesite and has left its larger crystals scattered through

#### Two Lovely Doggles.

substance. - American Naturalist.

Some years ago I was out riding, ac companied by my two dogs—an Irish setter and a bull terrier. I had a fall and broke my thigh. The distress of the dogs was touching to see. They ran to and fro, barking and howling, apparently to attract attention. When assistance came, I was carried home on a hurdle, the two dogs trotting one on either side of it, and when the bearers put the burden down to rest they jumped on to it, licking my face and hands. For several days the spaniel lay for hours in the carriage drive, apparently watching for his master.

One morning, when the postman delivered the letters, the servant gave the dog my newspaper, and with, "Bring it along, Paddy," he carried it up stairs into my room. His joy at seeing me was worth beholding, and from that day he regularly met the postman, carried the newspaper off and laid it on my bed. He was scarcely ever after absent from the room or the passage leading to it.-London Spectator.

### A Tilt at the Club.

There was a little tilt at the club. had objected.

"Don't patronize me," he said. "Why not?" asked the millionaire. "You're only a painter anyway."

"It requires brains to be an artist," replied the painter.

to sell them to live." But money is your god. You have no other," retorted the painter.
"It's yours, also," said the million-

"You sell your brains for it when you take my cash for your pictures." Well," replied the painter, "if I give you brains for cash, it's an even thing, 9,000. anyway, for each gets what he needs most. "-Chicago Post.

# Coaching a Beginner.

was jeered at by a young guest, who the Louisville Courier-Journal: told him to expand his lungs and cry his wares so that people would notice him. The countryman looked at the boy in a dazed sort of manner and modestly held his tongue. He was apor talk back. Several other boys guyed him and explained how the flowers should be sold. One of them took the countryman's basket and ran down the veranda shouting "Fresh magnolias," and in a little while sold all of the flowers and handed the countryman the money. He took off his hat, bowed and shambled away. As he reached his ox cart be said to his wife: "That's a smart little feller. He must 'a' come from Pocomoke."-Ocean City Letter.

The largest specimen of the domesticated canine ever known was Plinlimmon, an English mastiff, which was exhibited at the great British bench show of 1888. Plinlimmon lacked less than an inch of being 3 feet high at the shoulder and weighed exactly 2143; pounds. Soon after the close of the dog show Plinlimmon was sold to a rich young American for several thousand dollars. The writer believes that the dog is still alive and in this country, but has no exact information to that ef feet. -St. Louis Republic.

Why a Dog Pants. "Poor old fellow, see how warm he is," you say when your dog sinks down almost exhausted, with his tongue lolling out of his mouth. But if you put your hand on him you can feel no perspiration as on human beings or on horses. The tongue and lungs of a dog are the organ by which the perspiration is exhaled. For this reason muzzling, especially in hot weather, is particularly ernel -Exchange.

Eskimo Superstition Is Rulnous. For many years furriers have noticed that all the skins of polar bears which they have received have been mutilated by the loss of the nose. A Parisian furrier has discovered that this is a result of a superstitious belief prevalent among the Eskimo that whenever a polar bear is killed his nose must be cut off and thrown upon the ice, or bad luck will follow the hunter.

There was astonishment in a Parts cafe recently when a new waiter pocketed the tips he received as his own property, and he was arrested on the complaint of his employer. It is the custom in Paris restaurants employing more than one waiter for the garoons to deposit in a box all the tips received by them, and at the close of the day the bend waiter opens this box, counts the money and divides it pro rata, after deducting a certain percentage for the pro-prietor for breakage. This head waiter is called "the corporal." In Boston head waiters are called "captains," but they do not appear to have any such mercial cities and the leading seaport, military designation in New York is also the greatest manufacturing state.

PARDONED HIS ASSAILANT.

Remarkable Treatment of a Convict by Governor Bob Stewart. Governor Bob Stewart, who was the thief executive of Missouri once and afterward United States senator from that

tate, had a strange career. During his gubernatorial incumbency he was one day looking through the penitentiary at Jefferson City when he saw among the convicts an aged man whom he recognized. On the following day he sent to the warden of the prison orders to have that man brought to the executive mansion.

When the man appeared, the governor, calling him by name, asked him if he hadn't once been the mate of a Missouri river steamboat. The convict adernor beginning:

"Do you remember at one time of having taken blankets away from a boy who was a stowaway on the boat and kicking him ashore?'

"The circumstance doesn't recur to me now, but doubtless I did it. A steamboat mate in those days had to be considerable of a brute."

"Yes, sir, and you filled the bill admirably. I was the boy you robbed and kicked ashore very near to this capital city, and thus I became enabled to give you your pardon. Here, sir, take it. Now, right about. March out of that door and off these premises, and never a matrix made up largely of molten let me see your brutal old face again." andesite intermingled with some curite The old convict walked away quite briskly for one of his age.

A little while ago a senator told me that one day about the close of the war. or perhaps a little later, he was walking down Pennsylvania avenue in Washington with another senator when his companion abruptly called his attention to a rather distinguished looking man in a gang of laborers who were cleaning the streets, and I think he said under police surveillance. "Do you know who that man is?"

the second senator asked.

"Well, that is ex-Governor and ex-Senator Bob Stewart of Missouri. He was of a convivial nature, and the convivalities of Washington proved too much

#### European Capitals.

for him. "-Chicago Times-Herald.

The French statistician, M. Bertillon, has compiled some interesting facts regarding the population of Paris and other great capitals. Only 36 per cent of its present population was born in Paris, and this percentage has remained practically the same for the last 30 years. The native population in St. Petersburg is 32 per cent; 41 in Berlin, 45 in Vienna and, contrary to the gen-The millionaire had tackled the artist, eral opinion, 65 in London-the highand the sparks flew. He had tried to est of all large cities. Of all Eurobe lordly and patronizing, and the artist pean capitals Paris has the greatest number of foreigners, more than 181,000, exclusive of 47,000 naturalized foreigners. Among these are 26,863 Germans, while in Berlin there are only 397 French. London has only 95,000 foreigners; St. Petersburg, 'Of course, of course," returned the 23,000; Vienna, 35,000, and Berlin, millionaire in an offhand way. "I 18,000. In Paris the number of foreignadmit it requires brains, and you have ers increased between 1833 and 1891 from 47,000 to 181,000. In point of numbers there are more Belgians (45,000) in Paris than people of any otther foreign nationality; then come the Germans, 26,863; Swiss, 26,000; Italians, 21,000; English, 13,000; Luxembourgians, 13,000, and Russians,

# Gray's "Elegy" or "Stone River."

During Rosecrans' campaign in Ten essee the question arose as to whether flowers in a sleepy manner at the hotel Mr. J. R. Gilmore relates the incident in

On the following day I rode out with Rosecrans, General Garfield, then his chief of staff, several others officers and a squad of about 100 men to Grantlands the birthplace and home of Miss Mur parently afraid either to cry his wares free, the well known author, but then occupied by General Sheridan as his

beadquarters. As we entered the forest inclosing the town Garfield broke out with Lowell's poem, "I do believe in freedom's cause, his words being echoed back from the great spreading trees and set to the mu sic of 100 horses' heels. He had scarcely ended when General Rosecrans told how

Zekle crep' up, quite unbeknown, And pecked in thru the winder, While there sot Huldy all alone

Ith no one nigh to hinder. "What would you give to have writ ten that?" he asked as he finished the

recitation.

'All the castles I ever built in the clouds," I replied.

"So would I," said Resecrans. "You know what Wolfe said before his great

"That he would rather have written Gray's 'Elegy' than take Quebec. Would you have said that before Stone River?

#### He hesitated a moment, then answered, "No, for we need victories more than poems.

#### Peasants' Superstitions. Now and then, not often, ghostly ap-

pearances or sounds are explained to the peasant's satisfaction. Thus in the coun y of Durham "Gabriel's hounds" were for long, long years believed to shrick and how l through the air on dark nights and to forebode death to him who heard and saw them. But prosaic modern research has proved them to be nothing but flocks of wild geese migrating southward on the approach of winter and choosing dark nights for their journeys Similarly the ghost of Irbydale, in the Lincolnshire wolds, a goblin who terrifled travelers at night with its heartrending cries, and who was said to be witch who had been worried to death by dogs in a long past age, has been shown to be nothing but an owl. On the other hand, no true Cornishman will ever be induced to relinquish the belief that the spirit of King Arthur still haunts the ruins of Tintagel in the shape of a white chough, and assuredly the many English families who possess a white bird of omen, such as that which Mr. John Oxenham saw in "Westward, Ha!" ching firmly to the tradition

if not to the belief in it. And so, ghosts or no ghosts, the position is just the same at the end of the nineteenth century as at the end of the eighteenth-all argument is against them, and if all belief is not for them a paratively few eigars himself. He has very great deal more is than people like to acknowledge. - Chambers' Journal.

New York, the greatest of our commercial cities and the leading seaport,

HOW HE WON.

The Stroke of Genius That Gave a Wel

One of the interesting incidents at the opening session of a new congress is the selection of the reading clerk of the house. The reading clerk is appointed by the clerk of the house, but candidates for the place must take part in a com-petitive "speaking contest" before the house. John A. Reeve, who was reading clerk during Harrison's administra tion, was a politician from Cairo, Ills., and one of the best known characters in Washington at the time. Reeve tells this

"I didn't suppose I had any show for the place when it came to the test," said 'for most of the candidates were college men, and some were elocutionists, while the only elecution I had ever practiced was calling bogs in southern Illinois, though I had been able to get up in a political meeting and make the fellows on the back seat hear me; so I thought I would go into this contest anyhow and do my best in my own way. But you ought to have heard those elocutionists. The way they rolled their r's and bissed their s's and said 'ah' and 1-1' was a caution! Some of them didn't talk like human beings and others had voices so rich and melodious you couldn't hear them 40 feet away.

By the time my turn came I had sized up the hall and knew just about where to throw my voice, and I determined to make myself heard if I did nothing else. Each candidate had received a copy of a house bill to read. I noticed that the other fellows started them prettily, but with the tots it is out this way, 'Uh bill,' and so on. Now 'uh' is a sound that won't carry, and you can't attract the attention of the nonse by grunting 'Uh!' So when I started I sang out in a loud, clear voice that took them off their feet, 'A-a-a-a-bill!'—long 'a.' They weren't used to that, and wondered what had broken loose, but it seemed to catch them. I saw I was on the right track, so I went on singing her out clear as a bell, and when I got warmed up I felt as good as I ever did in the bottest speech of a campaign.

"The thing they gave me to read was a terror. It had words in it as long as a dictionary, but I hurried up and slid through them and was doing pretty well when I looked down the page and saw a lot of Spanish proper names. Now, I didn't know Spanish from Apache, but I was going about 100 words a minute, so without stopping I gave them two verses of a little German poem I had learned when a boy, and hang me if a man in that hall seemed to know the difference except Congressman Niedringhaus of St. Louis. You ought to have seen him laugh when he heard his native tongue worked off on the house of representatives for Spanish.

"Yes, I got the place, and it was the long 'a' and the German poetry that saved me. "-New York Sun.

#### He Advertised.

"Once, when I was publishing a paper in Seattle, I convinced a man in a most emphatic way that it paid to advertise," said an old journalist. "He was a fairly prosperous merchant, and I had tried for a long time to get him to insert an advertisement in my paper.

'Oh, it's no use,' he would say. never read the advertisements in a paper, and no one else does. I believe in advertising, but in a way that will force itself on the public. Then it pays. But in a newspaper - pshaw! Everybody who reads a newspaper dodges the advertising pages as if they were poison.' "Well, said I, if I can convince

you that people do read the advertising "Of course I will. I advertise wherever I think it will do any good.

"The next day I ran the following line in the lightest faced agate in the office and stuck it in the most obscure corner of the paper between a couple of patent medicine ads. :

" 'What is Cohen going to do about it?" "The next day so many people annoyed him by asking what that line meant that he begged me to explain the matter in my next issue. I promised to do it if he would let me write the explanation and stand to it. He agreed, and I wrote: 'He is going to advertise, of course, '

### And he did. "-San Francisco Post. Eloquence Cruelly Interrupted. When Sala went to Australia, he ar-

ranged to deliver a series of lectures, and he was fond of telling an anecdote about one of his platform experiences there.

"I was describing to my audience. he said, "in my very best English the coronation of her majesty. I had seen the procession from the corner of Parliament street, and was telling how the young girl-queen drove by in the stateliness of childhood's simplicity, the dignity of sovereignty already seated upon her pale young brow, with heaving breast. 'A bectic flush upon her blanch ed cheek,' I was saying, 'her sweet pallid lips slightly parted, a teardrop trembling on her quivering eyelid all showed'— 'Bosh!' suddenly murmured a buxom old dame in the front row, and my inspiration was gone."-Westminster Gazette.

#### Bad Case of Buck Ague, "If ever a man had buck fever, Reagan had when he killed his first deer,'

said Duke. Several of us young fellows were out in Potter county hunting, and some had never seen a deer. I was walking through the woods, when I heard ahead of me the report of a rifle several times in quick succession, and you bet I got there mighty quick, for I thought some of the boys had run on a bear. Well, when I got in sight there stood Reagan pumping his old winchester .44, and not a shell in it. When I came up, he let a yell out of him and said, 'I'll wear the feather now!" We had an old feather, and whoever killed the last deer wore it. There must have been a dozen bullets in that deer, and he couldn't tell pictured one was, she may have he anything about how it happened, only

### kicked."-Forest and Stream. Walco' Cigare.

Prince of Wales spends over £300 a year on eigars alone. This is, of course, absurd, says London Tit-Bits. As a matno need to do so. Both the emperor of Maid. Austria and the czar of Russia make it | If it is desired that the daughter of a practice each Christmas to send cabi- 12 or 14 should dress somewhat after nets of the very choicest Havanas to the manner of her elders, the third pic-Marlborough House, and the collection ture's costume is an excellent one to of weeds maturing there is quite suffielent to stock any tobecoonist's shop. | lady will allude to with intense satis-

# WEE FOLKS FROCKS.

LATEST STYLES WORN BY LIT-TLE GIRLS.

Not Until the Daughter Is Fourteen or Fifteen Should She Begin to Dress After the Manner of Her Elders-Wraps in Small Sizes.

Many Catching Models.



so far as to dress their daughters of 14 and 15 in nursery style, especially if there are s lot of older sisters to marry off. Of course, the girls don't like this, but they don't know how pretty they look with their straight gowns and hair about their faces. Certainly not till a girl is 14 and 15 should her dresses fit along grown-up lines, and it is really wrong to put her into corsets until she is 16. These early teens find girls at a time when it is a difficult problem to dress

easier. Miss Demurity, aged 3, 4 or 5, is the sweetest thing in the world to look at in the little wool gowns she wears now in the house. To be sure. when she sits, as she was posed for this picture, on a chair to which her little toes can hardly tip the ground,

WHAPS IN WEE SIZES.

says: "My dollie not vey well," and sighs, it's hard to look at anything but the dear face and the tiny pug of soft hair, but the gown is worth looking at. too. It is the softest blue cashmere, or may be of challie. The skirt is full on the wide belt that makes the dress quaintly short-walsted, and the wee bodice is tucked up and down, the tucks being feather-stitched. The baby-neck and it is a pretty fashion, though the hygienists are down upon it-is bared by a little square cut-out. From below the puffs at the shoulders long sleeves come, but the sleeves can be snipped out to show the dimpled arms. The mother who bares her little

daughter's arms and neck in-doors can find some excuse for it, no matter how pages of my paper, will you advertise? much physicians condemn it, from the fact that children's coats and wraps provide so thoroughly for their comfort outdoors. Wee cloaks are found in a variety of styles that are as comfortable as can be. One serviceable model appears at the right in the next picture. It was of soft, rough cloth, coming down to the tops of its little wearer's boots, was loose so that an under jacket might be worn, was double-breasted, and had a shoulder cape besides. There were nice flannellined pockets, too, a little fur tippet was worn about the neck, and a round can of fur to match sat on the soft bair. The fur edge of the hat turned down in skating-cap fashion to cover up the

pink ears when it's very cold. The larger child in the second picture wears a tacket that is suggestive of grown-up folks' coats. It is loosely fitted, though the lines are graceful, and warmth will be insured by an under



POLLOWING STYLES FOR WOMEN.

acket of chamols. A trimming braid and frogs down the front for faening keeps the jacket from seemin too severely grown up, although th upper velvet-faced collar is as gentimanly as can be. If little Miss Ter year-old is a silver-spoon damsel, as thi coat lined with plaid silk, wear a plaiskirt to match and her wide felt ha that he tried to shoot as long as it may have a big bow of plaid to trim i. Only the coat lining is even a little ex-travagant about that, after all. Plaid is not only pretty and suitable, but it An American paper says that the wears well and is very stylish, though style does not bother Miss Maid much yet, but when she is about 14 or 15, it won't suffice that the cloak is warm and ter of fact, his royal highness buys com- comfortable and pleases mamma-it must be swagger, too, and please Miss

copy. It will make what the young

faction as her street dress. Its big puff sleeves to the elbow are of wool-



THE BELLE OF THE PARTY.

en plaid, the long tight cuff being of plain green cloth matching the green in the plaid. The rest of the dress is green cloth, and the skirts of it are set out jauntily from the belt at the waist. The green cloth opens in front all the way from throat to hem, showing a panel of the plaid, a green strap marking the waist. The plain cloth may be slashed at the shoulders and show the plant there, too, and there are green velvet rosettes at either side of the high plaid collar. The wide green felt hat is gay with plaid ribbon and a high lift of black feathers. At the sight of her daughter thus attired, mamma sighs and realizes that Miss Maid is getting to be a young lady very, very rapidly. Milady of 6 years will dress in simple gowns of soft stuffs for the party at which she is to be so delighted and so delightful. A dainty one comes in the next picture, and it can be easily made by the home dressmaker of cotton or of silk crepon, as is preferred. Tue little skirt is edged with rows of ribbon, and goes into a ribbon belt. A yoke of dainty muslin fills in the neck,

and over the shoulders a ruffle of dainty lace is gathered. The arms are bare from the elbow, and on the wee feet are bronze slippers with ribbon bows. The halr is worn off the forehead and falls over the shoulders in sweet little girl fashlon, and let's try to think that the little woman so dressed will stay this way and not hurry to grow up. But, ah me! She won't! Ac cessories of dress for little girls are very few, though for the party she may have



A TINY HOUSEGOWN.

a fan, and she may also have an oldfashioned handkerchief ring to which her pretty handkerchief fastens. Sho may have a party hood and cloak, and she may wear a little chain about her neck and perhaps one finger ring, but jewelry in profusion is in the most atrocious taste for children, and no vulgarity can surpass the putting of earrings through a little girl's ears.

What will do nicely for a tot's house dress appears in the final picture. Cotton, flannellette or challle will serve for it, but the latter has many good qualities. It washes well, yet has all the soft cling of wool, while it is much warmer than cotton and doesn't muss so quickly. This dress is nothing in the world but a gown that hangs full from the round collar. Over the shoul ders is set a yoke of tucked white that is edged about with a ruffle. The sleeves are very full to the wrist, where they eatch under a cuff band. The robe comes to the heels of its wearer, and she can hold it up with all the graces of a lady. Of course, dresses for girls of this age should invariably be freely tucked. Three or four tucks should come at the skirt hem, tucks should cross the front of the bodice running up and down, and others will be needed at the wrists. The little maid grows fast, and with a series of tucks to let out the dress may be made to last long enough in use to wear or This is especially true of wool and F

# CANADIAN KNIGHTS SECEDE

Workman of the New Order. Considerable excitement was caused in labor circles by a report from Montreal that the Knights of Labor there had decided to secede from the general assembly and form a purely Canadian order. This action on the part of the Quebec Knights was unexpected, the complaints against the general assembly having all come from Ontario labor

It is now a foregone conclusion that the Ontario Knights will also secede from the general assembly, in which event they will join Quebec and form a Canadian order. Already several nominees have been suggested for the offices which such action will leave open, D. A. Carey being mentioned as being likely to receive the position of general master workman of the Canadian order.

# Church Organ on a Rampage

The grand organ in St. Paul's Protes tant church in Rahway, N. J., brought the services to an abrupt close Sunday morning. The choir had begun to sing the gloria, when something happened to the organ, and every pipe began to sound. It was several minutes before the supply air could be shut off and the noise ceased. The pastor, the Rev. R. P. Cobb, attempted to dismiss the congregation during the noise, but his words could not be heard, and the people left the church to save their

WHY THE PATROLMEN MISSED.

Old Time Match With Revolvers I the Tenderloin Police Station

"The recent order of the police board that all patrolmen shall become proficient in the use of the revolver," said a retired sergeant, "reminds me of a little target practice that took place in the cellar of the Tenderloin station house on West Thirtieth street three years ago. There was quite a sporty crowd of patrolmen doing duty in that precinct in those days, and there was always a poker game in the off platoon. The game was run on the dead quiet of course and was played in a small room in the cellar used ordinarily for storing ballot boxes and other election paraphernalia. The boys smuggled a stove down there, and a poker table that was seized in a raid on a gambling house was corralled and placed in the room. "Now, there were two wardmen do-

ing duty in the Tenderloin then, and as they had no regular hours they were able to play along with each platoon without interruption. They were a couple of pretty slick fellows, and it was only a matter of time when they'd have all the money on the table. Eventually it got so that the patrolmen wouldn't play with them any more, and this source of revenue cut off, they hit on the idea of shooting at a target with revolvers at 25 cents a shot. Now, some of these coppers were crackajacks with pistols, and they seized the opportunity thus offered to win back the money they had lost at poker. So one night a tomato can was set up at one end of the long cellar, and a lighted candle was placed beside it. Then the men began to shoot. Only two pistols were used, but every time a patrolman shot he missed, while the wardmen bored a hole in the can each time.

"Every night for a week the men would shoot, and always with the same result. The wardmen were winning about \$10 apiece a night, when the game came to a sudden end. One of the patrolmen suddenly opened the pistol which a wardman had handed him to shoot with and found it loaded with blank cartridges. Then there was a howl, and the bad shooting of the platoon was explained. The other pistol, which the wardmen had been using, was loaded with 32 caliber bullets, and as both were good shots of course they plumbed the can each time. The patrolmen threatened all sorts of things, but the wardmen only laughed and held on to the money they had won. There was no use kicking to the captain about it, for he'd have preferred charges against every mother's sou of them for gambling in the station house, and so the patrolmen swallowed their loss and let the matter drop. But it was a long time before they got over it, and some of them are laying for a chance to get even to this day."-New York Sun.

### The Yule Log.

In some parts of Germany the Yule log is placed on the hearth on Christmas eve and if possible kept burning for two or three days. Then a piece of it is laid aside for the purpose of lighting the next year's log and of guarding the household from harm. Pieces of firwood charred but not quite burnt out in the Christmas fire are also placed unlages to avert the dreaded lightning be the type of fire in its evil aspect, in contradistinction from the solar orb, the representative of beneficent light and warmth. The custom of burning a Yule ful how you startle a nervous man. log for three days and nights in each in at the winter solstice.

Brittany, and in Normandy not more than 100 years ago the household fire was extinguished on Dec. 24 and the Christmas log was ignited by the aid of a flame procured from the lamp burning in the neighboring church. This fact affords a curious instance of the probable transference of respect and reverence from the sacred fire of a purely heathen creed to the ecclesiastical lights of Catholicism. When the pagan rites for procuring unsallied fire were forbidden or fell into desuctude, the ideas to which they owed their origin and development, instead of perishing, continued to exist more or less perfectly by attaching themselves to usages and ceremonies having no direct association with them. -Gentleman's Magazine.

Washington was the gravest man of the whole ation. The tradition of him is that he was never known to laugh and seldom seen to smil -Boston Herald.

If there is such a tradition in Boston, it is at variance with lots of history, and also with reminiscences which men who knew George Washington left behind them. The Father of His Country was not devoid of humor, and there were occasions when he indulged in fun. The Boston Herald describes him as "gravity embodied," a description which is incomplete, and which can not be applied to all the hours of his life. He was among the noblest of mankind, and he He ought to be on the stage." "-Chicahad a good share of virtuous enjoyment. In running down the line of presidents

from Washington to his more recent sucessors, the Boston Herald says: "Andrew Johnson could not recognize

umor when he saw it." We need only remark that our Boston ontemporary could not have been acquainted with the North Carolina and Tennessee tailor who became president of the United States.

The Boston Herald remarks further that President Garfield was a man who 'had no taste for fuu." It is certain that our Boston contemporary never spent a day, passed an evening or held a dialogue with General James A. Garfield.-New York Sun.

# Luminous Austrooms.

A traveler in Australia found a large mushroom weighing five pounds. He took it to the house where he was stopping and hung it up to dry in the sitting-room. Entering after dark, he was amazed to see a beautiful soft light emanating from the fungus. It continued to give out light for many nights, gradually decreasing until it was wholly dry. Many kinds of fungi have this peculiarity. Humboldt de scribes some exquisitely beautiful ones he saw in the mines. The glow in rotten wood is caused by its containing ways runs off it with tremendons force.

# A Huge Leaf.

The leaves of the talipat palm, in Ceylon, sometimes attain a length of 20

# AN IMPECUNIOUS ON

THE BOLD GAME OF BLUFF HE PLUM ON THE CONDUCTOR

He Was Not a Gambler or a Drug but a Bank Clerk-According to Man Who Tells the Story, He Ours

He an Actor-Ob, It Was Wickell He sat in a hotel smoking room h air was blue, but men were happy and reminiscent. He street out his legs, thrust his hands deep in his pockets, and between the puffs m this yarn:

"For dead cold, fey nerve I had a ways thought we traveling men tooks cake. But the prettiest game of blat ever saw was put up by a man who neither a drummer nor a reporter, a merely an overworked bank clerk w had applied for a leave of absence a gone south to recuperate. He had draw a certain sum for the trip and resche not to exceed it. Foolishly he had to not to exceed it. Poolishly he had be lected to buy an excursion ticket, un-ing that he might want to return by different route. And then, as a manof course, he found that he had spent money not wisely but too well, so the he was hundreds of miles from how ticketless and friendless and well an penniless. His checkbook was usels for no one knew him and he much identified.

"All this I learned later on. My to quaintance with him began on the my of one of the southern roads, when he asked me to stake him enough tom him home. I had already been 'touche' several times that trip, so, expressing sery confidence in his probity, I declar the honor he would do me. He trie several other passengers with a like is sult. Then he gave it up, but made a all promise not to interfere with us game he tried to play.

"Presently the conductor came alog The impecunious one, his hat coche over one eye, was peacefully sleeping one corner of his seat, leaning town an open window. The conductor shop him, gently at first, so that he stirred and his hat dropped farther over is eye, but he did not wake. Then men roughly, saying, 'Come, sir, your ticke please.

"At that the impecunious one awdi with a big start. His hat flew out of the window, and he flew into a great rap He swore at the conductor and about him up and down, him and his for fathers unto the third and fourth genation. What did he mean by waking him in that way? Didn't he know the rest was invaluable to an invalid? The such a sudden, rude awakening might b fatal to a weak heart? Were his nere of no account? And now he had lost his hat and would catch cold. It was out rageous.

"The conductor bowed before the storm, and when it had somewhat abeed offered to replace the hat at the fre stopping place. 'And now, sir, let as

see your ticket, please.'
"The impecunious one felt in all is pockets, went through them all again with a bewildered air. Finally he broke out: 'Why, you idiot, you, all my tick ets, not only on this road, but straight through to Chicago, were in the lining der the family bed in some German vil- of my hat, and you knocked it outd the window. I'm in a pretty pickle stroke, which appears in this relation to now. I haven't enough with me to by a fresh set. This piece of idiocy will cost you your job. I'll report you to the company and teach you to be more es

"The conductor tried to soothe ha homestead is almost certainly a survival offered to take him through to the est from the adoration once offered to the of the division. But the impecunion would not be appeased. Much god Three centuries after the Christian it would do him to be landed in some era sun worship was still maintained in little nearby, one horse southern ton hundreds of miles from nowhere. Es wanted to get through to Chicago. Is must get through. He had an appointment there that was worth thousands of dollars. Finally the conductor, by this time badly frightened, promised toget him tickets or passes all the way through, and the impecunious one subsided. And to the end of that road the conductor, having replaced the dear departed hat, maintained an humbly apologetic tone that would have wrung tears

of blood from a stone. "And it was only a bloff all so well carried out that the conductor was completely taken in, and the rest of m rubbed our eyes and wondered whether the impecunious one's attempt to touch us was not, after a'l, a dream.

"Later on, traveling over that same road, I told the conductor how he had been worked. And he said he knew it, for shortly after that trip he had received a letter and a check, the former confessing the fraud, the latter paying him the full price of the passage. And he added: 'That fellow was a genius. If be had made a fuss at first about his tickets, I'd have been on to him in a minute, but his tickets were forgotten. It was his nerves, his health, his heart, his bat that were of importance. And to think that he had no nerves, or health, or hat-or heart. Oh, it was wicked! But that man has missed his vocation. go Tribune.

# A Little Bit Hasty.

"Doctor," said a distressed wife to the family physician, as he was coming down stairs from his patient's room, "can you give me no hope of my husband? Can nothing be done?"

"Madam," said the delighted doctor, rubbing his hands, "allow me to congratulate you. Our patient has taken a turn for the better, and now we may hope to have him about again in a few weeks."

"Oh, doctor!" exclaimed the horrified lady, throwing up her hands. "You told me he could not possibly get better, and I have sold all his clothes !"-Pearson's Weekly.

# Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Little Effie went to synagogue, and when the rabbi called next day, wishing to be sociable, she said to him, "I heard you speak your piece yesterday." "Did you, my child?" he said, half

surprised, half amused. "How did you like it?" "Oh," answered the hopest child, "it made me awfully sleepy."-American Hebrew.

Cape Horn is one mass of black rock without vegetation or birds. The sea aland rounding the cape is considered by

sailors one of the roughest of passages. Of the West Point graduates who feet. The natives use them to make civil war one-fifth were killed in action, served in the Federal army during the one-half were wounded.