I. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY.....OREGON

The recent sharp advance in coal presses upon the public attention still another burning issue.

In the rush and hurry of the national convention Chicago entirely overlooked the opportunity to take a census. If Canada takes such a lively interest

in American politics why doesn't she come in and take a hand in the game You are not here to vegetate or to

man coming into the world is furnished with a commission of service. Thought and sympathy are often more valuable than anything money

can procure. Both need continual cir-

culation to keep them wholesome and strong. The New York Sun compliments a policeman who "caught the runaway horses and saved their occupants." Well, well! What were their occupants

If it is true, as John D. Rockefeller asserts, that the Lord gave Mr. Rockefeller all his money, the Standard Off Company must have some unsuspected stockholders.

doing?

The Boston Herald has a cablegram announcing that "Miss Nethersole's Carmen kiss has been eliminated." Probably got the wires crossed and burned Itself out.

We can imagine the horror with which Mrs. Leslie Carter regards the theatrical free advertising which has been forced upon her by an enterprising manager lately in large wads.

A Brooklyn girl heard that a dose of arsenic would relieve her of complexion troubles. She tried the plan and it worked like a charm; she never will be bothered by complexion troubles again.

Spain is sending back the erratic and irresponsible "journalists" who are invading Cuba from the United States. We hope Spain understands that this will be regarded as an unfriendly act.

Pleasant recollections generally pro mote cheerfulness and hopefulness, and painful ones despondency and gloom. Thus the happiness that flows from the right regulation of the feelings tends to perpetuate itself.

Who gains wisdom? He who is willing to receive instruction from all sources. Who is the mighty man? He who subdueth his temper. Who is rich? He who is contended with his lot. Who is deserving of honor? He who honoreth mankind.

The time to be decent to people is when you have them with you. Saying nice things when they are gone, and remersefully thinking over what one might have done is better than nothing. but not unless it makes one more considerate of those who are left. Speak kindly of and to the living. The dead can take care of themselves.

The snob is the child of aristocratic societies. Perched on a step of the long ladder, he respects the man on the round above him, and despises the man on the step below, without inquiring what they are worth, solely on account of their position; in his innermost heart he finds it natural to kiss the boots of the first, and to kick the second.

No rigid limits of conversion need keep any two people asunder who are formed for each other's society and friendship. Where there is sympathy of heart and mind, adaptability of disposition and character, and congentality of feeling, it is treasonable to all noble manhood and womanhood to talk or to think of differences in dress or fashion, in styles of living or nature of employments, in income or expenditure, as offering any obstacle to intimate and pleasurable companionship.

It is good that we have sometimes some troubles and crosses; for they often make a man enter into himself and consider that he is here in banishment, and ought not to place his trust in any worldly thing. It is good that we be sometimes contradicted, and that there be an evil or a lessening conceit had of us; and this, although we do and intend well. These things help often to the attaining of humility and defend us from vain-glory; for then we chiefly seek God for our in ward witness, when outwardly we be condemned by men, and when there is no credit given unto us.

Sheepmen haven't a great deal to complain of this year, says the Drover's Journal. Prices for good sheep and tambs have held up better than anything else. The best cattle are \$1.25 per hundred lower than a year ago. Hogs are \$1.80@2 lower, while the best fat sheep are no lower and lambs are 50@75c higher. This cannot be explained on the ground that the supply of sheep has been lighter, for on the other hand there has been a steady gain all the year. The only explanation is that there has been a better demand for mutton than other meat products. This shows that the consumption of mutton is growing rapidly in this country, for the exports of sheep have not been very heavy.

Victoria of England began to reign June 20, 1837. She has therefore com pleted her fifty-ninth year on the throne. Should she live three months more, as there is every prospect she will, she will have reigned longer than any other British sovereign, longer even than poor old George III., who was insane for ten years before his death in 1820. George III. reigned, counting in also the years when his mind was clouded, fifty-nine years, three months and four days. But Victoria's intellect is as clear and strong as it ever was and gives good promise of remaining so. Her reign will be as memorable as that of any in English history, mem- ness. Dyer-Ah, you have failed, I orable for the victories of peace and see,-Truth.

the application of science to the fudustries. There is every reason to hope and believe that the royal lady will live, in full possession of her health My beautiful, my beautiful! thou standand all her faculties, to celebrate the That this will be the case all Americans hope.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's death at the age of 84 was not, of course, unexpected, but it will be not the less regretted both by her immediate friends and relatives and by thousands who They'll check you in a basement damp had never seen her. Although she was best known by her "Uncle Tom's Cab- The in," Mrs. Stowe was a very prolific writer, and in point of literary merit her most popular book was by no means her best one. Its success was due largely to its appearance at a time when the slavery question was becoming the dominant issue and it probably dream; you were born to act. Every somewhat hastened the final settlement of that question by the arbitrament of arms. It was, however, as a writer of The domestic tales and religious stories that Mrs. Stowe was at her best. Her strong domestic instincts and her family assoclations directed her efforts in that Only in sleep shall thee and I avoid the direction and in her chosen field she was unexcelled. As a woman not less than as a writer Mrs. Stowe enjoyed the esteem and affection of her assoclates. She was a high type of the American woman and with her death it will be felt that a mother in Israel has passed away.

> Called to Account. We do not often read of General Jackson being worsted in any personal encounter, but a contributor to the American Historical Register tells the

following story in a paper on Gen. John Adair, of Kentucky. Adair had commanded the Kentucky forces in the battle of New Orleans, Jan. 8, 1815. His command had been complimented by Jackson and by the Legislature of his State. Strangely enough after this, when

'gentle peace returning" had restored

him to his Kentucky home, news came that General Jackson had thrown some slur upon the Kentucky troops. The next day, after the arrival of the news, the stately figure of General Adair was seen riding calmly through the streets of Harrodsburg, bearing southward. He conferred with nobody, but somehow it took breath that General Adals had gone to call General Jackson to account for his aspersions of the Ken-

tucky troops. There were no railroads, no telegraphs then, and but few mails. Public curiosity and feeling rose to feverheat which was not appeased, for General Adair, after not many days, rode back through the village as silently and grandly as he had gone out. Whether day?" at tongue point or pistol point the demand was made is not known. General Jackson made the amende honorable, and public enthusiasm in Kentucky knew no bounds.

Once a chatty granddaughter of his, telling me this incident, said: "I asked grandpa, Suppose General Jackson had not backed down? 'Then I would have backed blm into the Cumberland River!' be answered.

Served a Good Purpose.

Among the seven trades which a stuyears ago, was unusually averse to soilwent to Prof. Morris and thanked him for being compelled to learn blacksmithing.

"Why?" asked the Professor. "Why, you see," replied the former dade. "I am now superintendent of a mine away back in Colorado. Last summer our main shaft broke and there was no one in the mine but myself could weld it. I didn't like the lob, but took off my coat and weided the shaft. It wasn't a pretty job, but she's running now. If I couldn't have done it I'd have had to pack that shaft on mule back and send it 300 miles over the mountains to be fixed, and the mine would have shut down till it got back. My ability to mend that shaft raised me in the eyes of every man in the mine, and

Georgia's Greatest Marvel. Clyde Brooks has never eaten a wa-

the boss raised my salary."-Legal Ad-

Ho's 14 years old and he's a negro And he's from Athens

Messes, J. J. and J. E. Maddox discovered and captured him. A day or two ago there was a watermelon cutting in progress at their store, and the dusky young Athenian happened along. Joe Maddox invited him to have some of the fruit so dear to every other negro's

The boy declined, and Mr. Maddox grabbed him. Mr. Maddox knew that the wild man of Borneo was a drug on the market as compared with a freak of this kind, which fortune had thrown into his hands.

While Clyde says he's only 14, he appears fully 17. Whether it's Athens or no watermelon that's responsible be says he doesn't know. He says he has only made one attempt to eat the fruit. and he found that it "didn't agree with his appetite." He took a mouthful of melon on one occasion, but declares he couldn't swallow it. He is very fond of cantaloupe, however.-Atlanta Journal.

Cremation in Paris.

A special service of sanitary police looks after the health of the city. A series of disinfecting stations is maintained, with modern ovens and other appliances for treating articles brought from infected homes. Parisians demand that their cemeteries be within walking distance of the city. As the city is very old, millions of people have died within its narrow limits. This is the most difficult problem that the health authorities have to deal with. They are trying to do away with the obstinate, ignorant prejudice against remation. About 3,000 cremations a year take place now. The municipality ncourages this innevation as much as

Average of Sickness. Ten days per annum is the average amount of sickness in human life.

Bankrupt: Dyer-What is your busi ness, may I ask? Boorish stranger -I am a gentleman, air. That's my busiTHE SCORCHER'S FAREWELL

(With spologies to McGuffey's 'Third Reader.)

and all her faculties, to celebrate the sixtieth year of her prosperous reign. With proudly arched and glossy frame, and sprocket geared so high

not to roam within the park with all thy winged speed; I may not scorch on thee again-thou'rt pinched, my silent steed.

Fret not with the impatient tire, sound not the warning gong;

because I scorched along. bike cop hath thy handle bar-my tears will not avail; Fleet-wheeled and beautiful, farewel!

for thou'rt held for bail, Farewell! those fat pneumatic wheels full many a mile have spun, bask beside the Cliff House bar or

a century run; Some other hand less skilled than mine must pump thee up with air; patent lamp that won't stay lit must

be another's care. Only in sleep shall I behold myself with bended back-

trolley track; when I churn the pedals down to check or cheer thy speed, Then I must starting wake to tearn

thou'rt pinched, my silent steed. rudely, then, unseen by me, some clumsy chump bestride May wabble into rough brick walls and dish a wheel beside;

compressed wind that's in thee scape in shrill, indignant pain Till cruel man that on thee rides will fill thee up again.

With slow, dejected foot I roam, not knowing where or when meet a good Samaritan wno'll kind. loan me ten.

And sometimes to the park I go, drawn in my hopeless quest; Twas here I struck a record clip-the

copper did the rest. Who said that I had given thee up? Who said that thou wert lost ! false, 'tis false, my silent steed!

fling them fine and cost ! Thus-thus I leap upon thy back and hit the asphalt trail! Away! my bright and beautiful; I pawned my watch for bail.

San Francisco Examiner

A MEDICAL MYSTERY.

I had reached my office one morning in November, a year or two ago, when, to my surprise, I found a young fellow waiting for me outside the door. "Mr. Somers," he began, impetuously,

"can you give me your services for the "Is the matter very pressing?" I re-

plied. "Tell me what it is." "My name is Kincaid," he said quickly. "You did some family business for us a few years ago. I want you to

come with me at once. We can just eatch a train from Waterloo to Basingstoke at 9:10. It runs down in an hour. I'll explain in the train. Ten guineas for the day, and expenses. Make your own terms if successful. Will that do?" "Very well," I said; "go and get a cab stricken.

-I'll join you directly." I unlocked my office, picked up a dent in mechanical engineering must portmanteau which I keep ready pack- "so I'll clear out. I hate that sort of learn at Cornell is that of the black- ed for emergencies, scribbled a note to thing. I shall run up to town to-morsmith. Occasionally there is a protest, my clerk, and in less than ten minutes row, and call on your people," he added, way to the station. We secured a caring his hands. But he had to work at riage to ourselves, and as soon as the the forge just the same. Last fall he train had fairly started he unfolded his tale

> "My uncle, Clavell Kincaid, died very suddenly last night, under curious circumstances, and I expect foul play," he

> "Tell me exactly what happened." "We had a kind of family dinner party to make a fresh arrangement about the proprety in which my uncle

had left a life interest." "Nobody present but relations"

"What is the property worth?" "About £10,000 or £12,000 a year."

'As things stand now, my cousin Harry takes everything under the entail. The object of the meeting was to buy out his interest, so that it could be more evenly divided among the family. Everybody directly interested was present."

"You couldn't buy up your cousin's interest without his consent," I interrupted.

"Certainly not," answered the young fellow. "But Harry is a black sheep. In fact he's a thoroughly bad lot. He's been knocking about South America. and I don't know where else, for some years, and his record is about as black a one as a man can have." "Very well," I said. "Now tell me

about your uncle's death."

"We had finished dinner and sat chat ting and smoking. Uncle Clavell was talking to my father; suddenly he said: 'Dear me, I feel so sleepy, I really think -' then he stopped suddenly. His head fell forward and somebody rushed for brandy, thinking he was ill. As a matter of fact he was dead. It all h: ppened in a minute."

"And you suspect your cousin of having killed him?"

"Yes."

yards away."

"On what grounds?" The young fellow looked blank "I hardly know," he stammered, "except that Harry's bad enough to do any-

good health." "Was Clavell Kincaid drinking anything at the time?" "No, he was just smoking a cigar and

thing, and my uncle was in perfectly

chatting." "Was your cousin near him?" "No, he was talking to him several

"How do you think, then, he killed your uncle?"

"I-I don't know. That's why I've come for you." "You must excuse me, Mr. Kincald,

but I'm afraid this is a wild goose chase. It was to your cousin's interest that your uncle should die. Your cousin is an 'outsider.' Your uncle dies suddenly, and you jump to the conclusion he has been murdered, but it doesn't follow by any means."

"Of course not, but I believe he was," he persisted.

"Has a doctor seen Mr. Kincaid! What does he say?"

"The doctor won't say anything definitely until he has mades proper examtnation. He thinks it is a total paralysis of the brain, and he can't account for it in any way."

uncle?" "Very healthy and very temperate. I have never known him to eat too much or drink too much in my life. Never

bad a day's illness." "Well, it's a very strange case," I said, "and a very sad one. But, frankly, I believe your uncle died from natural causes. You are prejudiced in the matter; I am not."

We reached Basingstoke at a few minutes past 10, and then separated. Young Edward Kincald was to go straight home and explain to his father what he had done, and get him to help. When I arrived I was received by father and son, and taken privately to the dining-room, where the death occurred. "You must quite understand, Mr.

Somers," said the old man, "that I am not prepared to indorse my son's opinion that my brother was murdered. His death was shockingly sudden, and my nephew, Harry, is, f am sorry to say, a thorough rogue, but I should be sorry to think he was guilty of this."

"I can't see any reason to suspect him

of it," I said, dryly. "This is the cigar which he was smoking," said the young fellow. "I took it out of his hand, and placed it on the mantelpiece. Do you think," he went on quickly, "a man could be poisened by a cigar, because, now I come to think of it, this one came out of my cousin's case."

"I don't think a cigar could be made so as to kill a man on the spot," I replied. "It might make him very sick, or send him to sleep, but not kill him." "Besides," said Edward Kineaid Sr.,

several of us smoked eigars out of Harry's case. I think you did for one. You see," he continued, turning to me, "when we were lighting up my brother had eigars handed round, but my nephew produced his own case and offered it to those present. My brother was a connoisseur of cigars, and, knowing that Harry always had something especially good, and wishing, perother end of the room, "Harry, I think I'll have one of yours."

"Yes, if you remember," said the and picked a cigar out of his case and said. 'Try this one, uncle."

I felt rather perplexed, but to be on the safe side put the half-smoked clgar in my pocket for further examination. "I'm afraid this doesn't prove anything," I said. "It isn't even suspicious. You see, Mr. Clavell asked for it."

"Yes, but perhaps Harry calculated would do so, because Uncle Clavell often said that his cigars were the best part of him, and he always liked to smoke them."

"Could you manage for me to see your cousin?" I asked. As luck would have it the person in

question sauntered into the room. He was a worn-out dandified-looking man of about five and thirty, very sallow and bony, with a rather unpleasantly easy bearing.

I was introduced as representing the solicitors, and we began to discuss the death. I watched him narrowly. He talked about it with horrible composure, and didn't pretend to be sorrow "Well, I suppose you three are talk-

ing business," he said at last lazily, turning to me. "Good morning. "What do you propose to do, Mr.

Somers?" said Edward Kincaid. "It's impossible to form an opinion until we have heard a proper medical report," I replied. "When does the post-

mortem take place? "This afternoon. "Very well. I can't do any good here until that is over. I shall go straight

back to town now, and have this eight examined by an expert, and return here to-night, when you can tell me what the doctor says." My visit to town was not very suc-

cessful. The cigar expert pronounced the half-smoked specimen, which I asked him to examine, to be one of a very tine brand of Havanas, and he mentioned the name, but there's no need to repeat it now. On making a closer examination, however, he said he was mistaken. It was an imitation, and he pointed out a number of triffing differences in the dolling and wrapping which nobody but an expert would ob-

"You must be able to see," he said. "it's a beautiful cigar; quite as good as if it were a first-class brand. Only it's not any brand at all. It was made privately; there's nothing exactly like it on the market."

The next point was to ascertain if it had been doctored in any way. With that object I called on a certain celabrated specialist to get his opinion. On hearing an outline of the case he be-

came most interested. "I don't believe it's possible," he said. for a eigar to be so man pulated that a But we'll make a careful examination

and see what we can find." Then we cut it open and every bit of it was put under a strong glass. But after parts of it had been submitted to various tests no trace of polsonous mat

ter could be discovered. I returned to Basingstoke, arriving half an hour before dinner. The feeling in my mind was that, though there was some reason, perhaps, to suspec-Harry Kincaid of the crime, there was not a particle of evidence in the true sense of the word.

I told Edward Kincald and his father the result of my journey and then had a consultation with the doctor, who had been asked to remain for dinner His decision was that Mr. Clavell had died from complete stoppage of the brain, but there was literally nothing to show what caused it and there had been nothing in Mr. Clavell's habits and mode of life at all likely to produce mental paralysis.

Further conversation was prevented by the necessity of dressing for dinner As we went through the hall we met Mr. Harry. "Harry, I'm taking care of the doc

tor. Would you mind Mr. Somers washing his hands in your room?" said Edward. 'Not at all," drawled his coustr "I hope you won't mind," said Ed ward to me. "Everything is, of course

chance of looking around." That was exactly what I wanted. went hastily around the room, but found to my disapointment that every- baby girls Hannah,

"What kind of a man was your thing was carefuly locked. Suddenly my eye caught sight of his dinner jacket, which was hanging up behind the door. I remembered being told that our friend from South America only smoked cigars after dinner in England and it struck me he might have left his

case in his pocket. A search in the pocket proved I was right and the next moment I had in my hand an elegant little silver case con-As far as I could make out they were

"Would you mind my coming in," said a voice. "I just want to change my jacket."

He spoke with his usual drawl, but I thought there was just a shade of anxiety in his voice. "Certainly," I said, putting the cigars

back and keeping up a running fire of talk all the time. You are not going to dress, are you?"

sald. "Oh, no; but I hate these frock coats a dinner jacket is much more comfort-

I was washing my hands, and I stood in front of the mirror, so that I could watch him. I noticed that as soon as he had changed his coat he opened his cigar case and as well as I could judge from the expression on his face, count-

I began to feel profoundly interested, and his eigars closely. Dinner was rather a dull affair. There were no ladies present and everybody was naturally depressed by the awful occurrence of the previous night. As soon as the dessert was put on we began to smoke, and I was on the lookout for the appearance of the silver case.

It was soon produced and offered to his right-hand neighbor, who, however, declined it, preferring to smoke a cigarette. A little satirical smile flickered haps, to please him, he said, from the across Harry Kincaid's face. He selected one for himself and lighted it. The conversation became general and a little brighter. The wine was passed young man, "Harry walked up to him around the table hospitably, and all began to look as if they were prepared to meet the troubles of the world with a cheerful resignation.

Suddenly Harry Kincaid gave a loud groan and staggered to his feet. "Good heavens! I- Help! Bran-

dragged nearly everything off the table. to be guessed at. We all sprang to our feet and the doc- The difficult feature of a guessing tor rushed to his side. But it was too contest is to get the hogs to stand erect

late. He was dead. I cannot describe the horror of the over-fed creatures could not stand scene. It didn't last more than a min- erect long enough for roll call, and it ure, and we stared at one another was hard to judge them at all. When aghast. The same thought was in one of the farmers prodded them with everyone's mind. He had died in just a cane they set up unearthly yells, the same way that Mr. Clavell died the and their huge bodies trembled and night before, only, being a younger shook like a delicate mold of wine jelman, the struggle had been more in ly. A young man drifted in and soon

which was lying on the hearthrug, and in their faces. No sooner had the four in the presence of everyone turned out bogs fallen under the influence of the the contents. I noticed that one of the cigarette smoke than a dozen experts six cigars was about an eighth of an in hog products leaped the bars and inch shorter than the rest. I cut it open began winding tape measures about down the center. In the middle there them. They have a way of multiply was a little blue substance about the ing the loin measurements by that of size of a pea. Then we opened the oth- the neck and dividing it by the length er five. They were ordinary cigars.

In putting the cigars back into the case was allowed to make any scientific revillain had incautiously smoked one saw to it that he was properly regiswhich he had prepared for someone tered on the long list tied with a eigar else. I took the lump of blue poison to ribbon, and that the sacred monosyllathe specialist whom I had consulted in the morning.

After some weeks I had this letter

My Dear Mr. Somers: I have carefully xamined the blue substance which you submitted to me some little time ago, and have also shown it to the most eminent nemist of my acquaintance. We are about it. It contains drugs which are quite unknown to modern science, and I can only think that Harry Kincaid had picked up some fiendish skill from the South Americans which is very happily quite unknown in Europe. It is a most fortunate thing that he fell into his own trap, as I feel quite sure that otherwise would have been impossible to bring him to justice. Believe me to be GIBBS DALTON. Tid Bits.

Sorry He Spoke. A tram car was proceeding down one of our busy thoroughfares the other Sunday and was already comfortably full, when it was bailed by a laboring man considerably the worse for liquor, who presently staggered person smoking it would drop dead, along the car, between two rows of well-dressed people, regardless alike

of polished shoes and tender feet. Murmurs and complaints arose on all sides, and demands were heard that the offender should be summarily timbers, a block and tackle and nails. ejected. But amid the storm of abuse one friendly voice was raised, as a and when a noose was placed around benevolent clergyman rose from his seat, saying:

"No, no; let the man sit down and be quiet."

The discomfiture of the party turned his benefactor by the hand, exclaim-

"Thank ye, sir, thank ye. I see you know what it is to be drunk!"

The latest story of German "thrift" is told at the expense of the proprietor of a circulating library, who charged for the wear and tear suffered by his books at the hands of his patrons. One volume came back to his scrutiny, See here," he exclaimed, "there is a hole on page ulneteen of my beautiful book. And see here," he went on turning over the leaf, "there is another on page twenty."

One Point of Difference.

Once, at Liberty Hall, Gen. Toombs made a statement that was here and there punctuated with mild profanity. Turning to Alexander H. Stephens, he concluded thus: "Don't you agree in a beastly muddle, and," he added with me, Mr. Stephens?" The old comwhen we were alone, "you will have a moner piped out shrilly: "All but the damn, General-all but the damn."

Name the baby boys Mark, and the

HOG GUESSING.

How New Jersey Farmers Amuse

Hog guessing is a species of gam bling peculiar to Northern New Jer-The culture of hogs is a science in these parts, writes a correspondent from Deckertown. The average Sussex County farmer knows how to grow the fattest, laziest hogs on the least fodder of any man in the world. He out on the toilet and examined them. prides himself on the large amount of est possible time and at the least extown. Suddenly a hand was on the pense. The breeds were imported, and ly improved by wallowing in the sands of upper Jersey. It isn't a bad business, either, this business of raising champion swine. There is one farmer, Peter Scott by name, who last year raised 56 hogs, averaging 380 pounds or a total of 21,280 pounds. He got six cents a pound for his pork, which made a snug profit for a year of pan-

ics and failures. The sport of hog guessing is finely developed. There are hundreds of experts at the game. Most of them are old farmers, who travel around with Horace Greeley whiskers, and wear overalls and rubber boots that reach the knees. The young blood doesn't care so much for the pastime. These patriarchs understand how to run tape measures around the necks, loins and stomachs of the porky victims and guess within a few pounds of their exact weight. They size up a hog in and determined to watch Mr. Harry mighty short order, and they either bet their piles on their guess or have the guess recorded by the landlord of the hotel, in front of which the hog guessing contest always takes place.



EXPERTS GUESSING A ROG'S WEIGHT.

The sport for this season is now in full blast. A description of the game Before anyone could move he snatch- at one tavern is typical of them all. ed his cigar case out of his pocket and This was held at a regular back-numhurled it across the room toward the ber hotel a few miles from this town a iire. It struck a glass epergne in the few days ago. Nearly 300 participated. center of the table and broke it. Then They came from all directions, some he fell to the ground, struggling madly, of them from ten or twelve miles away, with the most horrible expression of and arrived in ancient vehicles. Most fear and malice on his face I ever saw. of the contestants "hoofed it," as they In his fall he selzed the tablecloth and expressed it. Four hogs were on hand

and assume a military attitude. These had them all on their feet by blowing I at once picked up the cigar case, clouds of obnoxious cigarette smoke from ears to tall. The result, they say, It was easy to see what had happened. furnishes the weight. Before anyone must have rearranged them and the searches within the bars the hotel man ble "paid" was recorded opposite his name. The patriarch who guessed nearest to the weight was to have the

lated on the real fun began. A large pair of platform scales were rolled to the side of the inclosure, and a box on wheels, open at one end, was placed bound to confess we can tell you nothing Inside. Four stalwart men then began to try to urge hog No. 1 to enter the box, but he could no more be induced to do so than any kind of hog could be induced to cross a bridge. Fair means having become exhausted, each man tried to persuade it to stand erect and walk gracefully by the urgent prodding of sharp sticks. Failing in this, two pieces of stout planking were procured and placed beneath the hog. but when the men began to lift the planking bent, cracked and broke, and the hog gave a few grunts of approval. When no one could think of a scheme by which the illustrious mammoth porker could be inveigled into the box. the boy in possession of the cigarette habit came along and said he could perform the job. He tried to the extent of burning half a cigarette, and succeeded in moving the hog to the opposite side of the inclosure.

After the four hogs had been specu-

Without wasting any more time the landlord brought forth some four-inch In a short time a derrick was rigged, the hog's body eight men took hold and hoisted him into a box, while he was making more noise than an average sized pig under a gate. The box was rolled upon the scales, the weights ad to mirth when the inebriate one selzed justed and the beam balanced. After deducting the weight of the box the hog's weight was found to be 408 pounds. No one guessed right, but the man coming nearest to it thought 598 pounds and won the hog. The penalty for the good luck was that he had to "blow off" the crowd, which cost over \$18. His hog, at six cents a pound, was worth \$24.48, and he really saved something over \$6 by entering the contest instead of buying outright. The other hogs weighed 363, 418 and 34912. respectively, and went through the same process of weighing, except that they were inveigled into the box without the derrick or the boy with the cigarette.

Some of the guessers have records they are proud of. One old farmer, who must certainly have passed the 70th milestone of his career, said he had been "guessing on hogs" for near ly twenty years. He had guessed on about 500, he thought, and had won more than half of them.

Puts Money in His Purse. the limit of a soldier's pay is a shilling department going. New York

a day. Where Tommy is a shreet son and keeps his weather ere so there are a hundred and one bear for him to supplement his means by doing work outside his military ties. In fact, a very respectate may be realized by "doing a be.

side," or "taking on a civillan's key the operation is called. In all garrison towns smoking certs are often given in public be for which a chairman and plants engaged. These positions are sha engaged. These parameters are shall ed by soldiers, the landlord trusts the popularity of the red cost is a

him a wider connection. In many theaters, too, and an halls, soldlers often get employant the orchestra; and should a may drama be on the boards Tomer vices are in great requisition for a where a martial appearance and a

little speaking are required. The writer knows of a case the compounder in the army used to a very handsome addition to hale by dispensing and making up tions for a few hours every energy chemist's shop in the town in his regiment was stationed. To a somewhat unusual case, but i garrison towns hotel proprietor as possible, employ soldiers as in the evening, and pay them we A very curious instance of 'un a civilian's job" came under the er's notice a short time ago. passing a bootmaker's window some artillerymen stitching and various pairs of boots as eager; at their lives depended on finish

job quickly.-London Answers. ALMOST A LOST ART

Machinery Has Driven Grain Code Out of Market.

The making of a grain crade as art in which very few become ene It requires a degree of nicety an hanging and balancing that comes by experience and an intimate has edge of the proper properties of instrument, consequently the anema to make them by machinery has he ed in every case. Ed Coulds be only one left in this part of the occawho seems possessed of the regr skill to put together a cradle that per with the approval of the harmer He is busy now in making a feet the limited demand, in anticipation the coming harvest.

Conklin says the best wood fer snath is maple or sassafras, and the fingers white ash has been be the very best material for the part although second growth chests. carefully selected, will sometime wer just as well. The braces sally are always made of hickory. The erage price for a cradle is \$5.50 The list of grain cradle makes short one. Years ago Robert Jon of Marksboro, furnished the sp

then the Albertson cradle, maderile aware, came into general use as popularity continued until Mr. 45 son's death. His sons kept up theh ness for a while, but finally quite ing them. Drake Mann of So Corners, was also skilled in the and made many of those now has this vicinity, and it was he whole Mr. Conklin the instruction the led him into the business Brill general use of harvesting melocal late years has made the denil be the cradles of our daddles sauls each year, and soon it will being to the wagon loft along with this

ning wheel.—Blairstown Press. His Smock Freek The old white smock freek will some English tenant-farmers are seventy years ago, was clabs stitched over the shoulders and a to the waist. It was a useful an being cool in summer and warm'n ter. At mealtimes, stretched acre knees, it served as a sort of lag a lect crumbs, bits of cheese and th dropped while eating, which the caught up in his hand and thee the mouth. It was this custom

gives point to the story told it Fowler, in "Recollections of at Country Life." When the allied sovereigns hall ished Napoleon to Eiba, they to England and visited, among places, Ashridge, the seat of the of Bridgewater. The Earl, and show them the class of men while the soil of England, invited his less tenant-farmers to meet the sets

at dinner.

The agent of the estate, thinks smock too countryfled, sent feel order that it should be discarded those who came to the dinner, s broadcloth coat worn in its place. Master Mullens, the oldest and respected tenant, was much pu by the order, and reluctantly conto the village tailor's making in

cloth coat. At the dinner the plan honor, near the top of the table assigned to Master Mullens. The old man pushed his child from the table, leaned forward ate a hearty meal. When he the all was finished, a plate containing a partridge, with bread sauce and crumbs, was put before himdividing the leg of the bird the sill upset the plate, which fell don't tween his legs to the floor. Great the consternation of the guests Master Mullens, turning piteol the Earl, said:

"There, my Lord, dang this end If I'd had on my smock I should cotched it all." A Bargain Sale. She—Just look, dear. I bought

papers of tacks for 50 cents. He-What in thunder did you de for? They are cheap enough, but are we ever to do with 200 paper tacks? She-Why-ah-oh! Maybe sub somebody you don't like will get !

cycle,-Indianapolis Journal She May Get There Yet Edwina-How is Mr. Blushmar F ting along? Has he proposed yell Edith-No; but he's improving first night he called he held the in his hands all evening the set night he had my pug dog in his se last night he held Willie on his let an hour. I have hopes-Y

Statesman. Papa's Sorraw. Editor's Child-What's the with papa to-day? He's in an se

Editor's Wife-Yes, my det humor. regular funny man of the paper 3 It is a great mistake to suppose that and your father is trying to he limit of a soldier.