EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY.....OREGON

Farm life is what you make it.

The Chicago man who fired a revolver point blank at a street car and missed it may get a job on the police force.

Chicago anarchists are said to be emigrating to the Transvaal. Is it possible that they are going to take the Krueger cure?

Three ships at San Francisco have been loaded with 15,000 tons of wheat for India. Wot's the Hindoosement over there?

It is what you say in your ad that draws customers. Whether you hold them or not depends on what you do afterwards.

Dan Stewart has found a spot in Mexico where Corbett and Fitzsimmons can fight. Now if they could only get lockjaw until the day of the fight.

A press dispatch says that a murderer hanged in Kentucky the other day wore a sullen look on the gallows. Perhaps he was displeased about something.

The Ohio W. C. T. U. has voted to quit wearing feathers. Having moulted, we hope the good members of that excellent organization will now flock together.

Banker Rambusch, of Juneau, Wis., is another man who does not believe in trusts. In one flight he has done more to discourage trust than many more pretentious crusaders.

In entering upon the work of a public reader, the daughter of the late Eugene Field will have the best wishes of those who appreciated the genius of her father, or enjoyed the pleasure of his friendship.

There is no law with regard to eating and drinking and manner of living which can be laid down as applicable to all individuals. Each person must find out the law which applies to himself and obey it.

A prominent Rhode Island yachtsman is having a steam yacht built that is to have a guaranteed speed of thirty-eight miles an hour. That's the way to trot around the coast; but then, they say it costs money.

Faith and hope in the future, to be sound and permanent, must grow out of the knowledge of the past and respect for it; and he who gracefully acknowledges his obligations to the old is all the better fitted to espouse the cause of the new.

There is nothing on earth so beautiful as the household in which Christian love forever smiles, and where religion walks, a counsellor and a friend. No cloud can darken it, for its twin-stars are centered in the soul. No storms can make it tremble, for it has a heavenly support and a heavenly anchor.

England is blamed for espousing the cause of the Armenians while guilty of injustice and oppression toward her own dependencies. But the philosopher who expects and demands that a nation or individuals should act up to the same standard they demand of their neighbors, has yet to take his first lessons in the knowledge of human nature.

Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston, Ont., resents having his English mail from Oxford addressed to him "Kingston, Ontario, U. S. A." Principal Grant should feel flattered. The Oxford dons evidently confuse him with one "Gen. Grant, U. S. A." As soon as the dons have read up on ancient history they will have time to devote to the "colonies," and then doubtless Principal Grant's letters will be properly addressed.

The one quality that is more useful than another in the world, if one wishes to achieve anything whatever, is tact. Brute force may succeed, but then again it may fail, and in either case it leaves an unpleasant memory behind it; but, if tact fails, all is still serene, and one may try again with equanimity. The very name of tact tells its story, for, although in its first definition it simply means touch, it develops the further implication of sensitive touch, then of adroit discrimination, then of delicate discernment. Discernment of what? Of the right and fit, of that which gives the desired result in the best way.

The bitter cry of the curates of the Anglican Church is again brought to the attention of the public, this time by the London Times. Many of them, it is said, receive such miserable stipends that they are on the verge of starvation, while others are obliged to put their daughters into domestic service. Allowing for a certain amount of rhetorical exaggeration, there is no doubt that the lower clergy of the church are underpaid. Curiously enough, however, the Wesleyan Methodists of England, most of whose clergy receive adequate salaries, report a falling off in the number of ministerial candidates. It is greatly to the credit of the ill-paid clergy of the English church that they themselves utter no complaints. It is other people who give voice to their "cry."

The old, cruel check rein has stiffened up the fore legs of more livery horses than all the work they have done. So, too, of many track and driving horses in the country. The check rein injures the muscles of the neck, and the fore legs are affected. Often the shoer is blamed when it is the check rein. The humane societies have the co-operation of the city horse owners, who have taken off the cruel check rein from the carriage horses and work horses. Aside from the cruelty, this affection of the usefulness of the horse should induce the thoughtless, kind-hearted people who drive horses to forever banish the torturous check rein as a savage relic that is painful to the horse and painful for most people to see. In behalf of the horse, we entreat you to abolish the check rein if you still thoughtlessly torture your horse with it.—Western Agriculturist.

They now and then do a thoroughly good thing in Colorado. The other day three men went into a bank in the town of Meeker and robbed it in the rather brusque fashion practiced by some professional gentlemen on Chicago shops not long ago. They got through with the robbing process all right, but they had to do some shooting therein, and the noise brought out the citizens of the little town, who were so urgent in protesting against the free distribution of their money in that way that they shot all three of the gentlemen who had checked out funds from the bank with revolvers, leaving all of them as proper subjects for the undertaker. Evidently the Meekerites are far from being any meeker than other folk and it will be a long day before any more gentry of that kind make a call on them. It looks like going backward in civilization for citizens to feel that they must stand ready to defend their own with the strong hand, but perhaps if it were generally understood that they are so ready most of the professors of the art of "holding up" would seek some other means of making a living.

American apples, when the crop is good and the various kinds are of perfect growth, are the finest fruit in the world. There is no fruit of the tropic or subtropic regions as good for all purposes as apples. Apples are superior to oranges, bananas, lemons, tamarinds and all other fruits in their taste for the palate and their wholesome effects as food. Their flavor is as various as human tastes. From the sweetness of honey they range to the sharpest acidity. They fill every need of the stomach for the vegetable juices which promote health. There has not been in a generation as prolific a harvest of apples as that of the present year. All the branches of all the trees in all the orchards have been overburdened with their wealth of fruit. If the product of this year could have been distributed over five years of partial production or of famine the average would have been sufficient for the entire period. In recent years the choicest varieties of apples have been scarce in quantity and of inferior quality. They have lacked form and flavor. They have been deteriorated by various causes—from attacks of insects, by drouths, late or early frosts and seasonal influences for which there was no apparent origin. This year all the soil and climatic influences have been favorable. In the fruit belts of the East and West the apple crop is prodigious. The quality is of the best. The very culls and refuse this year are superior to the choice fruit of some previous years. The shipments of American apples to Europe have begun and are likely to be enormous in extent. The great crop this year will cause the fruit to be distributed at a lower price in Europe than ever before. In the past American apples have been a rare and expensive luxury to European consumers. This year they will have an abundance at low cost of the most delicious fruit that the soil produces.

Suicide of a Rattlesnake.

The question as to whether the rattlesnake's venom is poisonous to itself has often been discussed, but if any satisfactory conclusion has ever been arrived at we are unaware of the fact. Dr. W. J. Burnett, formerly a member of the Boston Society of Natural History, says that there are good reasons for believing that the action of the rattlers' virulent poison is the same upon all living things, vegetable as well as animal. Other eminent naturalists combat this theory and declare that the idea of an animal poison killing or injuring a vegetable is really preposterous. Burnett says: "It is even just as fatal to the snake itself as to other animals." Then he relates the experience of one Dr. Dearing. The doctor had a specimen of the prolific rattler which he kept alive in a cage. One day he irritated the reptile so as to study the effect of the anger thus provoked. The snake struck wildly about a few times and then buried its fangs in its own body. Almost instantly, the experimenter says, the reptile rolled over and died. If this story is true, and we have no reason to doubt the story, we see in it the remarkable and unique physiological fact of a liquid secreted from the blood which proves deadly when introduced into the very source from which it is derived.—St. Louis Republic.

Great but Poor.

Poverty seems to have been the lot of most of the world's great musicians.

Beethoven was always poor. He was the son of a rough, drunken musician, who drove him to music with blows. He afterwards followed his profession for the love of it, but it repaid him very badly.

Handel was the son of a coachmaker, and his mother had been a servant. Although he had a place in the choir of the church as a boy, he was dismissed when his voice changed, and became really destitute.

A poor woman gave him a home in the attic of her house, and in after and more prosperous years the musician was able to return the favor twice-fold, which he did heartily and cheerily.

Rossini was also poor, and while in Venice he wrote in bed during the cold weather, in order that he might save the expense of a fire.

A Home-Keeping Inhabitant.

"Lived here thirty years, and yet never saw the city?"

"Never."

"Did you ever have a desire to go to town?"

"Well, yes, I reckon I has. But you see, 'fore the railroad come hit wuz too fur ter travel on foot, an' the mule wuz too busy plowin'; an' arter the railroad come, they went ter chargin' people fer travelin', an' so I jest thought I'd stay home an' not bother 'bout seein' the world. But what do you reckon happened ter us 'tother day?"

"Don't know."

"Well, sir, my son John ackchully bought a ticket, jumped aboard o' the railroad, went ter the city an' subscribed fer a newspaper!"—Atlanta Constitution.

What a blessed thing it is that even those of us who are reliable, don't have to prove all we say!

THE STEERSMAN.

The fore shrouds bar the moonlit sand,
The port rail laps the sea;
Aloft all taut, where the kind clouds skim,
Alow to the cutwater snug and trim,
And the man at the wheel sings low; sings he:

"Oh, sea room and lee room
And a gale to run afore;
From the Golden Gate to Sunda Strait,
But my heart lies snug ashore."

Her hull rolls high, her nose dips low,
The rollers flash alee—
Wallow and dip and the untossed screw
Sends heart throbs quivering through and through—
And the man at the wheel sings low; sings he:

"Oh, sea room and lee room
And a gale to run afore;
From the Golden Gate to Sunda Strait,
But my heart lies snug ashore."

The helmsman's arms are brown and hard,
And pricked in his forearm be
A ship, an anchor, a love knot true,
A heart of red and an arrow of blue,
And the man at the wheel sings low; sings he:

"Oh, sea room and lee room
And a gale to run afore;
From the Golden Gate to Sunda Strait,
But my heart lies snug ashore."
—Bookman.

THE MORTAL COIL.

These two, Allan and David, were brothers; and, what is often more than brothers do, they loved one another. While they were mere boys they had been left orphans, friendless, alone with the world and with necessity. They were industrious and frugal, their purse was common, and working thus together they managed to keep off starvation and debt.

They were now in the period of early manhood. Allan, the elder, was 23 years of age, and David 20. They occupied two pleasant rooms in a respectable lodging-house, lived well, and had some money saved in the bank. "At first I used to be afraid that we could not make it," Allan would say to his brother, when they talked in the evening of their life and their affairs; "it was such a hard struggle. But there is no longer any doubt that we are going to succeed in the world."

To this prophecy, which Allan rejoiced to speak, David would always assent, with an enthusiasm that came not from any confidence in his own powers, but solely from his belief in his elder brother. The difference between the brothers was more than that of years, as each of them well understood. Allan was strong, keen, and determined. David was gentle and sympathetic, but a little dull. They were alike, however, in their intense devotion to one another.

It happened in the midst of this which they regarded as prosperity that Allan was suddenly beset by a grievous illness. It had been written down in the pitiless law book of nature that he should pay for the sins of some ancestor, of whose very existence he was ignorant. The disease ran its slow course through many weeks, and there were now and again critical times when the heart of the younger brother, watching by night, stood still.

At last it came to an end. The sentence of nature was fulfilled. The life of the young man was spared, but the disease left him blind and a cripple. As Allan began to recover his strength, and the dumb consciousness of suffering gave way to active thought, he demanded to know how soon the bandages were to be taken from his eyes. To this and to other questions of a similar nature, the doctor who attended him returned evasive answers. Thereupon, Allan, half guessing the truth, became silent. In the meantime, David, also silent, clung desperately to a fragment of hope.

One morning the doctor, as he was about to leave, motioned across the sick man's bed that he wished to speak with him alone. They went out into the hall, where the physician sat down upon a chair and David leaned back against a corner of the wall.

Presently Allan heard the confused murmur of their talk. He climbed out of the bed and dragged himself with difficulty across the floor into the sitting-room. Placing his ear against the half door, which was not quite closed, he heard all, unseen and unsuspected.

"It is useless for me to continue these daily visits," said the physician; "hereafter I will come only when you send for me."

"Well, what shall we do about it—about his eyes?"

"They will probably not pain him any more. You can take off the bandage whenever you are ready to tell him the whole truth."

David's lips grew very white. "You mean that he will never recover?" he said.

The doctor looked up at him suddenly with a frown. "Really," he said, "I thought I had made the state of things pretty clear to you."

"Yes," said David; "I know—but I kept hoping."

"My dear boy, I am sorry, but I cannot even let you hope. If your leg was cut off would you expect another to grow in its place? A part of the eye is gone—and that ends it."

"And the lameness?"

"He will always walk with crutches."

Perhaps it was well that no mortal eye saw the wan face pressed toward the opening in the door. There was a shuffling across the floor, and Allan drew himself upon the bed again, where he lay motionless and silent, though all his body seemed to quiver and his thoughts to cry aloud.

Presently the footsteps of the doctor sounded on the stairs and the lower door opened and shut. But nearly an hour passed before the younger brother came back to the room. When he came it was with the belief that he was prepared to speak to Allan and tell him all. He looked for a moment at the figure curled on the bed and shook his head. He would wait.

Several days passed. Then in the evening Allan said suddenly to his brother:

"David, what is the matter? Perhaps I imagine it—but is there not something that you want to talk to me about?"

"Yes," said the other, startled.

"It is about my eyes and my lameness, is it not?"

"Yes."

The time had come. He sat down by the bed and took his brother's hand. His own trembled violently, but that of the sick man was quiet.

"Poor boy," said Allan, as though not he but David were the one upon whom misfortune had fallen. He stroked his brother's arm gently for a moment, and then whispered: "You need not tell me, David. I know all. I listened when you and the doctor talked about me."

David spoke also in a whisper: "I could not bear to think of it—and so I could not speak to you."

"Poor, dear brother," said Allan, but with perfect calmness. They sat in silence for a few moments, and then Allan said: "Now, David, we have looked the worst of it in the face; let us examine some of the smaller troubles. What about money matters?"

"Oh, Allan," cried the other, "don't ask about that yet."

"Yes," said the elder brother firmly; "you must tell me all. Be frank and fair, as I would be with you."

So David told. The money in the bank was all gone, of course, and there were debts—to the doctor, the chemist, and the landlady. Having explained thus far, David hung back, and it took determined questioning on the part of Allan to bring out the rest of the story. Their friends at the club, knowing the trouble of the brothers, had raised some money—a considerable amount—for their benefit.

"It just paid the nurse," said David.

The proud lines in the other's face deepened to harshness. After a momentary struggle he managed to say aloud: "It was very kind of them."

But to himself into his pillow he muttered: "My God! This is the beginning!"

"I am afraid," said David, "that it will be some time before we can pay up these debts. Everyone seems to be good about it. The doctor says he will wait years if need be."

"Yes," replied Allan absently.

"Of course, you know what my pay is," continued the younger brother, "and you also know what our expenses are. Well, they don't fit. I've been thinking about it. We must move into one room and must economize in various other ways."

"Yes," said Allan.

"The worst of it is," David went on, without looking at his brother, "that we cannot get the things you ought to have. It is so hard for you to be all alone here——"

"Never mind about that, Davy," said Allan quickly; "what we must think about is how to clear up those debts and how to live on your pay."

After this the old confidence seemed to be restored between the brothers. What small part of the day David was not at work he spent with Allan, and they talked of their affairs just as they had done before the misfortune came. Yet there was one thing David failed to understand, although he studied over it a great deal. Why was Allan so calm and undistressed? It was not like him.

"Can it be that he does not really appreciate what it means to be blind and helpless?" thought the younger brother; "he was always so proud, ambitious and full of hope. And he is sensitive. I thought he would suffer."

The sick man's strength gradually returned. Presently he was able to move about the room, and then, accompanied by the landlady's little daughter, he managed to make short excursions into the street. He wore a dark shade over his eyes and walked on crutches.

The various economies which the brothers had talked over were practiced, and yet every day they ran more into debt. David's pay was very small; it was not enough to keep two people in comfort—one of them an invalid needing medicines and a physician's care. Yet Allan remained apparently unconcerned. At last David found work to do in the evening. He now earned enough to cover their necessities, but Allan was left alone most of the time.

One evening David had an unexpected vacation. An accident caused the establishment where he worked to close early, and he hurried to the room, eager for the pleasure of a few hours with his brother. When he came to the street door he said to himself: "I will go up quietly and surprise him."

He ascended the stairs with a quiet tread. The door to the room was open, and he saw Allan seated at the table, moving a pencil slowly over a large sheet of paper. "The poor fellow is trying to write," said David. Then he noticed that the edges of the sheet were notched at intervals, and that it had not been folded in creases. As the blind man wrote, he felt for these notches, and then ran his finger along the crease in advance of the pencil.

Full of tender sorrow and pity David crept up behind, that he might put his hand on Allan's shoulder and thus make his presence known, but happening to glance down upon the paper he saw the words, "My dear brother," and he knew that the writing was for him to read. He did not give himself time to wonder that Allan should be writing to him, but began instantly to decipher the misshapen characters on the paper. In a few moments he had overtaken the pencil.

This is what he read:

"My Dear Brother—You will find this note fastened on the outside of the door. Please read it through to the end before you enter. Perhaps you will then think it best not to enter alone.

"David, my brother, these words come to you from the dead. I have destroyed the pitiful fragment of life which fate left me. You were wont to be so strong and brave—can you read on calmly now, and try to understand me when I tell you my reason? Can you love me and trust me as you always have done? I believe that you can and will, and that is why I have dared to take this step.

"Several days ago I procured some poison which I have kept concealed from you. Through it death comes swift but painless."

David watched the slow, laborious making of the last few words, and it gave him time to think. Where was the poison? He glanced across the room to a chest of drawers. There was a small drawer at the top which Allan had used exclusively, and which was now half open. With noiseless step, the younger brother crept over the floor to this chest of drawers. The guess was correct. Hidden under some handkerchiefs lay a small vial, filled with a colorless fluid.

David took it up, shook it mechanically, and then turned it over and over in his hands, while he tried to think what he had better do. At any moment Allan might finish his writing and come in search of the poison. It would then be necessary for David to speak aloud and explain, and his brother would suffer the torture of humiliation. That would not do. Better to carry away the vial and make no explanations, unless they were demanded. He was about to steal out of the room when the thought struck him that his brother, if determined, could secure death by other means than this one bottle of poison. There was a loaded revolver in the drawer—that must be taken away. But what was to prevent Allan from obtaining more poison?

He was accustomed to buy his own medicines, and now he was strong enough to get about. Ah, there were so many ways!

The blind man seated at the table wrote on, feeling his way carefully along the folds in the paper. David crouched upon the edge of the bed, watched him and thought:

No; merely to remove the means of death would not save Allan. The only hope lay in appearing to him, in pleading with him for his own life, in conjuring him by the love which held them together, not to do this terrible wrong. What should he say? David was not easy of speech. His very thoughts were blunt, ill-assorted and confused. Deep in his soul he felt that his brother was about to make a mistake—one of the most awful of which life contained a possibility. This feeling was independent of religion or of superstition; it was a part of David's very existence. But how was he to speak of this to Allan, who seemed to understand everything so much better than he?

And now it suddenly occurred to him that he really did not know his brother. Evidently this desire of self-destruction had been in Allan's thoughts for many weeks, and yet he, nearest to him of all beings on earth, had never been allowed to suspect it. This was why Allan had been so calm and had accepted his misfortune so lightly. Tortures of sorrow there must have been, unspeakable agonies of ruined hope, all endured in secrecy and silence. It seemed to David that he himself, and not Allan, must have lacked the power of sight.

But what was to be done now?

The pencil was still moving slowly over the paper. David rose from the bed, and resuming his place behind the blind man read on:

"This concerns you and me and no one else; is it not so, brother? The world is far away from us; we are alone together."

"Now, what has existence for me? When first I learned I was to be always blind and a cripple there came with the knowledge an impulse for death. But I put it away and said: 'No, let me think of this more fully. The calamity seems now to sweep over all of life. Perhaps when I am more calm I shall find that much remains untouched.' So I waited and thought, and in the end I found one thing, the happiest of being with you. That is real and lasting, and for a time I asked myself if it were not enough. But I remembered that my existence, wretched and useless as it was, meant more of labor and hardship for you, and I thought, too, of what sorrow you must feel for me, and the pleasure of being with you turned to bitterness. There was nothing left.

"But you—you love me and you have a right to my life. It is for your sake that I have spent these long weeks in silent, solitary debate, after every other doubt was cleared away. At one time I had almost decided to beg my life of you, as I might any other favor, but I dared not. Yet I am begging it now—after I have taken it.

"Dear brother, I know that you are unselfish. I believe that for my sake you would give up the greatest happiness which life affords—as I would for you. Can you not, then, allow me the little that I take when I deprive myself and you of my existence? If, now, the conditions were reversed—if I were the one to be strong and well, while you were crippled and blind—I try to think of it in that way, in order that I may understand it better and judge more fairly—I should, of course, feel an intense sorrow——"

What was the matter? The pencil was moving slower and slower. At last it stopped. David looked up at his brother's face and saw it working with strong emotion. Then, after a moment the pencil went on:

"——that you should suffer so, and it would be an unspeakable happiness to help, to work for you—you would be dearer to me than, a thousand times, than if——"

"Oh, what am I saying!" exclaimed the blind man, aloud. The pencil dropped from his fingers and he threw himself back in his chair. "I could not let him go," he cried; "it would be cruel in him to leave me. But I—what will he—oh, Davy!"

He leaned upon the table with his face resting in his open hands, while David stood watching almost breathless in the struggle to keep silent. At last Allan caught up the sheets of paper on which he had been writing and tore them to fragments.

"It is over," said David. He restored the bottle to its place and crept past his brother out of the room. Presently Allan heard the street door noisily open and shut and David's tread sounded upon the stairs.

That night, as the brothers were about to retire, Allan said:

"David, there is something that I want to promise you. I have already promised myself, but I want to assure you of it also."

"Yes," said David; "what is it?"

"I think I had better not tell you what it is. You would be distressed, perhaps. But I promise you."

"Very well," said David; "let it remain a secret, then. But I accept the promise."—Spare Moments.

Beware of Tight Garters.

Bicyclists, male and female, should beware of tight garters and of stockings which are too thick. A garter which is wide and has little pressure is just as effective as a narrow one very tight. The result of wearing the latter is bound to be bad, it being a fertile producer of varicose veins.

Lamp Thrown In.

"I don't want the wheel. It is too heavy."

"Say, I'll throw in a lamp. That'll make it lighter."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

How tantalizing heaven will be to the women, to see so much gold lying around, and no chance to spend it!

ATHLETES OF THE DEEP.

Eight Hundred Pound Tunas Fly Through the Air.

"Speaking of jumping," said an old seaman, "let me tell you of the greatest jump ever seen. It was many years ago, and we had experienced bad luck for several weeks, when one morning we sighted a big whale, and two boats set off in a race to see who would get there first.

"Suddenly the whale rose not a hundred yards away, and headed directly for us. The mate gave orders to stop, and we sat still, expecting that the monster would rise near us. The harpooner stood with his iron ready to throw, while we grasped our oars, nervously prepared to jump at the word 'stern all,' that nearly always came when a whale was harpooned. Not a word was spoken, and suddenly a mountain of black appeared, which seemed to shut off the entire horizon. Up it went until I distinctly saw a seventy-foot whale over twenty feet in the air above us.

"The mate was the first to regain his senses, and gave the command, 'stern all.' Just as we were ready to spring overboard the boat shot back several feet, and the next second the gigantic animal dived into the ocean, just grazing us, having completely passed over the boat."

Such gigantic jumps are rare. A similar one was recorded by a well-known Admiral in the British navy. A battleship was lying in the harbor of Bermuda, when all hands were attracted by the appearance of a very large whale suddenly showing itself in the harbor, and appearing very much alarmed by the shallow water. The Admiral, who was then only a middy, joined a boat's crew that started in pursuit, and just as they were about to strike the whale disappeared out of sight leaving a deep, whirlpool round which the boat shot. Another moment and the whale came up, having, in all probability, struck the bottom, and went into the air like a rocket.

"So complete was the enormous leap," says our authority, "that for an instant we saw him fairly up in the air, in a horiontal position, at a distance of at least twenty perpendicular feet over our heads, while in his progress upward there was in his spring some touch of the vivacity with which a trout or salmon shoots out of the water."

Many of the inhabitants of the sea are good jumpers, and some have become famous. Among them should be mentioned the tarpon, that gleam like silver, which constitute the famous game fish of Florida.

In Pacific waters the tuna, an ally of the horse mackerel, is noted for its leaps. Sometimes a school sweeps up the coast, and the powerful fish, often weighing 800 pounds, are seen in the air in every direction. They dart like an arrow, turn gracefully five or six feet in the air, and come down, keeping the water for acres in a foam, and if not the greatest they are certainly the most graceful of the jumpers of the sea.

Curious Frogs.

One of the most interesting species that have been described is the one discovered by Mr. Wallace in Borneo a nunmber of years ago. It has been popularly called the "flying frog," from the fact that it has toes of great length, and these are fully webbed to the tips. If the animal wishes to descend from the top of a high tree it has only to make the leap, and by spreading out its toes it converts its feet into four veritable parachutes, and thus this little aerial batrachian reaches terra firma in safety. Among the most curious types are the tree frogs, and Gibson says these "are really distinguished from all others by having the ends of their toes dilated into knobs or disks, generally provided with a sticky secretion, by means of which they can cling to the leaves and branches of trees. They are small, elegant, and exceedingly active creatures, the males possessing loud voices, of which they make copious use during the breeding season and on the approach of rain." Frogs have from remote times been regarded as weather prophets, and at the present day, in some parts of Germany, the European tree frog (Hyla arborea) is used as a barometer. A few of them are placed in a tall bottle provided with miniature ladders, the steps of which they ascend during fine weather, seeking the bottom again at the approach of rain.

Anatomical structures of a variety of kinds are characteristic of different species of frogs, having to do with the voice organs. So it is that many croak, some chirp, and some almost bellow. Many emit noises most disagreeable to all ears, while others give vent to sounds that under some circumstances are quite enjoyable.—Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.

Either Preferable.

A precocious little east end boy, the son of a well-known dentist, has furnished the household with more than a little amusement by the remarks he frequently makes, which are filled with originality and humor. Recently his mother had occasion to not only reprimand him, but also to use the "corrector" that is usually found in every well-regulated family, and which was not unknown to him, on account of some misbehavior. After she had finished the task and the outburst of tears had been partially checked, the young hopeful suddenly exclaimed: "I'm getting tired being whipped this way. Will you do something for me, mamma?"

"Well, what is it?" answered the mother.

"Pray to God to take me to heaven."

"He would not have anything to do with a bad boy like you," she responded, scarcely able to control her mirth at the request. "You will have to be a much better boy than you have been lately before you can expect to go there."

"Well, then, tell Him to take me to the other place," was the angry retort.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Gog and Magog.

Who were Gog and Magog? English tradition says that they were the last of a race of giants who infested England until they were destroyed by some of the Trojans who went to the British Isles after the destruction of Troy. Gog and Magog, it is said, were taken captive to London, where they were chained at the door of the palace of the king. When they died, wooden images of the two giants were put in their places. In the course of time, a great fire destroyed these, but now, if you go to London, you will see in the Great Hall of one of the famous buildings—the Guildhall—two immense wooden effigies of men called Gog and Magog.

But there are other traditions of the two giants. One is to the effect that when Alexander the Great overran Asia, he chased into the mountains of the North an impure, wicked and man-eating people who were twenty-two nations in number, and who were shut in with a rampart in which were gates of brass. One of these nations was Gog, and another Magoth, from which we readily get the names of the mythical giants. It is supposed, however, that the Turks were meant by Gog and the Mongols were the children of Magog. We shall find mention made of Gog and Magog in many books, including the Bible; but there is the Great Wall and the Rampart of Gog and Magog, whatever may have been the fact that gave the names of the two giants to that portion of the structure.—St. Nicholas.

One Pound of Coal on a Steamship.

The value of one pound of coal at different epochs of steamship evolution, as given by Mr. A. J. McGinnis, president of the Liverpool Engineering Society, has been as follows: In 1840 a pound of coal propelled a displacement weight of 578 ton eight knots; but the earning weight was only one-tenth of this, 90 per cent. of the displacement representing the weight of machinery and fuel. In 1850, with iron vessels and the screw propeller, a displacement weight of six-tenths of a ton was propelled nine knots by a pound of coal; but the proportion of cargo had risen to 27 per cent., or .3 ton. In 1860, with higher boiler pressure and the surface condenser, a ton displacement was propelled ten knots, and the cargo was 33 per cent., or .27 ton. In 1870, after the compound engine had come into use, 1.8 tons of displacement was propelled ten knots, and here the cargo formed 50 per cent. of the whole, being nine-tenths of a ton. In 1885 there were two classes of freight boats; the "tramp" propelled 3.4 tons displacement eight and one-half knots, with 60 per cent. or two tons of cargo; at the same time the enormous cargo steamers of the North Atlantic were driving a displacement of 3.14 tons twelve knots, with 35 per cent., or 1.7 tons of cargo. On the modern express passenger steamers the cargo weight is down to .59 tons per pound of coal.—Railroad Gazette.

Society.

Perhaps nothing in the world receives so much criticism, just and unjust, as what we call society. Every one seems to feel privileged to throw his or her particular stone at it, and most people do it with an alacrity and an energy which do not characterize all their actions.

Sometimes it is the wholesale denunciation of the pessimist, who thinks that everything is going to ruin, and sees in society only the combined agency of the general downfall.

Sometimes it is the verdict of those who, through ignorance or fanaticism, want to break down the very principles which uphold social or political welfare, and who charge society with being the author of all the wrongs which exist in their fevered imaginations.

Sometimes it is an honest criticism of real evils which good people see and lament, and the blame of which they freely and indiscriminately lay at the door of society.

And then, again, it is the weak lamentation of some who, conscious of wrong in themselves, hasten to escape the responsibility by casting the blame somewhere else. The charitable-minded and the liberal-minded are not among any of these critics.

Gambling Is on the Wane.

"I don't know why it is, but the American mania for gambling is dying out," said Tom Brewer, one of the best known of the Denver sports, of the Arlington. "Take horse racing, and over two-thirds of the tracks are closed. The breeding of fast horses is not nearly so profitable as it used to be and there is not one race where there were ten, twenty years ago. Then faro. It is a fact that there are not as many open faro rooms in the United States as there were in Chicago or Denver alone a few years ago. I have not seen a keno card for ten years. There are a few rooms, but they are comparatively small. Poker is played privately and in clubs. There are a few poker rooms where strangers can get into a game, in all large cities, but there are not one-fourth as many as ten years ago, and the games are very much smaller, only occasionally a game being played for heavy stakes. The places of these are taken to some extent by crap rooms of a much lower order, but that is being rapidly forced out of existence. There is probably less gambling among Americans now than among men of any other leading nationality."—Washington Star.

Dead Man's Claim.

Among the rich mines in Leadville is one called "Dead Man's Claim." It seems a certain popular miner had died, and his friends, having decided to give him a good send-off, hired a man for $20 to act as sexton. It was in the midst of winter; there were six feet of snow on the ground, and the grave had to go six feet below that. The grave digger sallied forth into the snow, depositing the corpse for safe keeping in a drift, and for three days nothing was heard from him. A delegation sent to find the fellow discovered him digging away with all his might, but found also the intended grave converted into the entrance of a shaft. Striking the earth it seems he had found pay rock worth $80 a ton. The delegation at once staked out claims adjoining his and the deceased was forgotten. Later in the season, the snow having melted, his body was found and given an ordinary burial in another part of the camp.—Butte Journal.

Reason for Confidence.

Richard—But what makes you be so sure that she will marry you?

Harry—Well, you see, her mother and I have engendered a mortal hatred of each other.—Boston Transcript.

A widow seems to mourn as much for a bad husband as for a good one.