EUGENE CITY

Did Mrs. James Brown Potter's father-in-law, who disinherited her in his will, ever see the lady act?

It seems to be the irony of fate that Greece should now be compelled to pay handsomely for the ineffable privilege of being thrashed.

Rudyard Kipling says that there are worse things than war. And he has 5,000 separate and distinct reasons every month for believing so.

Nice manners are invaluable: the charm of politeness cannot be over estimated. True etiquette is inborn; It is rarely acquired in mature life.

"The Sultan has received a check, says a dispatch from Athens. He'll probably receive another one pretty soon signed by Greece and abundantly indorsed.

A woman who refused to talk was arrested on a Broadway cable car in New York the other day and locked up to await an inquiry into her sanity. Well, that's logical, at least,

The Gilmer (Texas) Mirror stentill cantly remarks: "We don't claim to know it all. But we haven't lived here so long without knowing a blame sight more than we print." Aha! What's up

Mrs. Langtry's husband still insists that Mrs. Langtry is his wife. Furthermore, he thinks that a woman 45 years old ought to know better than to introduce a "property" divorce in the last set.

In New York the other day an ice wagon was pressed into service as a hearse and seven other ice wagens were in the funeral procession. Here's a new idea for those who expect a warm welcome from the other side.

The Swainsboro (Ga.) News says: "The last ball given by the Social Club was a great success. There were present three young ladies, eight chaperons and sixty-three gentlemen." Probably the young ladies were required to look after the chaperons,

Truth and love are two of the most powerful things in the world, and, when they go together, they cannot easily be withstood. The golden beams of truth and the silken cords of love, twisted together, will draw men on with a sweet violence, whether they will or no.

An educational institution in Buffalo has adopted this beautiful little yell:

> B, a, bay; b, y, bee; Muzzer's precious kids are we! Eenie, meenie, minie, mo! Kindergarten! Buffalo!

And yet there are those who claim that higher education is not properly looked after in this country,

To "cease to do evil," whatever that evil may be, is undoubtedly a clear duty, and many persons think that, until that is done, there can be no "learn It is in learning to do well that we most fully and speedily cease from doing evil. There is no way in which a fault can be so thoroughly corrected as in practicing the opposite virtue.

A young woman writing to a New Pork paper says she is "planning to go upon the stage," as she feels that there is a great theatrical future before her, and adds, "Can you let me know how to make my legs stout, as I am training for the stage now." That young weman seems to have a very clear notion of the preparatory study that is necessary nowadays for success on the singe.

The world is certainly becoming more liberal when a woman may be graduated from the Union Theological Senlnary to preach in a Presbyterian pulpit. The woman who has been accorded this privilege is no less a person than the daughter of Prof. Briggs, who was suspended for heresy in 1894. She has passed with the highest honors, excelling all the men in her class. One may be permitted to wonder how she stands upon the points of faith which caused her father so much trouble.

Thought, intelligence, and foresight brought to bear practically upon ac tivity, will continually suggest methods and plans that the unreflective never dream of. A little enforced leisure at the beginning of a new enterprise or at the beginning of a new day, devoted conscientiously to this purpose may greatly aid in promoting the habit The busy heart and brain thus faithfully employed will far more than repay the small loss which the folded hands may incur during the short period of inaction; for only when activity is governed by thought and conducted by intelligence can its real efficiency be

Modern journalism has folsted upon the language of the day many new names for old things, but one of the most amusing of these is "impairment of capital." In the old days, when a spade was called a spade, a banker who rulned his bank by embezziement or other criminal means was called a thief and a thief he was. But we have changed all this. A bank now fails because of the "impairment of its cap-Ital." This sounds much better and saves the tender sensibilities of the financier. The expression, like charfty, covers a multitude of sins. It includes, for instance, the appearance in the assets of wild-cut securities of the suppery clm variety. It also covers the transfer of public funds to private accounts. All this is included in this very lugenuous expression of modern parlance.

A Circuit Judge at Chattanooga, Tenn., does not propose to permit his grand jury to shirk its duty because the malefactor happens to hold a high official position. He instructed the Jury that it should return an indictcont for drunkenness against bimself low the wreck.

EUGENE CITY GUARD. If, as he understood was the case, it had sufficient evidence to support the charge. When the matter came up in this startling way, the foreman admitted that the jury understood the judge had been drunk during the previous The trackless desert beckons them, theyOREGON term of court. Then said the judge: I charge you to investigate the matter thoroughly, and, if there is one particle of ground upon which you can do For so, to bring in an indictment against the judge of this court. Your duty is plain, and do not shirk it." This amazingly upright judge apparently does A world of sweetest company, these well not mean to be defrauded out of any of the perquisites of a "spree" simply be- For any mood, for any hour; they keep a cause of the timidity of a set of jurors. If he is entitled to an indictment he Serene and unperturbed amid the ruffles means to have it if there is the slightest chance for it, and he puts the matter in such a confident and convincing manner there seems small room to A pleasant world is theirs, wherein doubt that he will be accommodated.

> In these melancholy times of financial depression it is cheering to find one favored mortal who, as reported, is "enjoying a serene chuckle," be cause some manager had the impudence to offer her \$400 a night to sing for a half hour or so. Mme. Melba is the "serene chuckler," and it appears she has reason for her serenity, because she is able to sell her harmonies to society tolks for the comfortable figure of \$1,500 for "a few straggling songs." The cable report asserts that all she has to do for this aggregation of dollars is to warble these "few straggling songs," and then "skip into The a carriage and go placidly home." wonder she is placid and serene and chuckles over the effrontery of the manager. But Melba ought to restrain her merriment out of consideration for the rest of humanity. It may seem a good joke to her to have some misguided impresario offer her the paitry pittance of \$400 for a few songs, but the majority of people with a less keen sense of the ludierous will not be able to see how funny the incident is. Melba ought to keep such diverting eplsodes secret, or she will be responsible for some discontent among those people who under stress of circumstances are forced to humiliate themselves to the extent of accepting as little as \$400 for even an entire day's work,

The death of Horatio King at Washington is an event that recalls the earliest approaches of the late civil war. He had rendered long service in the postoffice department up to the closing months of Buchanan's administration in 1861. In the reorganization of Buchanan's Cabinet he was made Postmaster General. It was a Cabinet of great men that Buchanan called round him as the portentous shadow of the civil war was cast across the political horizon. It was composed in large part of men who had held subordinate positions in the administration of the Government, Jeremiah S. Black. who had been Attorney General, was made Secretary of State on the resignation of Lewis Cass. He inspired that department of the Government with a force and vigor that it seldom has possessed, before or since. Edwin M. Stanton, who had been an employe in the law department of the administra tion, was made Attorney General. He attrened Buchanan's backbone in the disputes that occurred regarding the powers of the Government in case of Insurrection. In this Cabinet of illustrious Union Democrats John A. Dix. the author of the order, "If any man hauls down the American flag shoo him on the spot," was Secretary of the Treasury. The other members of the reorganized Cabinet were of equal patriotism, equally devoted to the cause of the Union and helped in an equal degree to inspire the cause of loyalty when the outbreak of the war occurred Gen. Horatlo King was one of the me who gave to the closing months of Buchanan's administration the historic fame which it deserved of honest and vigorous effort to repel the rebel attacks on the Integrity of the Union.

EARNED A MEDAL.

Daniel E. Lynn, a Michigan Man, Honored as a Life "aver.

No man in the United States is better worthy of the gold medal recently awarded to him by Congress than Danlel E. Lynn, of Port Huron, Mich. It is believed that he has saved more people from drowning than any other peron in the world, and in many instances has exhibited a daring and heroism rarely heard of in history or fiction. He is but 27 years old, and has saved a life for each of his twenty-seven years. He has all his life been accustomed to the water. His father has been a seafaring man for forty-five years, and

his brother is also a saller. The medal was conferred as a tribute to his bravery in an unsuccessful attempt to save the lives of the crew of the schooner William Shupe, which went ashore near Fort Gratiot during a great storm in May, 1894. When the life-saving crew was ready to start for the wreck one of the crew refused to go, as the task was too bazardous. Lynn, who was a marine regular, took his place in the boat, and although the mission was a fruitless one he won the



displayed. The crew pulled to the wrecked vessel, and was about to take the men off when three large sens filled the boat and she rolled over. They all tried to get back to the boat, but the sea was so high they could no nothing but endeavor to reach the shore, about three-quarters of a mile away. Lynn was the only one to reach the shore alive. He came in about one mile be

There are who find their happiness in strolling near and far, As if perchance their birth had been be

neath some errant star, scale the mountain peak, ever just beyond them see, some

gladness coy to seek; me, I sit beside my fire, and with benignant looks From dear familiar shelves they smile my pleasant friends, the books.

beloved ones wait courteous state.

They are the bread my spirit craves, they bless my toiling way.

through battles wax and wane, There rolls the sound of triumph, and there dwells surcease of pain, On pages sparkling as the dawn forever

breathes and glows ough aged red with patriot blood, white freedom's stainless rose.

In this fair world of calmest skies, I meet the martyr's palm,
There float to it dear melodies from consis

of heavenly balm; All comfort here, all strength, all faith, all bloom of wisdom lives,

And be the day's need what it may, some boon this wide world gives.

The freedom of the city where one walks in crowds, alone, silence of the upland, where one

climbs anear the throne, blitheness of the morning, and the solemn hush of night,
Are in this pleasant world of books, for one who reads aright.

Here, pure and sharp the pictured spir its cleaving point uplifts, There, swept by stormy winds of fate time's sands are tossed in drifts. And I who sit beside the fire am heir o

time and sense, My book to me, the angel of God's sleep less providence.

Who will, may choose to wander far ove For me the table and the lamp extend : friendlier hand;

And I am blessed beyond compare while with benignant looks From home's familiar shelves they smile my pleasant world of books -Margaret E. Sangster, in Youth's Com-

A MODERN DEBORAH.

At the eastern extremity of the long, straggling street of Nagy-Nemethy, are the crumbling rulus of a deserted

More than forty years ago, when the Hungarian people awoke and began to rattle their chains, there lived in this house a young Jewish couple, Adoif Sonnenfeld and his wife Eglantine, Although scarcely fifteen years of age when her husband took her from her parents' watchful care, she was no half-opened bud, but a glorious woman, a blooming rose of Sharon. Sonnenfeld, like many a young German townsman, was a slender, fair-haired young fellow. His wife, Egla, was a lovely Jewess of the purest type. Suppressed fervor lurked behind the cold gaze of her dark, scornful eyes, and the mobile mouth could soften sweetly to the warming kiss or harden with deliberation for command. Her husband was merely a practical man of business, of disposition, called good humored by his friends because he was too cautious to risk doing an in-

In spite of the differences in their characters, Egla seemed to love her husband even more than her fatherland, and that speaks volumes, for she was an ardent Hungarian. She had borne her husband two children, and through her teaching they were growing up with a fervent love of home and fatherland

The storms of February swept over Paris, and the feverish March days in Vienna were followed by the Hungarlan rising, while her character was developing from day to day in strength and energy. But when, in October, the revolution brought the Hungarian army before Vienna, her zeal for the national cause at length took tangible

One morning at breakfast, having scanned the newspaper, she commenced: "Adolf, every one is taking up arms for the fatherland, old men, boys, and even women. Why do you hold back?

"Are you mad?" cried Sonnenfeld, half-irritated, half-frightened; "what is Hungarian liberty to me? I am a Jew Even if I wanted to go to the war they would only laugh at me. I don't know how to hold a gun."

"You can learn-" "I sha'n't think of it!" cried Sonnenfeld, cutting her short; "we have soldiers enough I am no hero!"

The truth came home to Egla that her husband was no hero, very short. ly. Hussars came into the village, and then all who had hitherto held back came forward and joined the colors. Sonnenfeld alone was not to be seen he seemed to have disappeared, and only came in sight again after the last horseman had quitted Nagy-Nemethy. Egla found out afterwards that he had hidden in a recess in the cellar, and been supplied with food and drink by the cook. Her first impulse was to take away her children, and leave the husband whom she despised for his cowardice. Sonnenfeld fell on his knees and begged her to stay; he raised his hands to heaven and implored her with tears in his eyes not to leave him, and when at last the children in-

terceded, she remained. From that day she treated him with silent disdain. That proved more galling that open hostility or reproaches. Hitherto he had taken no interest whatever in the struggles of the fatherhand, but new he began to interest himsolf nore and more. But his sympathios were all with the anti-Magyar party. He haved the agiturors who had related him of his wife's love, and the patriots whose heroic courage branded him as a coward. He could barely hide his joy when Windischgratz, with the imperial troops, crossed the frontier and pushed on to Buda-Pest, but Egla grew ever paler, ever quieter. When the Hungarian capital fell and the national troops fell back on Debrieren, Sonnenfeld felt see that all was over, He went about radiant and Joyful, as if he had won the victory or inherited a million

It was not long before the First Im-

gade followed and pitched camp in the neighborhood. Some of the soldiers were billeted in the village, and the land." general himself took up his quarters in Sonnenfeld's house. The husband surpassed himself in hospitality, loyalty and attention, to the wants of his guest. Egla, who held herself aloof, timid but inimical, one day saw the general kick her husband out of the door. She felt as if her heart was crushed, then the blood rushed to her face, but she endured in silence.

A few days later, hussars appeared in the neighborhood, and the Imperialist outposts exchanged shots with them. During the night the brigade became alarmed, for the Hungarians approached on all sides and threatened to overwhelm them. Every one was afoot, the inhabitants stood in the street doors whispering, while cannon and heavily armed cavalry rattled by Egla, who had dressed herself rapidly found that her husband had left the house. She glided out after him, only to find him by the garden hedge deep in conversation with the general. Sonnenfeld bowed obsequiously as he spoke, and the general laughed amicably. The laugh seemed to Egia even more insulting than the kick he had given her husband a few days back. She only caught detached words and isolated phrases of the conversation; but she gathered that while her husband wa sassuring him of his devotion, the general was complaining that he could gain no information even from the poorest pensant. At sunrise an adjutant arrived bearing a sealed letter for the general, on reading which he gave the order for the Imperialist troops to withdraw to the south

The changeful scenes of the Hungarian winter campaign followed in quick rotation, each day bringing contradic tory reports. Egin was consumed with anxiety and excitement, and she passed sleepless nights of watching, only to slak wearied and exhausted on her couch as daylight approached, and when the bright sunlight streamed in upon her, she would awake with a start as if aroused by some horrid dream.

Business was at a standstill, Sonnenfeld alone showing a restless activity. He contracted for provisions of all kinds for the supply of the Imperialist troops, and after visits from suspicious looking characters, would absent himself from home for days together. Egia watched him with anxious heart an dincreasing uneasiness.

One beautiful, sunshiny winter's day, hussars, with loaded carbines, rode into the village. The villagers received them with loud hurrahs and cries of welcome, and the Joy was increased when a Honved battalion folowed them on foot. The Hungarians halted, picketed their outposts, sent out patrols to all points of the compass, and their duty over, began to think of the commissariat. The inhabitants of Nagy-Nemethy brought out the best they had to compensate the brave fellows, if ever so little for the hardships of their campaign. Egla did not like to follow the example of the others without first obtaining her husband's consent. She went in search of him, but was unable to find him, either at home or anywhere in the village. Evil forebodings took possession of her mind.

Night closed in. Every one slept in Nagy-Nemethy-every one but Egla. She sat on the bed waiting and listening. She felt that she must wait and listen for something! Something so terrible it hardly took form in her mind, yet it was something that had been hanging over her for a long time. She sat and waited-one hour-two hours-till she grew drowsy from sheer exhaustion. Suddenly she was startled. Was It the sound of shots?—what was that confused noise? The trumpets brayed, words of command were heard, and the firing increased. She ran to the window, and as she threw it open a bullet whistled past and impinged upon the wall behind her. She drew back quickly and extinguished the light. There was fighting in the streets of Nagy-Nemothy

The Imperialists had advanced upon the Honved battalion under cover of the night, and the Hungarians had been overpowered. A few of their managed to escape with the colers, but the rest were taken prisoners or died the patriot's death.

Egla sat in her room like one in a trance; her thoughts stood still. The time passed away, but she was heed less of it till suddenly she started at the sound of voices in the next room Her husband had returned, and with him- How well she knew those clear, commanding tones as she listened to the words of praise and the prom-

ise of a great reward-to her husband. The Imperialists did not remain long. and her husband went away in their train. Egla obtained a conveyance, and, wrapping her children up warmly, drove away with them to her father's house. Having placed them in safety. ste returned home on the third day and awaited her husband's return.

On the fuorth evening after her return she heard her 'ausband enter the house softly, like a thief, and like a thief he started when his wife, candle in hand, stepped out of her room before him. Placing the light upon the table, she seated herself, and coldly and sternly, like a judge, she commence ed her examination.

Where were you?" "I have done a good bit of business,

"I know It." "I have delivered a contract for read and bacon to-

"You have delivered up your breth en? You spy!" shricked the Jewess, flaming with indignation. "What do you mean?" Sonnenfeld

was pale as a ghost. "I overheard your conversation with the general," "Anything further?" and the hos-

band tried to hingh. The beautiful Jewess stood up and pased steadily into his face. "This further. You are a traitor and deserve to die, but I have loved you and would not have the name that I have borne, and the name of myochildren, dishonored before the world. You shall not, therefore, swing from the gallows as you deserve, for I will let you kill your. self here upon the spot."

"I believe you have lost your reason," cried her husband.

For answer she glided quietly into her room and fetched a loaded pistol, "You must die," cried Egla, "and if you have sunk so low that you do not understand how great is the enormity of the about him which embarrass perialist Light Cavalry showed them- the crime you have committed, or if them greatly when he recovers.

PLEASANT WORLD OF BOOKS selves in Nagy-Nemethy. A whole bri- your cowardice be so great you dare ecutioner in the name of the father-

She placed the muzzle of the pistol against his breast, when the wretch fell upon his knees, begging and entreating her to spare his life.

The tragic figure stood superbly above him, gazed at him for a moment with unutterable contempt, and then uncocked the pistol.

"No, truly, you are not worth powder She turned from him and went into

her own room, when he feverishly sprang to the door and fastened it be-Egia listened, and when she felt cer-

tain her husband had gone to bed, she wrapped herself in a fur cloak and stepped out through the long window into the night. As day broke the tread of horses ounded in front of Sonnenfeld's house, and a few blows from the butt end of

a musker soon broke open the door, Hussars, with his wife at their head, burst into the room where he was sleep-Ing. "There is the spy," cried she, coldly: "he is my husband, but I would see

him hanged." Sonnenfeld, whining vainly, pleaded for pardon, as the hussars bound his hands behind him and dragged him forth. His wife looked on in silence, When the rope was placed round his neck, and the end slung over the limetree, she swung herself into the saddle of a horse that the hussars had prepared for her and galloped away, followed, in a few minutes, by the sol-

At the taking of Waitzen a beautiful woman rode in front of the Honved battalion-it was the Jewess of Nagy-Nemethy. Once again was she seen in the forefront of the fight when the Poles of Mazuchelli's regiment stormed the green hill of Komorn at the point of the bayonet, and there she fell riddled with bullets, but wrapped in the standard of her country and staining its colors with her blood.—Translated from the German of Sacher-Masoch by Henry B. Collins, for the San Francisco Argonaut.

The Logic of Good Manners. To sny "Yes, sir," and "No, ma'am,

is now considered bad form in what is known as the upper class of society. It was good form once; it went out of vogue among "gentle people" in England because servants and tradesmen did it a great deal, and it came to sound like the talk of servants and tradesmen. The example set by social England was soon followed in America; nevertheless, according to the Listener, "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," may be said to belong to the logic of good manners. The French have not discarded the words "monsieur" and "madame" in similar situations because servants use them, and our abrupt "yes" and "no" seem to them unmannerly and surly Certainly "yes" and "no" from children have an unmannerly sound, and the substitute system of "Yes, Mr. Blank," and "No. Aunt Mary," is complicated and subject to a great many difficulties such, for instance, as those which occur when the child is not sure of the name of the person he is addressing. No doubt there is such a thing as being too slavish in our fol lowing of English manners, and this may be one of the matters in which it might have been well to declare our adependence. The practice of using "sir" and "ma'am" in the way designated still survives among people of unquestioned breeding in this country Their adherence to the older form of courtesy can but be respected, and one may say "No, sir," without positively convicting one's self of belonging to the "lower classes,"

New Process for Glass Making.

A number of prominent glass manufacturers met at the Monongahela House recently and decided to build an independent plate glass factory at Elizabeth, a few miles south of Pittsburg, in Monongahela valley, at a cost of \$200,000. The prospective company will fight the Pittsburg Plate Glass Company and the plate glass pool, and will develop an invention patented by George Marsh, of Sandusky, Ohio, The invention, it is said, will revolutionize the manufacture of plate glass. By means of it the company, it is claimed. will be able to make plate glass equal to the best French product, and at a cost less than that of ordinary American plate glass. The device holds the sheet of glass in its frame by means of suction while the sheet is being polished. The glass may then be easily reversed and the other side polished, At present expensive plaster of paris casts are used in the polishing process, and even then many sheets crack before completion. It is said the Marsh patent reduced the loss during the polshing process almost to nothing. The new manufactory will give employment to several hundred men. Mr. Marsh's patent is known by the Pittsburg Plate Glass Company. This corporation offered the inventor \$250,000 for the device, but he refused it.-Pittsburg Post.

Preventing Noises.
A means for preventing the noise nade by trains in passing over iron oridges has been devised by a German engineer named Boedecker. He puts a decking of inch and a quarter planks between the cross girders, resting on three-inch timbers laid on the bottom flanges. On the planks a double layer of felt is laid, which is fixed to the vertical web of the cross girder. At the onnections with the girder a timber cover joint is placed on felt, and two booked bolts connect the whole firmly to the bottom flange. Four inches of slag gravel cover the decking, which is inclined toward the center of the bridge for drainage purposes. A layer of felt is laid between the planks and the fimbers they rest upon and the fron work in contact with decking and belieft to

The decking weighs 600 pounds per yard for a bridge eleven feet wide and vosts twenty-three cents a square foot, It is water-tight, and has proved very satisfactory in preventing noise,

After a man's children are grown, and acquire bad habits, he wonders that he ever complained of the trouble they caused when teething.

When a man becomes so ill it is fear-



Professor Sellar once remarked to Matthew Arnold that Walrond was a good man. "Ah," returned Arnold, "we were all so good at Rugby," "Yes," retorted Seliar, "but he kept it up."

Dr. Elisha Kane, the Arctic explorer, on being asked what he thought of a certain after-dinner speech, replied that it was like an Arctic sunset, "What do you mean by that?" asked his friend. "It was bright and interesting," replied the doctor, "but provokingly long in operation."

When Sir Walter Scott repeated "Hohenlinden" to Leyden, the latter commented: "Dash it, man, tell the fellow that I hate him, but, dash him, he has written the finest verses that have been published these fifty years." Sir Walter faithfully carried out his errand, and had for answer: "Tell Leyden that I detest him, but I know the value of his critical approbation."

As a performer, Brahms, the late musician, had an extremely hard touch, This once led a musician, who was accompanying him on the 'cello, to exclaim, "I can't hear myself," "Ab," replied Brahms, blandly, "you are a lucky fellow." When he left the room, after a lively evening with his friends, he used to remark: "If there is any one present whose feelings I have not hurt, I trust he will receive my humble apology.

A stenographer once proposed to Henry Ward Beecher that he be allowed extra pay for reporting Mr. Beecher's sermons, in consideration of correcting the errors in grammar. "How many errors," asked the great preacher, "did you find in this discourse of mine?" "There were two hundred and sixteen," was the reply, "Young man," said Mr. Beecher, solemnly, "when the English language gets in my way, it doesn't stand half a chance,"

Sidney Smith said of the great Dr. Whewell, master of Trinity College, that "science was his forte and omniscience his foible." On one occasion, two fellows of the college, thinking to get beyond his range, read up the sublect of Chinese metaphysics and then disputed about it in the doctor's presence. He listened in silence for a time, and then observed: "Ah I see you have been reading a paper which I wrote for an encyclopedia of science."

When Squire Balkcom called the court to order this morning in the spaions umbrage of the trees that shadow his yard isays the Jones County (Ga.) News), he noticed a dusky son of Ham and his wife standing among the spectators with an anxious look upon their faces. "What can I do for you?" asked his bonor, "Ise come to get you to 'vorce us, jedge," "Don't you know that such an act is beyond the pale of this court?" "Yes, sah, shore; she 'tacted me wid he pail, an' hit waz full of watab, and busted hit over mah head, and I ain't gwine lib wid her no mohshe shore did, Jedge," "I say, you woolly-headed imp of Ethlopia, don't you know that the Constitution of the United States, embodied in its laws, denies to a justice court the power of annulling the marital vows; that it belongs to a higher tribunal? Is that any plainer?" "Yes sah, boss, she shore aid null my constitution; why-"Oh, go to Gehenna, I say I can't and won't separate you. Do you understand now?" "Say, Jedge, I'se go' de money to pay you, boss, for God's sake-" "How much have you got?" asked his honor. "Six dollars and a balf, boss." "Then I fine you one dolfar and fifty cents for taking up the time of the court and five dollars for attempting to sully its judicial ermine by a bribe."

He Was Too Realistic.

Last winter a number of literary people indulged from time to time in amateur theatricals. During February they produced a comedy. One of the actors played the part of a burglar, and had to climb up the outside of the house in which the entertainment was given and enter through the window which was at the rear of the improvised stage.

He hurried round from the dressingroom and valiantly commenced to struggle up the wall, when a policeman grasped him by the neck, thinking him a valuable burglar. He started to explain, but the minion of the law would have none of it.

The audience was wondering in the meantime why the play did not proceed, and the young actors and actresses on the stage were eagerly waiting for the burglar to enter and give them their cue, when they heard shricks, yells, oaths and threats from the garden. Rushing out they found the master burglar thrashing wildly about the grass, while a brawny policeman sat on his shoulders hammering his neck into the mud.

Phenomenal Idiots.

There are many instances of remarkable idiots, or idiots savants, as they are scientifically called, that is of imbeelles who exhibit certain special aptitudes entirely out of proportion to their general intellectual development. Dase, a German, born in 1824, extremely stupid and dull in other directions, never able to master a word of any language but his own, was a math-

power, he multiplied correctly, in 54 seconds, 79,532,853 by 93,758,479. Grandmange, a Frenchman, born without legs or arms in 1836, was another example of a mathematical

ematical genius. As an instance of his

prodigy. Mondeux, a Frenchman, son of woodcutter, born in 1826, possessed an extraordinary arithmetical faculty, although he could neither rend nor write, nor cipher. He could not remember a name or address. He solved this probem is a few seconds: How many quarts of water is a fountele from which a group of people draw as follows: The first person takes 100 quares and one-thirteenth of the remainder; the second, 200 quarty and one-thirteenth of the remainder; the third, 300 quarts and one-thirteenth of the remainder; and so on until the fountain

was emptied? Tom Fuller, born in 1710, know as the Virginia calculator, was a native African, never knew how to read or write, but had phenomenal powers in arithmetic. Asked how many seconds in a year and a half, he responded in

two minutes, 47,304,000. many seconds, a man had live was 70 years 17 days 12 bons answered in a minute and a le

Jedediah Buxton, an Fare born in 1702, who was exhis own name, had not even as intelligence in the ordinary may life, and whose mind never page development beyond that of a la 10 years, was a marvelous ticlan.

RATS DEVOURING PARE The Gay French Cap'tal Mentel

Quite a cry of alarm is being a

Myriads of Rodents

Paris and the Parisians are by with destruction by rats, when honey-combing the city, and was start on an organized raid, with to to devouring its inhabitants a French writer. The municipal cil is invoked to avert the later catastrophe, and it is suggested a substantial reward might be see any person who could laves , practical process whereby these creatures might be removed d creatures might be removed of face, or, rather, the depths of the ere worse befall. Setting manifes aggeration aside, it must be also that never has this nulsance as more formidable proportions us the present date. Never before the rats, within the bounds of the tifications, increased and manifest such a disagreeable extent. Tops everywhere. They emerge is thousands from the drains and of-the-way districts scour these in gangs, affording fine sport in in gangs, affording fine sport us licemen on duty there at agre-pursue them with their swet; nets, committing veritable mass.
It is, however, in the neighbors the central markets and the h Royal that they most do congre-well as in the slaughter house i dors at the Halles do not known to stow their goods for greaters ity, and at the abattoirs have ye ed by the rats with the carcanage come ready to their teeth. Their tion of old houses, large stating the like, for building purpose, in prived myriads of their former of subsistence, and has turned loose on society. That sometime be done to keep this nuisaner

with a plan of campaign. Del care Position. Sir John Drummond Hay gran his experiences in Moroco, a count of what the English was a "nasty encounter" with a will The animal had been brought and the dogs had attacked him

certain limits at least is a be

which seems to be generally reog

but nobody appears to be, as per

the sportsman was within be the creature stood walting streaming down his sides and is tles on end. Says the writer. I squatted, took deliberate sind the right shoulder, and palled be ger, expecting to see the best we but a fizz, a faint report, and the of a bullet falling among the

tolled my death-knell. I knewn boar would be on me in an last With faint hope, however, to second barrel also would not en damp charge, I held my gus in came the huge beast, and where within three yards I simed all shoulder. The explosion was had he dropped on his head, t

charging on the muzzle of my It flying over my head. I toppled backward, my legs a straight up in the air, and the mained, seeing between my in grim monster's head and tasks

The moment appeared a lifetz my chief thought was, "My 'A fool killed by a pig." On he came, while I kept at aloft. It is better, I thought, al them ripped than to be worth more vital regions. So who be

zly snout was on me, I brought my right leg, armed with a se shooting boot, like a Nasmyth is on his skull. The boar had only one soul and the blow brought him to be This was followed by the left is

pummeled his head alternated each foot as he tried to get at a "If no one comes to the M cried out, "I shall be killed" I had scarcely spoken, when ly there appeared the branch

Ahmed Ben All, his hatchet to strike, "Ln bas;" he called, whe equivalent to "All right" The boar left me and well and the lithe fellow struck at his hatchet, and then jumped

shot followed from the bushes is boar fell over, dead. I lay prostrate, spattered will

Comparatively few of the

celebrated men hear the same

of form which was given then

but I had no serious hurt. Changed from the Original

authors. The thought is the somehow the expression seems been in each case originally unsuited for permanent per rency. They have undernied cess that may be compared at which a pebble, at first at a piece of flint, capable of smile but not smooth to the tork come polished and rounded by ual contact with running was instance, the provers, Pass Sir Hubert Stanley is praise was originally "appropriated and so forth. Bishop Bester "Westward the course of supe its way," but irresistible per stinct has changed "course" Thomas Jefferson did not at those words, "Few die sed." sign." What he did say was " there are few, of resignation But his choice of works were grammatic than was that o'ch less multitude, who by mill ed the aphorism in as part Even the golden rule these every day use, into fee too

tion, "Do as you would would "How on earth did you come ry such a woman hater? "I supposed he was conguess he was only con

"Do you like cabbase"
"Well, I never eat it, but a sometimes, I'm afraid -118