

Eugene City Guard.

I. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY.....OREGON.

Spain ought to be considered pretty good authority on submarine boats.

It is scarcely probable that any nation will now feel like telling Uncle Sam to go and get a reputation.

Two French scientists propose to sail over the Sahara in a balloon. It takes said to carry out such an enterprise as that.

The American forces may not have smokeless powder, but they seem to be able to cope with the enemy's deathless guns.

Superstition prevails in the highest Spanish circles. In the navy it is considered extremely unlucky to be struck by a 13-inch shell.

When a Russian town cannot pay what it owes to the Government it is sold by auction. That's one way to make a sparsely inhabited place settle up.

For several correspondents to be put out of Cuba by the military authorities would indicate that the pen, being mightier than the sword, has its limitations.

As to this resemblance between Admiral Diederichs and the Prince of Wales, some have thought as a lively old boy the latter hadn't his like on two continents.

A New York bacteriologist claims that he has discovered about a billion germs on a \$5 bill. He is lucky; a great many of us would like to try that experiment.

And now a Western musician announces the forthcoming publication of "The Chigger Waltz." If there is anything in a name we have no doubt that this composition will be right up to the scratch.

A Boston theater announces the forthcoming production of a new play entitled "Strangled on Sunday." Some playwright evidently has discovered that the Boston saloons sell mighty poor stuff on Sunday.

The London Standard sweetly remarks that "Great Britain favors the American side of this war because she understands the kind of stuff the Americans are made of." She does; she learned that in 1770 and 1812.

The Boston Traveler says that "Joseph Leadbetter is astonished to find that his 18-year-old wife is really the wife of another man." Joseph must be a very sensitive fellow if he is astonished by a little thing like that.

To include all the heroes of the Merrimac in the Senate's vote of thanks to Lieut. Hobson was a deed worthy of a republic. It detracts nothing from our recognition of intelligent leadership, to reassert that the strength of this nation is in the manhood that never hesitates to follow.

A throne is a good deal like a bicycle. As long as the occupant sits firmly and there is no obstacle in the way things go smoothly enough. But when throne or bicycle once begin to totter it does not last long until they fall, and, as a rule, it is a difficult matter to step down in time and in a graceful manner.

Blessings sometimes come in disguise. It might be immensely beneficial to Spain to get rid of all of her island colonies. As far as they are concerned it would be a great gain for civilization for them to escape from Spanish rule, and it might be an equal gain for Spain in freeing her from a prolific source of national corruption and enabling the Government to devote itself to the development of home interests. The Spanish people ought to find life worth living even if they lose all their colonies, and certainly the colonies will be infinitely better off.

Americans have reason to feel proud of the expressions of foreign experts regarding the recent performances of our army and navy. These experts, it should be understood, were sent here as the official representatives of their respective Governments, selected on account of professional and technical qualifications, with instructions to observe and report the actual facts regarding military and naval operations. Coming as official representatives, they were given every possible facility for observing, and their opinions are entitled to full weight. Ideocrinated as they were with European ideas of army discipline and militarism, they could not be expected to have any prejudice in favor of American methods, and yet they were unanimous in their praise of the performances of our army and navy, of the officers, soldiers, gunnery, fighting qualities, bravery, dash, endurance—in fact, of all they saw. So far as the conclusions of these foreign observers have been made public there is no difference of opinion among them or in the reports they have made to their respective Governments. These conclusions are gratifying to our national pride and will have much greater influence abroad than any claims we might make or than reports by our own officers.

Admiral Dewey did not hesitate, in his official report, to highly praise the Chinese servants employed on his ship. While they were non-combatants, they supplied the gunners with ammunition during the fight with the Spanish fleet. The wardrobe stewards, most of whom were Chinese and Japanese, were busy between decks during the engagement in hoisting and passing charges for the great guns. After the battle at Manila the Admiral found a number of Chinese stewards aboard his flagship with their raw hands bleeding from the labor of hoisting ammunition. The Admiral recommended that these brave fellows be made American citizens for their heroic and valuable services on board his ships, and it is to be hoped that the recommendation will not go unheeded. If these men are not worthy of being granted citizenship it is hard to say what they would have to do to merit it. We admit the lowest of the

low, if they hail from Italy or Bohemia, but debar the gallant Chinaman who did such heroic work at Manila bay.

Nine times in ten it would be a mercy if some able-bodied person would grab an oar and knock senseless the man who rocks the boat. If that vigorous course had been pursued at Columbia Park, near Chicago, some, if not all, of the boat-rocker's five victims might now be alive and well, and the rocker would be nursing a broken head at worst. It's no use trying to teach him. The cook that pours kerosene in the stove to make the fire burn faster has proved an intelligent and teachable person compared with the boat-rocker. Even when she was in the height of her popularity the worst of her offending was usually to kill herself, set the house afire, and give the rest of the occupants a chance to escape, but the boat-rocker never learns and never seems able to confine his attentions to his own amusing. He never rocks the boat if he is the only occupant. He must have others to share his pleasure. And he is never a sailor. You never see a sailor rock a boat. Since he can't be taught, he should be suppressed. He is committing assault and battery, and his victims certainly have the right of self-defense. Self-defense conducted with an oar or a boat-hook or a stretcher, providing it did not rock the boat more than the rocker does, might often save life. At any rate, it seems worth trying.

Deny it as we may, it is a fact that the sentiment of hero worship is not a more deeply fixed characteristic of any people on the globe than the American. While we make less of our army and navy than almost any other nation, and while we offer no provisions for rewarding successful officers other than giving them the promotions which they justly earn, it is a fact that the people of the country are always willing to show their appreciation of the heroic and to reward it in so far as they are able by political preference. We have had five wars in this country, and the people have in each instance taken the popular hero who won success and made him President. In each case, with two exceptions, they have shown their gratitude or admiration by giving such heroes a double term in the executive office. After the winning of our independence no one except Gen. Washington could have been elected to the presidency with such unanimity of public sentiment, and he would have been chosen for the third term if he had been willing to accept it. Then came the war of 1812, in which Jackson was the one who by his battle at New Orleans won the popular favor. He was defeated by the House of Representatives in 1824, but he succeeded in 1828 and 1832. The various Indian wars that covered the period from 1812 to 1837 caused Gen. Harrison to be widely known and popular at the West and made him the presidential nominee in 1840. His death in the first year of his administration, of course, prevented a renomination for a second term. The Mexican war made Gen. Taylor the national hero for the time, and caused his nomination for the presidency in 1848. He died before his term of office was completed. The civil war made many commanders dear to the people, but Gen. Grant was the most sincerely beloved and nothing could have prevented his nomination and election in 1868 and again in 1872. Other military men, like Pierce, Hayes and Garfield, have been chosen to the presidency, but it was so long after their services had been rendered that they were chosen rather because of their political abilities than their military records, creditable as they may have been. It is worthy of note that none of the men who by his sword won the gratitude of the people was a "political general" or had been placed in position as a reward for party service. In fact, with some of them it was a serious question to which party they belonged, if to any. As a rule, political generals have not won as much renown as military men, and they have usually returned to civil life before the fighting was done. The man in war who does his duty faithfully and succeeds will be more than likely to occupy the presidential mansion if he lives.

MEMORIES OF FANNIE.

They never will read it, in this sad face, How I came at last to my lady's grace; If they saw my heart they would hardly know, It lies so close and lurks so low.

So womanly went she, so gladome and good, The charm of her never was understood; Till I—for whom was the secret fine— Found her, and wooed her, and won her for mine.

She knows—she only! how slow and sweet My love grew up from the palms of her feet, From low at her foot to high on her brow, From Dear—and Dearest—to Dearest—till now.

There is none of her—none—that I may not love, Beauty of earth, or bright spirit above; But only the angels and Faunle know Why, living and dying, I love her so.—Edwin Arnold.

VISITING THE OLD HOME.

"HELLO, Jim! Where have you been lately?" shouted a brother the other evening to a portly, finely dressed man in the corridor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The gentleman stopped, shook hands with his friend, and replied: "I've been home to see my old father and mother, for the first time in sixteen years, and I tell you, old man, I wouldn't have missed one day of that visit for all my fortune—nor much more."

"Kid o' good to visit your boyhood home, eh?"

"Yes, sit down. I was just thinking about the old folks, and feel talkative. If you have a few minutes to spare, sit down, light a cigar and listen to the story of a rich man who, in the chase for wealth, had almost forgotten his father and mother."

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"How I came to visit my home happened in a curious way. Six weeks ago I went down to Fire Island fishing. I had had a lunch put up for me, and you can imagine my astonishment, when I opened the hamper, to find a package of crackers wrapped up in a piece of the little country weekly published in my home in Wisconsin. I read every word of it, advertisements and all. There was George Kellogg, who was a schoolmate of mine, advertising hams and salt pork, and another boy was postmaster. It made me homesick, and I determined then and there to go home, and go home I did."

"In the first place, I must tell you how I came to New York. I had quarreled with my father and left home. I finally turned up in New York with a dollar in my pocket. I got a job running a freight elevator in the very house in which I am now a partner. My haste to become rich drove the thought of my parents from me, and when I thought of them the hard words that my father last spoke to me rankled in my bosom."

"Well, I went home. I tell you, John, my train seemed to creep. I was actually worse than a schoolboy going home for vacation. At last we neared the town. Familiar sights met my eyes, and, upon my word, they filled with tears. There was Bill Lyman's red barn, just the same; but—Great Scott! what were all the other houses? We rode nearly a mile before coming to the station, passing many houses, of which only an occasional one was familiar."

"The town had grown to ten times its size when I knew it. The train stopped and I jumped off. Not a face in sight that I knew, and I started down the platform to go home. In the office door stood the station agent. I walked up and said: 'Howdy, Mr. Collins.' He stared at me and replied: 'You've got the best of me, sir. Who are you?'

"I told him who I was and what I had been doing in New York. Said he, 'It's about time you came home. You was New York rich, and your father scratching gravel to get a bare living?'

"I tell you, John, it made me feel bad. I thought my father had enough to live upon comfortably. Then a notion struck me. Before going home I telegraphed to Chicago to one of our correspondents there to send me one thousand dollars by first mail. Then I went into Mr. Collins' back office, got my trunk in there, and put on an old cheap suit that I use for fishing and hunting. My plug hat I replaced by a soft one, took my valise in my hand and went home."

"Somewhere the place didn't look right. The current bushes had been dug up from the front yard, and the fence was gone. All the old locust trees had been cut down and young maple trees were planted. The house looked smaller, somehow, too. But I went up to the front door and rang the bell. Mother came to the door and said, 'We don't wish to buy anything to-day, sir?'

"It didn't take me a minute to survey her from head to foot. Neatly dressed, John, but a patch and a darn here and there, her hair streaked with gray, her face thin, drawn and wrinkled. Yet over her eyes shone those good, honest, benevolent eyes. I stood staring at her, and then she began to stare at me. I saw the blood rush to her face, and with a great sob, she threw herself upon me and nervously clasped me about the neck, hysterically crying: 'It's Jimmy, it's Jimmy! My dear boy, Jimmy!'

"Then I cried, too, John. I just broke down and cried like a baby. She got me into the house, hugging and kissing me, and then she went to the back door and shouted, 'George!'

"Father called from the depths of the kitchen. 'What do you want, Carline?'

"Then he came in. He knew me in a moment. He stuck out his hand and grasped mine, and said, sternly, 'Well, young man, do you propose to behave?'

"He tried to put on a brave front, but he broke down. There were three sat like whipped school children, all whimpering. At last supper-time came, and mother went out to prepare it. I went into the kitchen."

"Where do you live, Jimmy?" she asked.

"In New York, I replied.

"What are you working at now, Jimmy?"

"I'm working in a dry goods store."

"Then I suppose you don't live very high, for I hear of city clerks who don't get enough money to keep body and soul together. So I'll just tell you, Jimmy, we're nothing but roast sparrows for supper. We haven't any money

CHINESE SPANIELS POPULAR.

Quaint Little Creatures that Bring Big Prices from Dog fanciers.

The quaint little Chinese spaniel is the latest fad of the dog fancier. There was once a statute making it a crime punishable by death for a common person to be found with one of these dogs in his possession, and even now their price makes them a luxury for the rich. They have been bred in their present purity of blood for more than two thousand years, and there is a legend that a tiny black and white spaniel was the trusted companion of the wise Confucius and sat at table with him.

The great round wall eyes, the short upright nose, the bushy tail and the silky hair are the distinguishing points of the Chinese spaniel. The more wall-eyed a dog is the higher price he can command. The colors are white, black



and white, brown, and brown and white. The dogs are extremely small, and are hardy, affectionate and very intelligent. The Blenheim spaniel of to-day is a far different animal from the dog of the time of Marlborough, for about a hundred years ago they were crossed with the Chinese spaniel. This cross added to their beauty, but marred their health, for it is now almost impossible to get a Blenheim that is not rickety, while the Chinese spaniel loves the snow and can endure great privation. The few Chinese spaniels that have been imported to the United States are in New York and Chicago, and they bring large prices on account of their rarity and the oddity of their faces.

ISLAND OF PORTO RICO.

The Melting Loveliness of Its Tropical Landscape.

Frederick A. Ober, late commissioner in Porto Rico of the Columbian Exposition, contributes to the Century an article on "The Island of Porto Rico." Mr. Ober says: In the extreme north-south rises the highest peak of the central cordillera, in the Luquillo Sierra, known as "El Yunque," or "the Anvil," variously estimated at from thirty-six hundred to forty-five hundred feet in height. The hills are of lesser elevation toward the west and southwest, but the whole north-central country is rugged and uneven. Between the spurs from the main range lie innumerable secluded valleys, where the soil is of great fertility. The impressive features of the landscape are the rounded summits of the multitudinous hills, which leave the coast in constantly rising billows that finally break against the cordillera vertebra; yet all are cultivable, and cultivated to their very crests, though the higher mountain peaks are forest-clad.

More than thirteen hundred streams, it is said, of which number perhaps forty or fifty attain to the dignity of rivers, rise in the hills and seek the coast, most of them running northerly, though the best harbors are in the west and south. But notwithstanding the great river flow, portions of the island in the southwest are afflicted with drought at times, owing to the precipitation of the northeast "trades" against the northern hills.

The higher hills are clothed in the exuberant and diversified vegetation of the tropical forest, where ferns flourish, and great gum-trees and mountain palms tower aloft; at lower levels are the cedar and mahogany, walnut and laurel, with many others noted for their useful woods. Throughout the island are found those trees and shrubs valuable for their gums, as the mamey, gualicum, and copal, while the list of medicinal plants includes most of those, invaluable to our pharmacopoeia, which tropical America has given to the world. These are the silvestres, nature's wild children; but of cultivated plants there is no species peculiar to the tropics that does not flourish here. In the littoral levels, between the mountains and the sea, grows the sugarcane, which may be cultivated up to an altitude of three thousand feet. It was introduced here from Santo Domingo, having been brought to America either from Spain or the Canaries. The annual yield of sugar is estimated at about seventy thousand tons.

In these fertile lowlands, also, tobacco does exceedingly well, and the annual production is said to be quite seven million pounds. It may be cultivated on the hills, but the true mountain-lover is the coffee, which does not do well below six hundred feet, and is at its best a thousand feet above the sea. It was first brought here from Martinique, in 1722, and now yields to the extent of seventeen thousand tons annually. Maize, the true Indian corn, is indigenous, as is the yuca, the aboriginal "staff of life," and both grow everywhere, as well as the pineapple, which is more reliable and more universal than the peach of our north-temperate zone. Cotton and rice are found at nearly all elevations, the latter, which is the chief food of many laborers, being what is known as the mountain variety.

Bananas and plantains are wonderfully prolific, bearing fruit in ten months from planting. The plants virtually last sixty years, being equally long-lived with the cocopalum, which produces nuts in six or seven years, and thereafter during the space of an ordinary life, its yield being reckoned at a hundred nuts a year. The annual production of bananas is given as two hundred millions, and of cocoanuts three millions. The entire range of tropical fruits is represented here, such as the guava, lime, orange, aguacate, papaya, and avocado pear; while all subtropical vegetables may be raised, including those of the south-temperate zone, such, for instance, as are grown in Florida.

The mineral kingdom has not been so exhaustively explored as the vegetable, but more than traces have been found of copper, coal, and iron, as well as vast deposits of salt. The rivers at one time ran to the sea over beds of golden sand, and from the streams to-day (as in the neighboring island of Santo Domingo, where the first American gold was discovered, the natives wash out nuggets, by the crude processes of that distant day when his false friend Ponce de Leon.

There are no native quadrupeds here larger than the agouti and the armadillo, but birds are relatively numerous, with a few of fine song, and some of brilliant plumage. All domestic fowl do well here, and the great pastures of the northwest and southeast support vast herds of cattle and horses, which suffice not only for the needs of the island, but are exported to all parts of the West Indies, being held in high esteem.

There are no poisonous reptiles to be feared, but insects of questionable character are too numerous for comfort. This island, indeed, were a Paradise without them; even with them, the inhabitants seem to experience little trouble. The worst of these are the scorpions, centipedes, tarantulas, wasps, mosquitoes, some species of ants, ticks, chigoes and fleas. The heat of a tropical climate like that of Porto Rico, which, though rarely exceeding 90 degrees, is continuous, is conducive to the breeding of insect pests of all sorts.

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CHILDREN AND GHOST STORIES.

The attempt to keep young children in ignorance of stories about ghosts, fairies, giants and gypsies would certainly prove futile. If they are of a nervous and imaginative temperament they will invent new terrors for themselves instead of the old traditional ones. A little girl of 6, who had been jealously guarded against any acquaintance with nursery bogies and superstitions, suffered from night terrors of a severe kind, in which she always screamed out that she was being chased by robbers. But while it may be impracticable to protect children from a knowledge of the supernatural and mysterious, it is inexcusable to frighten them with hideous stories or to leave them a prey to the terrors of the solitude and darkness.

Tale of 300 Cobwebbed Bottles.

A curious discovery has been made at Heathfield Park, near Eastbourne, the seat of Mr. Alexander, a London banker. On demolishing an old wall in the cellar the workmen found 300 bottles of wine behind it, packed there seventy-one years ago by a former owner of the estate, who intended making the wine a present to his son on the latter attaining his majority. Deaths in the family prevented the design being carried out, and the existence of the store passed out of knowledge.—Glasgow Mail.

Evade Military Service.

A Moscow paper declares that there are thirteen times as many Hebrews as young men of other races who manage to avoid military service in Russia.

GUNNERY AND THE GUNNER.

To Fire a Big Gun Effectively Requires a Liberal Education.

Expert marksmanship on the part of land forces, whether of infantry or artillery, demands long experience and frequent practice. At sea the conditions make gunnery far more difficult, and but few persons who have not been aboard a warship or studied the theory of the problems which enter into the apparently simple matter of discharging a great gun. The thing is done quickly and easily, but if it is done well it is because of months of practice and the study of questions involving nearly every branch of higher mathematics.

When the man in charge of a piece of naval ordnance describes his enemy he has various important details to consider. He must find the "range"—technically, the distance between a point vertically below the muzzle of the gun and the point of impact—and this he may do either by trial shots gauged by his judgment or by means of the "range-finder," which is an appliance for hastily computing distances in accordance with well-known methods of mathematical calculation, the "finder" using the ship itself as a base line for the delineation of a triangle of which the target is to be the apex. Once the range has been ascertained the gunner must sight the piece, the sight in use for some of the large guns being a telescope fitted at eye-piece and object glass with hair-line wires crossing at right angles at the center of the lenses, a correct aim being found by getting the target in line with the intersections of the two sets of wires. Owing to the introduction of electricity, which makes it possible to fire a gun instantaneously and by the touch of a button, the discharge is so quick that the gunner need not stop to consider the effect of the pitch and toss of the ship, the projectile being well on its way before the vessel has had time to roll.

But he has other problems to face, and here his study of the theory of gunnery comes to his help. In the first place, the gun itself may be in motion, due to the progress of the ship as it maneuvers. Imagine a gunner placed on this unstable platform and having for his target an almost indistinguishable object, so colored that its outlines blend vaguely with the waters, two or three miles distant. The target itself may be moving in one direction as the gunner's ship moves in another; a strong wind may deflect the projectile from its course; the distance may be unknown, and so may the rate of speed of the little strip of steel hull on the horizon. The gunner must know, too, what elevation of his cannon is necessary for a given range, as the same elevation in one gun will not answer in another. The momentum of a shell is calculated as equivalent to its weight multiplied by its velocity, large guns having thus a wider field of effective operation. Yet a good modern gunner will be able to find the distant vessel and drop tons of explosive shells on its decks; and, as the war has demonstrated, the American gunner excels at this business.

This is so largely because of the splendid training administered at the nation's naval academy and the wise extravagance of the government in providing opportunities for practice. Behind all the skill due to experience is the gunner's knowledge of the theory of his art, which makes it possible for him to work understandingly, gives him superior resources in time of need and enables him to know why and how one method will produce better results than another. The intricacy of the problems involved may be imagined from the fact that the computation of range tables includes not only the consideration of sea-service conditions, but takes into account such matters as windage, velocity, muzzle energy, weight of metal thrown, atmospheric resistance and even barometric and thermometric conditions. The naval student must summarize algebra and trigonometry to his aid in computing the equation of forces which will land a shell on a distant cruiser. He does not work out these problems in battle, of course, but his past study of them gives him a high efficiency.

Mastery of these details, a natural gift for handling machinery and a fine native bravery and manhood have won the naval battles. The American "behind the gun" is not only a good mathematician and a good mechanic, but a cool and intrepid fighter.—Chicago Record.

HE WAS SLIGHTLY MIXED.

In a little village near the Cumberland River, in the Penrynry, recently, I saw a blushing bride, a nervous best man and a minister, the characters in a laughable comedy," said Walter Wade, the "Kentucky Traveler," to me this morning. "It was at a church wedding, in which two of the society people of the town were the central figures, and a nervous young farmer the best man. The chief male attendant was so overcome with excitement during his march up the aisle that he was temporarily dazed. At the altar, after the clergyman had said 'Do you take,' etc., and the time had arrived for the minister to place the ring on the bride's finger, the best man became confused and handed the preacher a bone collar button instead of the gold circlet. The good man tried to put the collar button on the girl's finger, couldn't, halted and finally said: 'Jim, gimme the ring.' There were momentary blushes, a titter among the younger element in the pew, and a wild look of despair; then the best man located the ring and the ceremony was concluded."—Louisville Post.

CHIPS THAT ARE COIN CURRENT.

There are few people in Boston who would know how to correspond with "chip letters," which are no letters, but simply emblems, yet up or down in Maine "chips" are quite significant. If you should receive a piece of pine with a knot-hole you would know that your correspondent thought you to be false-hearted, but a piece of pine intact means, "I am true to you." A pine knot is a token of firmness and stability, and signifies, "My love for you is strong and true," but a decayed leaf or a brown one indicates "My love has grown cold" or is "dead." At a down East party a love-sick swain roughly prints an "I" on a pine chip and hands it to his adored one, meaning, "I pine for you." She hands him a knotty piece of pine intended to convey the reassuring message, "Pine not." Later if she thinks

QUEEN VICTORIA SIGNS ABOUT DOCUMENTS EVERY YEAR.

When an Arab enters a horse he takes off his shoes, and not his hat.

Nearly 40,000 men desert from the German army every twelve months.

One hundred and twenty fishermen are required to feed the furnaces of a class Atlantic steamer.

A fertile source of baldness is clipping hair close to the scalp, and exposing the roots to the cold.

A physician asserts that the path of neuralgia, if superficial, can be relieved by throwing a beam from a bright light upon the affected part.

The use of red parrots has been daily forbidden in many villages of the Tyrol. The peasants say that the startling color irritates the grazing cattle.

Paris policemen are provided with pieces of chalk with which to make a mark, in case of an emergency, on a suspected person's clothing. The chalk is especially for use in a crowd.

When a prince of the Austrian royal family dies his horse follows the funeral, covered with a black cloth, and lame in one hoof. The lameness is produced by driving a nail through the horseshoe.

The population of Cuba in 1884 was given as 1,631,090, of which 65 per cent was white and 35 negro. These proportions are not quite correct, however. About 58 per cent are white, 31 per cent negro, and 11 per cent Chinese and Spaniards.

The light house on Armistock rock in the Hebrides, is about 500 feet from the shore. To avoid having an accident on the shore and projected across the water upon a mirror in the light house, the mirror reflecting the light is in desired direction.

The very first living thing to appear upon the surface of our globe, in other words, the earliest distinctly organized animal whose fossilized remains are found in the rocks which go to make up the earth's crust, was a three-sided worm called a trilobite. According to the geologists, it was the first organism that had a distinct animal organization.

The Deadly Ups Tree.

Most people have at least heard of the story of the deadly ups tree, the fruit of which it was at one time said to be merely approach it was certain death. This story was treated as an absolute fable, but now it seems as if there was actually some basis of fact for it.

The ups tree is a real tree, and a very big one. In the old trees the bark over an inch thick, and full of a sticky milky juice, the merest touch of which upon the skin produces a most painful and irritating rash.

What is more, a gas arises from the juice which has a most poisonous effect upon any one near it. It is sometimes used by the natives for satisfying their revenge, for a cup of it hidden in the room of a sleeper produces stupor and eventually death.

Curious Compliments.

The compliments paid by the poet are often put in an amusing way. An old lady who was very fond of the poet said to Mr. Bernays: "You know, sir, I like the rector, 'is ears are so clean'"—surely an odd reason for poetical affection. Another admirer declared with regard to the whole of the clergy: "You are all so plain!" "I word of high commendation!" The greatest compliment, though at the same time the most curious Mr. Bernays ever heard, was paid by a working man to a certain bishop, famous for his plainness: "What I like best about the bishop is 'e's not a gentleman."—Windsor Minister Gazette.

Earth's Speed Not Uniform.

It is an interesting fact that the earth does not travel at the same rate in all parts of its journey through space. Its orbit being elliptical, it must at some time approach nearer to the sun than at others, and will take less time in moving through one part of its path than through another. In winter the earth is nearer the sun than in summer, and moves through space more rapidly.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Late Visitor.

"We heard a burglar at our window last night, and what do you think my wife said?"

"Goodness knows