

Eugene City Guard.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY.....OREGON.

In French military circles suicide sometimes is not voluntary but compulsory.

The monthly magazines are now full of military stores, and the fighting will begin at once.

Wouldn't it be a good idea to send a soldier or two to Guam to garrison the island and suppress insurrections?

The American Volunteers have decided to drop the bass drum. Here is a reform movement which can't be beat.

With 7,000,000 packs of playing cards manufactured every year it seems curious that "four of a kind" are so hard to get.

Some say from the number of licenses issued marriages are falling off. Others assert that marriages are really doubling.

In France the sword of Damocles as symbolic of perilous circumstances might give way temporarily to the sword of Dreyfus.

With thirty or forty wives to look after, one can readily excuse the Chinese emperor if he so far forgot himself as to commit suicide.

It is said that the Indians are greatly puzzled over the Krag-Jorgensen bullets. But they are a kind of puzzle that no man cares to get through his head.

Rudyard Kipling in his much-discussed poem says that "Adam-zad looks like a bear." There can be no harm in speaking of this as "Adam-zad spectacle."

A Western woman was made to pay damages to the extent of \$125 for saying that her neighbor's beauty was artificial. But it probably was worth that to her.

An Eastern exchange complains that actors and actresses nowadays do not talk loudly enough. Their talk in New York may not be loud enough, but it certainly is too broad at times.

The Boston Herald says: "When a man has reached the age of discretion he should be permitted to marry whomsoever he pleases." Good; it would be too bad to marry him off to somebody whom he doesn't please.

An Eastern millionaire has just paid \$105,000 for a batch of letters which he recently wrote to a girl who was thoughtful enough to preserve them for use in court. And yet they say literary work in this country doesn't pay.

There are no longer reconcentrados in Cuba. The infamous order of Weyer has done its perfect work. The reconcentrados are all dead. Spanish warfare was only able to inflict death on non-combatants. What an indictment against Spain!

"The Daughter of the Confederacy" and of its late President was the object of a sentimental attachment, which, had it chanced to fall upon a weak or a designing woman, might easily have been perverted into a national menace. Happily Miss Davis was a strong, unselfish woman and a true American, and the North can sorrow with the South over the death of one who loved and honored her country.

When war was declared against Spain, a young girl just emerging into womanhood, Natalie Schenck, of Babylon, Long Island, conceived the idea of raising money, for the relief of our soldiers who might become sick or wounded, by means of a chain of letters, each asking for a contribution of ten cents. She accordingly wrote letters to four friends, numbering each one, and asking that each recipient should also write four similar letters, also numbered, and in turn requesting each recipient to send out four more. The scheme worked admirably. Miss Schenck, in blissful ignorance of the mathematical progression involved in her plan, soon began to receive a heavy mail daily. The number of letters increased rapidly, and before many weeks she was receiving more than 12,000 a day. Inclosures in postage stamps, pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters, half-dollars, bills and checks ranging from one cent to \$4,000, and when the ninety-eighth series began coming in the amount aggregated over \$20,000. It was estimated that if the chain was kept up till the one hundredth series of letters was received in full, the total number of letters would have exceeded the total population of the world.

The Department of the Interior has issued a valuable and exhaustive report on the production of coal in 1897. It contains a mass of information, well calculated to give Americans some new ideas of the importance of their own country. It is a well-accepted saying that the consumption of coal indicates a nation's rank and power. If it is absolutely true, America and England lead the world to-day, for these two mine two-thirds of the amount produced by the entire world. Last year this country, for the first time in its life, mined more than 200,000,000 tons in excess of that of the United States. The importance of this industry is more clearly understood when it is known that thirty-two States and Territories are miners of coal. Pennsylvania leads, of course, as her anthracite beds are called upon to warm a dense population of millions within a radius of a few hundred miles, with New York for a center. But, altogether, bituminous or soft coal is produced in larger quantities. The growth in mining has been along this line. In fact, the production of anthracite must be close to the maximum, though there is no immediate danger of the exhaustion of the supply for many years. It is a source of pride to know that this country is so near the top as a coal producer. It is conclusive evidence that our manufacturing

Industries are taking gigantic strides, for in this direction goes most of the coal mined. And as we are producing cheaper coal than any other nation, we must soon be the leading manufacturing nation, as we are now the leader in agricultural products.

That little scrap with the Indians of Lake Leech in Minnesota started some of the old heads to talking about Indian wars, and the Government's policy of administering Indian affairs. Within the last seventy years there have been some twenty wars with Indian tribes, to say nothing about the innumerable disturbances like this Minnesota affair. These twenty wars, or most of them, have not been insignificant; they are not held in public recollection simply because they were merely incidental to the spread of civilization and in no particular sense history-making. And yet they have cost the United States \$110,755,759, according to recently published figures, to say nothing of the loss of life and property. It is estimated that for every Indian killed in these wars the lives of fifteen American soldiers have been sacrificed. Sometimes people are inclined to sneer at England and some other European countries for fighting so much with aborigines, but it is evident that we have done quite a little in that line ourselves. An English magazine writer not long since showed to his own satisfaction that America has spent more than Great Britain in war with aboriginal races during the last two generations. It would not be surprising if this were so. A frontier war does not command the attention that an expedition to another country does, and is sooner forgotten.

Dr. Frederick Humphreys, of New York, who has spent several winters at Thomasville, Ga., has published an interesting pamphlet on "The Future of the Colored People of the United States," based upon facts gathered in Thomas County. He finds by comparing the returns of white and colored taxpayers that the colored man is rapidly acquiring property, thereby assuring good citizenship, according to the maxim that "the man who lives with his family in his own house has given hostages to society for his good behavior."

The reports of the public schools of the county give gratifying evidence of the educational progress of the race, the attendance of colored children being one-fourth larger than the whites. The writer refers to the decennial statistics of the United States census to correct the impression erroneously formed from the mortality statistics of the large cities. The latter show that the death rate among the colored population is about double that of the whites, but the former show that the percentage of increase from 1860 to 1890 was almost as great among the colored as among the white population. He also shows that fifteen-sixteenths of the colored population of the United States is in the Southern States, and that they are not likely to seek a less congenial climate, where they would be liable to physical ills. Admitting that the exhibit of Thomasville is above the average, Dr. Humphreys concludes nevertheless that the present status and outlook of the colored people of the United States is encouraging and that there is no good cause for keeping alive the ancient fear that they would prove a menace to the white race. It is idle to discuss schemes for the deportation of our colored people which harassed our statesmen in the early days has been solved, and by the colored people themselves.

THE WESTERN FARMER.

It is a Great Race that is Peopling the Plains and Prairies. Dr. Albert Shaw contributes a fully illustrated article on "The Trans-Mississippi and Their Fair at Omaha" to the Century. Dr. Shaw says: When one bears testimony to the fitness and beauty of all this array of machinery—a beauty that lies in the ever-increasing perfection of its fitness for the conditions that have to be met—one is really paying a tribute to the brains, energy and character of the Western farmer. I have been on the Hungarian plains and witnessed the costly attempts of a progressive Government to teach the landowners and peasants the use of improved farm machinery imported from America or else adapted from American types. And I have also observed—what is confessed by the Government and noted by all who visit those regions—the persistent fact of scores of men, women and children in the cornfields with old-fashioned hoes, while long rows of white-tufted men, in the hay-field or the ripe grain, are swinging sickles and short scythes. And a little later in the season it is common enough to see the oxen treading out the grain, or to hear the thud of the descending flail. Meanwhile, the new-fashioned corn plows are rusting; the rejected mowing and reaping machines rot in their neglected corners; and the threshing machine is viewed askance as an ill-omened monstrosity.

THE BOYLESS TOWN.

A cross old woman of long ago Declared that she hated noise! "The town would be so pleasant, you know, If only there were no boys."

She scolded and fretted about it till Her eyes grew heavy as lead, And then of a sudden the town grew still, For all the boys had fled. And all through the long and dusty street There wasn't a boy in view; The baseball lot, where they used to meet, Was a sight to make one blue. The grass was growing on every base And the paths that the runners made, For there wasn't a soul in all the place Who knew how the game was played. The dogs were sleeping the livelong day; Why should they bark or leap? There wasn't a whistle or call to play, And so they could only sleep. The pony neighed from his lonely stall, And longed for saddle and rein; And even the birds on the garden wall Chirped only a dull refrain. The cherries rotted and went to waste; There was no one to climb the trees; And nobody had a single taste, Save only the birds and bees. There wasn't a messenger boy—not one, To speed as such messengers can; If people wanted their errands done They sent for a messenger man. There was little, I ween, of frolic and noise; There was less of cheer and mirth; The sad old town, since it lacked its boys, Was the dreariest place on earth. The poor old woman began to weep, Then awoke with a sudden scream; "Dear me!" she cried, "I have been asleep; And oh! what a dreadful dream!" —New Haven Register.

RACE FOR A BRIDE.

DUKE CARLTON paced restlessly back and forth on the platform at the station at D—. He was a man 29 years of age, upon whom Nature had certainly lavished an undue amount of good looks, but whose face was marred at present by a look of contempt for everything upon which his glance might chance to fall. And it was scarcely to be wondered at, for in just nine hours, as time was told by the large, slowly ticking clock in the waiting room at the depot, Duke Carlton was to be married. And here he was forty miles from his destination, and had just been told by the station agent that the trains had changed time, his train having left at precisely twenty minutes before his arrival, and there would not be another for 8 that evening. Eight—the hour set for his marriage with sweet Lula Houghton. What would she, could she, think? What a position to put her in! Already he imagined the crowded church, the sea of eager faces, the waiting bride, and the Duke. He must reach the city of E— in time for the ceremony; but how?

Presently he walked back to the little ticket office where the agent was laboriously writing. "Do you know if there is any sort of conveyance around here that I could get to take me to the next village? I would pay well for one, as it is imperative that I should reach E— before night." The agent calmly finished the sentence he was writing, pushed the cap he was wearing on the back of his head still farther back, and having thoughtfully chewed the end of his pen for about half a minute, replied: "I dunno. You might be able to get old Harmon's horse and buggy if 'tain't let. He keeps the tavern 'bout a stone's throw from here, an' sometimes lets his horse; but he wants a tarnation price. You can try him, though; that's his chimney you see just over the yeller house there." And he rose lazily and pointed vaguely down the street, where a number of small houses were visible, among which the yellow one stood out distinctly, having been recently built and just received its coat of priming. Duke walked rapidly from the depot and hastened in the direction of the "tavern," keeping the chimney in view as a guard against mistake, and soon found himself before a dirty, ill-kept, ill-looking place, from which an odor of boiled cabbage and onions was now issuing. To his loud and twice-repeated knocking the door was finally opened by an untidy specimen of woman-kind from which he would at any other time have recoiled in disgust; but his necessity was urgent, so, stepping forward, he raised his hat and courteously asked if he might see the proprietor. After a prolonged stare, as if mentally digesting the word, she answered with a half grunt: "Ain't 't home, but I'm 'is wife, 'nd we ain't no secrets. What do you want?" Duke smiled in spite of his perplexity before he replied: "I merely came to see if I could engage some one to take me over to the village east of here. I must reach E—to-night; I believe I can get a carriage there."

"There ain't no horse to hum," she said, "but 'Abel would take you over in the mornin'. Do you want lodgin' for the night?" she added, an eager look taking the place of the previous vacant stare. "No, thank you," said Duke; "if I cannot find a vehicle of some description, I suppose I must walk, for I must certainly get there to-night. Can you tell me about how far it is to the next village, and which is the nearest way to go?" "It's four mile and a half by the railroad, an' nigh onto seven if you take the road," was the surly answer, as she saw that there was not even a remote chance of "Abel's" making something in the morning. "But 'tain't no way as likes to go by the railway, on 'count of the narrow tunnel, though it's a deal nearer."

"Thanks. Then if I take to the track here and go straight ahead I shall come out at the village at the end of about four miles?" "Four an' a half, I said."

ed at the village. So he began his journey at once, without even stopping for dinner. He had passed the third-mile post when he reached the tunnel. "Ah!" he said aloud. "Here is the tunnel of which she warned me. I wonder how long it is? What a dunce I was not to ask! It does look like a ticklish place, that's a fact—a fact—no-track affair. I don't half like the idea of going through it. Wonder if I'd have made it if I'd taken the road? Well, it's too late now—I'm in for it!"

He had groped along for about a quarter of a mile, feeling his way carefully by the wall. Not a thought of any actual danger had entered his head—so full of his fair bride-to-be—until suddenly a dull rumble struck his ears, and caused him to wonder whence the sound proceeded. Another instant and there flashed across his brain the horrible reality. A train was coming, from which direction he could not tell, but certainly coming, and if the tunnel proved much longer the fact was undeniable that he should be crushed beneath the iron monster there alone in the darkness, and no one would know his fate. He listened, laying his ear to the rail; it was coming in the rear. He quickened his steps—he ran—ran as rapidly as he dared for fear of a misstep which would blunder instead of advance his ends.

Now the roar comes nearer; he can imagine the train as it is tearing along, carrying death to him. He thinks each individual hair is standing on end. The sweat pours down his face, and still this darkness, still this louder roar of the engine as it comes steadily nearer and nearer, and his strength is nearly exhausted.

At last a gleam of light greets him at the farther end of the tunnel. O, what hope it inspires! He thinks of the races he has won at college, and determines to take a fresh start. Yes, he will run as if running a race, and forget the huge monster behind him and prevent all motion; he will run, run—he must win—how terrible the result if he does not! He thinks of Lula, his sweetheart, his wife that was to have been. Shall he ever see her again?

The light ahead grows more and more distinct, but his strength is going, and the train behind is rushing on fast; it seems quite close now; he can almost feel its breath upon him; still he runs. Another moment and he will have gained or lost—which? He must make that short space! What a thing it is, this being face to face with death! He cannot hold out much longer; he feels he must lose—and what then? But no—he will make one more effort. He clears the tunnel, leaps from the track, and falls headlong down the bank on the side, saved—but unconscious, while the heavily loaded freight train passes by.

But the engineer had seen him jump, and not being able to ascertain whether he had been struck by the cow-catcher or not, stopped the train and went back in search of him; and when Duke Carlton regained consciousness he was lying on a seat in the depot in the village for which he had started some hours before.

He was not seriously injured. His fall had but stunned him, and in an hour he was quite ready to proceed on his journey, a little pale, it is true, and shaky in the lower extremities, but otherwise rejoicing that he had succeeded in his quest, and would be in time for his wedding, with thirty minutes to spare.

Duke Carlton does not believe in the theory that a person's hair turns white in a night from sudden fright or sorrow, for his own raven locks show not a trace of silver; and surely no one ever had a more terrible fright or a narrower escape than did he on his wedding day, when he ran a race for his bride.—Chicago Tribune.

FEROCEOUS AFRICAN DWARFS.

Henry M. Stanley, in describing his journey through the forests of Africa, says that the most formidable foes he encountered, those that caused the greatest loss of life to his caravan and came nearest to defeating his expedition, were the Wambuti dwarfs.

These diminutive men had only little bows and arrows for weapons, so small that they looked like children's playthings; but upon the tip of each tiny arrow was a drop of poison which would kill an elephant or a man as surely and quickly as a rifle. Their defense was by means of poison and traps.

They would steal through the dense forest, and waiting in ambush, let fly their arrows before they could be discovered. They dug ditches and carefully covered them over with sticks and leaves. They fixed spikes in the ground and tipped them with poison. Into these ditches and on these spikes man and beast would fall or step to their death. One of the strangest things about it was that their poison was mixed with honey.

How He Won Her. "It is so sudden," exclaimed the fair-haired girl who had just received a proposal to merge her identity in that of a would-be protector. "You must give me time to reflect."

"No, no," retorted the diplomatic young man; "one whose dazzling beauty makes a mirror ashamed of itself should never go into the reflecting business. Let this solitary diamond do the reflecting."

And the records of the license clerk show that it was even so.

When He Goes. "Does your husband ever go to church, Mrs. Badger?" "Oh, yes, he goes quite regularly in the winter time."

"Why does he go in the winter time and not at other times?" "Well, you see, he generally has the quinsy when the weather is raw and thinks he is going to die."

The ossified man in a museum leads a hard life, but the fat lady makes the most of it.

People probably get the blues because they fail to look at things in the right light.

A girl often wonders if a certain young man wonders if she is thinking of him.

Experience is such a costly teacher that it keeps a man hustling to pay the tuition fees.

CRETE'S UNHAPPY POSITION.

Harried by the Turks and the envy of the Powers. Crete is a Greek island, traditionally and historically as well as by position. The fabled birth of Zeus, father of classic gods and men, took place on Mount Ida. Minos, the Moses of Greek law, was king of Crete. From her inaccessable gorges and her mountain peaks the spirit of liberty has never been driven. The Sphakiot shepherds, at least, claim that the conqueror has never set foot upon their native heath.

For this reason the Cretan mountaineers approach more nearly to the ideal of the ancient Greek than any of the other inhabitants of either the mainland or the isles of that ancient country. They are light in complexion, with the regular features and straight noses that one has learned to associate with classic ideals. The men attract attention wherever they appear, both on account of their splendid physique and their striking costume, which bring out to the best advantage the magnificent forms which it envelops. The women of the peasant class are fair skinned, erect, deep chested—almost as athletic appearing as the men.

Cretan cities are at present the most picturesque places in the world. Looking down a street of Candia, or Canea, one sees Mohammedan women, closely veiled; Turkish priests, with brightly colored turbans wound about their brows; groups of ragged Arabs, Greek priests in their majestic, flowing robes and queerly shaped hats and Cretan mountaineers. Donkeys driven by street vendors of fruit and vegetables and laden till their backs bend with enormous creaking baskets pass up and

down. Caravans of mules and donkeys, with their high wooden saddles, stand patiently in the squares and alleys and similar caravans pass by to the sound of loud cursing and the whacking of cudgels on ribs and bones. Soldiers of the various nations in their different uniforms are seen and every now and then a squad of regulars or of marines dashes down the street at double-quick time, the sun shining on casque and bayonet and their bugles sounding merrily. This is to let the natives know the foreigners are still there.

Crete is turbulent because Turkey cannot manage it. The sturdy mountaineers and country people of the island will never yield to Mohammedan rule. Hatred of that rule is imbibed by the babe at the mother's breast and is instilled into the heart of the child with the first words that he can understand. The Turks are massed in and around the villages, generally within running distance of the cannon of the fort.

Greece could manage Crete, because

Crete is important on account of Suda bay, a splendid coaling station and harbor for warships. Any foothold in the Mediterranean is considered of vast importance by the powers. England now has Gibraltar, Malta and Cyprus. She is particularly anxious that neither France nor Russia should gain similar footholds. That is why the powers all maintain warships in Crete. They are not watching the islands so much as each other.

Meanwhile Crete's in a very unhappy position. It has no regular government and it is small wonder that anarchy prevails. The powers have established a joint protectorate, as they well know that a "protectorate" by any one power, especially England, means possession. When any trouble occurs the warships all blaze away together, in evidence of good faith and friendly zeal. The European concert, so far as Crete is concerned, means a concert of cannon. It is decidedly Wagnerian music.

A MEMORY OF BISMARCK. Prof. Joane Says He Did Not Show to Good Advantage on Parade. Prof. William M. Sloane contributes an article on Bismarck to the Century. Prof. Sloane says: It was on the anniversary of Washington's birthday in the year 1874, that I first saw him. The occasion was a reception at the house of George Bancroft, then American minister plenipotentiary at Berlin. The simply furnished but spacious rooms of the scholar-diplomatist were crowded with a distinguished throng. All the celebrities of the day were present, among them Moltke, Roon and Manteuffel. Bismarck entered somewhat late, when conversation was at its height and the brilliant scene was most impressive. The indescribable polyglot hum of talk just ceased for an instant, and then went on, as he made his way to a central position. For a time all eyes were turned toward him while he entered into the pleasant humor of the assembly; but as he assumed no other men than that of a peer among peers, the general interchange of good-fellowship was roused without regard to his presence. His low voice could be heard from time to time, and occasionally his unmusical laughter, but that was all; and after a stay of well-calculated length, he withdrew almost unnoticed. In the succeeding years I saw him frequently on public occasions and in the street, and heard him speak on important measures in the Imperial Parliament. Being only a secretary and historical student under Bancroft, I had naturally no opportunity for personal conversation with the hero of the hour; but the current gossip was of intense interest. Once a message taken to the royal residence afforded an opportunity to see the striking evidence of the chancellor's temper. He had just left the portal, and the rather fustled attendant pointed to the door of the Emperor's ante-chamber with a silent and deprecatory smile; the handle was gone, leaving plainly visible the fresh scar where the brass shank had been broken, as the wilful and perhaps momentarily thwarted giant had taken his departure.

A Pitcher Is Not a Bottle. Native wine is so cheap in San Francisco that many restaurant-keepers serve it with meals in lieu of tea or coffee if their patrons prefer it. The clause in the war tax requiring a stamp to be affixed to each bottle of wine disturbed them seriously for awhile until the plan was hit upon of serving it in pitchers instead. As the internal revenue department has ruled that a pitcher is not a bottle these caterers get off scot free of the tax.

Fair Hair Growing Scarce. Fair-haired people are said to be becoming less numerous than formerly. The ancient Jews were a fair-haired race; now they are, with few exceptions, dark. So it is in a lesser degree with the Irish, among whom 150 years ago a dark-haired person was almost unknown.

A woman knows exactly where to find everything except her pocketbook.

BUSY SLICE OF EARTH UNDERNEATH LONDON.

LONDON CHATHAM AND DOVER RAILWAY. QUEEN VICTORIA STREET. UNDERGROUND RAILWAY. MAIN SEWERAGE. CITY AND WATERLOO RAILWAY. Here is a curious slice of London. If a man were endowed by his Creator with X-rays eyes this is what he would see when he looked into Slaughterhouse Lane, as the point of convergence of Queen Victoria street, New Bridge street and the approach to Blackfriars bridge in the City of London is called. These streets only furnish the surface traffic. Overhead is the structure of a great railway complex. Underneath you come first to the electric conduits and gas and water mains, forming a labyrinth of themselves. Then, at the depth of twenty feet from the street, you come to the tunnel of the underground railway, through which many thousands of people pass daily. A few feet under the underground railway is the sewerage system of this part of London, in itself a vast engineering work. Then, passing below the sewerage system, you come to a great channel of traffic in the new steel tunnels of the City & Waterloo Railway. Three railway systems, wires cross each other at this spot. Nowhere else on earth can such an astonishing display of engineering skill be seen in so small a compass.

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Crete is important on account of Suda bay, a splendid coaling station and harbor for warships. Any foothold in the Mediterranean is considered of vast importance by the powers. England now has Gibraltar, Malta and Cyprus. She is particularly anxious that neither France nor Russia should gain similar footholds. That is why the powers all maintain warships in Crete. They are not watching the islands so much as each other.

Meanwhile Crete's in a very unhappy position. It has no regular government and it is small wonder that anarchy prevails. The powers have established a joint protectorate, as they well know that a "protectorate" by any one power, especially England, means possession. When any trouble occurs the warships all blaze away together, in evidence of good faith and friendly zeal. The European concert, so far as Crete is concerned, means a concert of cannon. It is decidedly Wagnerian music.

A MEMORY OF BISMARCK. Prof. Joane Says He Did Not Show to Good Advantage on Parade. Prof. William M. Sloane contributes an article on Bismarck to the Century. Prof. Sloane says: It was on the anniversary of Washington's birthday in the year 1874, that I first saw him. The occasion was a reception at the house of George Bancroft, then American minister plenipotentiary at Berlin. The simply furnished but spacious rooms of the scholar-diplomatist were crowded with a distinguished throng. All the celebrities of the day were present, among them Moltke, Roon and Manteuffel. Bismarck entered somewhat late, when conversation was at its height and the brilliant scene was most impressive. The indescribable polyglot hum of talk just ceased for an instant, and then went on, as he made his way to a central position. For a time all eyes were turned toward him while he entered into the pleasant humor of the assembly; but as he assumed no other men than that of a peer among peers, the general interchange of good-fellowship was roused without regard to his presence. His low voice could be heard from time to time, and occasionally his unmusical laughter, but that was all; and after a stay of well-calculated length, he withdrew almost unnoticed. In the succeeding years I saw him frequently on public occasions and in the street, and heard him speak on important measures in the Imperial Parliament. Being only a secretary and historical student under Bancroft, I had naturally no opportunity for personal conversation with the hero of the hour; but the current gossip was of intense interest. Once a message taken to the royal residence afforded an opportunity to see the striking evidence of the chancellor's temper. He had just left the portal, and the rather fustled attendant pointed to the door of the Emperor's ante-chamber with a silent and deprecatory smile; the handle was gone, leaving plainly visible the fresh scar where the brass shank had been broken, as the wilful and perhaps momentarily thwarted giant had taken his departure.

A Pitcher Is Not a Bottle. Native wine is so cheap in San Francisco that many restaurant-keepers serve it with meals in lieu of tea or coffee if their patrons prefer it. The clause in the war tax requiring a stamp to be affixed to each bottle of wine disturbed them seriously for awhile until the plan was hit upon of serving it in pitchers instead. As the internal revenue department has ruled that a pitcher is not a bottle these caterers get off scot free of the tax.

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