

Eugene City Guard.

I. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.
EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

The Bible trust has nothing whatever to do with the trust in providence.

Talking of Roberts, sometimes even one wife makes trouble for a man trying to get into the house.

It is time for the ladies, God bless 'em, to be getting their ages in order for the curious census enumerator.

A New York man eloped with his wife after she had begun suit against him for divorce. This is taking a mean advantage of the lawyer.

As a principle of human action, efforts to rise in the world are commendable, but few men really elevate themselves by getting on their ear.

Gen. Buller may well call it "difficult work" to fight an army of sharpshooters all up hill. The soldiers on both sides in our civil war had a good deal of it to do.

In Norway a girl must have a certificate that she can cook before she can get married. The groom should also have a certificate that he can provide something to cook.

A "personal" advertiser in a New York paper wishes to secure "one who appreciates a true husband and considers home a paradise." Yes—but suppose a serpent should come around?

The man whose wife has run away for the thirty-seventh time ought to take the period for sober reflection instead of importuning the police to bring her back again. Possibly she needs a vacation.

A New York paper is offering prizes for the best answers to the proposition "Why I have failed." The best and truest answer, if it is to contain the experience of nine out of every ten who have not succeeded, must always be, "Because I didn't try often enough."

The board of geographical names has decided that the people of one of our neighboring acquisitions are to be called Puertorriquenos. As the name is of their own selection, it must be assumed that it will be satisfactory to them, but Uncle Sam may have trouble in twisting his tongue to meet the occasion.

Andrew Carnegie advises young men to try to cultivate a "stand in" with their employers by beating them in an argument. Any discreet young man who thinks of putting the advice in practice will do well to arrange for a non-partisan referee before beginning the debate. Most bright, capable and enterprising young men have no doubt whatever of their ability to out-argue the "old man" in regard to almost any detail of his business, but the wise ones realize that there is always a whole lot of difficulty in getting the "old man" to realize that he has been beaten.

Should it be a rule of life to get all you can, or to give all you can? That question is just now under discussion. Well, how much can one give unless he first gets? The men who are laying thousands or millions on the altars of education, humanity or religion have generally been successful as captains of industry, princes of commerce, or leaders of large business enterprises. Possibly also their chief benefaction has consisted in creating profitable employment—which is a kind of giving—especially if they have been just and considerate in their dealings, and have paid fair wages. To get honestly is quite as legitimate as to give generously, and ought to take equal rank.

An intelligent master printer is quoted as saying to the men of his own trade, "Whether we wish it or not, the eight-hour day is bound to come; and instead of wasting our strength in vain resistance we shall find it wiser to consider how we can adjust our business to the inevitable change." Without accepting or rejecting this prophecy, we may say with truth that the present agitation seems to follow in the track of the movement of sixty years ago, which reduced the working day from twelve or more hours to ten. It is urged by the same reasons; it is met by the same objections; it wins by the same zigzag advances. In eight States there has already been friendly legislation; in Boston and Worcester it has been approved by popular suffrage as a standard for all city employees. It is for the interest of both capital and labor that so serious a change should be made—if it is to be made at all—with the least possible disturbance to business.

"There are tricks in all trades," is an adage that is year by year becoming more out of date. And for two reasons. Business men more and more generally are coming to recognize the truth of the proverb, "Honesty is the best policy." Greater and ever greater is the number of concerns doing business on the merit of their products or merchandise. Possibly the subtle influence of the department store is here traceable—the enforcement of the "money-back-if-you-want-it" policy. Again, retail merchants cannot be deceived or fooled, as in the good old days. Competition has forced them out of the old, easy-going rut. They take nothing on trust. Quality, cost and all other factors of value are relentlessly sifted. The buyer, except in rare instances where style enters largely into the question of price, is apt to know pretty nearly as well as the seller what the merchandise ought to bring. Thus, to-day, goods are usually found to pretty nearly answer their descriptions.

The folly of cheap and hasty railroad construction has been demonstrated in the result of the hurried and economical building of the great Siberian railroad. The Siberian railroad, let it be understood, is to develop the trade between China and Russia and to reduce the time and expense of traveling from London, Paris, Berlin and Russia to the ports of the far East. The general cost of the road was \$180,250,000 and, while part of the construction

was by joint stock company, most of the shares are in the Russian Government's possession and the greater part of the money came from the Government treasury, as will that needed for the reconstruction deemed absolutely necessary. Light rails and wooden bridges were used in the original construction and, under the conditions resulting from the haste and economy observed, quick and safe travel is impossible. Twenty miles an hour is the maximum speed attained and this at great risk to the patrons and property of the road. The heavy locomotives necessary to climb the steep grades have spread the light rails and disturbed the foundations of the poorly ballasted tracks until the committee has concluded that complete reconstruction must be had. It is estimated that this will cost not less than \$25,000,000, and the Russian Government will be asked to make this appropriation. Had the work been properly done at the outset the development that the road would have accomplished would have been accelerated and not impeded.

The commerce of the Great Lakes is so vast that the lake waterway has become almost as important as the path across the Atlantic. In the lake navigation season of 1899, more than eighty million bushels of grain, nearly seven million barrels of flour, thirteen million tons of iron and a billion feet of lumber passed through the Sault Sainte Marie Canal, bound toward the East and Europe. Practically all this traffic, and an additional amount from Lakes Michigan and Huron, pass through Lake Erie. Erie is the shallowest of all the lakes, and the fact is apparent that its level is lower than it was formerly. The possibility of its falling still more as a result of the diversion of some of the water of Lake Michigan through the great drainage canal from Chicago to the basin of the Mississippi, leads to an apprehension that sooner or later the effect will be harmful. Now a project has been devised, and a bill introduced in Congress to carry it into effect, to meet the diminution of the water of Lake Erie by constructing a dam in the Niagara River near Buffalo, and raising the level of Lake Erie by about three feet. Such a dam would deepen the water of the Detroit and St. Clair Rivers, and would render more secure and easy the navigation of this great waterway along which so important a part of the food supply of the nation is borne. But to raise the level of Lake Erie means to flood lands along its shores. It means to flood certain Canadian lands, as well as American; and this would necessitate international arrangement and costly compensation. For this reason, as well as for the reason that great public enterprises always move slowly, the conversion of Lake Erie into a vast mill-pond will probably be deferred for a long period.

"Bridge," or "Russian Whist." America has already rivaled England as a home for whist; it will also be interesting to see whether we shall also follow the example of our trans-Atlantic cousins in the mania for "bridge," or "Russian whist," which is now all the rage in London, and in many card circles has made whist as obsolete as "Boston." It is a sort of dummy whist. Different suits of cards give different values to the tricks, the red suits, for example, being more valuable than the black. The dealer does not turn up a trump card, but has the privilege of making any suit he pleases trumps, or may declare no trumps, which increases the value of the tricks. This value, also, may be doubled again, and again by the holders of good hands, so that it is a game of uncertainties. The best authorities use the American leads, which are rather dropping out of use in English whist. A treatise on bridge by Archibald Dunn, Jr., has lately been published in England, and there is likely to be demand for American books.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

One Reason Why. "I'm not surprised," remarked the debonair dry goods drummer, "that those people down in Kentucky don't drink any more water than they do. I have just heard from a customer of mine in Emulence, a pleasant town not far from Louisville, that a well-known citizen there, who has been troubled for a long time with a hacking cough, had a severe spell of coughing the other day and raised two square blocks of some kind of hard substance. His son sent them down to a Louisville chemist, who reported that they were blocks of limestone, caused by the limestone water the cougher had been drinking. I may add that the cough doesn't trouble him any more, but just think of the liability a man is subjected to down there of having his bronchial tubes and his alimentary canal macadamized from Dan to Beersheba. I'd rather drink moonshine than run such a risk as that. I shone would."



Inspector—Suppose I lent your father \$100 in June and he promised to pay me back \$10 on the first of every month, how much would he owe me at the end of the year? Now, think well before you answer.
Pupils—\$100, sir.
Inspector—You're a very ignorant little girl. You don't know the most elementary rules of arithmetic!
Pupils—Ah, sir, but you don't know father's—Punch.

Flowers Needed for Perfumery. Vast quantities of flowers are gathered for perfumery purposes. It is estimated that each year 1,800 tons of orange flowers are used, besides 930 tons of roses, 150 tons each of violets and jasmine, 75 tons of tuberose, 30 tons of cassia, and 15 tons of jonquils.

Onions Strong with Them. The onion was worshipped by the ancient Egyptians. The cauliflower is a patriarch among vegetables, and was taken from the Cyprus home in Italy to England in the reign of Elizabeth.

If the rubber trust ever explodes there will be a big gum-drop.

Muster of the Veterans

WHEN the sun of August begins to redden the green out of the foliage the veterans of the civil war in thirty-fifth national encampment will assemble in the State where their order had birth. Not in the city where the original post of the Grand Army of the Republic was instituted, indeed, but in the borders of the State where the idea was first promulgated and carried into effect. Next August the veterans will meet in Chicago, but the army, once an appreciable proportion of the grand army which dropped the sword for peaceful pursuits, is fading away with the lapse of years.

Boys in years and animation when the smoke of the big guns curled about Fort Sumter, nothing but gray beards remain to-day. Veterans then have long since passed over the great divide. Nine years ago the army was nearly twice as strong as it is to-day. It is fitting indeed that as the day draws near when there will be no Grand Army left these who still cling to life should return to the old homestead in reunion. Born of the consciousness of a son of Illinois, native to the Prairie State, it is fitting that the Grand Army should meet again in the State that gave birth to the designer of the order.

Thirty-four years will have passed away when the next meeting will be held since the first national encampment was held in Indianapolis. Half a dozen States were represented in that gathering, with but 228 members in the assembly. Illinois had something over twenty posts then and was the only State organized into a department with department officers. Since then the army has prospered until every State in the Union almost has a department, a large membership and large benefit revenue. In 1890 the comrades numbered over 400,000; to-day, less than ten years later, the army has been reduced to but a trifle over two-thirds the high-water mark.

Line of March Shortened. Year after year the line of march in all parades has been shortened, that the faltering veterans may not be overtaxed. Even when civic pride demands the old long lines the men with the blue blouses and bronze buttons pass the reviewing officer and then, again dropping their military formation, fall out of the line and mingle with the people who assemble to see the pageant. Stooped shoulders bent under the burden of years have replaced the erect body, and slow, halting steps have replaced the jaunty stride of the war days. The old men clinging fondly to the trinity of the order, charity, fraternity and loyalty, turn out indeed, but the long marches of forty years ago are beyond their strength.

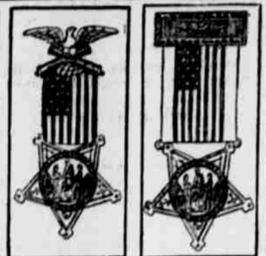
Steadily each year the percentage of loss by death is rising until to-day it is almost as high as it was in the days when muskets were borne over the shoulders or leveled in fight. Nine years ago the high tide of the army was reached. Even then the losses by reason of the falling out of stragglers whose memories alone remain was heavy, as heavy as the average loss by death in any great battle. Last year the decrease in membership and the increase in flower-decked mounds was nearly as great as the total losses from all causes in the stiffest fight any member ever participated in.

But a few years remain of earth to the men who fought the good battle to preserve the Union. None lives now—with here and there a notable exception—but those who were beardless youths when they went to the front to throttle the most serious rebellion the world ever saw or ever will see. The men who in 1861 wore beards and had the tread of mature manhood have gone before to blaze the way to the haven of eternal rest for their juniors. Thirty-four annual encampments have been held since the organization was born in Springfield. A round dozen more assemblies will see the closing of the records, for the veterans will be all gone and posterity will have but the recollection of what they did and how in all the years since the close of the strife they have kept alive the loyalty to the flag which sent them out to face death in its defense.

In Past Encampments. But a few years ago it was no uncommon thing for 100,000 boys in blue to assemble in the city chosen for the annual encampment of the Grand Army. Not all, indeed, held seats in the national body, but where that body met the comrades have been wont to meet and fight again the fights of the war. To-day if half that number—in spite of the heavy membership in Chicago and the State—should assemble from all over the broad land it would be a notable gathering. Age, poverty—few of the members are wealthy—and distance from the scene will prevent many a man from attending. Yet in every breast will be the hope, for every veteran realizes that this may be his last opportunity to meet with his comrades this side of the grave.

Thirty-seven years ago, while at the front fighting for the Union, the idea of an association of volunteers after their military duties had closed was born in the mind of a son of Illinois, Dr. Benjamin Franklin Stephenson, surgeon of the Fourteenth Illinois Infantry, and a native of the State, was the man who first thought out the scheme which has worked so grandly. With him as tent mate and intimate friend was Captain W. J. Rutledge. In the quiet hours of the night after "raps" had been sounded these comrades often talked of the hope of organizing the Grand Army. As early as the spring of 1862 Mr. Rutledge broached the topic and Dr. Stephenson elaborated it to include a national order.

Looking far into the future the Doctor saw that distress would come to the men of arms as the years passed by. Wounds and disease would cripple them prematurely. Hardships and exposure, bad food and not enough of that in the field would shorten the term of their active business life. Hope of aid they would have none unless banded together as brothers, they should relieve each other. Seeking to keep alive the fires of patriotism, seeking to provide a relief association which should aid by the highest type of charity a deserving brother, seeking to perpetuate the brotherly feeling engendered of common hardships and perils, the Doctor saw in his mind the long lines of veterans marching together, shoulder to shoulder, in peace as in war.



An idea so born could not fail to germinate. The grand parade and review of Grant's and Sherman's armies in Washington following the declaration of peace had scarcely passed away until Dr. Stephenson began the active work of creating a grand army of peace. In March, 1869, Dr. Stephenson and Mr. Rutledge renewed their discussions with the purpose of putting their ideas into execution. In the preceding month Fred I. Dean was called in and the topic talked over with him. He prepared rough notes outlining the scope and purposes of the organization and a conference of the charter members of the department of Illinois was held in Springfield in March.

At that conference the following men, later prominent in the army, were present: Col. J. M. Snyder, Dr. James Hamilton, Maj. R. M. Woods, Maj. Robert Allen, Chaplain Rutledge, Col. Martin Flood, Col. Daniel Grass, Col. Edward Prince, Capt. J. S. Phelps, Maj. J. A. Lightfoot, Capt. B. F. Smith, Maj. A. North, Capt. H. E. Howe, Lieut. B. F. Hawkes and Dr. Stephenson. The conference decided to present the matter to Gov. Oglesby and the Governor heartily approved the project. The name was suggested by some literature received concerning a similar organization being discussed in Missouri under the title of the Grand Army of Progress.

In order to maintain secrecy it was decided to send the copy of the constitution and by-laws to Decatur for printing. L. N. Coltrin and Joseph Prior of the Tribune, were thus made aware of the movement. Both were discharged volunteers and both took a strong interest in the project. Dr. J. W. Routh and Capt. M. F. Kanan, of Decatur, having been informed of the plans, went to Springfield, where they discussed it with Dr. Stephenson. They returned and organized the first post and then desired Dr. Stephenson, provisional department commander, to institute the post.

The First Post. This was done on the evening of April 6, 1869, with the following charter members: M. F. Kanan, George R. Steele, George H. Dunning, I. C. Pugh, J. H. Nale, J. T. Bishop, C. Rebsame, J. W. Routh, B. F. Sibley, I. N. Coltrin, Joseph Prior and A. Toland. Commander Stephenson issued his first general order.

The Grand Army commenced to grow rapidly early in the '70s. By the close of the decade departments had sprung up all over the land. The membership was equal to any single army commanded by any general but Grant during the war. In 1890 the muster rolls showed 409,781 members. Last year but 257,981 veterans admitted adherence to the regulations. The losses from death are on the increase. Losses by honorable discharge are not as heavy as those by the final discharge.

Chicago must prepare to entertain 1,000,000 guests during the last four days of August. For the first time in a generation the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic is to be held in the city by the lake, and preparations are already under way to make the occasion outshine any national gathering ever held by that great organization.

"Approximately 750,000 veterans of the war are still alive out of the 2,225,000 recruits enlisted in that great struggle," said Secretary E. A. Bigelow, of the Executive Committee, having the management of the encampment in charge. "Of that number it is estimated from the rosters of the various divisions of the G. A. R. that 500,000 reside in the territory west of the Alleghenies, north of the Ohio River and east of the Missouri—that is, in the territory directly tributary to Chicago. They will come to this encampment—men who did not go to Philadelphia or Cincinnati or a half dozen of others which will come to Chicago. And we will make them welcome."

His Character. The old hick fairs are still held in some rural districts of England. There is a story of an old Gloucestershire farmer, who, seeming a likely lad at such a place, opened negotiations with a view to engaging him. "Hast got a character from thy last place?" the farmer asked. "No," replied the boy; "but my old gaffer be about somewhere, and I can get he to write one." "Very well," was the reply. "Thee get it and meet I here again at 4 o'clock." The farmer and the boy met at the appointed hour. "Hast got thy character?" was the query. The answer was short and sharp: "No, but I ha' got thine, and I bean' a-coming."

smooth to his disappointment. Yet his chagrin did not serve to abate his enthusiasm, for no man ever in the ranks worked more faithfully to make it succeed than Dr. Stephenson.

The First Encampment. The idea of the founder of the army was to incorporate every State in the Union where a Federal veteran lived. It was to be a grand army in fact as well as in name. He did not rest with the State organization, but went to work vigorously to carry out his grand scheme. Gen. Cook in the absence of Gen. Palmer named the department staff and made Dr. Stephenson his adjutant general. Then in September of the year of founding a general order was issued calling the first national encampment Nov. 29 in Indianapolis. Seventy posts and 228 representatives composed the first national body of the Grand Army.

Gallant Stephen A. Hurlbut, whose shoulders had borne the double star in the volunteer army, was chosen to wear the badge of the army, whereon was spread the shoulder strap of major general. He was elected to the office of commander in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. The following officers were elected: J. B. McKean of New York, Senior Vice; Robert S. Foster, of Indiana, Junior Vice; B. F. Stephenson, Adjutant General; D. C. McNeil of Iowa, Quartermaster General; W. A. Pile of Missouri, Chaplain.



CHARTER MEMBERS OF FIRST G. A. R. POST.

Gen. Hurlbut administered the affairs of the army for one term, then giving away to another son of Illinois, the one who had attained the highest rank and greatest fame attained by a volunteer officer, John A. Logan. Gen. Logan became chief of the army in 1868. He signaled his administration by promulgating an order setting apart May 30 as memorial day. He issued his famous order No. 11 on May 5, calling on all survivors of the war to deck the graves of all fallen comrades with flowers on May 30. The ceremonies to be observed were left to the individual posts, as up to that time no ritual had been adopted for this purpose.

In the early years, in common with all fraternal organizations, the Grand Army of the Republic struggled for life. But with over 2,000,000 volunteers to draw from it was merely a question of time when no city in the land would be large enough to handle all if all should meet at any national encampment. When the high mark was reached the army comprised about 50 per cent. of all the survivors of the war eligible to membership. Losses from various causes kept pace with gains for ten years. Then gains exceeded losses until 1890. Then the old fellows commenced to pass away with startling speed.

The Grand Army commenced to grow rapidly early in the '70s. By the close of the decade departments had sprung up all over the land. The membership was equal to any single army commanded by any general but Grant during the war. In 1890 the muster rolls showed 409,781 members. Last year but 257,981 veterans admitted adherence to the regulations. The losses from death are on the increase. Losses by honorable discharge are not as heavy as those by the final discharge.

Chicago must prepare to entertain 1,000,000 guests during the last four days of August. For the first time in a generation the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic is to be held in the city by the lake, and preparations are already under way to make the occasion outshine any national gathering ever held by that great organization.

"Approximately 750,000 veterans of the war are still alive out of the 2,225,000 recruits enlisted in that great struggle," said Secretary E. A. Bigelow, of the Executive Committee, having the management of the encampment in charge. "Of that number it is estimated from the rosters of the various divisions of the G. A. R. that 500,000 reside in the territory west of the Alleghenies, north of the Ohio River and east of the Missouri—that is, in the territory directly tributary to Chicago. They will come to this encampment—men who did not go to Philadelphia or Cincinnati or a half dozen of others which will come to Chicago. And we will make them welcome."

VEGETABLES ARE OLD

DATE BACK TO OLD TESTAMENT TIMES.

Origin of the Celebrated Turnabout of Garden Truck—Only Melon and the Grand Artichoke Are Natives of North America—Grocer Enlightened.

"How many housekeepers picking over the vegetables on the stall know anything about them?" asked a contemplative customer of a friend, as he watched his green grocer fill a small measure with potatoes.

"Lots of them," promptly replied the other marketer. "Why, here are the potatoes in my hand, for instance. They are native American. I guess Sir Walter Raleigh introduced them to Europe."

"I guess he never ate one, for in his day they were not considered fit to eat. They went to Europe from the hills of South America, and a strange matter of fact, when you come to think of it, is that in the United States, where, barring a few sections, vegetables grow in greater abundance and none save any other part of the world, none save maize and the ground artichokes are native products."

"Nonsense!" ejaculated the amazed Yankee. "No nonsense about it," continued the contemplative customer. "Europe, Asia, Africa and South America are all more richly endowed than we. I used to think the watermelon was ours, but bless you! the North African tribes grew the big, juicy fellows and gave us our first seeds. As to the muskmelon, it is a vegetable of such ancient lineage that, like the cabbage and lettuce, nobody knows just who were their first wild progenitors. The melon, at any rate, came out of Persia as a developed table delicacy, while the Adam of the cabbage family is agreed by botanists to have flourished way back there in Central Asia, where they say the Caucasian race came from. The Romans ate cabbage salad, and, according to count, there are nearly as many varieties of this sturdy old green goods as there are different orders of men."

"There is another Roman delicacy," continued the customer, pointing to a box of beets. "They do say that the Greek philosophers thought a dish of boiled beets, served up with salt and oil, a great aid to mental exercise. For my part, though, I don't know a vegetable that should be prouder of its family history than the radish. Radishes came from China, but a scientific journal the other day announced the discovery, from a translation of Egyptian hieroglyphics, that Pharaoh fed his pyramid builders on radishes. He even went so far as to spend 1,000 silver talents in order to regale his masons with the crisp and spicy root. Again, if you read the Old Testament carefully, you will be sure to come across the announcement that in Egypt the children of Israel ate melons, beets, onions and garlic, and evidently, in traveling through the wilderness, Moses had a great deal of difficulty in persuading them to cease yearning after these Egyptian dainties."

"Besides the melons and peaches and geraniums," continued the garrulous customer, "for all of which we have to thank productive Persia, water cress comes from her valleys and brooks and she taught the world how to grow and head lettuce. However, the Roman gourmets, who adopted both these salads, ate green peas and stringed beans that their gardeners found growing in France and South Germany, and cucumbers were as popular with them as with the Jews and Egyptians."

"To Arabia honor is due for the burr artichoke. They ate it for liver difficulties—and, as a matter of fact, there is no vegetable so good for men and women who lead a sedentary life, just as carrots, that grew first in Belgium, are an admirable tonic for the complexion, spinach for the blood, potatoes for the hair and celery for the nerves. Rhubarb, they say, was never known until the fifteenth century, when the Russians found it on the banks of the Volga, and if you will believe it, the only European people that appreciate the egg plant as we do are the Turks. North Africa first produced this fruit; in France it is eaten raw often as not; and in obstinate England they use it for decoration. However, the potato had to make a desperate struggle for popularity, and for nearly a century after it was imported and grown in Europe nobody could be persuaded to touch it. Finally Parmentier gave it a boom that in two centuries has not in the least diminished, and twice this little tuber has saved Europe from what promised to be a cruel famine. Whereupon the customer hurried off down the street, leaving the green grocer staring at his stock of truck with a refreshing expression of pride and interest.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

PLAIN SPEECH IN A PRAYER.

The Rev. Mr. Jordan's Petition in Behalf of Wicked People. A sensation was created in Raleigh, N. C., says the News and Observer, in church circles by the Rev. J. M. Jordan, Mr. Jordan, who has preached the gospel in nearly every Baptist church in the State at one time or another, has been in Raleigh for some time, superintending the publication of a history of his life and labors.

Sunday morning he attended the First Baptist Church, and was called on by Dr. Carter, at the conclusion of his sermon on "Christian Growth," for a prayer. And such a prayer it was! The venerable preacher, with bowed head, seemed to be talking familiarly with God, telling him of the sins of the people, man by man, and asking the Almighty for mercy and indulgence till they could be called to repentance. "O, God," he said, "thou knowest the majority of Christians are like wasps—larger at birth than at any other time. And they grow smaller and meaner as time goes on. Thou knowest, also, that a great many members high up in the church drink beer and whisky and go to dances. O Lord, they call them go-mans, but that's just to fool the people. They are regular old dances—nothing in the world but fiddling and dancing. We read the paper this morning and there they had printed the

names of all the gals and their partners. O Lord, have mercy on these miserable rascals.

"Then, O Lord, a lot of them are giving card parties around here, going into saloons, visiting places of ill-fame, and playing the devil generally. No wonder that when they ask a sinner to turn from his evil way he replies, 'Go 'way, see old dev, we know you.' We heard only this past week of a prominent church member who had been drinking beer ten years and who went home and found his little boy dead drunk and as limber as a dishrag. O Lord, have mercy on these miserable sinners, who pretend they are following thee, but who go around with their breath smelling like an old swill tub. We have a little grandchild, Lord, that is O Lord—this is such a degraded, fearful wicked city, that we are afraid to send her here. There is a college here where the young men are encouraged to give dances. O Lord, have mercy on the president of that institution."

"Thou knowest there are only a few righteous people in Raleigh. All the rest are wicked, and were it not for these few good people the whole city would go to the devil. God would rain down fire and brimstone and destroy it like Sodom and Gomorrah."



Gen. Buller was once in company with Lord Charles Beresford coming down the Nile, and as their boat approached the First Cataract a sharp discussion arose as to which was the proper channel to take. The soldier advised one, the sailor another, but in the end Buller's channel was followed, with perfect success. "You see, I was right," the General exclaimed, exultantly. "What of that?" retorted Beresford; "I knew it was the right one myself, but I only recommended the other because I knew you would oppose whatever I said."

When Otis Skinner, the actor, played an engagement in Memphis recently, his matinee performance of "The Liar" was graced by the patronage of a very of the season's most attractive debutantes. After the curtain went down the manager escorted the debutantes back of the stage, where they met and conversed with the actor. "We enjoyed everything very much," said one of them; "but, do you know, Mr. Skinner, we could scarcely hear a word you said?" "Now, that's certainly strange," replied the actor; "I could hear everything you ladies said."

An old farmer who was in the habit of eating what was set before him, asking no questions, dropped into a cafe for dinner. The waiter gave him the list of dishes served for dinner that day. The old gentleman began at the top of the bill of fare and ordered each thing in turn until he had covered about one-third of it. The prospect of what was still before him was overpowering, yet there were some things at the end that he wanted to try. Finally he called the waiter and, confidentially marking off the spaces on the card with his index finger, said: "Look here, I've tried that to-day. Can I skip from that to that and eat on to the bottom?"

Gen. F. V. Greene, when he arrived in Manila with re-enforcements, went on board the Olympia to pay his respects to Admiral Dewey. After the two men had exchanged compliments, Dewey said: "Come into my cabin, General. I want to show you my family." In one corner of the cabin was a great pile of photographs, dozens upon dozens, and each was the picture of a baby boy. There were fat babies and lean babies, pretty babies and ugly babies, sad babies and smiling babies. "What in the world are these?" asked Gen. Greene, somewhat bewildered. "Why," said Dewey, "it's just the family of my namesakes. They are Joneses, Smiths, and Jenkinsons, but every one's a George Dewey, and their parents want me to know it."

Here are three anecdotes from Sir Algernon West's "Reminiscences." "Lord Granville told us of D'Orsay's being at a dinner at Disraeli's which was not of a kind to suit the fashionable gourmet, and where everything had been cold. At the end of the dinner there was brought in some half-melted ice in a dish. 'Thank heaven!' said D'Orsay, 'at last we have got something hot.' When Lady Blessington sent D'Orsay to complain of some delay on the part of her publishers, O'Leary & Saunders, he used very strong language. A dignified man in a high white neckcloth, who was listening to him, said: 'Count D'Orsay, I would sooner lose Lady Blessington's patronage than submit to such personal abuse.' 'There was nothing personal,' said the Count; 'if you are O'Leary, then damn Saunders; if you are Saunders, then damn O'Leary.' Lord Westbury, on becoming solicitor general in Lord Palmerston's government, was called upon by the committee of the Conservative Club to resign his membership. Before obeying, he presented himself and addressed them. He had a small and a mencing or flincky voice. Some one at the end of the room called out: 'Speak up!' 'I should have thought,' he said, 'that the ears of any one in this committee were long enough to have heard me.'

The better class of Chinese women have at least the natural degree of curiosity, while not wanting in friendly attentions. An English lady says of them: "The women flock around and beg me to take off my gloves and my hat, that they may see how my hair is done, and the color of my hands. Then some old woman is sure to squeeze my feet, to see if there is really a foot filling up all those big boots. They are very friendly and bring out chairs and benches before their cottage doors, and beg us to sit down, and offer us tea, or if they have not got that ready, hot water."

An Eastern manufacturer advertises a soap that will remove spots from a man's reputation. The principal ingredient in it is probably lye.