

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

PENNIES AT THE FERRY HOUSE.

You Would Think There Would Be a Plenty, but That Is Not So.

"Gimme \$2 worth of pennies. The grocery man up on the next corner sent me," shouted a boy as he put up a crumpled bill at the box in the ferry house at the foot of Roosevelt street yesterday.

"Can't do it," said the ferry master. "haven't got 'em to spare."

"What're you givin' us?" returned the boy as he again closed his dirty fingers around the bill. "You've got dead loads of 'em over there, only you're too mean to give 'em to a fellow." With this the boy made a grimace and darted into the street.

"Nearly every one imagines that we have pennies by the thousands," said the ferry master to a Sun reporter, "but the fact is we're nearly always short of pennies."

"And doing a penny business, too! It doesn't seem possible."

"I know it doesn't, but I can make you understand it very easily. Just stand here for ten minutes and keep track of the money I take in, and you can figure it out."

The reporter kept tally as directed. In ten minutes forty-six persons passed the box. The largest bill that was offered was a \$2 bill. Two fares were taken out, and four pennies had to go with the \$1.94 change. One fare was taken out of a \$1 bill, and two pennies went with the 97 cents change.

Fourty-five cents for four fares entailed a change of two pennies in the forty-seven cents change, and only thirty-nine cents were left, showing a decrease of twenty-seven pennies.

When the ferry master had a minute of leisure he looked at the figures. "That is a little above our average," he said. "We usually pay out from 100 to 150 more pennies an hour than are received. Our biggest outgo is on Sundays and holidays. Then we start off with \$30 in pennies, and before the day is done we frequently run short."

—New York Sun.

One Hundred and Seven Years Old.

In a small cottage way out in the suburbs of New Orleans, where the air is pure and the residences are scarce, died departed this life recently at the wonderful old age of 107 years Clementine Landry, for over 100 years a resident of New Orleans. This aged colored woman was born in St. James parish during the year 1782, and strange to say has never left her native state since that time. Her many children and grandchildren remember hearing the old lady speak of Gen. Andrew Jackson's great victory at Chalmette and the enthusiastic manner in which he was received by the populace, and the many other incidents of the long ago that are only remembered by a few. During the days of slavery Clementine Landry was owned by Mr. Vallerie Gaudet, at that time a prominent citizen of New Orleans. At the time of death the members of her family amounted to about fifty persons, among whom there are at present living four of her children, the oldest of whom is 70, eleven grandchildren ranging between the years of 20 and 35, and twenty-four great-grandchildren between the ages of 12 and 17.—Herald of Health.

Inspiration from Dreams.

"Since Robert Louis Stevenson wrote 'A Chapter on Dreams,' and gave the little Brownies of his sleeping brain the credit of many of the fanciful creations of his waking hours, several well known novelists have acknowledged to the dreaming of plots. The Duchess, in a recent newspaper article, wrote that at least two-thirds of the innumerable characters who figure in her innumerable novels have been spun from the stuff which dreams are made of, and if she meets an interesting man or woman, who is in the least suggestive of material, and goes to sleep with this new personality freshly photographed in her mental camera, she is pretty sure to dream it up into shape before the dawn of day.—Current Literature.

The Norwegian Peasant.

The Norwegian peasant has a decided aptitude for trading and for travel, and is consequently naturally inclined to knowledge. Education is making steady progress in the country; every one can read and write, and on every farmstead one or more newspapers are regularly taken. The bus (tennis or cotten) even are beginning to subscribe to newspapers. Books they can get from the parish library, or very often they buy them for themselves. The modern literature of the country has penetrated into every valley, and is now generally bought by the well to do among the peasantry.—Harper's Magazine.

The Natural Result.

Feddler—I am introducing a new kind of hair brush which—

Business Man (impatiently)—I've no use for a hair brush. Can't you see I'm bald!

Feddler—Yes, sir. Your lady, perhaps—

Business Man—She's bald, too, except when she goes out.

Feddler—Yes, sir. Child at home, probably—

Business Man—Only a month old. Bald too.

Feddler—Yes, sir. You keep a pet dog, maybe—

Business Man—We do, but it's a hairless dog.

Feddler (desperately)—Can't I sell you a fly trap, sir?—Chicago Tribune.

Sentimentalists like Byron and Shelley might have a horror of a woman who confessed to a hearty appetite; but the women who fill homes with sunshine are those who can both cook a good dinner and help to eat it.—Christian World.

THE WOMEN OF FRANCE.

Dental of the Claim That There So Many Madcaps Among Them.

Do not trust our newspapers. Above all shun those journals which pretend to describe society. The society that they know, the only society that they can describe, is not society at all; it is Bohemia. They talk, it is true, of a live duchess, but they have only seen her duchess from a distance. She was in her box, they were all away below in the stalls. The woman whom they really know is Marguerite Gautier, and it is Marguerite to whom they assign the dual name.

Most frequently they do not even take the trouble to find a fictitious trademark for their wares; they furnish you without disguise, with the scandal of the world of pleasure, a perfect series of orgies, a Bacchanalia of courtesans. Thereupon you say to yourself. This is a great Babylon! Indeed it is not; it is only a tiny corner of Babylon, no bigger than a nutshell—a tiny corner, such as may be found in London, in Rome or in Vienna. This corner is a trifle larger in proportion as the town is more famous and attracts more foreigners.

But this is not the immorality of Paris; it is the immorality of the world; nay, it is not Paris nor is it the Parisian woman. There is no more amusing madcap than the Parisian courtesan, and no more sensible and charming person than the Parisian woman. The two exist in two distinct worlds, and have nothing in common except their hats.

We have, at the outside, 2,000 or 3,000 of the madcaps, reckoning in that number those who are on the border line and who have one foot in each of the two worlds. It is a large number, but only think what a host of foreigners come to us. And yet the madcaps attract more attention than our 500, 000 virtuous Parisian women and our 20,000,000 virtuous French women. Foreigners are not the only persons who make a mistake about this matter. In France itself the novel makes such a fuss that many Frenchmen fancy that the one class of women is the other.

Our excellent little middle class women are judged by the standard of "Indiana." Fifty years ago they were all reading "Indiana" with fervor, forcing themselves to find their own image in it, just as at the present day we force ourselves for an hour or so to believe that Francois le Champi's peasants are men of flesh and blood. Nay, my dear ladies, you are not such Indians nor such Francillons as all that. When you go to see Francillon on the stage you are so charmed with the happy ending of the third act that you forgive the improbabilities of the other two. Meliacc maintains that your French virtue is a steadily diminishing quantity; but at all events you cling to what remains of it. Still, I am only now speaking of fashionable Parisian ladies, for the others keep simply to the old standard. Vice requires little time to blossom, but it takes long to spread its roots.—Fortnightly Review.

Building Ships.

The business of building ships has prospered in Great Britain during the past year. It is a noble trade, and employs a large number of the most skillful mechanics. On the little river Clyde, in Scotland, 312 vessels were launched in 1888, of which 175 were steamers and 137 were sailing ships. Most of the steamers were built of steel, which has now become the favorite metal among ship owners.

On the Tyne, 132 vessels were built during the year, and on the Wear 75, making a total of 509.

These vessels alone would form a very imposing fleet, and nearly all of them were designed for commercial purposes. Great as the number of new vessels was, it does little more than make good the losses in the British shipping list by wreck and decay. Moreover, a considerable number of these vessels were built for foreign firms and governments.

In any part of the world, if any one wants a good steamer built, he thinks first of the great ship building firms in the north of Britain, and one of them is pretty sure to get the contract.

There was a time when the United States took the lead in this magnificent art of manufacture, and people in Liverpool and London just to see the beautiful clippers built on the Merri-mac, the Hudson and the Kennebec. It should be so, and will be so again, we trust, before many years have passed.—Youth's Companion.

Seals Not Signatures.

When Ralph Red bought his father's freedom of William le Butler, William gave him an acknowledgment for the money and a written certificate of the transaction, but he did not sign his name. In those days nobody signed their names, not because they could not write, for I suspect that just as large a proportion of people in England could write well 600 years ago as could have done so forty years ago, but because it was not the fashion to sign one's name. Instead of doing that everybody who was a freeman and a man of substance, in executing any legal document, affixed to it his seal, and that stood for his signature. People always carried their seals about with them in a purse or small bag, and it was no uncommon thing for a pickpocket to cut off this bag and run away with the seal, and thus put the owner to very serious inconvenience. This was what actually did happen once to William le Butler's father-in-law. He was a certain Sir Richard Belhouse, and he lived at North Tud denham, near Doreham. Sir Richard was high sheriff for the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk in 1291, and his duties brought him into court on Jan. 23 of that year before one of the judges at Westminster. I suppose the court was crowded, and in the crowd some rogue cut off Sir Richard's purse and made off with his seal. I never heard that he got it back again.

—Historic Essays, Rev. Augustus Jes sopp.

Longevity of Insects.

It is well known that Sir John Lubbock has shown how long insects may live when kept out of harm's way. The greatest age attained by any insect, so far as is known, is that reached by the queen of an ant (Formica fusca), which lived in his care until Aug. 8, 1888, when she must have been nearly 15 years old. Another queen of the same species died at the advanced age of over 13 years. He has now a queen of another kind of ant (Lasius niger), which is about nine years old, "and still lays fertile eggs which produce female ants."—New Orleans Picayune.

John T. Raymond's Hotel Joke.

I heard a funny story the other day about Jimmy Pigott, that clever actor, who first came to this country I think with Mrs. Langtry and afterward acted with young Sothern. Jimmy Pigott was at one time very well known in the gay set about London, and like many another good fellow lost his money and had to turn round and make his bread and butter. Just before he came to this country he met John T. Raymond, whose advice he asked about the hotels and other matters. This is the result: When Mr. Pigott got here he stepped into a cab and requested to be taken to the "Hotel Tombs." The cabby asserted that he did not know of any such place. "Then," said Pigott, "to the Hotel Ludlow." Again cabby insisted on his ignorance. "Well, of all stupid cabmen I ever came across, this is the stupidest! What hotel do you recommend?" "Hotel Dan, sir."

"Dam yourself," said Pigott, getting out of the cab and posing himself for a fight. The cabby was quickly off the box, only too ready to begin, and it was only after the surrounding cabmen had explained that Pigott realized that he had been sold by his friend Mr. Raymond, and that the cabby's intentions were quite honorable. That same afternoon the genial English man went to the ticket office to inquire the price of a ticket to Salt Lake, as he had a brother there, and he thought he would like to spend the afternoon with him! His astonishment when he discovered that the ticket would be in the neighborhood of \$800, and that he could scarcely be there in time for dinner, can be better imagined than described.—New York Cor. Chicago Herald.

Crime and Its Treatment.

Time was when folks afflicted with disease were put out of the way, not as Bergh's men kindly kill a disabled animal to mercifully end its distress, but because deemed unfit to live. Now the crowning glory of our century is its magnificent hospitals. Time will be when our prisons, the disgrace of this grand age, will be changed to humanitarian institutions for the control and cure of crime, in stead of pest places for its punishment and propagation.

Statesmen and reformers are beginning to consider that our system of society is really accountable for more crime than it prevents. Judges and juries are frequently called upon to condemn unfortunate creatures of circumstances less guilty of offense against their fellows than those before whom they are arraigned. Did all wrong doers escape detection, as doubtless the majority do, there would be no criminals known; while if the consciences of men were increased in glass all would be criminals alike. There would be no honest men to bring the guilty to justice. Let all who read reflect upon this.

He who robs you wrongs himself worse than you. You may recover your property or purchase more, but he has corrupted his conscience, ruined his reputation, assassinated his manhood. He has inflicted upon himself a misfortune, while you have but sustained a pecuniary and perchance a trifling loss.—S. H. Preston in Journal of Health.

That Talkative Barber.

Clothes may not make the man, but they have everything to do with his general appearance. Enter a barber shop any day when the chairs are full, scan the heads of the customers as they lay back in the chairs, with the towel and duster close up to their chins, form your idea of the appearance of the man when he shall have stepped out on to the floor, and in nineteen cases out of twenty you will be surprised. In the first place all idea of his size is hidden under the duster. In recognizing a friend you do so as much by his size and manner as you do his features. You readily recognize an acquaintance from a rear view as he walks on ahead of you. In the barber shop you will see a man with a massive No. 8 head and when he steps down you are as much shocked to find that it is placed on a 5 foot 6 inch body as to learn that the boyish 6 1/2 head in the next chair is on top of a 6 foot body. You will see a noble, high browed head that you are sure must belong to some distinguished lawyer, and you are knocked out when a policeman or the engineer from next door in his blue lannel shirt emerges from under the covers. Another thing that amuses me is the failure of friends to recognize each other while in the barber chairs, and that happens twenty times a day, the recognition only following when one or the other comes off the chair.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Marriage for a Quarter.

A story is told about a minister's marriage fee that causes amusement among the clergy. He was paid \$1 for marrying a couple. After they departed he was about to hand the money to his wife, when the door bell rang. The newly married wife said she wanted a certificate. No marriage was good without one. It cost twenty-five cents for a blank that would suit her. The reverend gentleman filled the blank out in the usual form and she went away seemingly satisfied.

A few days later she again appeared at the door. "Mister," said the woman, in an aggrieved tone, "I looked through the papers and can't find a notice of our wedding. You ought not to treat us different from other folks." So the dominie went to a news paper office and paid fifty cents to have a notice inserted. When he reached home he handed the remaining twenty-five cents to his wife with the remark: "Have, my dear, hurry up and take this before that woman makes another call."

No Occasion for Thanks.

One occasion when Tom Ochiltree returned home from congress there was very little travel upon the railroad, and he was the only person of consequence on the train. When it stopped at his town there was an unusual crowd around the depot, and naturally enough he thought it had assembled to welcome him. So he stepped out on the platform and began:

"Gentlemen, I thank you for this hearty demonstration."

"Demonstration! thunder!" said one of the crowd. "John Dills has just committed suicide in the depot!"

—Washington Critic.

A French ballet girl has recently been proven the daughter of a deceased marquis and the heir to a fortune of several millions. America says that she is now enriched by her father's estate having long been supported by her grandpa.

San Marino.

There are in Europe several states, not larger than ordinary townships in England or America, yet permitted to enjoy perfect independence of the powerful governments which surround them. That which has least escaped notice is the ancient republic of San Marino, so called, as some say, after an old monk who was its founder, though another account is that this honor is due to a pious Mason of Dal matia in the Fourth century. It is a craggy tract of country in the hills near Rimini, on the Adriatic, and includes about 33 square miles, with a population of about 8,000, and an army of 40 men, commanded by several "generals," for it is said that of fices and titles and of decorations are to be had for a suitable consideration, independent of meritorious service. Though inclosed on all sides by what were the dominions of the pope, and though it was severely menaced by Napoleon I in his conquering career, yet he was induced to respect its venerable autonomy, and so have all the powers into whose hands the surrounding parts of Italy have fallen, both before and since; so that this little republic has continued independent for at least fourteen centuries, a longer period than any other government in Europe can boast of.

Austria, Prussia and France have each had 1,100 years of united independence, England 800, and Russia 850 years only. It has an unwritten constitution, according to which the executive power is vested in a council of 60, elected by the people. Of these 20 are nobles, 20 are townsmen, and 20 are from the rural population. The executive lies with two of the council who are chosen every six months and act jointly as regents.

The judicial power is exercised by a doctor of laws, who must be a stranger and cannot hold office longer than three years. The village of 1,500 people, which forms the capital of the republic, is situated high up on Mount Titian. It has a castle, which was fortified by King Berenguer, of Lombardy, and as its principal object of interest a splendid collection of medals numbering about 40,000. The principal inhabitants reside in a more sheltered locality. The people generally are in a very backward condition. They have no printing press, but rejoice in four convents, five churches and a theatre.—Journal of Health.

Killing Cattle Mercifully.

Any one acquainted with the management of slaughter houses, and who has previously witnessed the manner in which the animals are stunned, must have been shocked by the horrors attendant on the proceedings frequently involved in the admission of novices to the trade by using the living animal as a block on which to practice. The amount of torture caused in this way by unskilled hands far exceeds description. Young men come forward each in turn to strike a blow at the same ox. The ox may some times fall ten times upon the same unfortunate animal, whose eyes are often put out and his whole skull battered in a pitiable way before the practiced blow of the master butcher puts an end to his sufferings and lays him low. In order to end these cruelties the directors of the Berlin slaughter house have provided a practicing apparatus, upon which apprentices are bound to learn their trade. They are obliged to practice upon it till they have acquired sufficient strength and dexterity to hit a button in the machine with the same force as is required to make a strong ox insensible; and they are only permitted to touch the living animal when they have proved their competence with the machine.

The apparatus consists of two cast iron cylinders fitting into one another and pressed by means of two powerful springs. When the button upon the apparatus is struck the springs are pressed, and the cylinders slip together, while the exact strength of the blow given is indicated upon the dial. The apparatus hangs in a strong wooden frame and is movable, so that according as the practice is intended for large or small cattle. A mallet of forged iron about 7 inches long is used with this apparatus. It has on both sides a rounded surface of about 2 inches in diameter. The handle, which measures 27 inches long, must not be used too short, to avoid risk of breaking.—Freiburger Tagblatt.

The Face Improving.

An English newspaper has been making a collective investigation regarding the questions given below: "1. Does your experience suggest to you that the race of Englishmen is degenerating physically? 2. Do you think that the great advance in the healing art is responsible for keeping alive much weaker life that will in time affect the whole race injuriously? 3. Do you think that the increased indulgence in physical sports has, on the whole, a good influence on health? 4. Has it ever struck you that probably the great attention paid to health in these days may be producing an anxiety about bodily ailments which is a disease in itself?" Answers have been received from a long array of practitioners, among whom are the names of eminent London physicians. The general view taken, according to The Medical Record, is that Englishmen are not degenerating, but that, on the whole, the race is improving in vigor.—New Orleans Picayune.

Rapid Building.

The Dayton Democrat relates the following, which illustrates pretty well the rapidity as well as extent to which building is carried on these days:

Citizen (to builder)—What are you going to put up there?

Builder—We're just beginning the finest row of flats ever built in New York city.

Citizen—'I'd like a nice flat in this neighborhood.

Builder—Well, you stop on your way home from down town this evening and I'll show you through; but get here as early as possible or they may be gone.

Following the Line of Duty.

Postmaster pointing triumphantly at rat hole—Do you see that hole? That's where so much of the missing mail matter has gone. The cat caught the rat a little while ago and dragged out a peck of letters, all torn and chewed into little bits. That vindicates me completely. It was the rat, sir—it was the rat.

Citizen (shakily)—But didn't you know mail matter was missing all the time?

Postmaster—Of course.

Citizen—Then why didn't you catch the rat yourself?

Postmaster (with dignity)—I'm not paid to catch rats, sir. My business is to attend to the postoffice.—Chicago Tribune.

The Minister Thanked Heaven.

An old sea captain sat in the lobby of the "on house" yesterday afternoon. He was in a talkative mood, and related a number of funny experiences he had had with ministers. There was one in particular which amused him very much as he recalled it.

"Once, when we left London," he began, "I made a trip to Baltimore, among the passengers on board was a preacher. We had hardly got out of the river before the good man became awfully sick, and he felt sure something was wrong with the ship. He related his fears to me, and to ally them I took him to the fore part of the vessel, where a number of sailors were at work."

"Do you hear those men at work?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "men at work? What will become of them?"

"Well, I don't know," I answered, "but it must be plain they are not worried about the condition of the ship." The reverend gentleman saw the point and felt much easier.

The next day a terrible storm arose. The vessel plunged in the trough of the waves, and the passengers were greatly frightened.

"I noticed the preacher going to the same part of the ship, and I followed him. Suddenly he stopped and listened attentively. Then he exclaimed: 'Thank heaven, they are still at work.' I need not add that the boat didn't go down."—Baltimore News.

Mrs. Potter's Gowns.

Mrs. Potter's one overweening taste, and one on which she spends not a small portion of the \$400 a week that she receives is new gowns. She doesn't seem to be infested by brigands. "What idiots we were," exclaimed Dumas the son, "to forget our pistols!" "You might as well speak in the singular number," quietly suggested Dumas the father. "True," replied the son, with a smile, "I stand corrected. I ought to have said, what an idiot you were to forget them?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Speaking in the Singular.

That worthy chip of an old block, Dumas the younger, inherited no small share of the paternal gift of repartee. Many years ago, when he came to a part of the country said to be infested by brigands. "What idiots we were," exclaimed Dumas the son, "to forget our pistols!" "You might as well speak in the singular number," quietly suggested Dumas the father. "True," replied the son, with a smile, "I stand corrected. I ought to have said, what an idiot you were to forget them?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

As a Large Depot.

Did you ever think what a place a depot in a city like Minneapolis is for the study of human nature, and what a world of interesting sights and scenes are to be had there? If one could become ubiquitous for an hour or two and stand a disinterested observer at all the railroad stations and see everything that would be the impression? Why, if you look at the incoming trains as they stop, you would be tempted to think that everybody had run away from everywhere else and come to Minneapolis and brought his wife and daughter, or somebody else's wife or daughter, and all were hurrying with all their mights and mains to get away from the depot before they got arrested. And this impression would not be lessened by the rush and scuffle between them and the hackmen and cabmen and draymen and hotel and boarding house drummers, as the latter yell and scramble to get baggage and passengers into their various conveyances, and the former dodging and shoving and rushing and tugging and pulling at goods and grips and other luggage; dogs, canary birds and babies.

But then your attention is drawn from all these before they are out of sight by another such a crowd rushing and hurrying the other way, just as if everybody were running away from Minneapolis and going to other parts unknown, taking with them all the money, all the portable property, all the wives, daughters, dogs and babies of themselves and their neighbors, and were all doing their very best to get out of the city before they were arrested. At the gate the keeper seems to think so, too, as he gives each of them a punch as they pass out. This hurry and scuffle, bustle and rustle and hustle, is being repeated every hour in the day and many hours in the night. This is too wearying, almost bewildering to the brain. No doubt a good many of these crowds, both ways, contain some runaway thieves, burglars, bank defaulters, clopers, etc., for the next thing that attracts the attention is the crowds of ever-dreaded, never welcome, never appreciated, never feared and never half respected ubiquitous newboys, crying, in every imaginable key and tone of voice: "Here's your navy! All about the latest scandal!"—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Continental Strikers.

Early in 1783 the Continental congress was discussing financial questions. Alexander Hamilton proposed to fund the public debt and issue certificates for officers' pay which would be bear interest, and in this position he was supported by Madison. The opponents of a strongly centralized government insisted that the whole matter should be left to the states, even the matter of officers' pay. On March 10, 1783, an anonymous call appeared in Washington's camp at Newburg, on the Hudson, for a meeting of the general and field officers of the army, including one officer for each company, to discuss the aspect of affairs. The call was accompanied by an appeal, written in violent language by Capt. Armstrong, son of Gen. Arm strong. In a general order, issued on March 11, Washington denounced this call as irregular and subversive of discipline, and named a day subsequent to that mentioned in the call for a meeting in which to hear the report of the committee to congress. By personal appeals to each officer he sought to calm their passions and prevent hasty action. On the 15th the meeting was held according to the call, and Gen. Horatio Gates, who was suspected of being in sympathy with the authors of the appeal, was made chairman of the day. His taking part in the discussion, a committee was appointed to draw up resolutions, of which Gen. Knox, a close friend of Washington, was chosen chairman. These resolutions were passed in spite of the opposition of the authors of the meeting. Gen. Washington in an address urged the officers to place implicit confidence in the wisdom and justice of congress.—Philadelphia Times.

Not Worth Taking.

The August sun had gone down in a blaze of golden glory. The restless katydid warbled its plaintive lay from its retreat among the honeysuckles, the Lake Michigan shrike stirred the leaves of the consumptive splay tree, and the giddy cockroach meandered merrily about the premises. A young man and a young woman sat in the arm and fought mosquitoes.

"Angie," he said, and his voice had the passionate intonation of a St. Louis drummer trying to sell a bill of goods to a Texas merchant, "am I too late?"

"You are, Mr. Hankinson. I have promised to marry Mr. Chugg."

"That's Miss Milsap," he demanded, "did you not answer the letter I wrote to you last month? It would have saved me a trip over the North Side cable!" he added bitterly.

"I did not get your letter, Mr. Hankinson."

"Did not get it? Ha! Then it was taken by that letter thief, Oberkamp! I see it all. If you had got that letter you might never have promised the chocklehead whom you have promised to marry."

"Mr. Hankinson," said the young lady, "in that letter did you make me an offer of your hand and heart?"

"I did, Miss Milsap."

"Then the letter thief never took it. There was nothing in it worth taking, Mr. Hankinson."

The lake brows sobbed mournfully and then stopped, the katydid laid for a moment to take a fresh hold, and nothing was heard except the savage crunching of gravel under the young man's heels as he walked away with his hat pulled down over his eyes.—Chicago Tribune.

The Eastern Incident Which Furnished the Theme of a Scottish Song.

It is not generally known that the incident which forms the subject of the droll Scottish song, "The Barring of the Door," which also occurs in the "Nights" of Straparola, is of eastern origin. In an Arabian tale a block-headed having married his pretty cousin, had having married his pretty cousin, had the customary feast to their relations and friends. When the festivities were over he conducted his guests to the door, and, from absence of mind, neglected to shut it before returning to his wife.

"Dear cousin," said his wife to him when they were alone, "go and shut the street door." "It would be strange, indeed," he replied, "if I did such a thing. Am I just made a bridegroom, clothed in silk, wearing a shawl and a dagger set with diamonds, and am I to go and shut the door? Why, my dear, you are crazy. Go and shut it yourself." "Oh, indeed!" exclaimed the wife. "Am I, young, robed in a dress of lace and precious stones, am I to go and shut the street door? No, indeed! It is you who have become crazy, and not I. Come, let us make a bargain," she continued, "and let the first who speaks go and fasten the door." "Agreed," said the husband, and immediately he became mute, and the wife, too, was silent, while they both sat down, dressed as they were in their nuptial attire, looking at each other and seated on opposite sofas.

Thus they remained for two hours. Some thieves happened to pass by, and seeing the door open, entered and said hold of whatever came to their hands. The silent couple heard foot steps in the house, but opened not their mouths. The thieves came into room and saw them seated motionless, and apparently indifferent to all that might take place. They continued their pillage, therefore, collecting to gether every valuable, and even dragging away the carpet from beneath them; they laid their hands on the noddle and his wife, taking from their person every article of jewelry, while they, in fear of losing the wager, said not a word.

Having thus cleared the house the thieves departed quietly, but the pair continued to sit, uttering not a syllable. Toward morning a police officer came past on his tour of inspection, and seeing the door open, he entered and finding no persons, he entered their apartment and inquired the meaning of what he saw. Neither of them would condescend to reply. The officer became angry and ordered their heads to be cut off. The executioner's sword was about to perform its office when the wife cried out, "Sir, he is my husband. Do not kill him!" "Oh! oh!" exclaimed the husband, overjoyed, and clapping his hands, "you have lost the wager; go and shut the door." He then explained the whole affair to the police officer, who shrugged his shoulders and went away.—St. Louis Republic.

The Fair Sex in France.

Place aux dames. The fair sex of all classes of society are just now distinguishing themselves in the French capital. What with lady doctors, lady artists, lady politicians, and lady agitators of all colors, they are making remarkable progress. Should they continue to advance at the present rate, their male rivals will have to look to their laurels. The Parisien is evidently determined to show that she is fit and able to become a public character. Too long has she been kept in the background to tend the children and mend the stockings. The time has arrived to prove to the world and particularly to their masculine tyrants, that women are really superiors or beings, and capable of taking care of themselves in the struggle for life. They have not yet obtained the right of political voting, and consequently cannot be deputies, but they look forward to that victory at an early period, and say they will not be satisfied until they get it. They hold that, being forced to pay taxes, they are entitled to have a voice in the affairs of the nation. In any case, they contend, with some reason, that things could not possibly be worse than they are, and in all probability would be infinitely better.—London Globe.

He Clung to His Tormentor.

A friend relates the following rather jocos incident: Proceeding down Jo street not long since, his attention was called to a little negro boy who was crying piteously, and alternating his outbursts by munching a glowing hued red pepper. The tears were streaming down his ebony cheeks and he was bellowing loudly about the burning sensation in his mouth and throat, totally oblivious of the fact that the pepper was the cause of his trouble, and that he was continually aggravating the pain by endeavoring to masticate the pungent article.

The narrator, noticing his trouble and its cause, stepped forward and snatched the pepper from his hand, and threw it into the street, when, upon the black wretch, who had vociferous howl and dashed after his treasure, while a burly negro rushed out of a doorway, evidently thinking her child had been abused. The meaning pedestrian did not linger to explain. As he departed he caught glimpses of the ebionized gamin again in possession of the pepper and yelling and munching as before. Adapting a fragment of a common quotation, it was a case where ignorance is bliss.—Boston Budget.

A Godsend to English Farmers.

Wire barbed fencing has proved to be a godsend to English farmers. They are using it around their fields quietly to annoy and prevent fox hunters from trampling their crops. They say nothing of the sort, of course, only keep on putting up the bars as a convenient and cheap fence. The horses and hounds are often injured by these fences. There is no law to prevent the use of the wire, and not likely to be. So a revolution is wrought in the manners of English barristers and parsons and gentlemen by the bits of twisted wire invented for us on our western prairies, where timber is scarce.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Mrs. Potter's Gowns.

Mrs. Potter's one overweening taste, and one on which she spends not a small portion of the \$400 a week that she receives is new gowns. She doesn't seem to be infested by brigands. "What idiots we were," exclaimed Dumas the son, "to forget our pistols!" "You might as well speak in the singular number," quietly suggested Dumas the father. "True," replied the son, with a smile, "I stand corrected. I ought to have said, what an idiot you were to forget them?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Speaking in the Singular.

That worthy chip of an old block, Dumas the younger, inherited no small share of the paternal gift of repartee. Many years ago, when he came to a part of the country said to be infested by brigands. "What idiots we were," exclaimed Dumas the son, "to forget our pistols!" "You might as well speak in the singular number," quietly suggested Dumas the father. "True," replied the son, with a smile, "I stand corrected. I ought to have said, what an idiot you were to forget them?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

"THE BARRING OF THE DOOR."

The Eastern Incident Which Furnished the Theme of a Scottish Song.

It is not generally known that the incident which forms the subject of the droll Scottish song, "The Barring of the Door," which also occurs in the "Nights" of Straparola, is of eastern origin. In an Arabian tale a block-headed having married his pretty cousin, had having married his pretty cousin, had the customary feast to their relations and friends. When the festivities were over he conducted his guests to the door, and, from absence of mind, neglected to shut it before returning to his wife.

"Dear cousin," said his wife to him when they were alone, "go and shut the street door." "It would be strange, indeed," he replied, "if I did such a thing. Am I just made a bridegroom, clothed in silk, wearing a shawl and a dagger set with diamonds, and am I to go and shut the door? Why, my dear, you are crazy. Go and shut it yourself." "Oh, indeed!" exclaimed the wife. "Am I, young, robed in a dress of lace and precious stones, am I to go and shut the street door? No, indeed! It is you who have become crazy, and not I. Come, let us make a bargain," she continued, "and let the first who speaks go and fasten the door." "Agreed," said the husband, and immediately he became mute, and the wife, too, was silent, while they both sat down, dressed as they were in their nuptial attire, looking at each other and