

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Hens Versus Cows.

A few miles from the city of London resides a gentleman and his good wife, owning and tilling fifty acres of land. The gentleman has always had great faith in his cows paying well, but thought the hens a bill of expense. The lady, on the other hand, contended that the hens paid better than the cows. Accordingly one spring she determined to keep books for one season and ascertain the respective merits of both. She credited the hens with all eggs laid, and interesting indeed was the contest as the time drew nigh for receiving the check from the cheese factory. But it came at last, and behold, the hens were ahead, and so it continued throughout the season.

One hundred hens to three cows, and as he had decided in the spring that it would cost about the same to keep each, the gentleman was forced to yield the point and admit that the hens were most profitable, and if others would keep an exact account they would be surprised at the result, but most farmers do not give their hens credit for anything except what eggs are taken to market. It is not at all difficult to make hens pay \$1 per head per annum if properly cared for. The writer on one occasion made \$8 per head on five dark Brahms hens after paying all expenses. This it will be understood, was per egg and half alone, not for breeding stock, as most a dollar was the highest price realized for young birds.—Farmers' Advocate.

Canonizing for Rain.

A rather peculiar petition was presented to the Kansas house by Mr. Sherman, of Books county. It was from 132 citizens of that county. They want the legislature to make an appropriation for the purpose of experimenting in the matter of securing artificial rainfall by means of canonizing. The petition was as follows: "We, your petitioners, many of us veterans of the late war, knowing from experience that heavy rainfalls followed each battle or heavy canonading, and believing that this fact indicates that man may produce rainfall by artificial canonading, and believing it would be wise for the state of Kansas to make a reasonable experiment in the matter of attempting to produce artificial rainfall, would most respectfully ask you to make an appropriation out of the treasury for the purpose of such experiments either by canonading or otherwise as may be deemed best."—Kansas City Star.

A Queer Statue of Queen Victoria.

Everybody knows that the Princess Louise is not a mere amateur dabbler, but a real artist in sculpture, and the statue of the queen on which she is engaged, and which is to be erected in Kensington Gardens, between the palace and the round pond, will certainly be as daring in design as it will be novel. It is intended to represent her majesty as she appeared on the memorable morning in June, 1837, when it was announced to her that she was queen of England. It will be remembered—Sir George Hayter's picture has commemorated it—that upon the occasion the Princess Victoria appeared in the scantiest of attire—a mere robe de nuit, with a shawl hastily flung over it. Rumor has it that the Princess Louise is succeeding in giving to this decidedly unconventional attire the appearance of quite classical drapery.—London Life.

That Settles It.

I met the Hon. Fernando Jones yesterday and, among other things, he asked me if I had read the recent discussion about the headwaters of the Mississippi. "It revived an old story in my mind," he said. "Henry R. Schoolcraft, a celebrated traveler and scholar, in his account of it said the lake was called Itasca, after two Latin words signifying true head. I puzzled myself over this a good deal and asked him one day how he made it. He replied: 'Quite easily. Veritas means true and caput head. Striking off the first syllable of the first word and the last syllable of the other one you have Itasca—ver-ltas-ca-pu-t. It is equal,' said Mr. Jones, 'to Lorenzo Dow's celebrated text against the fashion of high head dresses: 'Let him who is on the house top not come down.'"—Chicago Times.

Princeton College Humer.

One day Dr. McCosh came into the mental philosophy class and said: "Ah, young gentlemen, I have an impression." "Now, young gentlemen," continued the doctor, "he touched his head with his forefinger, 'can you tell me what an impression is?' No answer." "What? No one knows? No one can tell me what an impression is?" exclaimed the doctor, looking up and down the class.

"I know," said Mr. Arthur. "An impression is a dint in a soft place." "Young gentleman," said the doctor, removing his hand from his forehead and growing red in the face, "you are excused for the day."—Philadelphia North American.

Grapes at \$6 Per Pound.

The steward of Mr. Vanderbilt's yacht Alva entered a large fruit and confectionery store on Baltimore street just before the yacht sailed and purchased nearly \$75 worth of confectionery and fruits. Before leaving he asked for some hot-house grapes, and was told by the proprietor that the price would be \$6 per pound. The steward gave an order for ten pounds and asked that they be sent to Mr. Vanderbilt's yacht. The storekeeper declined to fill the order, because he did not know Mr. Vanderbilt.—Philadelphia Times.

Missionary Work.

The societies of Christian Endeavor in St. Louis have organized a "hotel committee," whose duty it is to see that every arrival at the hotels after noon on each Saturday is furnished with a cordial invitation to attend divine service at one or another church, a full list of the churches accompanying the invitation.—St. Louis Republic.

Smith, the government leader in the British House of Commons, has announced that the government had come to the decision that no woman representative of labor or other organizations could be placed upon the Labor Commission.

THE DIAMOND BUTTON

FROM THE DIARY OF A LAWYER AND THE NOTE BOOK OF A REPORTER.

By BAROLAY NORTE.

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Holbrook, whose high hopes had fallen on falling to distinguish any resemblance, brightened on hearing the chief's words.

The chief pointed out further that all the probabilities were in favor of the authenticity of the note; that it was quite unlikely, however, that the conspirators were, that they would have written a note so brief, so hurried, and which bore such evident traces of agitation. On the contrary, had it been the intention to throw any one off the scent, the latter would have tried to do more than this hurried scrawl had done, and further, that it must not be forgotten that these hounds would scarcely seek to inform the friend who could give the most efficient help of her abduction before he was likely to find it out, as would be the case if they took that view of it, since the boy had evidently been waiting at the office from a time very close to that of their departure to Mrs. Templeton's house, where they first learned the news. On the other side they had only the expression of Tom's shrewd face that it might be so to lead them to suppose that it was a ruse.

The argument of the chief could not be answered, and so they fell to arranging the details. The shadow submitted that the danger of an open attack upon the attic in question was, that the inmates with their prize could take to the roof and make their escape through adjoining buildings. He had penetrated far enough into the fourth house without detection, to find that the stairs leading to the attic floor were inclosed and the door locked.

He suggested, therefore, that some of the party ought to force their way into the attic of an adjoining house whether the inmates liked it or not, and thus take possession of the roof, while the rest should storm the apartment in the other house.

The chief strongly favored this plan as the only one which insured success. There were eight in the party, and so as not to attract attention, it was determined that they should rendezvous at a neighboring saloon, known to the chief, proceeding thither in couples. All were to be well armed, for resistance was to be expected.

On arriving, three, with Tom leading, were to enter the adjoining house nearest the corner and, rushing up, take possession of the attic, and after a signal had been received from Tom's party, the others led by the chief, well supplied with "jimmies," were to make an assault on the house where Annie was confined. Holbrook was to be with the latter party.

Holbrook and Tom went up together, and taking a cab across town were on the ground earlier than the rest. They left the cab, after having given instructions to the cabman to station himself in Bayard street half way down the block, and there await orders.

Guarding themselves as much as possible from observation, they strolled into the street and located the house in question. They were slightly disguised, and thought they risked nothing.

They had passed the house but a few paces when Holbrook felt a tug on the skirts of his coat. He looked down and saw a ragged little boy whom he took for a beggar, and was about to drive him away when the lad said: "Be you goin' to trash him now? He ain't up dere."

Holbrook would have spoken harshly to him, so as to rid himself of the annoyance, when Tom whispered: "It is the boy who brought the note to you."

Then, speaking to the boy, he said: "Come here with me," and led the way into a neighboring passage, where they could partially conceal themselves by the door.

"What do you mean by 'trashing him'?" asked Tom, kindly and encouragingly.

"De woman sed as how wen you come you'd black his eyes and wallop 'im." "What woman?" asked Holbrook.

"De wan I bring de paper from to you. She promised, she did." "Where is she?"

"In de nex' house. She's upstairs on de top floor. De man ain't dere. He went away just afore you come. Yer a-goin' to lick 'im, ain't yer?" "You just bet we are," said Tom. "You want us to, don't you?" "Oh, my eye, don't yer?" "Why?" "Cos he's kicked me offen and offen." "What is he to you?" "Nothin'. He cuffs me over de head whenever he gets de chance." "Why does he do that?" "I dunno. Cos he's ugly. Cos I won't keep out'n his hallway."

He pulled at the frame of the skylight. It was fast.

"Two of the men drew 'jimmies' from their pockets, fitted them together, and inserted them under one side. 'Crick crack!' in a twinkling it was pried off. 'Eh, ch, oh, golly!' laughed the boy. The moment the skylight flew off, a light flashed up from below. Annie had lit a candle. Holbrook attempted to descend. "Wait," she cried. "The distance is too great to jump."

"You can jump," she said. Holbrook let himself drop, and he fell on the bed Annie had dragged under the skylight.

He caught the girl, who was trembling with excitement, in his arms and covered her face with kisses. He murmured and moaned over her; he laughed and cried and embraced her again and again.

In the meantime the others were tumbling down one after the other. It was not until long after, when Tom was in his bed the next morning, that he realized that no one, not even Annie herself, seemed to think it strange that Holbrook should have hugged and kissed her in the frantic manner he did.

At the time he was too busy. His mind was working with abnormal activity. "We must get the girl out at once," he said. "Here, Holbrook, stop that nonsense and take the girl away."

"How?" asked Holbrook, ready for action, now that the first excitement was over. "Up through the skylight. Quick, now."

"But how can we get her up there?" asked the Shadow. "I know," broke in Annie. "Take that bed away."

The bed was tossed on one side, while Annie ran into the next room and began to drag the table toward the room. One of the men took it from her and carried it in, and as she directed placed it under the skylight.

"Bring that," she said. They comprehended her purpose, and it was placed on the table. "Up you go, Holbrook," cried Tom. "Quick!"

Holbrook climbed like a cat and was on the roof in a twinkling. Tom lifted Annie by main force to the top of the table and then on to the chair, springing up on the table after her. He lifted the girl up by the waist so that Holbrook could get a firm grasp of her arms.

She was then drawn up on the roof. "Now, Holbrook," cried Tom, "away with you. Quick! Get the girl out of harm's way as soon as you can. One of you," he continued, turning to the chief's men, "go with them to protect them. Shadow, run down to the chief and tell him to come up here the way we came with the rest of his men. I have an idea."

The Shadow disappeared. Tom was the general commanding the forces, and he did have an idea—a great idea. He seized the candle and made a rapid examination of the rooms. He satisfied himself as to how those who came would enter, and he quickly determined how to dispose of his forces. Finding the doors bolted and barred from the inside, he unbolted and unbolted them.

By this time the others had arrived. "Have you found her?" asked the chief. "Yes, and Holbrook has carried her off."

"Then the job is over?" "Not by a long shot." "What now?" "I've set a trap here, and we'll catch a bird."

"The man who abducted the girl?" "Yes. Have you his eyes with you?" "Yes, and shooters and handcuffs." "Good. Then we can put out this light. Hold on."

They were startled by a noise above their heads.

"All right. Conceal yourself and don't let the man see you when he comes."

"I'll make sure of that." Then there was a longer wait and a longer silence. This was broken by the quick patter of bare feet on the roof, and a voice: "He's a-comin' up de street now. Give it to 'im good."

It was the imp, who had constituted himself a skirmisher on the outside, at the skylight. Tom could not restrain a laugh. All public service is performed through selfish consideration, he thought.

In a moment more a scratching was heard on the door. "Some one's coming," whispered Tom. "Watch both doors."

Then they heard a hasty stumbling on the stairs, a heavy step in the hall: the door opening into the rear room was tried, and then further steps and the front room door was tried.

"I must have left that stair door open myself," was heard in a rough voice, with an oath. A key was inserted, the bolts drawn and the door opened.

The owner of the voice advanced into the room, closing the door behind him, and shutting a bolt from the inside. "So, my ladybird, yer didn't light the lamp I provided yer with, hey?"

A light flashed in his face from the chief's bull's eye, and the barrel of a revolver was presented full in his face. "Down on your knees!" cried the chief. "Death and d—," cried the man, starting back.

He turned with the evident purpose of seizing something, for his arm was outstretched in a wild reaching out. Another bull's eye was flashed in his face, and another revolver presented at his head.

"That's what it is if you don't drop," said the man who presented the second bull's eye.

He swept the revolver of this man away with a quick motion of his arm, and made a wild rush at the chief. Tom, who had entered from the adjoining room, felled him to the floor by a quick blow on the head with the butt end of his revolver.

Before the man, who was stunned by the blow, could recover himself, one of the assistants, at a word from the chief, clapped a pair of handcuffs upon him. "Search him," said the chief.

A pair of deft hands went through his clothes. Nothing of consequence was taken from him except a slip of paper, on which was written in a plainly disguised hand the words: "At half past 10. Be ready. Give the drug at 10. If not taken quietly, make sure. Want no chance for screaming. Be sure the right amount; not too much. Must be no injury done. Want no accidents."

Tom puzzled over it. The man sitting on the floor looked at him sullenly, but did not speak. The meaning of the words flashed upon Tom. Some one was coming at half past ten, and she was to be drugged so that she could not make a disturbance.

He looked at his watch. It was nearly ten. "Where is the drug?" he asked. The man was taken off his guard, and his eyes turned to a shelf in the corner of the room.

Tom crossed to the place thus indicated. Behind a pile of papers he found a bottle. It was filled with a colorless liquid.

"Ah, ha!" he cried. "Well, my face fellow, you won't make sure to-night will you? She's not here. She has left. Nevertheless, we'll be ready."

STRENGTH FOR TODAY.

Strength for today is all that we need. For there never will be a to-morrow. As to-morrow will prove but another day. With its measure of joy and sorrow.—Boston Transcript.

THE PILOT'S STORY.

This is the story told me by the Indian pilot of one of the grand steamers that ply the River St. Lawrence, and are known to tourists from Montreal and Quebec to Rimouski.

So you would like to know why I scare at that headland? You notice that cape? Yes. Corlett's cape, we call it, and a bad place to stand there. You notice the light-house that stands there? Yes. Well, I lived by that headland long before the lighthouse was built, a matter of nearly fifty years ago. I hate that same Corlett's cape, though I never heard tell of more than one wreck, but the lights at the lighthouse was put out on purpose, were put out, and built here since, but I remember it as if it were but yesterday.

There was then a little bit of a settlement down near the mouth of the creek, which you may have noticed empties into the river just above the cape. There weren't many people lived there, and the biggest and most important man in the place was one Charlie Corlett. He was a North of England man, I've heard tell, and anyhow he owned every acre of land and every stick of timber for miles around. Besides, at that time, Corlett was the only grist and lumber mill within a hundred miles in any direction. Then he owned a fast little schooner—about the only one that traded to the settlement, making trips up and down the river, between Quebec and the provinces. Although Corlett was a rich man for those days, he was fond of sailing and had a notion to run the schooner himself.

Charlie Corlett would have passed for a handsome man anywhere, and he was, by long odds, the finest built man in the settlement. But Charlie had a terrible temper. He was so used to having his own ledge of rock on which she stood into the deep waters. I rushed in after her as if I dared in the swirling tide, and peered into the darkness—but could see nothing of her.

The next morning, except the wrecked schooner, there was little trace of the storm; and in the bright autumn sun light, there came floating along the creek into the quiet settlement, carried by the tide, two drowned bodies. One was Charlie Corlett and the other was poor Lizzie.

I'm 70 years old, sir, and I've followed the river all my life, passing Corlett's cape a thousand times—but I can't forget it, I can't forget it.—Detroit Free Press.

AH MOY'S STREET MARKET.

Queer Vegetables, with Old Names. The Chinamen Delight In. Lee Fong is the pioneer Chinese truck gardener and farmer in America. His brother, Lee Foo, is his partner, and together they cultivate a thriving little plantation of two acres in the far off and beautiful region of Astoria, L. I.

Three mornings every week Lee Fong or Lee Foo drives down to Chinatown, from the Ninety-second street ferry, perched high on the seat of an old wagon whose ribs and spokes still bear lingering traces of former beauty and pushing on reins connected with a bay horse that is not given to shying, curving or cantering to any great extent. They supply Chinese vegetables to the Chinese street keepers in Mott, Pell and Bayard streets, and to Mr. Yuet Sing, who maintains the big grocery under the Joss house at No. 10 Chatham street. These Chinese vegetables all come from seeds that Fong and Foo imported from China last winter when they made up their minds that farming was the proper thing for them to try. They are called "ong qua," "a gae" and "hak tol." The principal customer of the Lee Brothers' Agricultural company (limited), is a modest young gentleman named Ah Moy, who does business on the curbstone on Mott street, in the heart of the Chinese quarter. He is a coy youth and an honest one. He is a coy answer many questions about himself for his vegetables, but he deals honestly with his customers and gives them fair weight. No kind of food is sold among the Chinese by measure or by count. Everything is bought by weight.

An artist did some quiet marketing in order to establish confidential relations with the proprietor, whose chief characteristic was a perpetual tendency to say "sit cent pound" to every question that was asked him. Every one of his vegetables, including a big invoice of sugar cane from Louisiana and some New York state apples, was held at that figure. He weighed everything; he sold on a quaint, old fashioned scale, whose rod was mahogany, very old and much polished by long friction. The chances are that with it Mr. Moy's ancestors weighed out food for Soochow citizens long before the United States were heard of. The weight is a clumsy hunk of rusty iron, and the divisions of weight are indicated along the rod by hundreds of fine brass nails, which are driven so skillfully that the rod is not cracked anywhere. The vegetables sold by Ah Moy attract large crowds of Chinamen every morning, whose chief characteristic was a perpetual tendency to say "sit cent pound" to every question that was asked him. Every one of his vegetables, including a big invoice of sugar cane from Louisiana and some New York state apples, was held at that figure. He weighed everything; he sold on a quaint, old fashioned scale, whose rod was mahogany, very old and much polished by long friction. The chances are that with it Mr. Moy's ancestors weighed out food for Soochow citizens long before the United States were heard of. The weight is a clumsy hunk of rusty iron, and the divisions of weight are indicated along the rod by hundreds of fine brass nails, which are driven so skillfully that the rod is not cracked anywhere. The vegetables sold by Ah Moy attract large crowds of Chinamen every morning, whose chief characteristic was a perpetual tendency to say "sit cent pound" to every question that was asked him. 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