EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

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 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 sea-

One hundred hens to three cows, and as they 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 not at all difficult to make hens pay \$1 per head per annum if properly cared for. The writer on one occasion made \$3 per head on five dark Brahma hens after paying all expenses. This, it will be understood, was per eggs and meat alone, not for breeding stock, as half a dollar was the highest price realized for young birds.-Farmers' Advocate.

Cannonading for Rain.

A rather peculiar petition was pre-sented to the Kansas house by Mr. Sherman, of Rooks county. It was from 132 citizens of that county. They want the legislature to make an appropriation for the purpose of experimenting in the mat-ter of securing artificial rainfall by means of cannonading. The petition was as follows: "We, your petitioners, many of us veterans of the late war, knowing from experience that heavy rainfalls fol-lowed each battle or heavy cannonading, and believing that this fact indicates that man may produce rainfall by artificial perturbation of the atmosphere when otherwise it would not be experienced, 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 appro priation out of the treasury for the purpose of such experiments either by cannonading or otherwise as may be deemed best."-Kansas City Star.

A Oneer Statue of Queen Victoria. Everybody knows that the Princes 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 scapticst of attire-a mere robe de nuit, with a shawl hastily flung over it. Rumor has it that the Princess Louiso is succeeding in giving to this decidedly unconventional attire the appearance of quite classical drapery .-

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, said. "Henry R. Schoolcraft, a celebrated traveler and writer, 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-put.' It is equal,' said Mr. Jones, "to Lorenzo Dow's cele brated text against the fashion of high hend dresses: 'Let him who is on the house top not come down."-Chicago

day Dr. McCosh came into the mental philosophy class and said: "Ah, young gentlemen, I have an im

"Now, young gentlemen," continu the doctor, as he touched his head with his forefinger, "can you tell me what an No answer.

'What? No one knows? No one can tell me what an impression is!" ex-

claimed the doctor, looking up and down the class. "I know," said Mr. Arthur. "An im

pression is a dint in a soft place." "Young gentleman," said the doctor, in the sayloon. Dere's nobody up dere

removing his hand from his forehead and growing red in the face, "you are ex-cused for the day."—Philadelphia North

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 hothouse grapes, and was told by the the house in which Annie was confined proprietor that the price would be \$6 per pound. The steward gave an order for ten pounds and asked that they be sent Mr. Vanderbilt's yacht. The storekeeper declined to fill the order, because he did not know of Mr. Vanderbilt.—Philadelphia Times.

Minionary 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.

Cat, and with the aginty and confidence of one familiar with the feat, showed them the skylight.

Tom put his mouth to the broken pane and made a sound. 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 an-nounced that the government had come to the decision that no woman represent-ative of labor or other organizations could be placed upon the Labor Com-

THE DIAMOND BUTTON

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

By BARCLAY NORTH.

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Holbrook, whose high hopes had fallen on failing to distinguish any resem-blance, brightened on hearing the chief's

The chief pointed out further that all the probabilities were in favor of the authenticity of the note; that it was quite unlikely, however able 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 forgotter 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 fears that it might be so to lead them to sup-

pose 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

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 as sault on the house where Annie was confined. Holbrook was to be with the lat ter 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 nstructions to the cabman to station himself in Bayard street half way down the block, and there await orders. Guarding themselves as much as poible from observation, they strolled into

the stre and located the house in ques tion. 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 s beggar, and was about to drive him away when the lad said: "Be you goin' to trash him now? He

in't up dere." Holbrook would have spoken harshly o him, so as to rid himself of the anoyance, when Tom whispered:

'It is the boy who brought the note to 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 encour "De woman sed as how wen you com-

you'd black his eyes and wallop 'im." "What woman?" asked Holbrook. "De wan I brung de paper from to

ou. She promised, she did. "Where is she?" "In de nex' house. She's upstairs on ie top flure. De man ain't dere. He went tway 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 I?" "Why?

"Cos he's kicked me offen and offen. "What is he to you?" "Nothin'. He cuffs me over de head

venever he gits de chance. "Why does he do that?" "I dunno, Cos he's ugly. Cos I won't keep out'en his hallway.

"Ah," said Tom, "How did he lady?"

"I got on de roof and talked to her tro' de skylight.'

"Can you take us up there?" "Ov course I kin. We live up in de ittic, right here. Me mither is gone

"Stay here a moment with the boy, Holbrook," said Tom. He sought the shief and found him. Hurriedly telling him what he had learned from the boy, se told him to send the Shadow and two nearly \$75 worth of confectionery and men to follow Holbrook and himself. fruits. Before leaving he asked for some and asked him to guard the passage to Hurrying back, the five were convoyed by the boy to the attic. The youngster showed them how he mounted

to the roof, and in a moment they were on it. The passage over the roof was perilous for it was an old fashioned high roof sloping at a precipitous angle from a

peak in the middle, both ways. The boy, who ran over the roof like cat, and with the aginty and confidence

"Hist! hist!" He heard a movement beneath.
"Hist, Miss Templeton?"

"Who's that?" was the answer in a female voice. "Be quiet; help is near," he said.

A cry of joy was heard. "Are you alone?" asked Tom.

ing sound.
"Is it you, Shadow?" asked Tom. "Stand fast, then; you'll be quickly

He pulled at the trame of the skylight

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

too great to jump." They heard a noise of something being

dragged.
"Now you can jump," she said.
Holbrook let himself drop, and he fell on the bed Annie had dragged under the He caught the girl, who was trembling with excitement, in his arms and cov-ered her face with kisses. He murmured and mouned over her; he laughed

and cried and embraced her again and In the meantime the others were tum

bling 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 through the skylight. Quick. "But how can we get her up there?

sked 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 an carried it in, and as she directed placed t under the skylight. "There's a chair in there," she said:

They comprehended her purpose, and t was placed on the table. "Up you go, Holbrook," cried Tom.

bring that.

Holbrook climbed like a cat and was on the roof in a twinkling.

Tom lifted Annie by main force to the op of the table and then on to the chair, springing up on the table after her. He lifted the girl up by the waist s that Holbrook could get a firm grasp of

er arms. She was then drawn up on the roof. "Now, Holbrook," cried Tom, "away with you. Quick! Get the girl out of narm's way as soon as you can. One of you," he continued, turning to the chief's nen, "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

The Shadow disappeared. Tom was the general commanding the forces, and he did have an idea—a great

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 unbarred and unbolted them. By this time the others had arrived.

"Yes, and Holbrook has carried her

"Then the fob is over?" "Not by a long shot." "What now?"

"I've set a trap here, and we'll catch a "The man who abducted the girl?" "Yes. Have you bull's 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

CHAPTER XXXIII. THE SETTING OF THE TRAP.



brook and Annie. They are safely off

in a carriage," he said. "Heavens!" cried Tom, "he didn't take

her on the street?" "Yes, that's what he did," replied the

"What imprudence! I didn't want him to do that. He might have been een by the parties who abducted her." "I don't think they were. He ran her up to the next corner and caught the cab there, and was off in a jiffy. They at-tracted attention from nobody: I was be-

hind them all the way." "All right; if the alarm has been given it can't be helped now. I say, chief, station two men at each door opening from the outside. Let each man take his shooter, and one have a bull's eye ready for use. You and I will take our laces at the middle door, one in each room. Shadow, you run down into the street and slip up into the hall outside there, so as to give us plenty of warning,

if any one comes upstairs." "I can't; the stairs are enclosed and the door locked," replied the Shadow. "I had forgotten that," said Tom.

"Pick it, can't you?" said the chief. 'Here's a set of 'skeleton's." The Shadow took them and disap-

"Now," said Tom, "to place the table and chairs where they were. When this was done, he added:

"Now, to your places, and out with the light." They were in total darkness; what light there was came from the dormer vindows and the broken skylight.

They waited some time in silence, relieved only by the breathing of the men. Presently they heard a light tread on the outside of the door; then a scratch-

"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 onger 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 selfsh 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 iamp I pervided yer with, hey?"

A light flashed in his face from the chief's bull's eye, and the barrel of a re-

volver 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

"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 way 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 dis-

guised 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 halfpast ten, and she was to be drugged so hat she could not make a disturbance. He looked at his watch. It was nearly

"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 indi-

cated. Behind a pile of papers he found a bottle. It was filled with a colorless liquid. "Ah, hal" he cried. "Well, my fine

fellow, you won't make sure to-night will you? She's not here. She has Nevertheless, we'll be ready." The man turned upon him a look of bitter malignity, and opened his mouth as if to speak, when he was prevented

by a cry of surprise from the chief. "Hellot Hellot Why, boys, this is a apture indeed! And who do you think this is?" bending down and peering into

the handcuffed man's face. "Who?" asked Tom. "Scar Top Johnny, of all men in the orld. This is a good night's haul I'wenty-five hundred dollars reward for this bird. He's been wanted these eighton months for the stealing of the child

of that rich man near Hartford. With this he took the man's head in ais hands and parting the hair showed a leep scar on it. "An old acquaintance, Tom. I gave

nim this scar myself six years ago, when he and a gang were robbing express cars in the west. The man had evidently determined that, whatever else might occur, speech from him would not, and he contented

himself with bending a look of deep latred on the jubilant chief. Tom, who had been looking on this scene with great interest, said to the

"You didn't abduct this girl on you own accord. You were hired to do it?" An expression on the scoundrel's face showed him that he had hit the truth closely. This time he spoke.

"I didn't abduct her. "Oh, you didn't. You simply took care of her after abduction. This time Tom had hit the truth

squarely, and the man's face showed it "Who was the man who hired you?" Scar Top Johnny regarded Tom with contemptuous sneer.

"Well," said Tom, "you can answer o not as you please. We can wait for the half-past ten man. He'll tell." The face of Scar Top Johnny lit up

sion of resolve passed over it.

Tom interpreted it accurately, but be fore he could act upon it, the Shadow gave warning of another comer, and a foot was heard stumbling in the dark The chief, however, had also penetrat

with a passing thought, and an expres

ed the purpose of his prisoner, and press-ing the muzzle of his revolver against Scar Top Johnny's head, he said: "If you utter a cry, or make an alarm. I'll blow your brains out. The reward is

dead or alive." The next moment there was a knock at the door. Tom, who was closely watching th

face of the villain on the floor, saw an expression of surprise flit over it, and saw him turn his head toward the door with a look of curiosity. The chief called out in a loud voice: "Enter!" The door swung open and in walked-

their uniform. TO BE CONTINUED.

He was dressed in the same kind of a

The British Commons has voted Bal four a credit of £55,831 for the relief of distress in Ireland. Also £68,000 for railways in Ireland has been voted.

Harry Fountain!

STRENGTH FOR TODAY.

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

—Boston Transcript.

THE PILOT'S STORY.

This is the story told me by the Indian pilot of one of the grand steamers that dy the River St. Lawrence, and are nown 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 lage for help while he and the others stayed by the vessel. In five minutes I You notice the lightplace it used to be. 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 I hate that same Corfifty years ago. I hate that same Corlett's cape, though I never heard tell of more than one wreck. It happened after the lighthouse was built, but the lights were put out, and put out on purpose, too. It's well nigh forty years since, but I remember it as if it were but yesterday. There was then a little bit of a settle-

ent down near the mouth of the creek, which you may have noticed empties into which you may have noticed the cape. There wern't many people lived there, and the biggest and most important man in the place was Charlie Corlett. He was a North of England man, I've heard tell, "Why, girl," I says, "you holding out that lantern down the shore put Capt. Corlett out of his reckoning and he ran and anyhow he owned every acre of land and every stick of timber for miles around. Besides, at that time, Corlett's relief and satisfaction. "Listen to me, Fierre. I intended to wreck Charlie Corwas the only grist and lumber mill within hundred miles in any direction. Then he owned a fast little schooner-about killed my poor Hector-why shouldn't 1 kill him? I expected the schooner would the only one that traded to the settlement, making trips up and down the river, between Quebec and the provinces. dld not light up at the lighthouse. In-stead I held this lantern up as high as I could reach, where I knew it would fool 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 Corlett. You say he is drowned? Well, I am glad—that is what I wished. Good long odds, the finest built man in the set ent. But Charlie had a terrible temper. He was so used to having his own way that when anything or anybody thwarted him he was a regular devil in

bis fierce, unreasonable anger.
When the lighthouse was built a young Frenchman from Three Rivers was put in charge as keeper. He was a fine young fellow, and if he was not so handsome nor so rich as Charlie Corlett he was liked a good deal better by the boys.

Corlett was some ten or twelve years older than young Hector Baptiste, but, as luck would have it, they both fell in love with the same woman indeed, that was hardly to be wondered at, seeing that Lizzie Lenox was the only pretty, mar-riageable white woman in the settlement. Both men loved the girl well and sincerely and both made her an honorable offer of marriage. Of course Lizzie couldn't marry both of them, and strange as marry both of them, and strange as everybody thought it, she chose Hector. The captain, as we all called Corlett, was been shown to promote or produce de-cided activity of intellect. The abso-lutely healthy man is more likely to ex-cel in the baseball field, more apt to defurious with rage, and he tried in every way he could think of to induce the girl change her mind. He argued with her in vain, and then threatened to use his affuence with the government to have Hector turned out of the lighthouse Then he brought costly presents from Quebec and St. Johns, which Lizzie refused to accept. The simple fact was that Lizzie never liked the captain, and the more he tried to win her love, the

closer she stuck to Baptiste. its possessor, is the man to win fame in fields where mere brain work is not the I was at that time sailing with Capt. Corlett and knew him pretty well. One day he came down to the settlement, after launch new enterprises and in opera-tions demanding risk, bodily exertions, a three weeks' trip to Halifax, and found that Hector Baptiste and Lizzie Lenox were married. Although the captain didn't say very much, I could tell that he took it badly to heart, and I saw a look in his eyes that I didn't fancy very well. student or the successful merchant finds Two days later, towards evening, we slipped out of the creek, bound for Monabsolutely necessary for the conduct of We hadn't got more than a mile past the point when the captain ordered the mate to down sails and lay to. He said he had forgotten something and told me to get out the yawl and run him ashore. When we were in the boat he says to me: "Pierre," he says, "I saved your life once, didn't I?"

"Yes, cap." says I—and he did; he jumped overboard for me when I fell from aloft two years before.
"Well," says he, "one good turn de

keep to yourself whatever you may hap-pen to see to night. I'm goin' up to the lighthouse to settle an old score." "For God's sake, cap," says I, "don't do anything you'll be sorry for." "That's all right," he says; "you

serves another, doesn't it? Now you just

needn't be afear'd. I'm goin' to give that French puppy a piece of mind, and per-haps a licking, that's all."

And I think he meant no more than what he said, so I made no answer. was only a lad, and an Indian at that—he

was a white man and my captain. sides, as he had reminded me, I owed him It was about 8 o'clock of a September evening. I could see the lantern lights being lit in the lighthouse, and knew that Hector was there and probably alone—for although there was a small cottage attached to the lighthouse, it was never used as a dwelling. Corlett jumped ashore and bad me wait for him.

ness I could hear words that were said. Corlett spoke first: "You French sneak, I want a bit of

reckoning with you!"
"Those are hard names, captain," said Baptiste, "and I don't like them!" "Oh, you don't, eh? Well, you shouldn't deserve them then. I don't like having a crawling Frenchman coming up here and stealing away the woman I had intended to marry. That's what you did!"
"Capt. Corlett, you lie."

"For calling me a liar, take that! And for playing dirt on me take that—and

In a moment there was a scuffle up in that little room under the lantern-and the next thing I heard was a splash in the water.

I thought it time to interfere, but as

ran the boat aground Corlett jumped in and shoved off. As I opened my lips to speak, he shouted in a terribly excited "Don't you ask any questions, and don't

you say a word on ship board, or I'll shoot you without warning I confess that during that evening was a coward and was afraid of the cap tain in his mad rage. We proceeded on our trip to Montreal, whither we carried a cargo, and started back light. In a week we were again nearing the settlement. It was a squally night, though not very rough, but dark as pitch. The tide was running out and the wind was from the

of horticulture to destroy the fruit post known as the white cottony cushion scale, survived the long voyage and are now thriving in their new home in Sen Mateo county. These parasites, which propagate with great rapidity, dig into the back of the scale bug and finally kill it.—Chicago Herald. The captain had been drinking whisky pretty freely all through the trip, and he vas in no shape to take the schooner into the creek even in the best of weather. The mate tried to persuade him to keep outside until the morning. "No!" says he.
"I'm running this vessel. I'm captain

here, and you fellows will do as I tell you, or I'll know the reason why." With whisky in his head and pistols in his pock ets, Corlett was a dangerous customer and we prepared to make the best of a bad job. We all knew that we were pretty near the headland, but what puzzled the boys was that no light was to be seen I had my own suspicions, but dared not suit as that the U. S. T.'s had made

"Boys," said the captain, at last—a lit-tle sobered in his effort to make the creek—"guess we won't try to make it to-night. Keep her off a bit, and go easy

At that instant I saw a light flashing right shead of us. It didn't look exactly familiar, but we all took it for the lightiliar, but we all took it for the light-

thought we were further off shore. Hard a port!" he shouted. "We'll clear the point in good shape now."

Meantime the wind had been gathering strength and the

a shock that in ten minutes the schooner was breaking to pieces and sinking. Then

t was each man for himself. I was the

first to pick myself up on the low rocks

and the mate was with me. Soon afterward three of the boys, which completed the crew, showed up, but the captain was

The mate told me to go up to the vil-

came up to the light which had deceived us all and caused the wreck. It was a

Lizzie-Hector Baptiste's wife!

arge.

have done?"

have I done?

bright lantern, in the hands of

'Lizzie," I cried, "for heaven's sake,

what is this? Do you know what you

She did not look her old self at all.

She was pale and haggard and was drenched with the spray from the surf.

the schooner aground What's more, I

lott's vessel. I know it was wicked, but

As she spoke-before I could interfere-

she jumped, lantern in hand, from the

ledge of rock on which she stood into the

deep waters. I rushed in after her as far

as I dared in the swirling tide, and peered

into the darkness-but could see nothing

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

lie Corlett and the other was poor Lizzie.

Advantages of Imperfect Health.

nental serenity and soundness, has not

velop into a being whose extreme type of animal perfection is found in a Sulli-

his mind as the almost inevitable end of

in the fullness of his self confidence-

Religious Shrines in Japan.

to be descended. The shrine represents

once more the national, religion of Japan;

but in Buddhist houses it is accompanied

or even replaced, by a Buddhist shrine,

with perhaps a figure of the Buddha himself.—Cassell's Magazine.

The Albert memorial, the monument

erected in Hyde park by Queen Victoria and the English people to the memory of the good prince, is one of the brightest

act, it looks as if it might have been

picked up in Paris and transplanted to

its present site, so bright and beautiful is

it and so different to anything else in the

dark metropolis. Yet the Albert memo-

rial finds no favor with the press and people of London.—Home Journal.

Destroyers of the Fruit Pest

Method of Copying Print.

An Ingenious Invention.

It is stated that printed matter can be

The parasites recently imported from

ieces of architecture in London.

Perfect health, while conducive

I'm 70 years old, sir, and I've followed

I expected the schooner would

he was wicked and made me so.

be here to-night-I hoped it would.

Pierre!"

of her.

'Ah!" she says, with a sort of sigh of

guess the captain's drowned."

No," says she, in a strange tone, not bit like her old voice. "No: what

Queer Vegetables, with Odd Chinamon Delight In. Lee Fong is the pioneer Chinese truck ardener and farmer in America. strength and the water was much rougher We were now sparing along with reefed sails at twelve or the end knots an hour.

Suddenly there came a crash. We had run aground on the point, 200 yards the land side of the lighthouse! It was such a shock that in the religious the cabonics. gardener and tarmer in America. His prother, Lee Foo, is his partner, and to gether they cultivate a thriving into gether they cultivate a thriving into plantation of two acres in the far off and eautiful region of Astoria, L. I.

AH MOY'S STREET MARKET.

Three mornings every week Lee Forgor Lee Foo drives down to Chinatan or Lee Foo drives down to Chinatown from the Ninety-second street ferry, perched high on the seat of an old wagen whose ribs and spokes still bear linger-ing traces of former beauty, and pushing on reins connected with a bay horse that on reins connected with a curveting or care-is not given to shying, curveting or care-coling to any great extent. They supply constables to the Chinese store Chinese vegetables to the Chinese stors keepers in Mott, Pell and Bayard street and to Mr. Yuet Sing, who maintains big grocery under the Joss house at N 10 Chatham square. These Chinese viges tables all come from seeds that Fong and fables 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 themse try. They are called "ong qua," "in que" and "bak toi." 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 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. He is afraid to answer many questions about himself or his vegetables, but he deals honestly with his customers and gives them fair 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 my "sik' cent pound" to every question that was asked him. Every one of his vegatables, 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 ma-hogany, very old and much polished by ong friction. The chances are that with it Moy's ancestors weighed out feed to Soo Chow citizens long before the United States were heard of. The weight is a clumsy hunk of rusty iron, and the di-visions 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 Chinaen every morning after Lee Fong has into the quiet settlement, carried by the tide, two drowned bodies. One was Chardriven sway. The greatest of all these is ong qua, which is a squash with odd convolutions and of weird, grayish green coloring. There is a bloom on it like the 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. bloom on a peach, and its rind is very tender. "Him good to cook," explained Ah Moy. "Cook, boil, belly nice to ext

An ady. "Cook, bon, beny nice to est an' good for pickle."

La qua and cha qua are distant rela-tives of ong qua. Cha qua is a cucumber covered with furry spines and about four times as big as our ordinary gherkins. It is holled and eaten like squash or pickled with spices. La qua is a small squash much used for the making of sweetments. It is candied and put away dry in boxes, like candied ginger. Bak tof is an old sort of vegetable. To an American it is a combination of cabbage, celery and van, than to become a Humboldt or a Herschel. Perfect brawn has not been cauliflower. Ah Moy says, "You cook him, fry a little or boil," which are probshown to lead to gifted brains. The man whose body is a perfect machine, an-swering to all demands upon it, conably as good as any other ways of serving bak toi. The heart of the vegetable is like the heart of the cauliflower. Its stalks are ferring the keenest pleasures in life upon white and resemble celery stalks, and at the top they broaden out into a very fair desideratum. He will be foremost to imitation of a cabbage leaf.

There is another variety of toi known

physical strain. These he will do be-cause therein he finds a safety valve for his surplus vitality. He could not en-dure the sedentary life which the close sugar cane, called gam chiah, is a the exception that its stalks are green. and is also put in soup like okra. The sugar cane, called gam chiah, is a fine thing for a man to cat who wants to have luck. Fan tan players are very fond of his professional or business duties.

But, on the other hand, the man whose erratic liver or complaining stomach reminds him of the shortness and uncertainty of things mundane, will be the show when brought into contact with

as gai toi. This is like the other, with

tainty of things mundane, will be the prudent, thoughtful, calculating and generally successful business man. The man whose imperfection of bodily health gives him no hope of enjoying life as he otherwise would, will, according to the divine law of compensation, find, in the divine law of compensation of the divine law of compensation.

People who have gone to the exposiexercise of his mental faculties, what his ion at Richmond speak of the many handsome women seen in the crowds there. This observation is no doubt well healthy brethren find in pleasures of the senses. If his tastes lie in the line of money getting, his admonishing liver or stomach help to make him shrewd, close, founded. Richmond is a very provincial city in many respects, but she is metro-politan if not cosmopolitan in the beauty of her women, if this meant that the calculating and prudent; make him look ahead and prepare for reverses and the ill fortune that he cannot banish from beauty of her women is unsurpassed. There are no pre-eminent belies in Rich-mond now as there were in the days the battle of life. Obeying his inward closely following the war, when Mattie Ould transfixed with both her wit and monitors, he will assume no risks-where the healthy man would court such beauty everybody she met, but what has been lost in individual celebrities has and so the chronic vfctim of a disordered body will achieve success in business, been more than made up in a great multiand, though at no time a brilliant man, tude of wonderfully attractive women. Many of them are blondes. There is a will not end his days in poverty. So, too, will the intellectually active man, larger proportion of blonde women in abandoning hope of perfect physical Richmond than in any other city in the health, achieve fame and distinction in fields of thought. There is much to be country. This comes naturally and lawfully from their English ancestry. said in favor of the advantages of imper-fect health.—Pittsburg Bulletin. There is very little of the Spanish of French intermixture found in Virginia, and hence the creole type of beauty is The world rarely seen in the state. runs after blondes nowadnys, especially after blonde or golden hair; and such hair as the Richmond women have! It The Japanese are not generally considered by Europeans a religious people, but there is scarcely a house in which a shelf is not set apart as a kind of altar, bearing on it a little shrine or a small round miris a special connection of the genial southern sun, and is as distinct in its beauty as the golden leaf tobacco for which Virginia is so celebrated. If a ror, emblem of the sun goddess from whom the rulers of Japan are supposed man were starting out generally in search of a bride, if he were willing to a temple of Shinto, the ancient, and now allow himself to drift where the Ameri-

> Why Clock Faces Have Four I's. Do you know why four "I's" are used to mark the hour of four on clocks and watches instead of the usual Roman numeral "IV?" The tradition among clock and watchmakers is that in the year 1370 the first clock similar to those now in use was made in Prance for Charles V, surnamed the Wise. The king could not deny that the clock was an excellent timekeeper, but as he wished to find fault with something, and so live up to his name, he insisted that four was incorrectly marked, and that four "Is" should be substituted for "IV." The makers could not convince him of his error, which has been perpetuated as the king's mistake through all the succeeding years. - New

can woman reaches the pink and apex

of physical perfection and attractiveness.

he ought to drift towards Richmond.— Weshington Pest.

York Ledger. Russia Twelve Days Behind. England made the change from the old or Julian calendar to the Gregorian in 1752. At that period the original thirteen states were British colonies, and as the new system went into operation at that time throughout England's Amercan dependencies it has been in effect from the beginning of the United States government. Russia still clings to the Julian calendar. That is to say, Dec. ? in this country is Nov. 25 in Russia. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Terrible Possibility. Aunt Julia-Well, Flossie, what do you think of your little brother? Plossie (who is the happy posse phonographic doll)-I haven't heard ard him say a word yet, and I shouldn't be surprised if he'd lost his cylinder out

copied on any paper of an absorbent na-ture by dampening the surface with a weak solution of acetate of iron and of sulphate of iron mixed with a simple solution of sugar syrup. - Cassell's Maga-

An Ingenious Invention.

An ingenious inventor has devised a new screw—half nail and half screw; two blows of the hammer, two turns of the screwdriver, and it is in. Its holding power in white pine is said to be 332 pounds, against 298 pounds, the holding power of the present screw.—New York Sun.