

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

"The Hutchinson's Adventure with His Father in Carrying Laths." Mr. B. P. Hutchinson has a promising son Isaac, of which this story is told: "Old Hutch," as the world calls him, was seated one afternoon on the fence surrounding a piece of his property upon which a comfortable dwelling house was being put up. The veteran merchant was whittling a stick of wood and superintending the actions of "Ike," who, under his instructions, was transferring a lot of laths from the open air to the interior of the unfinished house in a wheelbarrow.

It was not an easy task. Anybody who has tried it knows how hard it is to wheel a barrow up a single plank. But "Young Hutch" was performing the job creditably.

"Old Hutch" watched and whittled for a while in silence. Then an idea struck him, and he lumbered down off the fence and approached his whittling son.

"Ike," said he, "you know as much as an oyster."

Ike made no reply, but looked a little sulky.

"See here," went on the old man, "don't you see that you can get twice as many laths onto that wheelbarrow if you pile them crosswise instead of lengthwise, as you've been doing? Just watch me, and see the load I'll take in there."

The boy silently watched his father laboriously pile up the sticks. When he started the wheelbarrow slowly up the plank a bystander might have perceived a huge grin of delight spreading itself over "Young Hutch's" features.

When Old Hutch reached the brick doorway he stopped. Why? Well, because when piled crosswise the laths were too long to permit the wheelbarrow to enter. The old man turned slowly round and mopped his brow with a red silk handkerchief.

Old Hutch looked at Young Hutch. Young Hutch looked at Old Hutch.

"Father," said the younger of the twin deliberately, "you don't know as much as the shell of an oyster."

The old man told the Century club crowd all about it the next day, and vowed as he related the circumstance that Ike would be a bigger man than his brother Charley some day.—Chicago Tribune.

Fun for One of the Boys.

The spirit of the Spanish Inquisition lives today in the form of the small boy, and particularly that portion of the genus commonly known as the gamins. For discovering particularly ingenious and soul racking methods of torture and annoyance, the small boy stands prominent and unapproachable. This great truth was borne in upon the mind of The Man About Town by an incident to which he was a witness on Olive street the other day.

A youngster who, from his aristocratic appearance, was evidently the hope of some West End family, and who had strayed down town, had become deeply interested in the mysteries of the cable road and was endeavoring to penetrate its secrets by a careful investigation through the slot. A gamins stood on the curb.

His voracious glance took in the boy in the middle of the street, and his active mind immediately conceived a plan to improve the situation for his own amusement and the utter woe of the boy from the West End. He drew a long string from his pocket, made a slip noose in one end and warily approached his victim.

With a sudden spring he seized the other's natty hat, deftly slipped the noose around the crown and running a few steps up the street before the other boy had taken in the situation, he dropped the free end through the slot. Instantly it caught the cable and held fast, and the next second the hat was sailing up the street at the rate of eight miles an hour, with its owner wildly pursuing it, a hopeless second in the race, while the bystanders cheered, and the author of the trouble smiled a smile of exceeding peace, and ran up an alley to relate his adventure to a few other angelic spirits.—St. Louis Republic.

A Tip From Spook Land.

We commend to the attention of the Society for Psychical Research the latest dream story in connection with racing. A well known ex-military sportsman for some weeks past had made up his mind that he would try and dream the winner of the Lincoln handicap. This ingenious idea of his he announced to several of his friends, who naturally smiled somewhat skeptically on the would be seer. However, on Monday night five times in succession he dreamt that No. 13 had won the race. As there was no horse of that name the sportsman in question came to the conclusion that his vision must refer to the number on the card.

He made no secret of his belief, and yesterday morning he sent a messenger to King's Cross to get the card and back his dream number. There were no cards to be had at the station. Accordingly, he wired to Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons' bookstall at Lincoln for the name of No. 13 on the day's card for the handicap. The answer came back promptly.

"Wise Man." The resolute dreamer immediately backed the horse, with the happy result that all wise racing men now wot of. Every detail of this singular story is absolutely true, and there are many who can testify to having heard the prophecy of No. 13 delivered on Tuesday afternoon.—London Telegraph.

Why He Didn't Hear It.

They are laughing over a blunder of a United States examining surgeon up in Caribou. He was examining for deafness an applicant for a pension, and to test the man's left ear held a watch at some distance and asked him if he could hear it tick. The answer was "No," and the same reply was given to repeated questions as the watch was brought nearer. "Put him down totally deaf in left ear," the surgeon said, and holding the watch away from the man's right ear, the same question was asked. To his surprise, the answer was the same. It then occurred to the surgeon to examine his watch, and he found that it had stopped. The examination was begun all over again.—Lawton Journal.

The Pongological Society of South Riverside

has been discussing the best season for planting orange trees, and has decided on the experience of growers that it should be done in the spring or early summer, or at the latest before the new growth reaches a length of two inches.

ANOTHER'S CRIME.

FROM THE DIARY OF INSPECTOR BYRNES.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE, Author of "The Great Bank Robbery," "An American Penman," Etc.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

ARTIN and Percy looked in the direction indicated by the officer. It was then about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, the sky clear overhead, the sea calm, the sun sinking red toward the west, over Cuba and Hayti, which were below the horizon, some hundreds of miles away. The temperature during the last few days had been growing warmer and warmer, and they were now near the twentieth parallel of north latitude, and about on the sixty-sixth meridian west from Greenwich. Since passing between Hatteras and the Bermudas they had had fair weather, with light airs between the south and east. But today there had been no breeze whatever, and the heat had been oppressive. The surface of the sea looked oily, and lay quite flat, without any perceptible heave or swell. Masses of drift were passed occasionally, strung out in long lengths, as if drawn by invisible currents. Sometimes a cocoon or an orange would float past, silent heralds of the islands near at hand. The course the steamer was steering was taking her toward the group of little islands between the greater and lesser Antilles, of which St. Thomas is one. It was there that they were to make their first landing.



The officer had pointed toward the southwest, or a few points off the starboard bow. Percy could see nothing remarkable there; but Valentine, who was familiar with the sea, at once fixed his eyes upon a small dark cloud, low down on the water, the peculiarity of which was that it changed its shape with great rapidity, and without any apparent cause. One moment it looked like a hand, with the fingers extended, then it was like a hat, the crown of which grew larger and larger until it presented the aspect of a pointed foolscap. Then the cap suddenly inverted itself, and stood on its apex; then the foolscap divided down the center, and took the form of a huge bird with wings pointed upwards.

"That's rather odd," muttered Valentine, intently watching the protean little cloud. "I have seen a hurricane begin that way. I hope it will give us a wide berth. This is a bad place to be caught by a tornado, with that string of islands right ahead of us."

"It must be a couple of hundred miles to the nearest of them," said Percy. "We are safe enough. This steamer can stand anything."

"There comes the captain," observed Valentine, without noticing Percy's remark.

In fact the captain emerged from his cabin and mounted the bridge; he cast a glance at the cloud and then gave some orders in a low tone. They were followed by an immediate activity on the part of the watch on deck. The sailors moved rapidly about, and seemed to be occupied in stowing under hatches or cases and on to the tops of the masts, and otherwise making fast various barrels, boxes and other loose objects that had hitherto been kept on deck. Meanwhile the captain had got out a telescope and was contemplating the cloud through it with great earnestness. Presently he passed the glass to the officer who stood by him on the bridge, and who also took a careful observation; then they conversed together in an undertone and occasionally issued a new order to the crew. There were no sails set on the steamer; but the sheets and halliards were hauled taut and securely belayed, and everything was made fast and battened down in such a way that nothing short of a hurricane could dislodge it.

"The old man understands his business," remarked Valentine, and I fancy he thinks that it may need all he knows to pull us through. Look at the cloud now!"

Valentine again turned his eyes toward the southwest. The small cloud had suddenly become very much larger, and was now seen to be connected with a mass of dark vapor that was rapidly crowding upon that section of the horizon, and of which it was the pioneer. This vapor was of an extraordinary darkness, or rather blackness; it had not the blue shade that is often seen in storm clouds, but was of the hue of the densest factory smoke, with yellow and greenish streaks upon it here and there. The rim or upper margin of the oncoming blackness continued to advance with such astonishing rapidity that after only a few moments it had blotted itself upon all that quarter of the horizon, and now seemed to have embodied the forerunning cloud, or to have incorporated itself with it. Looking more closely at it, its edges and surface appeared wildly convulsed, flukes and shreds of vapor, like black fleece, being torn off from the general mass, and whirled around, or snatched in various directions, so swiftly that the eye could scarcely follow their movements. The green and yellow streaks were multiplied and other colors were represented until the inky surface assumed an aspect of hideous iridescence. Meanwhile the northern and eastern portions of the sky and sea remained unchanged in their sultry cast, except that, the light of the setting sun being cut off, their aspect had a strange feverish gleam, unlike the tints of nature. A hot, faint air drew past the vessel in the direction of the black canopy, as if it were sucked thither by some malign attraction. Presently the ears of the observers began to be conscious of a singular minor sound, somewhat resembling that produced by the wind on a telegraph wire, only infinitely more low, deep and reverberating. It resounded all over the level surface of the pallid sea, and appeared to be echoed back from the horizon and the vault above, as if the heavens were a metallic

inclosing dome. It sang and resounded and roared, but still with an inner softness as if that which uttered it were still afar, or walled off by some obstacle that it had not yet overcome. Everything else was deathly still, the plash of the foam against the vessel's bows and under her stern was the only other sound, but that seemed abnormally loud.

The captain's voice on the bridge broke out with startling distinctness, though he spoke not above his customary pitch. He gave the order to put the vessel about. Immediately she began to swing round on her course, describing a semi-circular sweep with her stern; and in a few minutes she lay with the cloud at her back, and her bows pointed towards the unclouded regions of the northeast. Her propeller still moved, but slowly; she was like a champion awaiting the onset of an enemy and gathering himself up for the struggle.

The enemy was now at hand. By this time the central advance had thrown out two long black arms that crept along the horizon to the right and left, inclosing the vessel in a deadly embrace. Darkness fell over them as from an eclipse, the unshadowed east, ere it vanished altogether from sight, looked like a scene viewed through a tunnel. The moment was one of awful suspense; no human creature could long have endured it without giving way to some outbreak of intolerable emotion. The blood flowed thickly in the veins; the brain throbbled confusedly; the breath came in difficult sobs. With a sudden but majestic upward gradation, the minor roar swelled to deafening shrieks of noise, there was a vision of a white fury of waters, a blast as cold as winter swept from the taffrail to the bowsprit; the darkness shut down and became absolute, so that the observer seemed plunged into impalpable pitch; and then with a paralyzing shock the hurricane smote the vessel, beating her down into the sea as by the sheer weight of a giant hand. The next instant, with a shudder and a spring, she leaped forward, staggered, and leaped again. Fragments of boiling surge hurtled along her decks, striking what they encountered with the force of grape shot. The mizen mast broke off within a yard of the deck, and, lashing forward, struck the main mast and brought it down in ruin, though the noise of the crash was inaudible in the yell of the frenzied gale. The steamer was rushing onward at headlong speed, yet she seemed to be standing still, so fast did wind and sea fly past her. She reeled, staggered, leaped, was buried and rose again, again to be overwhelmed. It seemed another world, another age, compared with the sunlight and calm of a few minutes previous. Blind, whirling, weltering chaos had engulfed all things; nothing done nor directed; only awful plungings and strairings could be felt, and thunderous blows and shocks. Only by these signs could it be known that the vessel was still above the water, still being swept onward. Whither, and to what fate, none could foretell.

The sea was at first beaten flat by the wind, though great pieces of water were stripped from the surface and dashed through the air; by and by, however, waves began to form, but irregularly some rolling low, some reaching aloft and striking gigantic. One of these, hurrying through the blackness, mounted the steamer's stern and traversed her deck to the bows, carrying with it the funnel, the remaining mast and every thing on board that offered resistance. That wave struck the forecabin with a report like the bursting of a siege gun, stove through the oaken planks, and dashed a hundred tons of water through the opening. All therein were drowned and crushed to pieces, and the bodies of several were whirled out again and carried like rags off into the waste of the tornado. Heavily the ship rose from the blow; it seemed as if she could never rise again. But up she came, and the weight of water went booming aft, breaking down partitions and deluging cabins and state rooms. More than fifty men were killed or disabled by that single buffet, and the survivors believed that the end of all of them could be not many minutes distant.

But it so happened that no catastrophe of equal terror followed. The ship drove on, sometimes threatening to broach to, yet maintaining her steepest way beyond all expectation, on the whole; and when some time had passed—how long, no one ever knew—the hurricane fell faint, and in a breath or two, as it seemed, died quite away. The darkness lightened, and straight overhead appeared a patch of sky half veiled by wheeling shreds of mist. They were in the center of the tornado; and now the waves leaped up with a rebound so breakneck and astounding that all sense of vertical and horizontal was lost, and the vessel reared and pitched like a maddened bronco. This phase of the battle between ship and storm bade fair to be more dangerous than the opening experience, but, how ever that might be, it did not last long. The inky cloud shut down again; again rose the shriek of rushing winds, coming now from the opposite point of the compass, and once more the dismantled and bruised hulk sprang forward on her fearful race, galvanized, as it were, into preternatural activity by a force not her own. Stripped bare as she was, and weighted by the water she had taken on first. Nor could the nerves of those who still manned her continue to respond as before to the call of horror. The worst was past for them, even should death itself be in store. None knew at that time who were living and who were dead; each held on to whatever support was nearest him and waited in darkness and uncertainty for what might come. The engine fires had been taken out, and all the men available were taking turns at the wheel, in a desperate and unequal struggle to keep her before the wind. Some felt that it would be a relief if the ship would founder and go down. But she swept on, outstripping the darkness itself. Suddenly one of the passengers, who had been alternately praying and blaspheming in the cabin, broke out in a yell of mad laughter, and rushed up the companion way and out on the deck. The hurricane caught him and hurled him forward; he was jammed between the stump of the mainmast and the shaft of one of the anchors which had somehow been carried there; the wind turned his coat over his head and whipped it into ribbons; in a moment; in another moment he was naked to the waist; then he was twisted and beaten and lashed about until he was a shapeless mass of bloody flesh and shattered bones. At length a sudden pitch of the vessel loosened the anchor, and it and the corpse went overhead together, and the ship swept on.

It was perhaps an hour after this, and long after the most sanguine had yielded dumbly to despair, that the steamer rose on a monstrous wave, which mounted and mounted beneath her until it seemed as if it would end by carrying her through the sky; then, with a last furious effort, flung her forward, and slipped back under her keel. The great vessel was carried on by the impetus of the onset, and fell with an appalling crash, not on the sea again, but on the solid earth. Her voyage was over, and she was in port at last.

Her iron ribs were crushed by the fall, but her frame still held together, and all motion ceased. The wind still shrieked and the sea belled and thundered, but no waves struck the ship. She seemed to have been lifted beyond their reach; but where they were no one knew, nor could have guessed within a hundred miles. After an interval, the quartermaster, who had been the last man at the wheel, crept to the companion way, and securing himself by a rope passed, rounded his waist and made fast to the railing below, looked out.

At first he could distinguish nothing, and the rush of the wind stifled him; he dragged himself back and waited. He had not waited long before it appeared to him that the noise of the hurricane was abating, and the darkness was less intense. At length he ventured forth again. Moment by moment the wind grew decreasing; the change was not so sudden as it had been when the center of the tornado passed over them, and occasionally there was a return of rage and fury. But these became less and less frequent, and there were great cleavages upwards through the clouds, revealing the remote sparkle of stars, for the sun had gone down long since. One by one those of the ship's company and passengers who remained came on deck and stared about them. Were they on a desert island?

A number of square objects, curiously symmetrical in shape, and distributed with an appearance of regularity, became visible in the immediate neighborhood of the steamer. They were all of nearly the same height, though in their other dimensions they varied considerably; their sides were whitish, the tops darker. In front of the vessel, as they lay, the land rose upwards in a gentle slope, and these rectangular objects showed themselves thickly in that direction.

"They don't look unlike houses," remarked the quartermaster, peering earnestly through the gloom. "I don't know any coast herabouts that has rocks like that."

"If they were houses," said the second officer, who stood near, with his arm broken, "we should be in the midst of a town, and no small town either."

"Hark! what's that?"

All listened. There was the sound of a halloo, clearly repeated, and in a moment it was answered from a further distance. Then in several directions, near and far, were heard calls, cries and lamentations. The listeners uttered murmurs of surprise and perplexity.

Just then a great mass of cloud in the east broke away, and the full moon shone forth with surpassing brilliancy, shedding over the scene a light which, in comparison with the previous darkness, seemed as bright as day. It revealed an extraordinary spectacle.

Beyond the stem of the steamer extended the tossing waters of a large bay, strewn with wreckage and an indescribable medley of floating objects. In front and on either side were the streets and houses of a half destroyed town. The steamer had been carried over the sea wall and lay beyond the wharves, between the ruins of a hotel and a large warehouse. A little way off was what had been a public pleasure garden or casino; it looked as if a gigantic roller had been passed over it. In a terrace higher up a heavy iron gun stuck out like a half driven bolt; it had been whipped out of a vessel in the bay and borne nearly half a mile, passing completely through a house on the way. Nearly every house left standing was unroofed; many were torn from their foundations and thrown topsy turvy. The iron shaft of a street lamp was bent over and twisted like a corkscrew. In the center of a small fort to the west of the town was a brig, with one mast still standing. A floating wharf just outside the sea wall was sunk; a steamer was on top of it, and on top of the steamer, lying crosswise, were the remains of a three masted merchant ship. A large provision store had been blown to pieces and the stores whirled about in all directions over the town and adjacent lands. In the bay, now rapidly becoming calmer, appeared the masts of a score of sunken vessels, sticking up like reeds in a swamp. Among them floated casks, blocks, spars, boxes, quantities of oranges and coconuts, fragments of trees, the rafters and beams of houses; and bobbing about everywhere were the drowned and mutilated corpses of hundreds of men and women. But these were not to remain long visible. Ever and anon there would be a swirl in the water, a jerk and a splash, and a shark would glide away with a human arm or leg in his jaws. The banquet was an unusually rich one, and the banquets were assembling in thousands.

"Well," said the quartermaster, as his eyes rapidly traversed the scene, "I've heard of miracles, but this is the nearest to that ever I saw. Of all the things that might have happened, this is the unlikelyest; we get caught in a hurricane, and blown north and south, we don't know where, nor whether we were under water or above it; and here at last we find ourselves high and dry, in the port we were bound for, and within a dozen rods of the very wharf we should have lain up to. This is a queer world!"

"What place do you say this is?" inquired one of the passengers, drawing near.

"This is St. Thomas, sir—what there is left of it—and no other place in the world. Oh, is that you, Mr. Martin? I'm glad to see you safe and sound; I expect a good half of us will never speak again. Where is your friend, sir?"

"I don't know," replied the other; "I have been looking for him. I haven't seen him since the wind first stopped blowing out at sea."

"It was that big wave that came aboard us, most likely," said the quartermaster, gloomily. "That carried off the captain and many a good man with him. You may sail the seas till you're an old man, sir, and never see the like of that storm again."

But his interrogator had moved away, and was beginning a search through the ship in the forlorn hope of finding at least the body of his friend.

MAGICIANS' TRICKS.

MAKE-BELIEVE MIRACLES PERFORMED BY MODERN MORTALS.

The Mystifying Inventions of De Kolta. "Oriental Occultism" Easily Explained. The "Black Art" Is Very Simple When You Know How.

Magicians have undergone many remarkable transformations since Robert Houdin, the father of all modern magic, lived in Paris half a century ago. Perhaps no one could compare with him in celebrity, excepting the original Herrmann, who died at Carlsbad a couple of years ago, and from whom the Herrmann who at present permeates America took his name and learned what he knows. The present Herrmann was known as Neumann, and was always remarkable for one thing, and that is his very great dexterity in sleight of hand tricks. To round his waist and made fast to the railing below, looked out.

At first he could distinguish nothing, and the rush of the wind stifled him; he dragged himself back and waited. He had not waited long before it appeared to him that the noise of the hurricane was abating, and the darkness was less intense. At length he ventured forth again. Moment by moment the wind grew decreasing; the change was not so sudden as it had been when the center of the tornado passed over them, and occasionally there was a return of rage and fury. But these became less and less frequent, and there were great cleavages upwards through the clouds, revealing the remote sparkle of stars, for the sun had gone down long since. One by one those of the ship's company and passengers who remained came on deck and stared about them. Were they on a desert island?

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"No, Thanks."

An English traveler who never had learned at home how discourteous is the use of the phrase, "No, thanks," was taught the lesson when he visited Norway and ventured to translate that brief and slangy substitute for "No, I thank you," into Norwegian. The lesson was given him by the waitress in a restaurant at Hamar. The young woman asked him if he would take coffee, and he replied, "Ikke tak," which is a literal translation of "No, thanks."

The young woman, writes the Englishman, answered in quick, strong and unintelligible jargon. I knew that magnets and menials intermix in Norway, and concluded that here was a literal descendant of some fierce Viking prince. Fearful tragedies might have ensued had not a Norwegian crossed over to my rescue, and on bowing to each other I understood him to say to me:

"If you please, what was it that you said, or wanted to say? She says you were not asked to give her anything; and she serves her gratuitously; and she is a free and independent elector; and you ought, at any rate, to have thanked her for her attendance, whereas you would not give her a 'thank you' for her coffee."

"I said 'Ikke tak.' I want no coffee, and I said 'No, thanks, did I not?'" said I in self defense.

"Ah! you should always give 'Tak!'" said the interlocutor, insinuating that I needed instruction.

"Tell me, then, how you say 'No, thank you,'" said I, bewildered.

"Nai, tak! Nai, tak!" said he, bowing himself away.

Work to Do at Home. Women of slender or reduced income who are compelled by stern necessity to do home work of some kind might secure remunerative occupation by embroidering spangled flowers upon gauze and silk. This kind of material is in great demand, and, being a novelty, is expensive. This question of home work is a very puzzling one, and often leads to much disappointment for those who cannot get employment because they have no real technical knowledge in any branch. Newspapers have daily to refuse "copy" sent to them by women who think that the field of literature is a golden one and that anybody capable of holding a pen and of spelling correctly can make money in that way.

Now this is a great mistake; and, moreover, it is not so much the way of treating a subject as the subject chosen that is of importance, and many a well written article is refused because it treats of matter of small interest to the general public. To succeed in the painting of dainty trifles for sale it is necessary to possess not only talent, but the chic belonging only to true artists. Ordinary embroidery or needlework does not pay at all. China painting as a professional pursuit seldom pays out side of the factories, except in the case of artists of great merit.—New York Tribune.

A Persevering Hen. I have seen one or two good hen stories, but I think this one beats them. One day it happened that not far from my house a board was resting on two barrels which were about ten feet apart, and somebody had laid an old, discarded straw hat on the board, the crown lying on the board. An old hen, which was a great pet with the family, saw this arrangement and evidently decided that the old hat was just the thing for it and laid an egg.

We decided to humor her whim, and therefore fastened the hat to the board. She continued to lay in this queer nest for some time. But one day the hat became unfastened in some way and blew off the board. When Biddy saw this she began to sing disconsolately, and we thought she would give up the hat and seek another nest. But we were mistaken. In a little while she seized the hat in her bill and flew with it on the board, where, after a great deal of fussing, she adjusted it so that she could lay in it. After that we fastened it so that it could not blow off.—Cor. New York Tribune.

An Interesting Island. A naturalist says: "One of the best shell collecting grounds it was ever my good fortune to visit was Long Key, in the Tortugas group of islands, about six miles from Cuba. This was the shell-picker's paradise, as an examination of the island (an island by courtesy of the ocean) showed that it was made up of shells, their broken fragments principally, the residue being plates of a lime secreting alga and bits of coral. I have often sat here and picked until tired before moving from the spot, the treasures being mainly small univalves of many species.

"A curious and interesting feature of this picking was that numbers of the shells, especially the little periwinkles, as we called them, were inhabited by hermit crabs that, during the operation of collecting, made not the slightest demonstration, but once in the pocket of the finder they would assert themselves, and soon the shells which you had placed in these receptacles would appear streaming out—conchological processions that were productive of much interest and amusement to bystanders. After a gale I have seen the shore of this bay so lined with the beautiful purple limnithina and the little pearly coiled spirula that the white line could be traced for a long distance away."—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Mad Race. Mrs. Drubbins (who has been reading of the performances of a somnambulist)—The paper says that last night a man jumped out of a window to the roof of another house, and ran along that till he came to a church roof, when he leaped to that and climbed up the steeple.

Mr. Drubbins—How long had they been married?—Good News.

Joseph Jefferson is not only an admirable actor, but he is a painter of much more than ordinary skill and power. The work that he has performed in either department would have been sufficient to have secured for him more than common reputation.

A BATTLE OF BULLS.

THE DESPERATE ENCOUNTER WHICH LEFT BOTH COMBATANTS DEAD.

A Flemish Ferocity Guided by an Almost Human Intelligence—An Amateur Hunter from the Precipice by a Bull with Its Death Wound.

Thomas S. Moore, a well known and substantial citizen of Garrard county, Ky., tells a graphic story of a desperate encounter that occurred on the crest of a knob of his neighborhood between a couple of enraged bulls, in which both were killed. The animals had wandered to these heights, and, upon sighting each other, at once engaged in a duel to the death. Those unacquainted with the instincts of such creatures cannot easily imagine what extreme ferocity they sometimes display. In speaking of the incident Mr. Moore said:

"Being interested in the study of geology, I happened to be on the knob at the time, and was started about a o'clock in the afternoon by a fearful howling. Looking some distance toward the east, I saw the animals advancing toward each other with their noses on the ground, turning this way and that, and casting dust into the air with their fore feet. When only a few yards apart they suddenly leaped to the attack with a frightful noise, and began to gore each other with their frightful energy. Above the fierce and noisy trampling, could be heard the grinding of their interlocked horns and the violent snorting of brutal rage."

"The breeze blew aside the dust and revealed the tigerish character of the onset, as with wide set limbs and tails curling in the air they charged again, stabbing with their pointed horns. Tiny streams of blood shot down their necks and sides, while their distended nostrils emitted a reddish foam.

"The prodigious strength of the magnificent animals thus brought into violent activity afforded a spectacle both tumultuous and thrilling. The exertion of the encounter, assisted by the pain of each newly inflicted wound, inflamed their combative spirit to the pitch of tempestuous fury. One of the bulls, following up a temporary advantage, plunged his horns into the chest of his antagonist, and, with a quick upward jerk of the head, ripped open the flesh to a depth of several inches, while from the goring wound jets of arterial blood began to spurt. In a towering passion and with gleaming eyeballs, glaring furiously upon his adversary, the wounded bull drove his horns into his abdomen, making a horrible opening through which the entrails gushed.

"The impetuous and stormy nature of the contest had carried the combatants to the verge of the cliff, but, blind with deadly fury, they saw no danger. Each, mortally wounded and weakening momentarily from profuse loss of blood, waged the battle with that frenzied desperation shown only in wounded animals. It was evident, however, that a crisis was near at hand. The situation had resolved itself into the grim condition of death struggle. With lowered heads they tacked away a few yards, defiant, implacable, and again clashed with a force that seemed to split their skulls.

"THE DUEL'S TERRIBLE ENDING. This terrible shock staggered the bull with the chest wound and forced his eyeballs from their sockets. He suddenly lunged forward to his knees on the brink of the precipice and remained in a quivering stupor, with his open mouth burrowing in the dust. The other, tottering and covered with blood, but still terrible in his weakness, charged heavily upon his kneeling and senseless foe, struck him on the flank with the force of a ponderous projectile, and hurled him headlong over the precipice. The bull executed a somersault in mid-air, fell with a noisy crash through the treetops upon the rocks below, where it was subsequently preyed upon by vultures.

"The remaining bull seemed to realize in a stupid way the danger to which he himself was