EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL. - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

AN OCEAN STEAMSHIP.

Onward she comes, her inky, spectral form
But dimly traced on the sea's opal bowl—
A phantom monster with prodigious bowl
And eyes that peer into the coming storm,
With nostrils puffing smoke and cinders warm
Which hover o'er her masthead like a cowl
Or comb of a gigantic water fowl.
Thus does she move her voyage to perform.
And soon not e'en the starbeams faint illume;
Old Neptune rears his crested battlements;
The ship is plunging in the seething spume
The gale dismantles all the sails like tents;
The pathless waters wildly toss and fume,
But in God's hand are seas and continents.
—Dexter Smith in Boston Journal.

MAN'S NERVE.

Many Not Trained For War Have Lots of Cool Courage.

Miss Clara Barton, the famous army nurse and director of the Red Cross society, said the other day: "I have often wondered where the cool courage of men comes from; where common ordinary men, trained to nothing like war, get their nerve; where strangers to firearms, strangers to foes, strangers to everything warlike find the courage to face death as bravely as soldiers did during the war. There were men, perhaps no more cowardly than others, who from sensitiveness of temperament, suffered more. I do not think mere brute daring is the highest sort of courage, but one who had the experience that I did among soldiers would readily recognize that there is a great deal more moral force in courage than physical."

I asked Miss Barton if she ever knew a soldier during the war to die of homesickness.

"That is a question by itself," she replied. "Homesickness, or nostalgia, is a most important factor in the treatment of the sick in hospitals. While of itself it may not be quite sufficient to kill, it no doubt complicates other conditions. When a soldier, or any person, gets homesick, it destroys the natural inclinations and functions, and it may destroy the appetite. Even an animal may be so homesick that it will not and cannot eat. Thus the foundation is laid for other diseases. Something else sets in and produces a permanent or fatal illness. Now, homesickness is the cause of that. A soldier may be attacked with something else without realizing that he is homesick at all. He is all right when he is running around with the boys, but if he takes cold and gets sick or some disease attacks him and he finds himself down he begins to think of home, and then nostalgia follows. It either produces illness or aggravates it. Now, the one important remedy for such an illness is to send that soldier home. I cannot say that I ever saw a soldier die of nostalgia, but the reason that I didn't was that wherever I discovered that disease was likely to work mischief I urged all the power I had upon every authority I could reach to furlough the patient. When a man is extremely homesick, he has no desire to live, and then no matter how skilled the surgeon he cannot save him. It is impossible.—Chicago Record.

Two of a Kind.

Mrs. Salusbury, the mother of Hetty Thrales, never tired of telling the following story, which she averred actually occurred to a lady friend of her acquaintance. This lady was engaged to Lord Harry Powlett, and one day in his presence expressed a wish for a couple of monkeys of a particular kind, whereupon her fiance at once offered to obtain them. Lord Harry, who happened to be an indifferent scribe and a worse speller, wrote to a friend in the East Indies, requesting him to obtain two monkeys and send them to England. According to the story, he spelled the word two "too," but the "t" was uncrossed and so badly formed that his friend read it 100. Accordingly, he wrote back to Lord Harry to the effect that he had that day shipped 50 of the monkeys, and that these would be followed by another 50 in a few weeks' time.

We have no wish to cast suspicion upon the veracity of Mrs. Salusbury by doubting this story, the truth of which she vouches for. All we would point out is that, a century before, Sir George Verney, in a letter to his son, has the following passage: "To requite your news of your fish I will tell as good a tale from hence, and as true. A merchant of London, that writ to a factor of his beyond the sea, desired him by the next ship to send him 2 or 3 apes. He forgot the 'r' in the 'or,' and then it was 203 apes. The factor sent him fourscore and says he shall have the rest by next ship, thinking he had written for 203."—London Standard.

A Winning Text.

When the Duke of Ormond, whose family name was Butler, was going to take possession as lord lieutenant of Ireland, he was driven by a storm on to the isle of Man, where a Rev. Mr. Joseph, a poor curate, entertained him as hospitably as his means permitted. On his departure the duke promised to provide for him as soon as he became viceroy. The curate waited many months in vain and at last went over to Dublin to remind his grace of his promise. Despairing of gaining access to the duke, he obtained permission to preach at the cathedral. The lord lieutenant and his court were at the church, but none of them remembered their humble host till he pronounced his text, which, it must be acknowledged, was well chosen, "Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgot him." The preacher was at once invited to the castle and a good living provided for him.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Indigestion Is Art.

"Here is some angel food I made myself," she said.

He paled.

"Thank you, darling," he faltered and partook.

That night the painter dreamed, whereat he rose, and in feverish haste painted an art poster which brought $750.

Then he kissed his wife fondly, called her a brave little woman and wondered what he would do without her.—Detroit Tribune.

To Die In the Last Ditch.

The phrase "to die in the last ditch" is stated by an English authority in such matters to be an Americanism, originating during the civil war. In fact, it was first used by William, prince of Orange, who during the war with France was asked what he would do in case the troops of Holland were defeated in the field, and who replied, "I will die in the last ditch."

To Fit the Case.

"I wish you would give me a name for a new brand of butter," said a dairyman to a customer.

"Certainly," answered the customer; "if it is like the last you sent me, I would suggest 'Samson.'"—Detroit Free Press.

If we can advance propositions both true and new, these are our own by right of discovery, and if we can repeat what is old more briefly and brightly than others this also becomes our own by right of conquest.—Colton.

A little wit and a great deal of ill nature will furnish a man for satire, but the greatest instance and value of wit is to commend well.—Tillotson

HER OPPORTUNITY.

The Actress' Long Wished For Debut In a Speaking Part.

A beginner in the theatrical profession said to me lately:

"For months I've been waiting for a chance to speak even a few lines.

"I've gone on as a peasant, and a court lady, and a vivandiere, and, oh, as lots of things along with others, but have never yet had an opportunity to hear my own voice except as one of the many.

"I've been told that I must 'get used to the audience,' and I'm sure that I'm no more used to them than they are to me.

"I've shouted 'Ha, ha!' and 'We will!' and 'Long live the princess!' and 'Down with him!' and emitted hysterical peals in the omnes-ian laughter that the crowd always bestows upon the villain's defeat until I was getting sick of the business. Then I was handed a 'part'—a real part of 15 lines, which I was to say while the entire cast looked on with breathless attention, for I was to explain something very important.

"I tell you I was a proud girl. I took the part home to my mother, and she heard me in it. Then my brother heard it and said the part was no good, and I was no good in it.

"But this didn't discourage me, for he doesn't know anything about theatricals.

"I read that part over morning, noon and night.

"I rehearsed it in bed and at my meals. I even sang it.

"Well, the eventful night came two weeks ago last Monday, and you can imagine that I was nervous.

"I didn't 'go on' until 10:45—just about the finish of the play—but I was at the theater and dressed and 'made up' by 7:45.

"Of course three hours' waiting around didn't decrease my nervousness.

"I ate lemons and troches and cough drops to improve my voice.

"The play was a great success, everybody said.

"Well, my cue came, and on I went, feeling like a prisoner bound for execution.

"Strange to say, I started in and spoke clearly and well, but nobody waited to hear me.

"Something in my lines gave the audience the cue that the play was virtually over, and they made the usual mad rush for the doors.

"Not a word of mine could be heard, and the next morning the management cut out my speech."—Polly Pry in New York Recorder.

BEES FORM FRIENDSHIPS.

Experiences of a Young Man to Whom They Took a Liking.

"I always loved bees," said the young man in gold bowed glasses behind the dairy counter as he handed down a honeycomb for the inspection of an idle customer. "When I was on the farm," he continued, "I could go all about the hives and not get stung, and none of the others dared go near the bees. We used to have an old farmer come around and tend to the swarms, but one day when I was a boy working in the fields I heard a great humming noise up in the air and saw a swarm a-coming. Well, I picked up a tin pan that was there and hammered on it till the bees settled on the end of a fence rail. Then I thought I could tend to the swarm as well as the old farmer, so I got an old hive, washed it out with honey and water, rubbed my hands and arms with burdock juice and honey water, and went at the bees. I got them off that rail by the handful and they never stung me.

"After that I regularly tended to the bees. Whenever there was a swarm, I rolled up my sleeves, took off my shoes and hat and went at them. I have taken them from all sorts of places, but I was stung only once. They'd light on my head by the dozen and crawl through my hair. That used to send cold chills down my back. Sometimes my arms were so covered with bees that from wrist to elbow you couldn't see the flesh. The one time when I was stung I had found a swarm on a high limb and was sawing it off, and at the same time holding on to it so that it should not fall to the ground with the bees. In doing this I squeezed one of the bees, and it flew straight at my temple and stung me just above the eye. Since I left the farm the folks have given up the bee business. There's no doubt about it, bees like some folks and hate others, and I don't know any reason for the difference."—New York Sun.

Her Fad.

There is a shop up town dear to the hearts of medical students where they may purchase various parts of the human frame for study.

Skulls grin in ghastly fashion in cases, and skeletons here and there serve to remind the observer of the end of life. The other day a frivolous looking little matron alighted from her carriage and entered the store. Within she found a tall, bearded medical student of her acquaintance, and there were greetings and expressions of mutual surprise.

"What on earth are you doing here?" demanded the student. "You aren't studying medicine, are you?"

"No," laughed the lady. "Guess again."

"Oh, I have it!" exclaimed the student. "You're taking the 'first aid to the injured' course and want to study carefully from specimens."

"No," was the reply, and the medical student declined to try to guess again.

"Then I'll tell you," graciously remarked she. "It's my latest fad. I'm making a collection of skulls! Isn't it a quaint idea?"

And the medical student shudderingly admitted that it was.—New York World.

A Peep Into the Past.

The following are a few theses, authentically titled, that will serve to give some idea of the curious thoughts of former Parisian medical students:

"Is water more healthy than wine?" (1622.)

Robert Debonnair—"Are infants born with a caul the happier?" (1637.)

Andre Gudget—"Are heroes not born at the tenth month?" (1643.)

"Is music efficacious in disease?" (1624.)

"Should a young girl in love be bled?" (1639.)

"Is getting drunk once a month healthful?" (1645.)

"Is woman an imperfect work of nature?" (1646.)

"Should literary men marry?" (1745.)—Cincinnati Lancet-Clinic.

Rubinstein a Methodical Worker.

Rubinstein was never idle. He could not remain so half an hour. From the moment he rose till the moment he retired he was doing something. When not traveling, he had his day's work mapped out with methodical regularity. From just such an hour till just such another he might be found day after day at the same occupation. After this fashion he was able to accomplish in his lifetime what was really the work of three men, and he never tired of preaching this regularity of work to young artists and students.—Alexander McArthur in Century.

Through No Fault of Tommy.

"Maw," asked the little boy, "do you spell napkin with a 'k'?"

"Certainly not. Only knapsack."

And that is how it was that Tommy's aunt received a letter from him, in which he made mention of a "napcin."—Indianapolis Journal.

Iodine was discovered in 1812 by Courtois. It is found in several marine plants and extracted by a simple process. Its use in medicine is said to date from about 1825, when it was first employed in the hospitals of London and Paris.

MONROE DOCTRINE.

FACTS CONCERNING ITS ORIGIN AND WHAT IT SIGNIFIES.

First Suggested by an English Statesman. Submitted to Jefferson and Madison, Who Approved It—Never Received Congressional Affirmation.

It is a singular fact that the Monroe doctrine is of British origin. In 1823 George Canning, British foreign secretary of state, suggested that the United States government should take decided ground against interference by the "holy alliance" in Mexico and South America, where the Spanish colonies had established their independence.

The "holy alliance" was a union of Austria, France, Prussia and Russia for the maintenance of the European monarchies. It was formed soon after the Napoleonic wars and was renewed and strengthened in 1820, when uprisings occurred in several countries of Europe. Great Britain had been asked to join the combination, and some steps had been taken in that direction under Lord Castlereagh. On his death by suicide Canning became foreign minister, and under his guidance Great Britain held aloof from the continental alliance.

The United States had recognized the independence of Mexico and the other revolted Spanish colonies, and Canning was inclined to pursue the same course. In 1823 he suggested to Richard Rush, United States minister at London, that this government should express in a forcible manner its opposition to intervention by the European powers in behalf of Spain against its colonies which had rejected allegiance.

This suggestion was conveyed to President Monroe through John Quincy Adams, the American secretary of state. President Monroe submitted the proposition of Canning to Jefferson and Madison for their opinion on the subject. Jefferson's answer was prompt and decisive in favor of such a declaration as Canning had suggested. He said it was the most momentous question submitted for his opinion since the Declaration of Independence. Madison approved of Jefferson's opinion and equally appreciated the importance of the question.

Under these circumstances President Monroe, in his annual message Dec. 2, 1823, expressed the doctrine that has since borne his name. There had been some correspondence with Russia and Great Britain in regard to boundary treaties, which the president described, adding:

"In the discussions to which this interest has given rise, and in the arrangements by which they may terminate, the occasion has been judged proper for asserting as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects of colonization by any European powers."

In the same message, referring to the insurrections in Europe, President Monroe said that the United States would always be anxious and interested spectators of events, but declared:

"In the mass of European powers in matters relating to themselves we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy to do so. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparations for defense. With the movements in this hemisphere we are of necessity more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers."

"The political system of the allied powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective governments. And to the defense of our own, which has been acquired by the loss of so much blood and treasure, and matured by the wisdom of their most enlightened citizens, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted. We owe it, therefore, to the candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their parts to extend their system to this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European government we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments that have declared their independence and maintained it and whose independence we have on great consideration and on just principles acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States."

This is the Monroe doctrine: 1. No new European colonies on this hemisphere. 2. No interference with colonies of European powers now existing. 3. No interference by any European power with the affairs of any American nation. It is but justice to say that the vigorous language in which it is expressed evidently came from the able and caustic pen of John Q. Adams, secretary of state. John C. Calhoun was secretary of war in the same cabinet and approved the positions taken by the president.

This doctrine never has been affirmed by congress. In fact, it has been rejected repeatedly when resolutions were offered approving the acts of the government on the subject. But it has been reaffirmed by every administration since that of Monroe in one form or another. The vigorous declarations of Mr. Seward and the commencement of preparations for their enforcement drove France and Spain from Mexico and secured the re-establishment of the republic after the death of Maximilian. It is the doctrine of the American people and never will be abandoned.—Chicago Chronicle.

Love's Young Dream.

"Love's Young Dream," one of Moore's best, was set by him to an Irish tune called "The Old Woman." Moore heard the tune from a blind fiddler, wrote it down and discerning its beauty determined that it should have better words than the nonsensical verses to which it was sung by the Irish peasantry.

Not Necessary.

Gosling—I really haven't the courage to propose to her.

Oldbird—Well, it isn't necessary. She is a new woman; she'll propose to you.—New York Tribune.

MODERN BODY ARMOR.

Quite a Lot of It Exists and Is Worn In Spite of the Time.

The experiments with bullet proof coats and material which have been conducted here and abroad have called attention to the fact that mail protection did not entirely pass away with the shelving of the shield and cuirass. Many English officers still wear a partial armor when serving on foreign stations.

The commonest and most usual type of these protections consists of fine but beautifully tempered single chains, inclosed in soft leather, which run along the shoulders, down the outer side of the arms, and over certain parts of the body. These can either be sewed into a particular tunic, or they can be adjusted separately and put on like harness. Hundreds upon hundreds of these sets are sold. The most valuable of all chains in connection with accouterments are those which guard the head, and in cases where the regulation cap or helmet is not sufficiently protected in this way specially made chains are sewed inside the same and covered by the lining.

Only those who have been in actual conflict know how valuable all the chains mentioned are in minimizing the effects of sword cuts. As regards protection both from sword and bullet the general belief nowadays seems to be in thoroughly tanned leather, and great quantities are made for officers, the favorite pattern—said to be the invention of the late Sir Richard Burton—being that which forms a not too prominent ridge down the center of the chest. Many stories are told by officers of bullets which have been averted in some degree by these leather tunics, some of which are lined with woven steel wire. Of course none of these things are supposed to be an absolute protection, but only a sort of palliative.

A London gunsmith, who sells a great many chain body protectors, which fit almost like an ordinary vest and are very expensive, sells a large number of them to army men, and he not long ago sent a gross, as many as he could get made in the time, to Japan, where they were quickly sold. He has made for individual officers who have themselves drawn the design a variety of different patterns of armor. Fine flexible chains and leather have entered into nearly all of them.—Boston Post.

THE WATCHFUL CHAMOIS.

A Wary Old Stager, Hard to Catch, Is the Veteran Buck.

He is a wary old stager, your veteran solitaire, and even more difficult to discover than he is to stalk. In the daytime he lies perdu in the shadow of some overhanging rock, only emerging in the early morning and evening to feed. Like his human congener, the elderly buck dines late—at his club, I was about to say, but at any rate in some sequestered nook where the ladies cannot bother him. Fortunately, too, he has a rooted and very proper aversion to being disturbed at his meals, and if you can only catch him at dinner time he is so preoccupied that, in my opinion, he is then easier to approach than are his lady friends.

As my favorite hunter, Jean Baptiste Perruquet, justly observes—and Perruquet is no misogynist, but rather a fervent admirer of the gentler sex—"C'est toujours les femmes qui sont les plus mechantes!" Your old doe is always so horribly suspicious. She cannot even eat her dinner in peace, but between the nibbles she must needs look around and sniff the air to see if anybody is coming. If a pebble trickles down the mountain side she pricks her ears, cocks her head sideways and seems to mutter to herself, "Dear me, I wonder what that noise can be." The most annoying creatures that I know are those outlying doe sentinels of the herd, who upset the best laid plans and convert fair prospects of successful stalks into miserable failures.

Many a time, as you are stealthily creeping along some narrow ledge, fondly imagining that you are well screened from view, a shrill alarm whistle from a lofty crag above you tells of some watchful guardian of the band which your telescope had failed to spy out. The remainder take the hint at once and are gone in the twinkling of an eye.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Lost—A Point.

Historic are the instances of points missed in the retelling of a good story. Who has not heard of Charles Lamb's "badly tired" wheel twisted into "badly wearied," with a consequent loss of the point? And here is one that was overheard at one of the little French restaurants.

One of the habitues of the place had just returned with a coat of tan that spoke even louder for a glorious vacation than any words.

"I've been roaming around through the upper parts of the state," he said, "and many quaint and curious things have I seen. One of them was an inn, old as the hills, I guess. It's name, too, was particularly appropriate for a hotel, 'Dew Drop Inn.'"

His hearers commented on the aptness, and later in the evening, when a stranger joined the party, one of the number tried to tell about this hotel and could not understand why the late comer did not see the aptness when he told that on the signboard were the words, "Please Walk In."—New York Herald.

Most Fortunate of Men.

Dolor—There's not much for me to live for; I don't suppose I have a friend in all the world.

Philo—Not much to live for? Nonsense. If you have no friend, you have nobody to borrow money of you, nobody to call when you are in the middle of an interesting book, nobody to tell stories about you to other people; nobody, in short, to bore you before your face and to abuse you behind your back. And you say you have nothing to live for!—Boston Transcript.

Napoleon's Moods.

But the hours when the general in chief was warworn, weary, tender and subject to human regrets like other men were not those which he often revealed to the world. He was peremptory and sometimes even peevish with the French executive after he had them in his hand. With Italy he assumed a parental role, meting out chastisement and reward as best suited his purpose.—Professor W. M. Sloane in Century.

The yearly consumption of coffee in the United States is 8½ pounds per inhabitant.

WITH DEFT FINGERS

HOW THE BEAUTIFUL STAINED GLASS WINDOWS ARE MADE.

Devices Employed For Securing Color Effects—Thousands of Bits of Material In a Single Picture—The Flesh Tints Are Painted by an Artist.

In making a stained glass window much more labor and artistic judgment are involved than might be supposed. Though the work is largely mechanical after the artist's drawing is supplied, yet it is of such a nature that every workman employed in the process must have a rare eye for color and great accuracy of judgment. The first step in making a picture window is the water color drawing of the artist, setting forth the design, colors and general effect. From this is made a black and white drawing of the same size as the window is intended to be. Any errors in drawing become immediately apparent when the water color picture is enlarged, the necessary corrections being made before anything more is done.

After the large drawing is approved it is laid flat upon two sheets of brown paper with ordinary carbon tracing paper laid between each sheet. A duplicate tracing is then made by running a little wheel over the outlines of the picture. One of the tracings is cut up as a pattern for the glass cutters. This is done by an ingenious tool called a three legged scissors, which, when cutting, removes a strip of paper of the same width as the lead which will separate the fragments of glass when the window is built up. The paper patterns are then pasted on a sheet of glass in the same positions as the pieces of glass will occupy when they are bound together by the lead strips.

Now comes the most critical part of the whole operation. With the water color drawing as a guide, the glass cutter has to substitute for the paper patterns the pieces of glass which will form the window. As he selects the particular color which is called for by the water color sketch for each paper pattern he strips off the paper and substitutes the glass. The difficulty of doing this may be appreciated when the great number of tints used in stained glass windows is considered. In the fine mosaic work which is seen to such perfection in the Vatican at Rome no less than 26,000 different tints are used. Of course nothing like that number is employed in modern picture windows, but the various shades are so numerous that an accurate eye is necessary to discriminate between them and to use them with judgment.

The cutter engaged in choosing and cutting the glass has sometimes to pick over a ton or more of glass before he arrives at a piece suitable for some particular tint. By doubling a piece of glass or putting one color behind another effects are often obtained which it would be impossible to produce with a single piece of glass. The glass may be superficially stained or the color may be incorporated while the molten glass is still in the crucible. In America the homogeneous colored glass is generally used, while in Europe the stained glass is almost entirely employed. In the homogeneous glass metals and their different oxides are used for coloring. As many as 17 different ingredients are used to obtain some delicate shades.

The most expensive tint is ruby, to obtain which gold is employed. The excellence in color of the antique stained glass windows has been found to be largely due to the imperfections in the glass which was manufactured at that time. Modern glass is too smooth and clear for stained glass work, because it transmits the light too evenly and consequently does not give a good color effect. To remedy this glass for stained windows is now made purposely of rough and uneven texture. The colors blend together better and give a more brilliant effect when the surface of the glass is rough and full of minute blow holes.

When the glass cutter has selected his different tints and cut the pieces of glass to correspond with the paper patterns, they are placed in the position they will eventually occupy. To accomplish this the hitherto undissected tracing is laid on a sheet of glass, and the outlines of the picture are painted on the glass. The glass fragments are then placed in position by means of these outlines. When this is done, the glass is taken into the soldering room, and the pieces are bound together by means of double grooved strips of lead. This soldering process is a delicate one, because the lead lines themselves are relied upon to give some of the general effect. No means have yet been discovered of staining glass so that a satisfactory flesh tint will be obtained. All the faces, hands and other flesh parts of the body are cut in white opalescent glass and then painted. While the artist is painting the flesh parts the window is mounted in a rough frame, and all the light is cut off except that which illuminates the piece of opalescent glass to be painted.

The effect is extremely odd when one enters a studio where several heads are being painted. All round the dark room may be seen faces staring out in luminous relief, against a dark background. Here and there a ghostly arm is outstretched or a mysterious hand suspended in midair. When the eyes get used to the darkness, the artists and many of the surrounding objects become visible, and much of the uncanny effect disappears.

There are some special products of recent invention which are of great service in obtaining effects, which it is almost impossible to produce by varying depths of color. Among these is the so called "drapery glass." It is made by crumbling up the glass when hot by a special tool until it looks like a piece of drapery. When allowed to cool, it remains in this condition and presents a luminous representation of drapery (when placed in a window), which is surprisingly natural. Feathers are also made by a similar process for use in the wings of angels and are equally lifelike when illuminated from behind.—New York Tribune.

Queen Elizabeth and Mary.

In 1560 Queen Elizabeth issued a proclamation wherein she declared to her subjects that she had never gained anything upon her coinages; neither had she coined any base money, and that she was determined to recover the "honor and reputation of the singular wealth that this realm was wont to have above all others." Accordingly the Tower mint was commissioned to receive base money, and in 12 months about £750,000 current value was coined into money of proper weight and standard.

The fumes from melting these base coins were so poisonous that many of the workmen fell ill. The medical authorities of that day prescribed a potion from a dead man's skull as a certain remedy. Accordingly an official warrant procured some of these strange cups from London bridge, and the draft was administered. It is said to have afforded temporary relief, but many died, whether because the skulls were traitorous in death as well as in life history does not relate.

About this time a new mode of coining by means of the mill and the screw press was introduced from France by one Eloye Mestrell. The method was approved by the queen and her council. Indeed it has been said that the first milled coin was struck in the Tower by her own royal hand. However that may be, the corporation of moneyers bitterly opposed the scheme, and the Frenchman being detected in making milled money outside the Tower, was summarily hanged and quartered and his machinery abandoned.—Gentleman's Magazine.

CLUB FOR JILTED MEN.

A Prosperous Concern Whose Members Have All Got the Mitten.

I accepted an invitation the other day to dine with a friend at a club that he assured me was unlike, in some respects, any other club in the world, says a New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer. We went to Twenty-ninth street and entered a building that was not materially different in appearance from 1,000 other houses in town that are used as residences by the well to do. The menu cards and the servants' buttons were marked by a neat monogram of the letters "J. C." My companion settled himself in an easy chair and proceeded to explain.

"This club," he said, "owes existence to the whim of a very rich man who has hardly turned 30 years. He was engaged. The lady was wealthy, well connected and moved in the same social circles that he did. He was rich enough to satisfy any reasonable woman. Moreover, his character was beyond reproach. Perhaps he was a little cold in his wooing. I don't know. He did not know what defeat meant. Perhaps he unconsciously took it for granted that any woman must find him all sufficient, and that it would be unnecessary, even unbecoming, to ply the ordinary lover's arts that are generally believe to be so fetching with the fair sex. At all events, the young lady one day gave him to plainly understand that he wouldn't do. She returned his presents—I don't suppose he had ever written her a love letter, so she couldn't return any burning literature—and told him to apply elsewhere for a wife. Considerably stunned, he could only exclaim: "Jilted! Jilted!" He bought this house at first simply with the idea of living in it, but one day he chanced across a friend who had had a similar experience with the fair sex, and after comparing notes they decided to live together, to pursue the same line of campaign in society—that is, to make themselves as interesting as possible to women, but never on any provocation to marry. Before long they heard of another acquaintance whose engagement had been broken by the lady, and they took him in. So, little by little, the affair has grown to its present proportions, a small but select and contented club."

"And the initials J. C. mean, the"—

"Jilted club; exactly. Every member must have been jilted, and every member is supposed to enter society freely and play for hearts—to take them, but never to surrender his own. In the event of his getting entangled and entering upon a new engagement his membership lapses at once."

FIN DE SIECLE ART.

Raffaelli Defines the Aims and Purposes of the Impressionists.

As for myself, I have abandoned my word "Characterism." It is enough for me that the thing exists. It is enough for me that the whole artistic movement of our time is going the same road, pursuing the same end—the search for what is characteristic. Let them call us impressionists if they wish—a name that never meant anything for anybody, and certainly never meant anything for us—but let us be characterists—that is to say, artists who employ their intelligence and their talent in lifting up to beauty all men and all nature and thus aid in establishing upon our planet a noble equality among men, that altruism, in fact, which will be, for the highest among us as for the lowest, the source of that more perfect happiness toward which all that is noble in us forever aspires.

Impressionism has been a return to nature, a movement which has allowed to each artist the complete development of his temperament and of his individuality. And in our essentially individualistic epoch, individuality is a dominating force in art.

Impressionism is, if one may say so, a school open to all, which every one can enter without the last lowering of his flag. It is a school where each is his own master. Impressionism represents the complete development of each artistic temperament, the study of all the aspects of nature and an absolute liberty in the choice of the means of expression, which are for us simply means for saying what we have to say, and never an end in themselves.—Jean Francois Raffaelli in Scribner's.

His New Hat.

A distinguished preacher, of somewhat arbitrary manners, was engaged to preach in Belgravia, and purchased a new hat for the occasion. He was met outside his residence by a young man, who was to guide him to the church. His guide, after what the parson thought a rude stare and smile, said, "I beg your pardon, sir, but your hat"—

"Oh, yes, never mind the hat, but mind your own business," the parson interrupted curtly, and the young man was silenced. The people they met stared and smiled too.

"Strange, how many people notice when one has got a new hat," thought the parson. The church was reached, and the worshipers approaching naturally turned to observe the noted preacher.

The vicar met him at the vestry door to welcome him, but hesitating said, "Pardon me, canon, but pray why do you wear your hat so?"

The tile was doffed, and the outside found to be still covered with white paper, which the absentminded divine had not removed.—Pearson's Weekly.

Water on the Moon.

Astronomer Pickering of the Howard observatory at Arequipa, Peru, has lately been making some interesting observations relative to the presence of water on the moon. A writer, quoting from a bulletin of the French Astronomical society, says that over 35 narrow ravines on the moon's surface have been catalogued, and these are all regarded as beds of rivers from their resemblance to terrestrial water courses. There is no reason to suppose that these formations contain water at the present time, but the observer argues that the presence of a certain degree of humidity on the surface of the great satellite seems probable. The observer affirms that no other satisfactory explanation than the existence of water or a partially thawed frozen region can account for the dark patches in the various craters or crevasses. That vegetation exists is not yet demonstrated, but the observers regard such a discovery as by no means unlikely.—Revue Scientifique.

Trifles.

We are often reminded of what Mrs. Chillingly said when asked who managed her household. Her reply was, "My husband has agreed that I may decide upon all the small questions if I will let him decide the large ones." As small ones arose many times each day and large ones only at intervals of months, it ended in her "ruling the roost."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Extravagant Cooking.

He—That's a very extravagant cook you've got.

She—Yes. She seems to think we have victuals to burn.—Whims-Whams.

Oliver Goldsmith had strongly marked Celtic features and a lively blue eye that was always merry.

Ink, in the days of Louis IX, cost 40 cents a quart.

WOLVES AND BULL

AN INCIDENT OF AN OVERLAND W... TER TRIP IN COLORADO.

Strategy of Seven Big Gray Wolves ... Search of a Cow Dinner—The Tid... Battle Turned by the Timely Arrival ... the Texas Bull.

"We pulled out from Hermosina am... the foothills at 9 o'clock in the mor... on a clear, cold February day," said ... bert Bragdon, just returned from win... ing in Colorado. "The wind blew str... and stiff across the heavy snowfall ... on the ground after the blizzard ... The gulches were packed full of snow, ... we turned from the road time and ... to circle around some large drift. I ... the only passenger, and I sat beside ... Benedict, the overland driver, now reti... in these railroad days from his high s... on the box to the tooling of a pair ... horses over the dashboard of a buckboard on a star route mail line. We were ... tected from cold by heavy overcoats, ... that pulled down over the ears, muff... about the neck and thick fur lined gl... An hour after noon we came to a l... stage and freighting station whose ... ing feature was a large saloon and ... hotel combined. Here we had a chance ... get warm and to eat a dinner of fr... beef, bacon and coffee, which went ... badly in the hunger that followed our ... morning's ride.

"Off again in a half hour through ... country more open, where drifts were ... exception. Hank Benedict had taken ... drink or two at the stage station, and ... was more sociable than he had been d... ing the morning's drive. He talked of ... overland experiences and then of the sno... storm, which led to the topic of the plag... of wolves which had come to devour ... ranchmen's stock.

"'I've heard 'em howling whenev... I've been driving after dark for the l... month,' said Hank. 'They're getting ... sier and sassier. They've crossed the tr... just in front of me time and again, and ... expect any time a band of 'em may tak... a notion to hold me up. There's one ... the murdering brutes now.' And h... pointed to a gray timber wolf sneaking ... along parallel to our course 150 yard... away.

"'There's a winchester in the buckboard behind you that I've taken along with ... every trip since the last snowfall. Yo... can try a shot at him if you want to.'

"I got out of the buckboard and to... the winchester rifle from the bottom, whe... it lay wrapped in a rubber blanket. ... was cold and frosty to handle, but I w... glad of a chance to stretch my limbs an... try what I could do at long range. ... each of my first two shots the animal ... dodged and then looked around as if wo... dering what was up. The third sh... knocked the snow about him and quick... ened his pace. I fired two more shots ... he ran, and the sixth time the hamme... fell on an empty barrel. There were ... more cartridges in the magazine.

"There was no more ammunition along ... and I put the rifle back with the promis... to Hank to buy him a box of cartridges ... Battensberg. We would have liked ver... much to have the cartridges with us ... few minutes later, when, on turning th... slope of a hill, we saw a strange and thrill... ing sight. Within rifle shot to one sid... seven gray wolves were attacking ... cows, one a long horned Texan, the oth... a graded heifer almost grown. The catt... when first we saw them were running ... away, but they were quickly overhaule... They turned at bay to face the wolves an... began a fight which must be fought to ... finish, with their lives as the stake. T... cows kept together, wheeling to meet th... wolves with their horns, as an attack w... threatened from one side or the other. T... wolves didn't like the looks of the Texan ... horns and the alert way she handled them ... and they devoted their principal attenti... to trying to separate the heifer from he... They worked in concert very cunningly t... do this. While one or two made feints ... attacking the old cow, so as to induce he... to chase them, the others kept about th... heifer, three of them drawing her atten... tion in front, while two kept in her rea... waiting for a chance to spring at her gam... brels and hamstringher. But the wary co... was not to be tempted so far away that ... she could not return in time to drive awa... the wolves at the heifer's flank before the... began their work. The ultimate chances ... of the battle seemed to be against the cat... tle, for the wolves, all the time closing in ... upon them, were growing bolder and at... tacked more fiercely.

"But there came a timely diversion in ... aid of the cattle. A bellowing from among ... some pinon clumps a quarter of a mile ... away was followed by the appearance of a ... large bull which came running toward the ... combatants. He was of the polled Angus ... breed, and his hornless head did not seem ... quite to meet the case of wolves, but he ... was big and full of fight. He put himself ... at once in front of the cows and charged ... determinedly upon the wolves, which fell ... back a little before him; but, fully aware ... that he had no horns to toss them, they ... gave no more ground than they had to ... and returned to close in about the group ... of cattle, still trying to cut out the heifer, ... which all the time was their real object of ... attack.

"So absorbed was I in the battle that I ... did not notice the coming of a fourth combatant upon the scene until I heard Hank's ... exclamation:

"'Ah, we'll see business begin now! ... There's the fellow that'll scatter 'em.'

"From the same direction that the bull ... had come another bull was coming to the ... rescue. He was a wiry animal, less massively built than the polled Angus bull, ... and his long, sharp horns, projecting well ... to the front of his head, showed his Texan ... origin. He wasted no time in pawing or ... bellowing, but dashed upon three of the ... wolves ranged in front of the heifer, and ... before they could all get out of the way he ... had caught one with his horns and tossed ... it in the air. The wolf came to the ground ... upon his back, and before it could turn ... the bull was upon it again, thrusting his ... horns through the creature's body and ... pinning it to the earth. Then with an ... angry toss of the head he flung the carcass ... away. That was enough for the wolves, ... who turned and ran as he successively ... charged them, and they were surveying ... the cattle from a long distance away as ... we drove from the scene of a fight that had ... delayed the United States mail three-quarters of an hour.—New York Sun.

The Most Curious Known Animal.

The most peculiar and remarkable animal in the world is the Ornithorynchus paradoxus, the famed egg laying mammal of Australia. It is shaped like an otter, has fur like a beaver, is web footed like a swan, has a bill like a duck and a tail like that of a fox. It is the only known fur covered creature that lays eggs. A corresponding oddity among feathered bipeds would be a bird that brought forth its young alive.—St. Louis Republic.

The Island of Tanna.

The volcanic island of Tanna, one of the New Hebrides group, has been for many years in a constant state of eruption, emitting a column of fire by night and smoke by day, which is clearly seen at a great distance. Such is the certainty with which this flame appears that vessels in the vicinity are instructed by their sailing directions to look out for it just as they would do were it an ordinary lighthouse.